

THE HOME
THE WORLD

NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE MOVIES
THE PLAYERSHere are Related Facts and Fancies Concerning the
Activities of Individuals and Organizations, the
Home, Fashions and Other Matters.

KING'S DAUGHTERS' GUILD.

The regular business meeting of the King's Daughters' Guild was held yesterday afternoon at the Guild rooms. Mrs. A. Pierce Crockett presided and all the circles were well represented.

Good reports were handed in showing that the circles are keeping up their work. The Doorkeepers' Circle reported having held a social at the home for the aged which was very much appreciated. The Comfort Circle will have a reunion next week at which twelve new members will be welcomed.

The house committee have decided to hold a pantry sale in March. The Guild will assist in the tag day for the Free Kindergarten.

CONCERT AT ARMORIES.

The third of the concerts arranged at the Armories by the Military, Y.M.C.A. and the ladies' committee took place last evening. The Y.M.C.A. has charge of the programme and served refreshments to the men. With a good programme of talented performers and choruses by soldiers the evening passed pleasantly and at the close the ladies were heartily thanked for the entertainment.

Those taking part during the evening were Miss Madeline de Soyres, Miss Erminie Climo, Steve Matthews, Thomas Guy and Corporal F. Gallagher. The solos were all appreciated, and the selections given by Mr. Matthews greatly enjoyed. Mrs. R. P. Church acted as accompanist. Miss A. Le Brock, 1st Vice-Pres. of the Y.M.C.A. was convenor, and assisting were Miss Sheldon, Miss Gladys and Miss Marion McKendrick. Mrs. J. Lee Day, who is on the committee to arrange for these entertainments, was also present, and W. C. Ross of the Military Y.M.C.A.

THE FOOD PIT DISASTER.

(Printed by request.)
(George E. Eaton, Albion Mines.)
Come one and all, both great and small,
And listen to my song:
The truth I will relate to you:
It won't detain you long.

It was the twelfth day of November,
Eighteen hundred and eighty, the year,
When a blast was heard at the Ford Pit.

That filled our hearts with fear,
As the sun rose in the sky:
When forty-six bold miners
In the Ford Pit had to die.

As they went to work that morning,
Their daily bread to earn,
Not thinking as they went below,
That they would never return.

As they sat watching for their picks,
Without a dread or fear,

We heard a sound that shook the ground,
And ended their career.

Those brave, unadorned colliers,
Their names shall be revealed,
Although their bodies are out of pain,
And from our eyes concealed.

There was young John Carr,
And Charles Dunbar, and M. McDonald, too,
Whom from work would never shrink
Whatever they had to do.

There was Edward Roberts of New-
foundland,
A man both stout and sound,
Who worked nine years in the Albion Mines,
And died beneath the ground.

His two sons, John and Edward,
So full of fun and wit,
Were suffocated and burned to death
Down in the fiery pit.

Young Thomas McKay and Hector Mc-
Lean,
James Mitchell, the underground boss,
With Thomas Rogers and Joe Nevin,
And William David Ross.

The two young Roderick McKinnans,
Who belonged to Sydney Mines,
William Lewis and two John Morris-
sons,
And a stranger named John Ryan.

James Lennon and Daniel Sutherland,
Wm. Murdoch and Angus McKay,
Were left behind in the burning mine,
All on that fatal day.

Poor Peter and John McInnis,
John Sullivan too,
Down in the bowels of the earth,
Their very last breath they drew.

Edward Savage and Angus McDonald,
John Crawford too, as well,
Sad to relate, did share their fate,
That our brave masters bese.

John McLaughlin and McNaughton,
With hearts both stout and brave:
'Tis true they had some narrow es-
capes,
But found a fiery grave.

Poor John and Daniel Cummings,
John Johnson, a true born Swede,
Alex. McDonald and John Dragon
Were smothered to death indeed.

Lewis Thomas, Job Skinner, Henry
John McEachren and John McLean,
Many tearful await their return,
But alas! 'tis all in vain.

There was John and Ronald McDonald
And Angus McGillivray,
Young Burnett, McLane and Robert
McLeod,
Whose faces we will never see.

