

A Page for the Leisure Hour.

HOME COLUMNS.

CORNISH LULLABY.

Out on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go
down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a
song.
And this is the song the hill-folks
sing:
As the thrush in the light of the misty
moon—
This is ever their dolorous tune:
"Gold, gold; ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
All night long, all night long,
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song:
Merrily over the cavern rings
As merrily ever his pick he swings,
And merrily ever this song he sings:
"Gold, gold; ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking the lowly bed,
All night long, all night long,
Happy to smooth the curly head
And to hush the hand that to slugs
her song:
'Tis not of the old hill-folk, dwarfed
and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman,
staunch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of
gold;
But it's "Love, love!—nothing but
love,
Mother's love for dearie!"
—Eugene Field.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TASK.

A housekeeper? Ah, yes, dear heart,
And more:
Keeper of hearts for those love gave
to me,
Upholding weary hands that else
might fall,
Smoothing a little head upon my
knee,
A housekeeper am I; this is my task:
To make one little spot all snug and
warm,
Where those so bruised and beaten by
the day
May find a refuge from the night
and storm,
Gladly I serve—love makes the serv-
ing sweet;
I feel no load—love makes the
burden light,
A happy keeper I of home and hearth
I serve,
I roign—a queen by love's
own right.
—Florence Jones Hadley.

THE BORDERLAND.

There is a mystic borderland that lies
just past the limit of our work-day
world,
And it is peopled with the friends we
meet
And loved a year, a month, a week,
a day,
And parted from with aching hearts,
yet know
That through the distance we must
lose the hold
of hand with hand, and only clasp the
thread of memory.

But still we cleave we feel this land,
So sure we are that these same hearts
are true,
That when in waking dreams there
comes a call
That is the thread of memory
aglow,
We know that just by stretching out
the hand
In written word of love, or look, or
flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own
once more,
Across the silence, in the same old
way.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE NESTLING.

Hush! Little one, hush—
So soft the breezes sigh,
So gently blow the zephyrs o'er thy
nest,
They cannot rouse thy infant, guile-
less nest;
Then close these sweet blue eyes,
Sleep! Little one, sleep!

Rest! Little one, rest!
Though cold the world and wide,
So trustful is thy helpless, perfect
ease,
I safely keep thee here upon my
knee;
Love watches by thy side,
Sleep! Little one, sleep!
—Grace Agnes Thompson.

TO PARENTS.

If parents but knew how magnified
all things are to the childish mind,
there would be fewer harmful im-
pressions on the lives of little ones.
The best suggestion is to retrace the
steps in one's own life and to recall
the doubts and the fears that were
left by the actions of the unthinking
ones with whom the present fathers
and mothers came in contact. Things
that seem but trifles to grown people

appear warped and distorted to chil-
dren, often leaving a lasting influence
for ill.

When you and John have that dif-
ference of opinion that results in hot
words on both sides, you may think
nothing of it after the reconciliation
has occurred, yet little John, who
overheard it, will wonder for days
what made father so naughty that
mother cried, or why mamma scolded
poor daddy.

Thus two beings who have seemed
quite perfect to the little one are
shown with the first flaw, and the
child's trust is never quite the same
again.

Youngsters are so sharp; they take
in so much more than their elders
imagine. And it is dangerous to trust
to their not understanding conversa-
tions that are held before them. If
they do not understand in the way an
older person would, they get warped
ideas that are sometimes ludicrous,
more often pathetic, again embarrassing.

Particular care must be taken that
an impression of fear is not gained.
Permit your child to be frightened,
and it may be a coward all its life.
Discharge instantly a nurse who rails
through dread of policeman or bogies,
who peoples the dark with spooks or
wild animals or who holds up father
or mother as a dire punisher.

Such impressions can never be
entirely overcome. Instead of the little
one's feeling that the policeman is the
friend to whom she should go if lost,
or that her parents love her with a
tenderness that could not harm, the
old childish dread makes confidence
impossible.

The first impressions of fear, if they
do not weaken a child physically, will
morally. Real are the tortures of a
vivid imagination, but more lasting is
the deceit and trickiness into which
children are often led through their
unwarranted fears.

Let your little boy be unafraid of
the unseen and fearless when this vir-
tue can be coupled with truth and
rightness of character.

