

# Our Saturday Evening Home Page.

## All That's Love-ly.

### IS IT ENOUGH?

The world is trying an experiment. It is trying to conduct its daily life abstracted from Love. Love stands aside and watches. Trade has said its first word and its last word. Are you satisfied? Do you feel as if you have your just return? As if all your sacrifice and work and slavery has had its just return? You have the full return of the profit system. Is the return enough? Does the return of the profit system feed your spirit? You have collected all that the world owes you. But have you collected Love?

—Horace Traubel.

### THE LANE.

"How far will you go with me, my love? To the stile, or the bridge, or the great oak-tree? The lane is a lonely and fearsome place. And there's no one journeying there but me."

She smiled at the stile with a sweet disdain; She scoffed at the bridge and the great oak-tree; And looked me full in the eyes and said, "I will go to the end of the lane with thee."

Then I loved her anew with a strange fierce love. As high as the stars and as deep as the sea; She would share my heaven and share my hell! She would go to the end of the lane with me.

—Richard Wightman.

### I SAW TWO CLOUDS.

I saw two clouds at morning, Tined by the rising sun. And in the dawn they floated on. And mingled into one; I thought that morning cloud was blessed, It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents Flow smoothly to their meeting. And join in their course, with silent force. In peace each other greeting; Calm was their course through banks of green. While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion, Till life's last pulse shall beat; Like summer's beam and summer's stream. Float on, in joy, to meet A calmer sea, where storms shall cease. A purer sky, where all is peace.

—Brainard.

### MUSIC.

Oh Music! Thou (of Beauty born) Art herald of an age to be. When discord shall give place to peace. And harshness unto harmony!

Oh Music! Thou (the voice of Love) Art to all canst sympathy impart. Thou hast a note for every nerve Which centres in the human heart.

How grand the task, oh Music! that To knowledge, Love and truth wert given. To make this sorrow-stricken earth As bright and beautiful as Heaven!

—Fred B. Wood.

### SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play Still with your curls, and kiss the time away. You blame me, too, because I can't devise Some sport to please those babies in your eyes.

By Love's Religion, I must here confess it. The most I love when I the least express it. Small griefs find tongues, full casks are ever found. To give (if any, yet) but little sound.

Deep waters noiseless are, and this we know. That chiding streams betray small depth below. So, when love speechless is, she doth express. A depth in love and that depth bottomless. Now, since my love is tongueless, know me such. Who speak but little 'cause I love so much.

—Robert Herrick.

### SONNET.

Trust me, I have not earned your dear rebuke, I love as you would have me, God the most; Would love not you, but Him, must one be lost. Nor with Lot's wife cast back a faithless look, Unready to forego what I forsook. This say I, having counted up the cost; This, though I be the feeblest of God's host; The sorriest sheep Christ shepherds with His crook. Yet while I love my God the most, I deem That I can never love you o'ermuch; I love Him more, so let me love you too. Yea, as I apprehend it, love is such I cannot love you if I love not Him. I cannot love Him if I love not you.

—Rosetti.

### A MAN—AND A MAID.

A bachelor sat in his chair—and he thought—

And he made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught. And yet he wanted to do what he ought. And he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A little maid sat in her chair—and she thought— And she made up her mind that she wouldn't be caught; And yet she wanted to do what she ought.

And she thought, and she thought, and she thought.

A bachelor sat in a chair—and he thought— And a little maid sat by him—just as she ought— For, alas! they forgot about not being caught. But they thought— And they thought— And they thought.

### SOME OPINIONS.

No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

—Ruskin.

A foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it renders as one of the highest impulses of our nature, namely, Love.

—Longfellow.

If you are not ready to go to a desert island with the man of your choice, then there is something wrong.

—Katherine Burrill.

All the strength, and all the arts of men, are measured by, and founded upon, their reverence for the passion, and their guardianship of the purity, of Love.

—Ruskin.