Old William Dunbar, as you may know
Was brought up to the light;
All burned and mangled was his form,
He died on Monday night.

To hear those widows weeping,
And tearing out their hair;

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And tearing out their hair;

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And tearing out their hair;

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To hear those widows weeping,
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To hear those widows weeping,
And tearing out their hair;

Likewise the poor little orphans,
Who are left in despair.

On that sad and fatal morning,
So full of fun and wit,
They thought of those poor colliers,
Who are shut down below.

Now to conclude and finish
With my sad and mournful tale,
It has caused many a tear to flow,
And many a cheek turn pale.

For the loved ones lost in the Ford
Pit,
Whom we shall see no more,
We hope their spirits will anchor
On that bright celestial shore.

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WAR MENUS

How to save wheat, beef and bacon
for the men at the front, issued
from the Office of the Food Controller
for Canada.

MENU FOR SUNDAY.

Breakfast
Toast Marmalade
Coffee
Dinner
Sliced Tongue Potatoes
Cabbage Salad Cream
Prune Jelly
Rolled Oats Bread
Cocoa
Fruit Salad
Cakes
The recipe for Rolled Oats Bread
mentioned above is as follows:
1 cup molasses
1/2 cup salt
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup yeast cake dissolved in
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1/2 cup rolled oats or oatmeal
4-1/2 cups flour
Add boiling water to oats and let
stand one hour. Add molasses, salt,
butter, dissolved yeast cake and
flour. Let rise, beat thoroughly, turn
into buttered bread pans, let rise
again and bake.
(Wheat and meat saving recipes
by Domestic Science Experts of the
Canadian Food Controller's Office.)

Wash That Itch Away

There is absolutely no sufferer from
eczema who ever used the simple wash
D.D.D. and did not feel immediately
relieved. It is a cool, soothing
preparation that comes when the itch is
at its height. This soothing wash penetrates
the pores, gives instant relief from the
itch, and soothes the inflamed skin.
E. Clinton Brown, Druggist, St. John,
N. B.

D. D. D.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."
Words and Music of This Famous
Song.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye," as now
printed and sung, is usually ascribed
to Robert Burns, the great Scotch
farmer-poet, but as a matter of fact,
only the first four lines are by Burns,
the remainder having been added by
John Walter, an Edinburgh musician
and music-seller, who later removed to
London.

Burns did write a complete song,
to an ancient Scottish lullaby, but the
words became coarser and more sug-
gestive with each verse, and although
it may be found in Johnson's "Musae-
um" it soon fell into "innocuous desue-
tude." The air to which it is now
sung, is an old melody, "The Miller's
Daughter," modified by Walter.

People generally, and the artist and
author, have largely followed suit, and
have taken it for granted that the song
referred to traversing a path leading
through a field of rye. It is strongly
claimed, however, that it refers to the
fording of the River Rye, where cer-
tain stepping-stones allowed the bare-
footed Highland lassies to cross, none
the worse for the shallow water that
swirled about their ankles. It may well
be imagined that Burns and his "ne'er-
do-well" cronies were not averse to
happening along when certain of the
local beauties came up the "Fords of
Rye" on their way to Kirk or market.

This song is to be found on page
113, of "Heart Songs"—along with
many others just as famous. The dis-
tribution of this unrivalled song book

DIXIE.

How This Famous Song Was Written
To write the history of this remark-
able song, is a difficult task. Its
authorship is strongly contested
albeit it seems on the whole to be
rightly claimed by Dan Emmet of
Bryant's Minstrels, who says he wrote
it in New York in 1859, to provide a
new "walkaround" for the following
year. It is further said that the
minstrel, when the cold weather
came, much preferred the "Dixie"
circuit, meaning the country south
of Mason and Dixon's line, and often
said to each other, "I wish I was in
Dixie," which became the motto of
Daniel Emmet's masterpiece.

It at once became popular and was
sung and played on the piano and
reeds organs of almost every family
in the country; just itself to dance
music, and appeared in more than one
version, besides the one now stand-
ard, which begins, "I wish I was in
Dixie, old times come back to me,
de land ob cotton, old times dar an
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