WALLS AND PAPER.

You pass most of the days and
nights in the house. Always your
gaze is on its walls. If the walls are
right the room is right, but if they
are wrong you can never do a thing
with that room until the walls are
done over. Make a study of wall pa-
per. Go to the paper dealer's several
times and do not be in a hurry about
making the selection. Have two rolls
of the paper you think will suit your
home. Arrange the widths side by
side in the room the paper is intended
for. Let them remain there for a day
or two, and take every opportunity to
study the effect, noting how the color
and design agree with the carpet, the
furniture, and the general aspect of
the room. Two widths are better for
this purpose than one, as the larger
expanse gives a better opportunity of
judging the effect.

A lad who had never seen any paper
but the loud, big-figured kind, went
into a home where a perfectly plain,
soft gray-green paper was being put
on. The hostess seeing him gazing
so intently at it said: "How do you
like my paper?" "I reckon that it's all
right," he replied. "But it looks as
quiet-like and still."

We do differ when we most agree,
For words are not the same to you and me,
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different
creeds—

And differing, we agree in one
Inseparable Communion.

H. COLERIDGE.

Quaint Old Churchyard Verses.

Churchyard verse has peculiarities
all its own, and usually displays at
least heart felt emotion. But there
is at least nothing especially pathet-
ic about an inscription in the God's
Acre of St. Paulinus, at Crayford,
England, on one Peter Isenell, "a pious
and a faithful man," who was for
thirty years clerk of the parish, and
died on his way to assist at a wed-
ding. He was a much-married man
but he did not allow such trifles to
interfere with his meritorious accom-
plishings to his epitaph which runs:—

In his youth he was married like
other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he
chanted Amen!
A second he took—she departed—what
then?
He married and buried a third with
Amen.

Nor is there much sign of grief
about the following on a gravestone
at Folkestone, in Kent, England:—
A house she bath, it's made of such
good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for repa-
ration
Nor will her landlord ever raise her
rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-
payment.
From chimney-money, too, this call is
free,
To such a house who would not ten-
ant be.

Possibly it is some belief in a mys-
terious predestination which caused
the writing of this epitaph upon a
baby's headstone at St. Leonard's,
Bramley, Eng.:—

As nurses strive their babies in bed to
lie,
When they too liberally the wantons
play;

So to prevent his future grievous
crimes,
Nature, his nurse, got him to bed be-
times.

In Binford Church, Oxfordshire,
Eng., is a bit of ancient verse well
worthy of being classed with poems
worthy of preservation in the antho-
logies, in which occur the following:—

In bliss is hee,
Whom I lov'd best,
Thrice happy shoe
With him to rest.
So shall I live
With him I loved,
And both us live
And both us live.

A fine tribute of a husband's grief
is contained in an epitaph in St.
Nicholas' Churchyard, Southfleet,
in the south of England, which runs:—
She was,
But words are wanting to say what
Think what a wife should be,
And she was that.

But most of such poetical tributes
are merely glittering dross in com-
parison with the lovely and forlorn
cushatory:—

I coo and pine, and ne'er shall be at
Till I come to thee, dearest, sweetest
and best.

This is in the quaint old burial
ground of St. Michael, Hartlip, Eng.
Perhaps one of the most exacting in
the matter of poetical symbolism is
this from St. Martin's Home.

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in
dust,
A vein of gold—a China dish which
must
Be used in Heg'n, when God shall
feed the Just.

How Highly do You Value Your Eyes.

Don't face the light when working.
Place yourself if possible in such a
position that it may come over the left
shoulder; if you cannot do this, try
at least not to sit with it directly on
your eyes, nor precisely at your back
unless the windows of the room be
exceptionally large. Artificial light
should be steady, but it often requires
tempering. In these days of electric
light there is a new danger to eye-
sight, and the brilliant, dazzling bulb
should never be used without a shade.
This for preference should be green.
This will serve the purpose well.
In many rooms the mistake is
made of placing the electric lights
too high. This is intensely trying to
the eyes, and the ideal arrangement is
that which permits of the lights being
lowered or raised at will. The stu-
dent who has to bend over books for
many hours at a time will be wise to
invest in a special reading lamp, the
soft oil light of which is less trying
than the harder brilliance of gas or
electric light, while comfort is fur-
ther ensured by a green adjustable
shade. Don't read in bed, because the
book can never be in the proper re-
laxation to your eyes.

