

Poetical Gems.

(FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.)

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep in
The grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

The Death of Little Nell.

For she was dead. There upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life—not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor.

When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always. These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring limply in his cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happi-

ness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in the change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

So shall we know the angels in their Majesty after death. . . . She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming love;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear,
This never too late for delight, my dear,

And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

And I whose star
More glorious far
Is the eye from the casement peeping, love.

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

L'Allegro.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and bows, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in your right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.

The Eve of Waterloo, June 15, 1815.

The interruption of the ball by the sound of the cannon is a poetical license. On the evening of the 15th June, 1815, Wellington, having received intelligence of the advance of the French, and ordered the concentration of troops on Quatre Bras, dressed and went to a ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, where his manner was so undisturbed, that no one discovered that any intelligence of importance had arrived; many brave men were there assembled, amidst the sounds of festivity, and surrounded by the smiles of beauty, who were, ere long, locked in the arms of death.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again.
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did you not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was a hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings; such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

And the deep thunder peal on peal
Came crashing down the battlements and down the plain,
And the fierce shouts and the shouting drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star.

While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"
And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But, with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years.

And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!
And Ardenne waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving, if aught, inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.—alas! Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon—beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve—in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight—brought the signal sound of strife.

The morn—the marshalling in arms—the day—
Battle's magnificent stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it,
Which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent
Rider and horse,—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.

—Byron.

Here and There

FOUR ARRESTS.—The police last night made four arrests, all for drunkenness except one, who was charged with disorderly conduct.

WERE HURT.—Rabbits and Hutchings of the Collegians and Higgins of St. Bon's were hurt in last night's football match, but were able to continue the game.

SPECIALS PAID OFF.—Yesterday nine special policemen who had been doing duty in three houses which were infected with smallpox, were paid off. The houses were released yesterday.

BASEBALL.—The second game of the baseball fixtures will come off on Wednesday next. The opposing teams will be the B. I. S. and Shamrocks. Both these teams are comprised of local men only.

DR. MOPHEE PREACHES.—At 3 p.m. to-morrow Rev. Dr. Mophee, of New York, who is now visiting here, will deliver an address for men in the Presbyterian Church. No doubt a large congregation will be present.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French medicine. These pills are especially powerful in regulating the reproductive organs of the female sex, and in all cases of irregularity of the menstrual system. Dr. de Van's are sold at all cheap druggists. Price 25¢ a box or three for 75¢. Mailed to any address on receipt of the price. The Sole Importer, Dr. de Van's, 100, St. Nicholas Street, New York, N.Y.

SICK SEAMAN HERE.—Diedrecht Solby, the mate of the whaler Lynx, arrived here by the Placentia train last night and was taken to hospital by Mr. E. Whiteway. The man is very ill suffering from an internal complaint.

HAS FIFTEEN FISH.—The whaler Lynx, Capt. Hansen, operating at Rose au Rue, has 15 fish up to date. Fish were reported plentiful in Placentia and Trinity Bays. Caplin struck in yesterday in abundance and six Nova Scotia bankers are now baiting in Placentia Bay.

WITH THE ADVENTISTS.—The subject at the Cookstown Road Church Sunday evening, is of more than ordinary interest: "Is our work outlined beforehand by God?" Elder Wm. C. Young will occupy the pulpit. Those of skeptical mind regarding the message of the Church to-day are especially invited.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphorus restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores strength and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weaknesses averted at once. Mailed to any address on receipt of the price. Price 25¢ a box or two for 50¢. Mailed to any address. The Sole Importer, Dr. de Van's, 100, St. Nicholas Street, New York, N.Y.

A PLEASING PRESENTATION.—Thursday last Messrs. Alex. Morcos and James Snooks waited on Inspector and Mrs. Bambrick at their residence, New Gower Street, and on behalf of the employees of the Municipal Council who work under the Inspector's supervision, presented Mr. Bambrick with a beautiful centre lamp as a reminder of his wedding and in appreciation of his kindness and goodwill towards those under him. Mr. Bambrick heartily thanked the donors for himself and wife and then entertained them with the best the house afforded.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

The following lines state the usual trouble of Motor Engines, as well as the remedy.

If memorized will be a great help to the Fishermen and others operating Motor Boats:

When you want to start your engine
And the blamed thing doesn't start,
There's no use in getting rattled,
Nor in taking it apart.

