

# OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

## POEMS.

### WAITING.

Serenely, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years,  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder  
height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor  
high,  
Can keep my own away from me.  
—John Burroughs.

### THE OLD PINK GOWN.

I found it in an ancient trunk,  
A quaint old party gown,  
In sprigs of fragrant lavender,  
And rose-leaves folded down,  
And scattered o'er with little chips  
Of cedar reddish-brown.

And still the satin bodice kept  
The outlines of a form  
Of youthful grace that once had press-  
ed  
The fabric soft and warm,  
But now was safe for evermore  
For all life's sun and storm.

I laid it back with reverent hands;  
I felt that she would know  
If other fingers touched the gown  
She used to treasure so,  
And that it still belonged to her  
Who wore it long ago.

### "SHE MADE HOME HAPPY."

(By request of a Home-maker.)  
"She made home happy!" these few  
words I read  
Within a churchyard, written on a  
stone;  
No name, no date, the simple words  
alone.  
Told me the story of the unknown  
dead  
A marble column lifted high its head  
Close by, inscribed to one the world  
has known,  
But ah! that lonely grave with moss  
o'ergrown  
Thrilled me far more than his who  
armies led.

"She made home happy!" through the  
long, sad years,  
The mother toiled and never stopped  
to rest,  
Until they crossed her hands upon  
her breast,  
And closed her eyes, no longer dim  
with tears,  
The simple record that she left be-  
hind  
Was grander than the soldier's, to my  
mind.  
—Henry Coyle.

### CONTENT.

These verses are the wisest left us  
in the works of Robert Greene, who  
was born about four years before  
Shakespeare. He was one of the Uni-  
versity wits who was displeased by the  
country youth Shakespeare writing  
plays. Greene did not practise the  
quietness and contentment he praised,  
but lived widely and died young.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of  
content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.  
Sweet are the nights in careless slum-  
ber spent;  
The poor estate scorns Fortune's an-  
gry frown.  
Such sweet content, such minds, such  
sleep, such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do  
miss.  
The lonely house that harbors quiet  
rest.

The cottage that affords no pride nor  
care,  
The mean that grees with country  
music best,  
The sweet consort of mirth and mod-  
est fare,  
Obscure life sets down a type of  
bliss;  
A mind content both crown and king-  
dom is.

### MY TREASURES.

I've been picking up the blessings all  
along life's rugged way,  
Till I have a goodly harvest in my  
treasure-house to-day.  
Every step that I have travelled, every  
path that I have known,  
Has been scattered full of blessings  
that I count to-day my own.

Here a smile and there a teardrop,  
here a handclasp firm and true;  
Now a little word of comfort, now a  
hope that's new,  
All about and far before me, up the  
roughened mountain steep,  
I have come on sweet ambitions  
which were mine to know and  
keep.

Little gems of fond affection, precious  
jewels of delight,  
Flowery bloom of fragrant friend-  
ship gleaming brightly in my sight;  
All the long, dark earthly journey I  
have plucked them as I went,  
Modest, gentle little blessings,  
which have kept my soul content.

### LIFE.

Life—what is it?  
Ah, who knows?  
Just a visit,  
I suppose:  
Joy and sorrow  
For a day,  
Then to-morrow  
We're away.

Youth, and morning;  
Manhood, noon;  
Age—the warning—  
Night comes soon.  
Shines a star to  
Light us; then  
'Tis not far to  
Home again.

### ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

The Ode was thought for genera-  
tions to be Shakespeare's, because it  
was published in a volume bearing his  
initials. Now we know it was written  
by a young admirer of Shakespeare,  
Richard Barnfield, who evidently was  
closely associated with the poet he  
imitated. Barnfield, who was born in  
1574 and died 1627, gave up writing  
while still a young man, and lived as  
a country gentleman. Notice his imi-  
tation in words of part of the night-  
ingale's song. All the poets have  
heard sadness in that song.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring,  
Everything did banish moan.  
Save the nightingale alone,  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up against a thorn;  
And there sang the dolefullest ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.  
Fie, fie, she, now would she cry:  
Teru, teru, by and by;  
That, to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon my own  
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing!  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But, if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.

He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need;  
If thou sorrow he will weep,  
If thou wake he cannot sleep,  
Thus, of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

He that is choice of his time will  
be choice of his company and choice  
of his actions.  
—JER. TAYLOR.