Any sense of fatigue should be taken
as a warning. If it be slight it may

be removed by a short rest, in some
cases, however, it should lead you to
the oculist's door, for it calls for the
immediate aid of special glasses. There
is a notion that the wearing of glasses
is enormously on the increase, and
the pessimist speaks dolefully of our
forefathers who never needed them,
and of our forefathers who could see
to do fine embroidery even when their
heads were crowned with silver. But
we live in more strenuous days; every
part of our bodies now has to under-
go more strain, and, further, science
has advanced, so that it takes notice
of conditions which once were re-
garded as insignificant. Instead of
grumbling at the increased use of
glasses it would better besem us to
be thankful for the help and comfort
we can get from them. Mothers and
teachers should remember that the
eyes of the young child, like its other
members, will be strong or weak in
the future according to the care be-
stowed on them in the early years.
Little children should not spend their
time in occupations that call only for
close range vision. Some of the
kindergarten employments, bead
threading and the like, are now re-
cognized as being specially harmful
during the years of a child's develop-
ment.

(To be continued.)

HOW GOOD HEALTH TELLS.

Poor physical health handicaps
many girl workers and prevents the
highest development of their powers.
An anaemic brain produces poorer
work than one that is nourished by
blood rich in red corpuscles. The
dyspeptic girl is irritable, seedy, and
out of sorts when all her vitality is
called on to make a special effort in
her work. "Nerves" may make all the
difference between success or failure.

To keep her health up to a good
standard ought to be the aim of every
girl who wishes to make something of
her life. Too many girls allow
themselves to drop into poor health,
which is so apt to become chronic
unless the tendency is checked at the be-
ginning. A girl owes a duty to her-
self to keep fit and well and attend to
her digestion, her muscles, her breath-

ing. The habits of breathing properly,
chewing the food thoroughly, daily
exercise out of doors, are all small
matters, but one or two rules of daily
conduct occasionally broken contrive
after a time to affect physical health
and personality both. Once let a girl
make her mind up to cultivate a habit
of self-development, and she follows
these rules almost automatically.

Each detail may be unimportant in
itself, but the sum of them is not.
They are the points that tell in the
making of what should be every girl's
aim to obtain—health and personality.

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Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
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ETC.

True Religion.

True Religion, notwithstanding that
it raises the view of those who are in-
spired by it to its own region, never-
theless retains their life firmly in the
domain of action, and of right moral
action. The true and real Religious
Life is not alone precipitant and con-
templative, does not merely brood over
devout thoughts, but is essentially ac-
tive. It consists, as we have seen, in
the intimate consciousness that God
actually lives, moves, and perfects His
work in us. If therefore there is in
us no real Life, if no activity and no

visible work proceed forth from us,
then is God not active in us.

Our consciousness of union with God
is then deceptive and vain, and the
empty shadow of a condition that is
not ours; perhaps the general, but
lifeless, insight that such a condition
is possible, and in others may be
actual, but that we ourselves have,
nevertheless, not the least portion in it.

Religion does not consist in mere de-
vout dreams. I said: Religion is not a
business and for itself, which a
man may practise apart from his other
occupations, perhaps on certain fixed
days and hours; but it is the honest
spirit that penetrates, inspires, and
pervades all our Thought and Action,
which in other respects pursue their
appointed course without change or
intermission. That the Divine Life
and Energy actually lives in us is in-
separable from Religion. —Fichte.

Question Column on Musical Matters.

"Semi-quaver."—Yes, it is twine to
play by ear, particularly if the player
has not been well taught, for he may
then get into bad habits (in finger-
ing) which will take many months of
hard work to cure.

"Singer."—(A.) Just as a perfectly
healthy man hardly ever thinks about
his body except from choice, so a real-
ly good singer or speaker never gives
a thought to his throat; he is always
able to centre his mind upon the words
he is singing, and upon the notes he
hears outside his mouth. There is
more rubbish written and spoken
about "voice production" than about
any other subject.

