

OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

The Thoughts of Theobald On Our Civic Problems.

Very soon the appointment of our Commissioners will have to be made and doubtless will be one of the first duties of the Government when the Premier returns. There is a matter in the selection of them that should be taken into consideration and that is, not to appoint all from the ranks of the Citizens' Commission who now form what is termed the Citizens' Committee. Whilst it is perfectly true that these men have shown themselves sufficiently interested to attend many meetings and have endeavoured to arouse the apathy of the ordinary man, yet there is a class of taxpayer that is not represented on the Citizens' Committee which is perhaps more keenly affected by civic conditions than those now attending it, and which did not come forward at the meetings because they felt that their influence would be of a better quality in comparison with the better of men who (with credit to themselves) have taken the burden of making the City better. This must be taken as reflecting in no way upon the Citizens' Committee. But what is needed on the Commission to be appointed is a sprinkling of taxpayers who feel the burden of taking say only one dollar from a none too-well-filled purse every year and who feel keenly the wants of the City. It is from these people that ideas spring. Their necessity urges them, and it is thus that from the ranks of say, the middle class, that all reformers come, and this fact alone, that certain radical-minded ideas come from men in the ordinary walks of life, is in too many instances the cause of their cool reception. An original idea coming from a belted earl or a millionaire is heralded throughout the world as a wonderful event and they are commended in columns of matter for the "bravery" ideas.

But let an ordinary workman suggest a way to solve a labour problem from a city, he is listened to in silence and even murmurs of "uprightness and these labourers" will come.

But in the last analysis this City is to be run for the benefit first of the back streets and overcrowded thoroughfares. To begin housecleaning you first must get the dirt out, and to begin city-cleaning you must do the same. Therefore to know what to clean you must have someone on the Commission who knows where the dirt is and you must have some one who will be ready to speak when instead of keeping at the dirt there are some who will, so to speak, want to clean the outside of the cap before the inside is clean.

It is not altogether a blessing that the Commission should be in perfect agreement each with the other. It is not necessary that there should be

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now, all they ever had, and all they expect to have.

CONCERNING ART.

The Art that will win for itself a niche in the temple of fame will be of a quiet sort. The province of Art is to express emotion—to impart a feeling. And the art of exaggeration, rant, bombast and fustian is gone for ever.

It is very possible that the ponderous eloquence of Daniel Webster, with its rolling thunder, would only excite pity or invite cabbages in a Boston audience of to-day.

Certain it is that the Buffalo lawyer who went down to the Appellate Court at Rochester with the bursts of impassioned eloquence found himself speedily and coldly brought back to earth. The famous "Monday Lectures" of Joseph Cook, with their heated explanations and fine quips and quillots about nothing, would never do now. The needless realism of John Rogers in sculpture is not to our taste, and all those pretty groups that once filled the mantels of the American home are consigned to Limbo.

This change from the loud and strident and the plush-covered to the quiet and simple in manners, house-keeping, and art, is owing more to the influence of a man named William Morris than to any other man of the century.

Morris said: "We need fewer things and want them better. All your belongings should mean something to you. Every act of life should signify something."

And the world, little knowing or

caring from whom the voice of authority came, has lowered its tone, softened its manner, and no longer in good company do women shriek in falsetto, or appear adorned in yellow and red. They talk softly and listen attentively. We are gradually growing honest. Fledglings from Harvard possibly may know how to write, but they have no thoughts worth recording. Preachers who have just been taught how at Princeton seldom have a message. Singers who have acquired skill by correspondence do not touch our hearts. We are moved only by the souls that have suffered and the hearts that know, and so all art that endures is a living quivering cross-section of life. Art in the last as a matter of heart not head.

And so in literature the man who wins in the future cannot afford to be diffuse or profound. He will be suggestive and the reader must have the privilege of being learned and profound; all the writer will do is to make men think and drive them to the encyclopaedia. This is not for the author to replace Chambers or the Britannica.

And the artist who ministers to our sense of sublimity must be subtle, suggestive and quiet.

He must know. He will be one who has suffered, and he must too have enjoyed, and out of his experiences he will have evolved knowledge, poise and sympathy. And love shall season all.

Prayer.

(By Benjamin De Casseres.)

All rational pleasure is prayer; all sincere, work and effort are prayers; all exaltation in the presence of beauty is prayer; all aspiration is prayer.

Prayer is an uplifting, a rising of the soul toward the object of its desire, an elevation of instinct.

All sincere thought is prayer. The doubts of skeptics are prayers, though they themselves would repudiate the term.

All strength that tends to elevate and glorify man is a prayer.

There are other modes of praying than with the lips. Galileo prayed with a telescope. Columbus prayed with a ship. Franklin prayed with a lightning-rod.

