

OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

On the Road.

Ever just over the top of the next brown rise I expect some wonderful thing to flatter my eyes.

"What's yonder?" I ask of the first wayfarer I meet.

"Nothing!" he answers, and looks at my travel-worn feet.

"Only more hills and more hills, like the many you've passed, and a poor enough inn at the last!"

"But already I'm a-mover, for I see he is blind."

And I hate that old grumble I've listened to time out of mind.

I've wandered too long not to know there is truth in it still.

That lure of the turn of the road, of the crest of the hill.

So I breast me the rise with full hope, well assured I shall see.

Some new prospect of joy, some brave venture a-tiptoe for me.

For I have come far, and confronted the calm and the strife.

I have fared wide, and bit deep in the apple of life.

It is sweet at the end, but oh! sweeter still at the core.

And whatever be gained, yet the reach of the morrow is more.

At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summit to climb.

The demand of my vision shall beggar the largess of Time.

For I know that the higher I press, the wider I view.

The more's to be ventured and visioned, in worlds that are new.

So when my feet, failing, shall stumble in ultimate dark.

And faint eyes no more the high lift of the pathway shall mark.

There 'under the dew I'll lie down with my dreams, for I know

Whet bright hill-tops the morning will show me, all red in the glow.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Pall Mall Gazette.

A Prelude.

Every human life is a symphony, with its allegros, andantes, adagios, and prestos. We have our principal theme, that opens proudly or sadly with our first ambitions or disappointments, and closes with the fulfilment of them, expanded and triumphant or distorted and vague, as the case may be. There are secondary themes and episodes, too; and stringencies, rubatos, and all the complex schemes of expression and tempo; yet the one thought underlies all.

It is only in the working-out of the melodies and phrases that we succeed or fail. Some of us do not understand this fully; we neglect an important bar—and then the error is instant in its influence. Some movements of the composition may be beautifully conceived and executed; some of them may suggest much, but fall to impress; some of the tone-color is brilliant, even exaggerated; some of it gray and dubious. Still, each note, every thought—good, bad, or indifferent—is vitally interesting; for it is, after all, an honest reflection of our lives as we have lived them.—Theodore Stearns.

Beauty in Nature.

Go, when the shadow of your house is long

Upon the garden—when some new-waked bird,

Pecking and fluttering, chirps a sudden song.

And not a leaf is stirred.

Go there, I say; stand at the water's brink,

And shoals of spotted grayling you shall see

Basking between the shadows—look, and think

"This beauty is for me;

"For me this freshness in the morning hours,

For me the water's clear tranquillity;

For me the soft descent of chestnut flowers;

The cushat's cry for me.

"The lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat;

The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill;

The sedgy brook whereby the red king meet

And wade and drink their fill."

Then saunter down that terrace whence the sea

All fair with wing-like sails you may discern;

Be glad, and say "This beauty is for me—

A thing to love and learn.

"For me the bounding in of tides; for me

The laying bare of sands when they retreat;

The purple flush of calms, the sparkling gleam

When waves and sunshine meet."

—Ivan Ingelow.

English make! We've just received a new lot of Chased and other Pretty Rings from England. If your thoughts are running in that direction be sure and see them. R. H. TRAPNELL.—1044.17

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, Etc.

A Dandelion's Way.

A dandelion loves to have her own way, just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall, with a fine, long stem nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating down she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerfully, she makes merry with the raindrops—gay little dandelion!

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels herself made to live on a long stem with such fount friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine! But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as light and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem at all.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

Conversation Don't's.

1. Don't tell long stories, or even short ones, unless you have an especial gift for it.
2. Remember that talking about yourself is an indulgence, and, as such, should be strictly limited.
3. If another woman tells you of some sensation or experience of her own, don't immediately cap it up with one of yours. "Swapping tastes" is of the lowest order of conversation. I have been in circles where the talk consisted in each woman's taking her turn in telling how she thought or felt about some commonplace subject, such as the digestibility of sheeps' or liability to colds.
4. Never lose consciousness of the proportion of the talk you are usurping, and be sure that the quality matches the quantity.
5. Discriminate always between talk for your own pleasure and talk for your friends. People constantly tell the stupidest anecdotes because these have become charged with some extraneous charm impossible to transmit. Perhaps the occasion when it took place was important because some particular person was there, and every detail of it has taken on a radiance visible only to the narrator.