### THE CHANGE.

Have you ever noticed the change it makes In a woman's face And her heart and her life, that were cold and dull And slightly inclined to common-places. When love shines on them? How there breaks Over her nature a wave of gold. Bringing out beauty unknown before. Mellowing, widening more and more. Lifting her up till her eyes behold Ever new blooms for her hands to call. So she and her life grow beautiful! O, there's never a woman, east or west. But must live in Love's sunshine To live her best.

—Clara Bronson.

### LOVE.

Love is the love on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and evening star. It shines on the babe and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art; inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart; builder of every home; kinder of every fire on the hearth; it was the first dress of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that charges worthless things to joy and makes right royal queens and kings of common clay. It is the perfume of that wonderful flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts, but with it—earth is Heaven and we are gods.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

### A REVERIE.

It was only a winsome way she had. As there in the twilight gray She smiled on me till my heart was glad.

In the glad, old-fashioned way; And fainter far than echoes are. Was the touch of a tremulous tone. That round me fell with the magic spell. Of a hand that clasped my own.

The rough old river, close to our feet. Ran on with curfew and fret. As our love once ran on its way to meet.

And be lost in a vain regret; My darkened room shook out its gloom. Into folds of a fair delight. Till overhead was canopied. By only the stars of night.

She flung me a shred of broken song, From futilities where faith has suffered wrong. From doubts in the human breast; And here and there and everywhere. The world bent down to wait. With me, the sign of a form divine. And the click of a cottage gate.

Ah! Fate, you cannot hide her face. And fair form from me! For the soul is careless of time and space. And master of things to be; And while you would have my spirit. As I sit in the twilight gray. She smiles on me till my heart is glad. In the glad, old-fashioned way.

### BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing! Bonnie wee thing! Lovely wee thing! Wert thou mine. I would wear thee in my bosom. Lest my jewel I should tinge. Wistfully I look, and languish. In that bonnie face of thine; And my heart it stounds w' anguish. Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty. In ac constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty. Goddess o' this soul o' mine! Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing. Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine. I would wear thee in my bosom. Lest my jewel I should tinge.

—Robert Burns.

### MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his. By just exchange one to the other given; I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss. There never was a better bargain driven! My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one; My heart in him his thought and senses guides; He loves my heart, for once it was his own; I cherish his because in me it bides; My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

### BELIEVE ME.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly to-day. Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms. Like fairy-gifts fading away. Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art. Let thy loveliness fade as it will; And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would entwine itself verdantly still.

—George Barlow.

## HAPPINESS: Man's View and Woman's.

(Bibby's Annual.)

She: I wonder which of us is right? He: You need not. I am right this time. Life takes much away; but she gives far value in exchange. As to that there can surely be no question among rational folk.

She: Ah, you say that because you are a man. To a woman there can be no compensations for the loss of her youth.

He: There can be, and there are. The art of growing old beautifully is a great and difficult one; but it is not beyond the compass of mortality. And sex does not enter into the problem.

She: How can one grow old beautifully when old age is only another name for the loss of beauty?

He: A common fallacy which every artist worthy of the name would certainly repudiate. We are not discerning prettiness but beauty, and the two qualities are not merely distinct but incompatible.

She: Surely what we call beauty differs only in degree from what we call prettiness?

He: On the contrary, the difference between them is absolute and irremediable. Ugliness itself has more in common with beauty than the smooth insignificance of the pretty. For beauty is the outward show of spiritual nobility; and what we call ugliness often conveys a hint of the heroic. Tell an artist that his picture is "very pretty" and you have made an enemy for life; tell him that you think it ugly and he will forgive your lack of understanding. When a woman renounces emulation of the chocolate-box leer and the patent-medicine simper they will all become beautiful and happy.

She: Happy, too? Surely in regard to happiness we are entirely at the mercy of circumstance. We attain to it or we do not attain to it; that is all there is to said about it.