## Psychic Phenomena.

By E. F. M. R.

"There are more things in heaven  
and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt  
of in your philosophy."—Hamlet.  
Thousands of years before our  
Christian era, seven wise men of  
Greece were asked to embody their  
conception of the wisdom of life in  
short pithy sentences to be exhibited  
in letters of gold over the entrance of  
the Delphic Theatre of Apollo. The  
wisest of these wise men, Solon, con-  
sidered the essence of wisdom to be  
this, "Know thyself." The advice of  
an English poet of the seventeenth  
century was the same. Pope says,  
"Know then thyself, presume not God  
to scan, the proper study of mankind  
is man." And yet how little, how al-  
most nothing, even we of the twen-  
tieth century now know of ourselves!

We acknowledge with the Psalmist  
that we are "fearfully and wonder-  
fully made," but how wonderfully and  
fearfully the big majority but faintly  
realize.

Our men of science, though they can  
name and locate every bone of the  
body and know some of the special  
functions of the different organs, can  
perform with marvellous skill the  
most amazing operations to lengthen  
life or straighten limbs, acknowledge  
that of man himself, the Ego, "little,  
we may say nothing, is known."

No doubt in the past man has not  
been ready for such knowledge, but  
to-day, we seem to be on the thresh-  
old of this mysterious inner temple  
of man. It is because a deeper knowl-  
edge on this subject is necessary to  
combat the demoralizing tendencies of  
modern life?

In any case, within the last fifty  
years, psychology, the study of the  
mind and soul of man, is for the first  
time in history being put upon a sci-  
entific basis. In the new psycho-physi-  
ological laboratories of Leipzig, Mos-  
cow, Harvard, etc., psychic phenom-  
ena are being seriously considered  
and experimented with, and delicate  
instruments as the ergograph, dynamo-  
graph, etc., now record the posi-  
tive effects of different sounds, differ-  
ent colors, etc., on the pulse and  
brain of man, while mysterious so-  
called "abnormal" phenomena are  
also being carefully studied. The re-  
sults of these experiments make the  
subject an absorbingly interesting  
one, for they presage a most im-  
portant, most momentous revolution  
in man's conceived ideas of man.

A large and growing body of emi-  
nent men have devoted and are now  
devoting much of their time to the  
so-called "abnormal" psychic mani-  
festations, feeling that this will lead  
to a better understanding of man in  
his normal state, and there is no  
better guarantee of the importance  
of the subject than the association  
with it of such names as Fred W.  
Meyers (author of "Human Person-  
ality," etc., a classic on this subject),  
Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge,  
William James, Dr. Hodgson, Dr.  
Sidds, Dr. Morton Prince, Charcot,  
Bernheim, Liebauht, Flammarion,  
Lombroso, Jastrow, Dr. Maxwell,  
Ochorowicz, and many other well  
known names. (Some of these are re-  
cently deceased.)

ment investigators, too, who claim  
that there is a large residual class of  
phenomena that seem to transcend the  
functions of subconscious action, the  
so-called "super normal" phenomena,  
such as mediumistic phenomena and  
certain telepathic communications.  
The secondary personality, say these,  
may be the condition of getting such  
"messages," it may be the medium  
through which they can be sent and  
received, but it does not explain or  
account for their origin, and by these,  
such phenomena, are attributed to the  
direct connection of the subject with  
the great psychism, or Soul of the  
Universe, otherwise to influx or revela-  
tion; for so extraordinary are these  
phenomena that they cannot be ac-  
counted for, it is claimed, on any  
other hypothesis.

This is the view, it might be said  
here, of a large body of people in  
England and America, while others,  
especially among the French investi-  
gators, believe that a further knowl-  
edge of this secondary personality  
will prove that it is the direct power  
or agency. In fact, that extraordinary  
powers and potentialities hitherto un-  
realized reside in man himself.