It was inevitable that many women, being now engaged in the work which has been thus opened to them, should be brought to think of the ways under which we live, and the changes and alterations which seemed to them to be required in those laws, and so gradually an increasing number began to desire the vote for their sex.

For some representatives of it, this desire we maintain is a healthy and sincerity need not have provoked any antagonism.

It was, in fact, met in a friendly spirit by several statesmen on both sides of the House, Municipal suffrage and votes for the newly-women as an experiment, and subsequently,

My Friend the World.

My friend the world for comradeship Shares with me what it has to spend Of beauty, pleasure, happiness, Color and contrast without end.

And sorrow, too, it bids me share, And failure, poverty, and pain, Lest I should grow too blind to see That some must lose for other's gain.

Girl Swims the Hudson River.

New York, July 13.—Miss Dorothy Bauer, the fourteen year old daughter of a New York merchant, who last summer won a two-mile swimming race in Canada, swam across the Hudson River yesterday, starting at Tower Ridge, Hastings. The youthful swimmer, who lives at Riverview Manor, went to the river soon after two o'clock with friends. Owing to the strong ebb-tide flowing, she was advised not to make the attempt, but she insisted, and divesting herself of her clothes, plunged in. After an hour and a half in the water, she landed opposite Yonkers, three miles down the river from her starting point, showing no signs of fatigue.

Miss Bauer is the first of her sex to swim the river at Hastings.

A very good and cheap sanitary pillow for the baby's head to rest on is made by baking the ordinary kind of non-absorbent cotton in the oven until it is brown and fluffy.

Nothing will clean walls so well as a piece of flannel tied on the top of a long-handled broom.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection.

—RUSKIN.

Woman's Unrest--and Why.

By The Countess of Selborne.

By the expression, the Women's Movement, we indicate not only the agitation for the grant of the vote, but the general movement among women desirous of taking a more active part in the efforts to improve the conditions of life, which have attracted so many of the best of both sexes during the last half-century. The mediæval religious orders, and the numerous charities which were founded by women of old time, bear witness that this is no new aspiration, but rather a new manifestation of a spirit which has always inspired many.

A great impetus was given to the wish for wider opportunities of work by the brilliant example of Florence Nightingale, and the call which she made on women to fill the ranks of the great profession of trained nursing. Josephine Butler showed that a woman need not be afraid to attack moral evils and Octavia Hill that they could also most usefully concern themselves with municipal problems such as housing the working classes, providing towns with open spaces, and caring more for the beauty as well as the health of our dwelling places.

It was inevitable that many women, being now engaged in the work which has been thus opened to them, should be brought to think of the ways under which we live, and the changes and alterations which seemed to them to be required in those laws, and so gradually an increasing number began to desire the vote for their sex.

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It was, in fact, met in a friendly spirit by several statesmen on both sides of the House, Municipal suffrage and votes for the newly-women as an experiment, and subsequently,

when county councils were established, women were included among those who had the right to vote for them.

The experiment worked well. No one would dream now of proposing that women should be deprived of their municipal votes, or think that they are less capable than men of this duty. In fact, some of the warmest advocates of women's municipal activity are among those who energetically oppose the further grant of the Parliamentary franchise.

The success of this measure, however, must have influenced the judgment of a great number of men, as the Parliament of 1906 contained an enormous majority of members pledged to give women the right to vote in Parliamentary elections.

Up to this time there was nothing that could properly be described as unrest. There was a desire for certain changes in the law, which were advocated in the manner usual in this country—by meetings and demonstrations of an ordinary character.

Well, we know the sad story since then. We have seen how a perfectly normal political agitation was turned to revolt, by insincere dealing, Parliamentary chicanery, deceptions, and broken pledges.