He: I hold, on the contrary, that it comes to all who know how to command it. That is to say, to all who live, and to none who merely vegetate.

She: Substitute the word suffering for happiness and I should entirely agree with you.

He: I have no objection. For, of course, only those who are willing to suffer deserve or need expect to be happy.

She: One would almost suppose that you considered happiness and suffering identical.

He: I won't go quite so far as that. They often co-exist and blend inseparably, especially where their higher, more spiritual, forms are concerned. On the other hand, there are degrees and forms of suffering which, for the time being, monopolize consciousness. But these are extreme and exceptional cases. Physical suffering, carried beyond a certain point, becomes destructive, and is obviously to be avoided as a waste form of experience. But even that has, no doubt, its compensations.

She: Compensations! Compensations! I am tired of the word. Of course I read Emerson's Essay in my girlhood and admired it, as all young people do. But as one gets older one begins to mistrust these apologies for the ugly facts of existence. And then, I am a woman, and all women are realists at heart. To us happiness is happiness, and suffering suf-

fering, and we want the one, and hate the other.

He: And yet you have a talent for suffering which far excels ours; and what we have a gift for we can't but enjoy doing.

She: Another paradox! No, I refuse to accept your philosophy. It is a gospel of indifference. Even you have admitted the existence of un-mixed suffering.

He: Did I admit that? I am not sure that I really believe in it; but let that pass.

She: Well, at any rate, you admitted that some suffering excludes the possibility of simultaneous happiness. But I maintain that your whole view is morbid and mischievous. Happiness and misery are not one and the same, but contradictory conditions. If the world is to be in any way improved we must strive after the one and avoid the other.

He: Oh, as to that I agree with you, of course. All depends, though, on the spirit in which we conduct the struggle. We must not be mere pot-hunters, but genuine athletes. We must value the race for its own sake, not for that of the prize.

She: Personally I want the prize very much, and consider it quite worth having.

He: Yes, but all may enjoy the race, though only one may win the prize.

She: Do the losers enjoy a race? I very much doubt it. You forget that the prize of our race was to be happiness. So if there can only be one winner—

He: No, in my race there is a consolation prize for all genuine athletes.

She: Oh, you men! you idealists! Black shall be white, and white shall be black; and nothing really matters! What dreamers you are; and what children!

He: Yes; are we not? But need you mind so much—if it keeps us happy?

She: I do mind, because, by your own showing, it also keeps you (and us, who strongly object) unhappy.

He: Suppose now that we make some attempt to define our terms. What do you understand by the word happiness?

She: What can be easier? I understand having what I want, doing what I like, being with the person I love.

He: And if all these conditions were fulfilled how long do you suppose that they would keep you happy?

She: As long as they continued. How otherwise?

He: Because by security of possession they would inevitably become a mere matter of course. The moment you have what you want you cease to want it. The moment you begin to do what you like you begin to hate doing it. The person you love best today may have to take a back seat in your affections to-morrow. Your definition of happiness is not a wise one. It places it and you entirely at the mercy of circumstance.

She: How then do you propose to amend it? The fault, if any, is not in my definition, but in the nature of the thing defined, and of things in general.

He: Ah, that is precisely where we differ. I should certainly amend your definition. Happiness is an art, not a mere possession. It is the art of valuing what you have, of liking

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### LIFE'S GIFTS.

When I grow gray and men shall say to me, "What was the worth of living, truly told? Lo! thou hast lived thy life out; thou art old; Thou hast gathered fruit from many a green-leaved tree. And kissed Love's lips by many a summer sea. And twined soft hands in locks of shining gold. But all thy days are dead days now, behold! Life passes onward,—what is life to thee? Then will I answer,—as thy gracious eyes, Love, gleam upon me from dim far-off skies: "Life had its endless, deathless charm,—and still That charm weaves rapture round me at my will. Life has its glory,—for I have seen thee; And roses, and June sunsets,—and the sea."