(B.) The climate of Newfoundland
is one of the finest in the world and
has no effect but for good upon the
voice.

"Harmony." Conception Day.—(A.)
The long lines under the notes in the
piece by Sudds (Oliver Ditson Com-
pany) are probably the invention of
the editor of the series, which no
doubt contains full explanations.

(B.)—Yes, the notes are tied.

(C.) The bracket is generally used
to mean that all the notes enclosed by
it are played by one hand, although
some may be in one stave and some in
the other.

There was one English poet for
whom no fault of type sufficed, a ne-
cessary preliminary to reprinting his
works being largely to reinforce the
"is" and "vs." This was Tennyson,
and the cause was the constant re-
currence of the word "love" in his
writings.

BATON.

Excellent Record of the Scotia Steel Co.

The limitations of our space
prevent us from doing justice
here to the excellent statement
which has just been presented
by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal
Company for the year ending
December 31st, 1913.

But we will be glad to send a
complete summary to anyone in-
terested enough to ask for the
same.

We can only point now to the
fact that 1913 was the most suc-
cessful of any year for the
"Scotia" Company—net earnings
having increased almost 25 p.c.
over the previous year.

An examination of "Scotia's"
strong financial position will
bear witness to the investment
attractiveness of its 6 p.c. Per-
petual Debenture Stock which
we offer now on a 6 p.c. yield
basis.

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She Noddit to Me.

This delightful little poem appear-
ed in the Aberdeen "Journal," during
one of the annual visits of our late
Queen Victoria to her estate of Bal-
morally in the Scottish Highlands. The
little poem pleased the Queen so
much that she ordered a copy of the
northern Journal to be sent to her reg-
ularly.

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in the Aberdeen "Journal," during one
of the annual visits of our late Queen

Victoria to her estate of Balmoral in
the Scottish Highlands. The little
poem pleased the Queen so much that
she ordered a copy of the northern
Journal to be sent to her regularly.

I'm but an auld body
Livin' up in Decside.
In a two-room'd bit hoosie
Wi' a toffie beside.
Wi' my coo and my grumphy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi'—
I'm eey trig and hall—
Can plant twa-three tawties.
An' look after my kail,
An' when oor Queen passes
I'm aye out to see,
Gin by luck she mecht notice
And nodoot to me!

But I've aeen unlucky,
And the blinns were aye soon
Till last week the thir
O' her vesit cam' roon'.
I waded my bit apron
As brik's I could dree,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae case to fret—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to givet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither, ye see—
An' may be kent o't
When she noddit to me!

MR. BALFOUR AND THE IRISHMAN.

A good story is told by the (it. Hon.
A. J. Balfour, of an encounter he once
had with an Irishman, who he met on
a country road in the "Emerald Isle."
Having noticed the Irish peculiarity of
always assenting to everything that is
said, Mr. Balfour set himself to get a
contradiction out of the man by ob-
serving to him, "It's a fine day, Pat."
(When it was raining cats and dogs).
"Well, it is, yer honour; but it 'ud be
finer if it wadn't rainin'" was Pat's
reply.

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8
a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the
month at 7 a.m. and 22 noon.
Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30
p.m.

Saints' Days—Holy Communion,
a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30
p.m.

Other Days—Matins, 8 a.m.; Even-
song, 5.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m.
with sermon.)

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday
in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey
Street—Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and
on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and
on other Sundays. Other services
11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechizing—Second Sunday of the
month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools—Cathedral at 2.45
p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.

Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the
Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p.m.
All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church—Matins at 11;
Evensong at 6.30.

Broadfield School-Chapel—Even-
song at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on
the third Sunday in each month, at
noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m.
Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening
services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily
Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every
Friday evening at 7.30, prayer,
sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday
at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third
Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quidi Vidi)—Holy
Communion second Sunday, alternat-
ing months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer
third Sunday in each month at 7 p.m.;
other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel—Evening
prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Pub-
lic Catechizing third Sunday in each
month.

Sunday Schools—At Parish Church
at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quidi
Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School
Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower St.—11, Rev. J. W. Bartlett;
6.30, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite.

George St.—11, Rev. F. R. Mat-
thews; 6.30, Rev. J. W. Bartlett.
Cedrus St. (Methodist College
Hall)—11, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite;
6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh.