There is no more unrest among women than there would be among men if they were handled in a like manner. It is natural to feel indignant if one is deceived, and when people feel fiercely indignant they are led to act violently and wrongly. The dispute as to whether women should be given the vote or not has lasted for many years in several countries, but in no country but our own has there been any militancy, because in no other country have the women been treated with the duplicity with which they have been here.

MAUD SELBORNE.

Wit and Wisdom.

"If we were true to the best which is in us, we could dispense with the regret that we are not more perfect."

A sermon in a nutshell by the late Professor Churton Collins, and one of a hundred like sermons which appeared in a recent number of The English Review. These "maxims and reflections" are the ripe fruit of a mind which was keenly observant and acutely sensitive to the "slings and arrows" of modern society. We select a few at random, many of which are salted with a discriminatory cynicism:—

Religion with the majority of men is only a body of opinions having no relation to conduct and very little to principles.

No man who feels strongly and thinks intensely can ever be consistent.

Always distrust a man who assures you that he is to be trusted. No one who deserves confidence ever solicits it.

The most immoral of all professions is the law, and of this we have an interesting collateral and minor illustration in the fact that three Chief Justices, during the last hundred years, declined peerages, because their children were illegitimate.

Place no confidence in a man who is scrupulous about ritual in religion, for he is pretty sure to be either a hypocrite or a fool.

Never trust a man who speaks well of everybody.

In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends.

Envy is the sincerest form of flattery.

If we escape punishment for our vices, why should we complain if we are not rewarded for our virtues?

If men were as unselfish as women, women would very soon become more selfish than men.

We are no more responsible for the evil thoughts which pass through our minds than a scarecrow for the birds which fly over the seed-plots he has to guard; the sole responsibility in each case is to prevent them from settling.

Success in life depends far more on energy than on wisdom.

Army Stories.

THE UNKNOWN SEX.

During the time that a certain Middlesex regiment was quartered in Cawnpore, a large order was sent to a shoe-making firm for boots for the men. The manager sent the order to the chief baboo with instructions that it was to be attended to without delay. The baboo took the paper and read it with evident surprise on his face. He re-read the order and appeared more mystified still. He read it a third, then a fourth, and finally a fifth time. Then he went off to the manager. "Please, sir," he said, "not understand. Male sex I know, female sex I know, but what is Middlesex?"

THE "FATE" OF THE MULE.

After an action the chaplain was visiting the wounded men lying in the field hospital. Among them was a soldier who had been kicked very severely by a mule, and, being in excruciating agony, was disturbing the general quiet of the ward by his incessant groaning.

"Come, come, my poor chap," said the chaplain kindly, as he went to his bedside, "you must try and bear the pain like a man. It's no use, you know, kicking against Fate."

"Bedad, sorr, you're right," said the soldier, opening his eyes and looking up at the speaker, "especially when it's the 'fate' of an army mule."

TO OBLIGE A WOMAN.

In the early days of Lord Roberts' career, the famous Sir Colin Campbell who had already at that time been raised to the peerage as Lord Clyde, met then Mrs. Roberts at dinner, and in the course of conversation expressed the opinion that she ought to be very grateful to him as he had not sent her husband to the Far East.

"I am afraid I am not in the least grateful to you," was the lady's reply, "for making my husband feel that I am standing in the way of his career."

Lord Clyde opened his eyes in amazement.

"Well, I'm hanged," he said, "with something like a smile on his face, 'if I understand you women, I'll never try and oblige one of you again.'"

AN UNEAR ADVANTAGE.

During the first Boer War a certain Highland regiment was in conflict with the burghers, both sides being well protected. The men of the Highland regiment were under orders not to show themselves. In spite of that, however, one of them would get up and take a shot at the enemy, dropping to the ground again the moment he had fired. Seeing him, one of the Boers determined to adopt the same tactics in the hope of potting him and bringing him to the earth without the exercise of his volition. They had exchanged several shots to no purpose, when, as the Scotchman rose, the Boer got up, and firing before the latter hit him in the hand. It was more surprising than pain which caused the Scotchman to yell.

"Serve you right, Mac," said an officer who was lying on the ground close by. "You were told not to show yourself."