—George Barlow.

what you must do, of loving those with whom you must live.

She: An art of slavery and stagnation! Or, at all events, a narrow and limiting conception of human activity. To value what one has may be right as far as it goes, but it seems to me ignoble to rest content in a state of privation and penury. To make the best of ungenial work is one thing; to decline to keep a sharp look-out for every opportunity of exchanging it for work that one prefers is quite another. As to your last requirement, I refuse to take it seriously. Those with whom one has to live have claims upon one, certainly; but love is not among them. Love never has been and never can be subject to the will. It comes or goes unbidden. I confess that we women are adepts in the art of counterfeiting where love is concerned. We can command the semblance but never the reality. And the same can be said about happiness.

He: You must not interpret it too literally. I cannot go all the way with Epicurus or Marcus Aurelius. I admire and sympathize with their ideal, but I do not fully share it.

She: I may have compassion on your feminine ignorance and tell me what their ideal was.

He: It was much the same as what Nietzsche calls Amor Fati. Epicurus says, for example, "Seek not to have things happen as you choose them but rather choose them to happen as they do." The counsel of the Emperor is almost identical with that of the slave: "But yourself frankly into the hands of Fate," said Aurelius, "and let her spin you out what fortune she pleases." He goes on to say that the moment we refuse to imagine ourselves hurt or aggrieved—we become impregnable. Suppose that our flesh be hacked, burnt, putrefied, or mortified, such things may happen to anybody—to the best or the worst of mankind—and cannot, therefore, be god or evil in themselves. The universe as a whole is incapable of injury; and we must make its point of view our own.

She: What sublime folly! And do you agree that, because it may happen to anybody, good or bad, to be tortured or mutilated, such things are neither good nor bad in themselves?

He: No, but I do think that the spirit in which we undergo them can mitigate the worst evils in a marvellous way.

She: That is either a truism or a sophistry. I am not certain which. Probably it is both.

He: I gather that you do not believe that unjust suffering can be good for the soul?

She: As to that I don't know—oh greatly care; but I do know that it would not be good for mine.

He: Surely the consensus of the world's best minds all through the ages is dead against you there. Study the lives of great men and women, and find, if you can, a single one who has escaped martyrdom.

She: That proves the cruelty of the world to its benefactors, but it does not convince me of the utility of martyrdom.

He: How can strength be developed or manifested otherwise than by the strife against obstacles?

She: By their conquest and removal. Your idea of a hero is that of one who is slain while in the act of leading a forlorn hope; mine is that of a conqueror who lives to wear the crown of laurels, and to fight another day.

He: But it has often been said—and is there not only too much truth in the saying?—that failure is the universal destiny of mankind. Consider again what you know of the

lives of those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the most successful individuals. Consider especially the circumstances under which those lives have come to an end. Mozart bankrupt, Beethoven broken-hearted, Shelley drowned almost before the prime of life had begun, Caesar stabbed by his bosom friend, William the Silent assassinated, Napoleon exiled, and abandoned even by his wife. Dazzled by the fame of such men, we are prone to forget the ruinous price at which it was bought. To identify happiness with success can only result in pessimism, seeing that the highest success is almost invariably a posthumous result. Except in the case of men of action, it is barely visible to contemporaries; and even the men of action are never so happy as they appear.

She: There is only too much truth in what you say; but I deduce from it a very different moral. If the great men of the past have largely failed—and the great women don't forget Joan of Arc's fate—that does not prove to my satisfaction that it need always be so. For civilization has hitherto been merely tentative: it is only now with the advent of machine power that the final conquest of Nature and the possibility of wealth for all have become practicable aims. We are entering upon a new era—upon that surely all thinkers are agreed—and who shall set bounds to the change it may bring about in the average destinies of mankind? Under these new conditions the happiness that accompanies and arises out of success, hitherto barely possible to exceptional individuals, may well become attainable by many, if not indeed by all.