Knee-praying seems a puny thing when once we feel that the forests are the eternal faces of nature; or when we stand on a mountain top, that everlasting natural altar; or when we bathe in sunlight, that incalculably aged center.

Amid these natural objects awe, admiration, a sense of infinite life, of a duration that is eternal, sweep through us in waves, leaving us humiliated with the sense of our own nothingness at the same time that it brings something of intellectual pride that we are part of that Hidden God.

All sublime emotion is prayer. A poem, a painting, a great essay, a beautiful face, the wreathing of a vine around a window, all exalt, generating wonder, amazement, and thankfulness.

Meanness, lying, cowardice, double-dealing, these are all blasphemies; they offend the dignity of the soul, and debase you in your own eyes. The blasphemies of the mouth are laughed away in the winds. They mean nothing. But the blasphemies of vile actions set in motion forces that must be combated through all time.

Man prays when he least knows it. The normal evolution of prayer is from the lip to the deed, from bare utterance to strong action.

Self-Suggestion.

(Professor Marcus Hartog in the Manchester Guardian.)

The method I myself adopt for self-suggestion is, when comfortably settled in bed, to count each full breath, inspiration plus expiration, and after every "five" or "ten" to make the verbal suggestion—each word formulated in thought, as if in silently repeating a lesson—that I wish to be accomplished. The formulation should be by rote without thought of the sense.

Thus my first suggestion was that I should sleep by the completion of 150. I found that this worked very well; but that I was apt to wake up suddenly after a short time, too sleepy to suggest and too wakeful to sleep. The next thing was to put in the "tens." "My sleep shall be continuous," alternating with the other suggestion at the odd "fives," and this succeeded. Another difficulty was that in counting I got into a state in which again I could neither count nor rest. This difficulty was overcome by altering the "tens" suggestion. "My sleep shall be sudden and continuous."

Self-Discipline.

To Charles the Twelfth of Sweden I owe much of what has stood me in best stead all my life. It was nearly thirty years ago, when but a boy, that I bought his life for a penny in the "New Cut." I took it home and devoured it. It made a great impression on me. Not his wars, but the Spartan heroism of his character. He inspired me with the idea of triumphing over physical weakness, weariness and pain. To inure his body to bear all manner of hardships indifferently, to bathe in ice or face the torrid rays of the sun, to discipline his physical powers by gymnastics, to despise the niceties of food and drink, to make his body an instrument as of tempered steel, and at the same time to have that body absolutely at the disposition of the mind, that seemed to me conduct worthy of a hero. And so, boy-like, I tried to imitate him, and succeeded at least so far as to be happily indifferent to the circumstances of my personal environment.—Rt. Hon. John Burns.

RE-ENTERS ASYLUM.—A resident of the West End, who was recently discharged from the Lunatic Asylum, took bad again yesterday and was brought to the institution.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES BURNS, ETC.

Environment.

Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do.

Woodrow Wilson on Mexico.

"My ideal is an orderly and righteous government in Mexico; but my passion is for the submerged eighty-five per cent of the people of that republic, who are now struggling toward liberty.

"I challenge you to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above. Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, underneath, by the great movement of the people. That, leavened by the sense of wrong and oppression and injustice, by the ferment of human rights to be attained, brings freedom.

"It is a curious thing that every demand for the establishment of order in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of Mexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time regime, for the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very condition of disorder. No one asks for order because order will help the masses of the people to get a portion of their rights and their land; but all demand it so that the great owners of property, the overlords, the hidalgos, the men who have exploited that rich country for their own selfish purposes, shall be able to continue their processes undisturbed by the protests of the people from whom their wealth and power have been obtained.

"The dangers that beset the Republic are held to be the individual and corporate troubles of these men, not the aggregated injustices that have been heaped on this vastly greater section of the population that is now struggling to recover by force what has always been theirs by right.

"They want order—the old order; and I say to you that the old order

POEMS.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.
(Mrs. C. P. Alexander.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noislessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on that wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird hath seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless
steed,
While heaps the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dress;
In the great minister transept
Where the lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet
choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
That most gifted poet
That ever breathed word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truth half so
sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state, the white angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely
land
To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay

Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hill he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our
life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these lonely hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden
sleep
Of him He loved so well.

TIME FOR THE OPEN ROAD.

(By Emma A. Lente.)

Now is the time for the open road, and
the meadows with daisies blowing,
For the ferny nooks, and the babbling
brooks, and the world of green
things growing;
Now is the time to leave the roofs, and
to choose the sky for a cover,
To journey forth with an eager heart,
for summer welcomes a lover.

