

## Look into this roofing question



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## Poetry of the Hour.

### The Nereid.

I saw one night a Nereid white  
Arise from her coral caves.  
Her sea-green curls were pale with pearls,  
And her limbs were veiled with the waves.  
Through the moonlit foam I saw her come  
Up the billow-haunted shore,  
And faint and sweet I heard her feet,  
Foam-like, through the surf's long roar;  
While ever the wind and the rolling waves  
Kept time to her song of ocean caves,  
That she sang to her harp of mist and moon,  
Of moonbeam shell, this ocean tune—  
"Come follow, come follow, to caverns hollow,  
That sound with the sighing seal!  
Come follow me o'er the waters hoar!  
Come away, come away with me!  
Come follow, O, follow, to grottoes hollow,  
And caves that are ocean-whist,  
Where the sea-weeds twine and the star-fish shine,  
And the rosy corals twist.

"Come follow me home on the wandering foam,  
That rolls my world above!  
My bosom shall bear thee safely where  
The sea-nymphs dream of love.  
They will lie at thy feet, and thy heart shall beat  
To the music of their sighs;  
They will lean to thy face, and, like stars, thou shalt trace  
Their radiant, love-lit eyes.

"Come away, come away! where, under the spray,  
The hallois glows,  
The nautilus gleams and the sponge-grove dreams,  
And the crimson dulse like sunset streams,  
And the coral-forest grows.  
Come away to my caves, my emerald caves,  
From the moon and the sun deep hid!  
Forget the world, down under the waves—  
The world of the man that sighs and slaves—  
Forget the world, there under the waves,  
In the arms of a Nereid!"

By Madison Cawein, in the Smart Set.

### The Moods.

The Moods have laid their hands across my hair;  
The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart.  
My hair shall nevermore lie smooth and bright,  
But stir like tide-worn seaweed, and my heart  
Shall nevermore be glad of small, sweet things—  
A wild rose, or a crescent moon,—a book  
Of little verses, or a dancing child.  
My heart turns crying from the rose and book,  
My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon,  
And weeps with useless sorrow for the child.  
—The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair,  
And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame;  
I shall desire all things that may not be;  
The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men,  
All tears that must, and smiles that may not be.  
Yes, shimmering lights across a windy ford,  
Yes, vagrant voices on a darkened plain,  
And holy things, and outcast things, and things  
Far too remote, frail-bodied, to be plain.

—My pity and my joy are grown alike;  
I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart.  
The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair;  
The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart.  
—Fanny S. Davis, in The Atlantic.

### I Want to Go Home.

I want to go home.  
I want to go home  
To the nest in the woods.  
I want the old things;  
The traps in the brush,  
The open savannas,  
The pines and the brush;  
I want the old friends—  
The ten-year-old friends—  
George, John, Bill and Joe.  
I want to laugh and cry,  
Be happy and tired,  
Be coddled and scolded,  
In the same old way.  
I want the old sights,  
I want the old sounds,  
I want the old nights  
And the broad cheery hearth;  
And I want the old folks,  
By the broad clay hearth.  
O, I want it all—  
The old home; the old life.  
—Harold Child, in Lippincott's.

### Love's Rhetoric.

"Your lips are roses," said the youth,  
And he was fairly near the truth.  
Then she whose lips his praise had won  
In the rose-guarded bower of bliss  
Yielded the guerdon of a kiss.  
And—half in earnest, half in fun—  
Whispered between her finger-tips:  
"I'm glad the roses are not lips!"  
"Your eyes are stars," he said to her,  
And, truth to tell, they almost were.  
Then she whose eyes his praise had blest  
In the star-scattered summer night  
Gave him their tokens of delight.  
And—half in earnest, half in jest—  
Lipped to him softly, lover-wise:  
"Dearest, I'm glad stars are not eyes!"  
"No lips to tell, no eyes to see,  
Save Love's own lips and eyes," said she.  
Then he who praised her from above  
Looked tenderly at star and rose,  
And said: "Why, everybody knows  
Mine were but metaphors of love;  
Dumb is the rose, and blind the star!"  
Whereat, she gasped, "How mean you are!"  
Felix Carmen in Munsey.

The following lines were written by Mr. J. K. Fraser, editor of The Canadian Scotsman, on reading the account of the death of Leonard Lucas, the Crimean veteran, who was saved from burial in a pauper's grave by the intervention of The Canadian Club, Winnipeg:—

What shall they say in Britain  
Should he sink to a pauper's grave,  
Who dared war's fiercest terrors,  
That the flag might o'er us wave?  
What shall they say in Britain  
Should he pass from mortal ken,  
With no saluting volley,  
Nor the measured tramp of men?  
What shall they say in Britain  
Should a British hero die,  
Unwept, unsung, unhonored,  
And under a British sky?  
What shall they say in Britain  
Should a veteran's sacred dust,  
Pass to the grave unnoticed,  
As only a pauper must?

### Nobody to Blame But Yourself.

You married a maiden you thought to be rich,  
And found that she hadn't a dime,  
And, yoked to a flighty, extravagant shrew,  
You bewail your sad lot all the time;  
You dream of a girl who was pure as a pearl,  
And gush and shy as an elf,  
And think of the bliss that you managed to miss—  
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You went into Wall Street, that maelstrom of trade,  
To tilt with its captains of fame;  
You dipped into wheat without waiting awhile  
Till you mastered the points of the game.  
And you woke up one morning to find to your woe  
You had neatly been shorn of your pelf,  
Like all of the lambkins that nibble at shares,  
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You try to get into society's whirl,  
And so live in excess of your means,  
And keep in your stable a carriage and pair,  
And exist on a diet of beans,  
Afraid to remember the half of your debts,  
And with nothing put by on the shelf,  
With the worry each day you are fast turning gray—  
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You started in life on the road to success,  
A youth well equipped for the ride;  
But the sparkle and froth of the bottle and glass  
Too often enticed you aside,  
And now with your prospects all blighted and dead  
You find yourself laid on the shelf  
With the broken and useless old junk of the world—  
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

At last when your gilded and giddy career  
Has come to an end, and behold!  
A trembling and suppliant spirit you stand  
And knock at the portals of gold,  
Looking out of a heaven as brilliantly blue  
As your grandmother's dishes of delf.  
St. Peter will answer—"You cannot come in."  
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

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Yours very truly,  
LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P.,  
Green Harbor, N.S.

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## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 20 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.