He: You have made out a strong case, and I congratulate you upon your optimism—or should I say meliorism? But you have omitted to take human nature fully into account. As fast as we supply the cravings of humanity upon a lower level, they are intensified in relation to higher ones. Those cravings are in essence insatiable, being the pledge of our potential infinitude. The great souls are precisely those which are agonized by those higher cravings to which mediocre souls are still unawakened. No exceptional individual has ever escaped, or would even have chosen to escape, crucifixion.

She: I see that you are determined that happiness shall be and remain unattainable.

He: Unmixed happiness—yes; for I do not believe in its existence. Ecstasy, the highest form of happiness, has always an undertone of pain.

She: I will test the sincerity of your asceticism. I know that you wish me well, and I will accept your wishes on my behalf as a true criterion of your summum bonum. Would you deny me the joy of having? Before you answer, please reflect that I am a woman, and that is as much as to say that what I want I want very badly.

He: The argumentum ad hominem—in this case it is ad feminam, by the way—is generally suspect. Still, I think your question is a fair one. I would certainly not deny you the joy of having—in the end; but I should be inclined to keep you in suspense long enough to test the finality of your desire and to spiritualize it by the sublimation of its grossest elements. The chief use of desire is to teach us how to will; and in the triumph of will the joy of being, having, and doing are blended into one.

She: You are not altogether so ruthless as I feared, then; since you do not altogether deny me satisfaction, but only wish, rather unkindly to defer it. But it is as well that you should know that I strongly dislike being kept in suspense, and should certainly resent it. And pray, what right have you to assume that my desire will in the first place have any "grosser elements" that need sublimation?

He: If it had none it would not be a desire as I understand the term, any more than a soul without a body would be a human being in the usual acceptance of the term. To attribute those grosser elements to a desire is no more a reproach to it than to attribute a body to a man or woman.

She: But to wish them sublimated away seems rather like wishing that a friend may die of consumption in order to get quickly to heaven.

He: I did not say sublimated away—merely sublimated.

She: I am glad you recognize the distinction. It is vital to my point of view, which is that heaven is to be brought down to earth, not earned by its renunciation. No doubt, you are quite right in anticipating that the growth of human desires will constantly outstrip our power of removing the obstacles to their fulfillment, since it ensures the continuous renewal of that state of emotional tension upon which you make the development of the will depend.

He: Quite so! It seems, then, that we have reached something very like agreement. We are agreed that pain, which is only another name for the emotional tension you speak of, is a necessary condition for the attainment of any happiness worthy of the name. We are agreed that happiness is not something complete and ultimate, but merely a resting place from which to set out in pursuit of some higher and more difficult form of achievement. That being so, I do not see that our points of view are in any way incompatible.

She: But why am I irrational in believing that happiness may just as well come to us easily and spontaneously as by sweat and anguish? As a free gift, not a mere good-conduct prize. All the best things in life appear to me apt to come as free gifts. They are like the sun that shines as well on the just as on the unjust. Or they should be so; and, no doubt, some day will be so.

He: And in the meantime?

She: In the mean time we must make the best of life in a world that does not believe in happiness, and consequently makes its attainment by those who do well-nigh impossible.

He: And how are we to do that?

She: By resolutely refusing to admit the word impossible to our vocabulary, or to entertain the possibility of defeat or failure. We must will success whole-heartedly and unreservedly. To do less is to court defeat in advance, and so to deserve it.

He: Have it your own way! The last word is your inalienable prerogative. And, besides, I suspect—and also hope—that you are about right in your view of happiness, and that I am quite wrong about it.

But look! the cruiser we saw starting out this morning is on her way back to her moorings; the sun is not far from the horizon; and the breeze up here has a distinct foretaste of night in it. Shall we follow the cruiser's example?

She: Well, . . . if we must, we must. Men are such restless creatures!—Though not devoid of generous impulses. Lend me your hands then. . . . Thanks! I am quite at your service.

—Charles J. Whitby, M.D.

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