As normal, abnormal, or supernor-  
mal psychic phenomena are all unin-  
telligible without some knowledge of  
this dual personality of man, it may  
be well first to make clear what is  
the scientific meaning of the term  
"secondary personality." It is not, as  
might be imagined, and as the name  
implies, a reality as independent as  
a real person. It is, says science, the  
subconscious region of the mind, the  
store house as it were of the knowl-  
edge and experience gained by the  
conscious mind, and to which the lat-  
ter evidently resorts when it wants  
to recall something for the moment  
"forgotten." These two minds with  
the objective in control usually work  
in harmony, when we have what is  
known as the normal personality. But  
in dreams, in somnambulism, and in  
those under the influence of hypno-  
tism, the secondary personality has  
the control and acts apparently inde-  
pendently of the conscious mind or  
primary personality which is then at  
rest. This is what is known as tem-  
porary "dissociation of the person-  
ality." While a great nervous shock,  
or a blow on the head, will sometimes  
bring about a more permanent dis-  
sociation of the two selves, and we  
then have evidenced the fact what  
Stevenson some years ago portrayed  
in fiction, in the strange case of Dr.  
Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Indeed, many  
normal persons are very much aware  
of this dual personality, and the "Je  
sens que je suis deux hommes" of  
Victor Hugo has at times been vividly  
experienced by all of us.

## Is Woman Man's Interior?

The idea so widely current that  
woman is necessarily man's interior,  
either physically or mentally is  
strongly questioned. That she is of-  
ten feeble in muscular development  
a scientist attributes to the fact that  
for many centuries to woman has  
been assigned the care of the home  
and children, while men have been  
the hunters and fighters.

The primitive woman was quite as  
hardy and strong as her husband.  
Even to-day women are often super-  
ior to men in point of endurance.  
Many a hard-working woman will  
endure for a long period, a strain on  
the vital forces that would break  
down a man in a very shorter time.

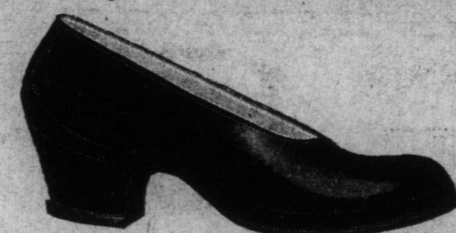
With respect to physical courage,  
the man of science appeals to the nu-  
merous recorded cases of female  
heroism in the face of appalling dan-  
gers.

As to the question of woman's men-  
tal inferiority, the authority refers to  
the significant fact that although a  
woman's brain is smaller than that of  
a man, it is generally larger when the  
difference in the comparative weight  
and size of individuals of the two  
sexes are taken into account. The  
only reason she shows less mental  
ability than man is because of her  
lack of opportunity.

## Women's Work.

For the soul comfort of the gentle-  
man who has old-fashioned ideas  
about woman's sphere, let such a one  
be cautioned against reading Olive  
Schreiner's book, Women and Labor.  
There are many shocks to his sensi-  
bilities in its pages. Perhaps he has  
prided himself on the gallantry of  
his position. He may have read a pa-  
per at some time or delivered an ora-  
tion on fair daughters, or the queenli-  
ness of women, or something of that  
kind. Then he would not like this:—  
"The lofty theorist who to-night  
stands before the drawing-room fire  
in spotless shirtfront and perfectly  
fitting clothes, and declaims upon the  
amplitude of woman's work in life as  
child-bearer and the mighty value of  
that labor, which exceeds all other,  
making it unnecessary for her to  
share man's grosser and lower toils:  
Does he always remember his theory?  
When waking, to-morrow morning,  
he finds that the elderly house drudge  
who rises at dawn while he yet  
sleeps, to make his tea and clean his  
boots, has brought his tea late and  
polished his boots ill; may he not ev-  
en sharply condemn her and assure  
her she will have to leave unless she  
works harder and rises earlier? He  
does not exclaim to her, 'Divine child-  
bearer! Potential mother of the  
race! Why should you clean my  
boots or bring up my tea while I lie  
warm in bed? Is it not enough you  
should have the holy and mysterious  
power of bringing the race to life? Let  
that content you. Henceforth I  
shall get up at dawn and make my  
own tea and clean my own boots, and  
pay you just the same.'"

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Isn't this a splendid shoe? But remember this is only a picture,  
the reality is far handsomer. CLIMAX BLIZZARD Shoes beau-  
tifully plain feet, and enhance the beauty of pretty ones. You will  
have every comfort with them, and this comfort will be increased  
by the knowledge that when you have paid for one pair, your  
pocket book will not be called upon for any more money for  
rubbers for a considerable time. The prudent head of a family  
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last only two or three weeks, next winter he will furnish the  
whole family with CLIMAX BLIZZARDS, and one part of his  
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