"Nae doot, nae doot," said the man, "but hoo did I ken he was gaun to fire oot o' his turn?"

LORD WOLSELEY'S DINNER.

Lord Wolseley's feeling for the welfare of those men once made him the hero of an episode in which undeniably he got the worst of it. The men were at dinner one day, and the orderlies were hurrying backwards and forwards with steaming pails of soup, when Lord Wolseley, passing by, stopped one of them and determined to see that the food provided was up to the standard he required. "Remove the lid from that pail," he said to the man. The man removed the lid. "Now let me taste that," he said.

"But please yer—"

"Let me taste it, I say," the Commander-in-Chief interrupted him. Before the man could say or do anything, Lord Wolseley got a spoon, dipped it in the pail, and tasted it.

"Disgraceful," he exclaimed. "Call that soup? Why it tastes like nothing in the world so much as dish water!"

"Please yer honour, that's exactly what it is," replied the man.

The Plus and Minus Signs.

Formerly, in order to express the sign of addition, the Latin word plus (more) was abbreviated to P. Which in the haste of writing often degenerated into a simple cross and was ultimately adopted as such. With regard to the sign of subtraction, we see in many books published before the eighteenth century that it was written as a small horizontal stroke beneath the letters m. Gradually it came to be written without the letters as we use it to-day.

Parliamentary "Bulls."

Some Mixed Metaphors.

A writer in the Prize Reciter and Speaker quotes some amusing instances of the mixing of metaphors by members of Parliament.

Some of these one has heard before, but a large proportion of them are quite new.

Mr. Balfour, in a speech, spoke of "an empty theatre of unsympathetic auditors." Lord Curzon has remarked that "though not out of the wood we have a good ship." Sir William Hart-Dyke has told how Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net—and went to the top of the tree for it." Mr. Asquith has remarked that "redistribution is a theory subject which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes."

Mr. Balfour told the Commons that "among the many jarring notes in this house on military affairs this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis." But General Buller evidently thinks there is little to be gained by so-called army reform, for he declares that "the army is honeycombed with cliques, and kisses go by favour in this web of axe-grinders."

Before Mr. Winston Churchill opposed the present Government he, at a meeting of the Bow and Bromley Conservative Association, said that

longer a caterpillar. I was a lovely blue butterfly.

"How wonderful!" cried Dorothy. "What do you eat?" she added.

"I was just on the point of getting my breakfast when you called me," answered the butterfly. "Have you never noticed how we butterflies hover around your honeysuckle blossoms?"

But Dorothy had not noticed.

"There is honey in every flower-cup," continued the butterfly. "From them we get our food; our home is among them, and among them we sleep."

As the butterfly finished speaking, he fluttered off down the path.

"I am Squirmy the Worm," answered a small voice. "I must crawl, because I have no legs like the spider, or wings like the butterfly. I hope that you do not mind my crawling on your pink dress."

"Not at all," answered Dorothy, "but please tell me how you can move without legs."

"I have queer little hooks on my body," answered the worm. "They are so small that you cannot see them; they help me to move along. As I crawl, I turn the bits of earth over and over, and that is how I help the gardener by keeping the ground soft."

"Why!" exclaimed Dorothy, "I never knew that before!"

"Ah, here comes Hoppity!" said the worm. "How do, Hoppity?"

"It's a toad," said Dorothy.

"Are you not glad to see me?" asked the toad. "I have been asleep all winter in my house in the ground. I eat the bugs in the garden; if I did not they would spoil your pretty flowers. My eyes are so large that I can see the smallest bugs. I catch them with my tongue. Aren't you glad that I live in your garden?"

"Indeed I am," answered Dorothy. "O Hoppity, please tell me before you go, how else lives in the garden?"

The toad turned his large eyes on her. "There are many others," he answered, "many, many others. Look there in the path now."

But while Dorothy was wondering whether it was Lumby the Beetle, or Mr. Hornet, dressed in his yellow jacket, she heard her mother's voice saying, "Wake up, little girl; this is your practice hour."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "had sat so long on the fence that the iron had entered his soul."