Or thinking that your coil's to blame
Because she will not go,
For there are many other things
As I'll proceed to show.

Just turn your fly wheel over
While you listen to the sound;
But if there isn't any,
Then commence to look around.

First look your battery over—
Are all connections tight?
Is your wiring all connected
And everything just right?

Then when your coils are busling
Don't look for trouble there;
But just take out your spark plugs
And try them in the air.

If the spark is hot and lively
It will surely make a hit!
Look at your carburetor—
Does your mixture pass through it?

Do you adjust it any,
Note where it set before—
Or you will find your troubles
Are increasing more and more.

Perhaps you've over primed her,
So the mixture is too rich;
Cut off the gas and crank her,
Keeping in the battery switch.

If she starts just when you prime her,
Runs just while the priming lasts,
Then your mixture isn't coming,
There's a place it can't get past.

If she squeals and growls when turning,
Oil her up, she's getting dry;
If exhaust is blue and smoky,
Then cut down your oil supply.

If exhaust is black and sooty,
Then she has more gasoline
Than there's any need of using,
To work best in your machine.

When your engine's running fairly,
Then bangs loudly in the base,
Giving it a richer mixture
Cures its troubles in this case.

So when it makes you wrathy,
Go sit down and rest awhile;
You can start it much more surely
If you try it with a smile.

Another Eye Opener!

For Saturday, Monday and Tuesday

We offer a large variety of

Ready-to-Wear HATS,

AT ONE PRICE:

50 CENTS EACH.

Don't fail to take advantage of this opportunity.

See Windows.

S. MILLEY.

A Catchy Line



Ladies' Low Shoes or Oxfords, in Button, Blucher and Laced styles, and in the following leathers: Suede, Patent Kid, Tan, Calif., etc.
We keep the largest variety selection of Ladies' Low shoes in town. Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 up.
Also Misses' and Children's Boots & Shoes, Pump, Sandals, etc.
Also Misses' and Child's Sandals, Bootees, etc.

F. Smallwood.

The Home of Good Shoes.

"Just for Fun."

A charming society comedy will be reproduced on Wednesday evening next, at St. Bon's College Hall. It is entitled "Just for Fun" and deals with the adventures of a young lord and a mischievous heiress, who are masquerading under assumed positions. The dialogue is vivacious and sparkling, and the various adventures are amusing and interesting. When it is added that the leading parts are sustained by Misses Keegan, Doyle, Warren and Mansfield and Messrs. R. Knight and Leo Emerson, it will be seen that a very enjoyable evening is in store for all who attend.

SCREAMED WITH PAIN.—Yesterday a young lad named Hayse, working at E. M. Jackman's, had his hand caught by one of the heavy windows in the rear of the building which had been raised, falling on it. The boy suffered intense pain and his screams drew a crowd including Sergt. Olliphant, from Water Street to the rear of the premises. He was released and his hand which was badly cut and bruised was treated at Connors' drug store.

POLICE PENSIONED.—We hear that the following members of the police force have been retired on pensions: Inspector Bailey, Hr. Grace; Head Constable Patten, Trinity; Constable Wm. O'Farrell and Const. Milfen of Spaniard's Bay.

KYLE DUE TO-NIGHT.—The s.s. Kyle left Wesleyville at 10 a.m. to-day and is due here from Labrador late to-night.

SIGN OF GOD.—The Fogota reports a good sign of cod all along the shore from Change Islands south. Caplin have struck in at many places and trap and line men are beginning to do fairly well. Traps get from 4 to 15 qts. daily.

MORE SMALLPOX.—Smallpox was discovered at the Goulets to-day, a man named Howlett, having contracted the ailment. Dr. Duncan reported the outbreak to the health authorities. Dr. Brehm has enforced the quarantine laws rigidly to prevent contagion. Howlett is supposed to have contracted the disease here.

LIPTON'S TEAS!

Largest sale in the world. Best value in the market for the consumer.

RED LABEL 40c. per lb.
YELLOW LABEL 46c. per lb.

In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. double air-tight bags, and in 5 lb. patent air-tight decorated tins.

Lipton, Limited, growers of the Finest Tea the world can produce in Ceylon and India. Lipton's have been awarded for the pure quality of their Tea the following first-class honors:

3 GRAND PRIZES
and
5 GOLD MEDALS,
and the highest and only award given for Tea at the Chicago Exhibition. No other tea can show a record like that. Try a 1/4 lb. Red Label for 10c. It is the best value you can buy.

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