She will show you her darlings fine
and sweet; she will offer her
choicest treasures,
And bid you welcome to each and all
of her many and healthful pleasures;
You will slip from under the yoke of
care, and your tired eyes will see
clearer;
Your pretty worries will fade away,
and all dear things grow dearer.

The sod will comfort your weary feet;
the glow of the sun will fill you;
The wind will greet you in friendly
wise, and the jubilant bird-songs
thrill you;
O, it is time for the open road, the
plain, the shore, and the mountain;
To feast with joy on the luscious
fruits, and drink at the flowing
fountain.

—"C. E. World."

POSSESSION.

("Standard," U. S. A.)

Some one gave me a picture—
A little glimpse of the sea,
Cliff and surf and gull a-wing—
I smell the salt and I feel the swing:
How it comes back to me!
Rhythm of wave and gleam of sand,
And a white sail rounding the point
of land.

Some one gave me a picture—
A bit of country lane,
Tangle of flower and fern and vines,
Under the shade of the purple plues:
Oh, to be there again!
There, where the ground-thrush hides
her nest,
And the wild red strawberries ripen
best.

So pain-bound and helpless,
I lie and dream all day:
God is good, and the world is wide,
Sun and sea and the dancing tide,
And a fair ship in the bay!
These are mine, and the skies of June,
Sing, my heart, to the thrush's tune!
—Meribah Abbott.

Which is the Irish Flag?

Probably nine Irishmen out of ten if asked what the national flag of Ireland is, would reply without hesitation, "The harp without the crown," meaning the golden Celtic harp on a green ground, which is flown very generally by Irishmen. Most of them believe that this has always been Ireland's flag, but the fact is that, as flags go, it is comparatively new.

It first made its appearance in 1798, when it was adopted by the United Irishmen, and it is said they chose green because it is a blend of orange and blue to typify the union of north and south.

In point of antiquity the real Irish flag is the "spear and serpent," which appears in the arms of the O'Sullivans. It is said to commemorate the incident of Gaodhal Glas, the ancestor of Milesius, who, tradition says, was cured of a snake bite by the rod of Moses. Next to that comes the flag of Fionn MacCumbhail's militia, the golden sunset on a blue ground, and the weight of opinion seems to favor this as the true national flag. Blue, indeed, was always Ireland's national color until 1798.

There are a number of other flags which have figured in Irish history, and all have their enthusiastic supporters. One of the most popular is the three golden crowns on a blue ground, which figures now in the arms of the province of Munster. This was accepted after the Norman invasion in 1170 as the flag of Ireland, the three crowns typifying the kingdoms of Desmond, Ormond and Thomond. It was retained until 1647, when Henry VIII. abolished it and substituted the harp.

Coming down to more recent times, we find that Grattan's Parliament did not recognize green, although it did accept the harp. Its flag was a golden harp on a blue ground.

A new flag was evolved at the time of the Union, apparently for the express purpose of incorporating in it

what is now known as the Union Jack, but it does not seem to have caught the popular fancy any more than the Act of Union. "This was the red saltire on a white ground, which was christened "St. Patrick's Cross." Apparently it was "lifted" from the arms of Trinity College, Dublin, though how Dublin came by it it is equally a mystery.

The tri-color of green, white and orange—"The Orange and the Green, with the stripe of peace between"—is the recognized flag of Irish Nationalists whose aim is complete independence.

Immortality.

A sunbeam had danced across the abyss, and, as she neared the earth, cried—"I must die." But at the moment of contact she buried herself in a warm cloud and kissed a tiny seed into renewed life.

And the little seed that held the sunbeam began creeping toward the light, and grew and grew until it pushed itself above the surface into the air, bursting finally into a flower at its stem top.

"Alas!" she cried, "I must die. The world is so large and I so insignificant! I shall die and be forgotten!" But ere she fell back to the ground a pale face was made brighter by her beauty and fragrance, and down in a human heart grew the flower. "What a beautiful place this is. Where are we?" exclaimed the flower.

"Why," answered the dancing sunbeam, "this is a human heart."

"Then," answered the flower with a smile, "we shall live forever."

If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have wrought with God.—Geo. Macdonald.

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G. O. Knowlton

St. John's, June 13th, 1914.

There's little

R. J. & W.

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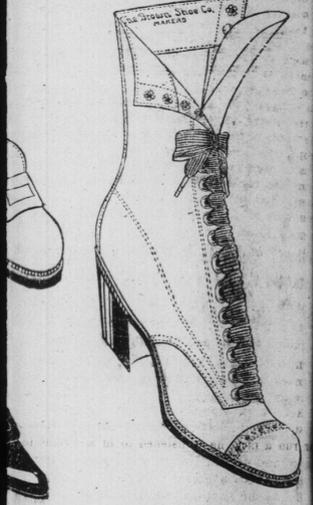
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