It was the late Sir George Campbell who said "the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the British Empire," and who said certain abuses in India were but "a mere flea-bite in the ocean" as compared with others he could name.

It was another friend of India who said "Pass the measure and the barren wells will become fertile valleys." It was a loyal member who said: "When I go wrong I look round and see our chief leading and I soon get right again."

Mr. Field, of Dublin, when discussing a Bill relating to the shipping of cattle across the Irish Sea, begged the members "not to look at the subject from a live-stock point of view"; and it was he who said: "The right honourable gentleman shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hear it." He it was, too, who, when the Irish Land Bill was being pushed through, said: "The time has now come and is rapidly arising." Another member in a late debate objected to "introducing fresh matter already decided." It was Mr. McHugh who declared the Government was "iron-bound with red tape"; but it was an opponent of Home Rule who regarded a certain concession as "the first stitch in the dismemberment of the Empire."

Our Fairy Story.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

Dorothy was lazily swinging in the hammock under the lilac bush, she had just finished "Alice in Wonderland." "My, what an exciting time Alice had, nothing interesting ever happens to me. Wish I had another good story to read."

"Silly little girl!" said a scolding voice. Startled, Dorothy sat straight up, and swinging on a branch of purple lilac, she saw a small green fairy. "Use your eyes, your garden is full of interesting stories; I have no patience with you!" And spreading her gauzy wings, the little green fairy flew up into the maple tree.

Somehow Dorothy was not very much surprised to see the fairy, but what could she have meant, where were the interesting things.

"Tweed, tweed, twitter, twitter, tweed, why don't you keep your eyes open. You will not have to go outside the garden, either. Now I am a Blue-bird. And in the gate-post there is a large hole; my nest is in that hole, and in the nest there are four little whitish-blue eggs."

Dorothy clapped her hands. "I will watch for the four little baby blue-birds!" she cried.

"Meanwhile," said the bird, "suppose you find out something about Spinner the Spider? I see that she is at home in the white rose-bush, and she has on her new gown of yellow and black velvet."

Dorothy jumped from the hammock and ran to the white-rose bush. She stood quite still for a moment, and watched the spider. "What are you doing?" she asked, presently.

"Spinning a new silken thread to repair a part of my house," answered the spider, without turning round. "At the back of my body you may see five tiny knobs; those are my spinnerets."

"I have eight strong legs; that is why I can run so fast," said the spider. "I have also eight eyes, which are so bright that I can see even the tiniest fly—flies are good to eat, you know."

"The back part of my body is really a soft, round bag; everything I eat goes into it. While there, a wonderful change takes place; my food becomes the material from which I make my web. See my baby spiders? I carry them about on my back."

"How funny!" said Dorothy, laughing.

"Not at all!" retorted the spider, as she ran away.

"Oh, you beauty!" cried Dorothy, as she looked up and saw something fly past. "Please stop; I want to speak to you."

The butterfly circled lower and lower, and finally lighted on Dorothy's small forefinger.

"What a lovely dress you have on!" said Dorothy. "Was it always a beautiful blue like this?"

"Oh, no," answered the butterfly. "It is quite new. I outgrew my old one so that I just split it up in the back; when I slipped out of it, my new one was beneath."

"Last summer," the butterfly went on, "I was a caterpillar, and I crawled about on the ground. At last I grew very sleepy, and so I made a nice, soft, silky bed, and so I made it all winter. When I woke, I pushed myself out of bed, and then I was no

Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can say that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office,—its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modern and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland.—1017.13

There is nothing better to remove tar from white clothing than Jard. Rub it well into the spot and then wash it out with soap and warm water.

Right-O.

YES, WE HAVE THEM.

- 20 brls. New Turnips.
 - 20 crates Ripe Bananas.
 - 20 brls. Green Cabbage.
 - 15 cases Cal. Oranges.
 - 15 doz. Cucumbers.
 - 30 baskets Tomatoes.
 - 20 boxes Table Plums.
 - ALSO
 - 30 cases Fresh Dates.
 - 500 bags P. E. I. Blue Table Potatoes.
- Orders booked ahead.

PHONE 480.

Soper & Moore.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.