Wesley—6.30, Rev. F. R. Matthews.
Presbyterian—11 and 6.30, Rev. J.
S. Sutherland, M.A.

Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev.
W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New
Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m.,
and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone
Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7
p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m.; 11
a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Adventist Church, Cookstown Rd.—
Regular Service, 6.30 p.m., Sunday and
Saturday at 3 p.m.

Bethesda Mission—182 New Gower
Street, Sunday services at 3 p.m.
and 7 p.m. Service every week day
excepted, starting Saturday, com-
mencing at 8 o'clock.

BY CABLE

Special to the Evening Telegram.
LIVERPOOL, Feb. 27.
Entering the Mersey, last night
from New York, the steamer Can-
pania collided with a dredge. It
was not known whether the Canpania
sustained any injury, but her pro-
peller made a great hole in the
dredge. No lives were lost.

PARIS, Feb. 27.
Railroad communication between
Lisbon and the Spanish frontier was
completely stopped by acts of rail-
way men, belonging to the revolu-
tionary section of the Socialists, who
have gone on strike. According
passengers, who arrived here from
Lisbon, two out of three tracks had
been destroyed and in many places
the bridges have been blown up.

LONDON, Feb. 27.
It is reported from Madrid that the
railway strike in Portugal has led to
a dangerous situation. It is stated
that the Central Railway station at
Lisbon is burning, and two trains
have been derailed. No one has
been killed, but mobs hold some of
the streets. The telegraph wires are
cut so that there is nothing direct
from the Portuguese capital.

LONDON, Feb. 27.
Mrs. Drummond in a speech de-
nounces the appointment of the Hon.
Charles Hobhouse as Postmaster
General, and declares it a direct chal-
lenge to the suffragettes. Now was
their chance, she said, to show him
that there is a popular uprising on
behalf of female suffrage. The suf-
ragettes, she declared, would strike
directly at Hobhouse, through the
mail boxes, and carry this plan to
such an extent that the Government
would be obliged to find another job
for him.

LONDON, Feb. 27.
General Sir Arthur Paget, and
what the Independent calls an amaz-
ing speech at a non-political dinner
at Dublin last night. He recalled
his command of the very distinguish-
ed fighting regiment, the Munster
Fusiliers, during the South Africa
war. He said: "I have been here
now two years, and have inspected
twelve or fourteen regiments of ver-
fine men. It is unthinkable I should
ever be asked to concentrate my
move against forces that are, I be-
lieve in being in the North of Ireland
but, however distasteful it may be to
them, men who understand the mean-
ing of work and discipline, will carry
out the King's orders. It may be
God forbid that it should be my lot
to be ordered to move to the North
I should regret it. Many officers are
my friends. You all would hate the
idea of moving a mile north of Dub-
lin. I don't for a moment believe
that there can be any question of
such a movement being made but
an order comes, that order must be
obeyed." The Independent says that
the speech is tantamount to this big
military officer saying to the King's
Government, whose servant he is
"You had better take care and give
to these Ulstermen what they want."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.
The circumstances surrounding the
death of Benton, were discussed at
the cabinet council to-day. Wilson
and Bryan were able to lay before
the meeting General Villa's promise
that a complete examination of Ben-
ton's body would be permitted by
commission consisting of two Amer-
icans, two British representatives and
the national medical examiner. To
the request to surrender Benton's
body no satisfactory reply has been
received. Villa asserting that it would
be improper to remove the body from
Chihuahua, where it has been re-
moved on a special train, the day Ben-
ton's death was officially announced
at Panzer. That the States will in-
sist on the delivery of the body to the
widow has been clearly emphasized
by the President and Mr. Bryan
though for the present it is believed
that the opportunity for medical ex-
amination will be the most impor-
ant phase of the investigation. There
is a feeling among some officials that
when Carranza and his friends get
into closer touch with Villa, they may
convince him of the necessity
religious reasons he may have for
retaining the body.

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Thread, Laces, Perfume, Lin-
ment, Needle Packages, Pi-
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etc. Changeable Window Signs

for shops, etc. Splendid devi-
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and re-stringed. Agency of
Columbia Zithers and Path
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Jan 6, 1914.

BY S.S. LINTROSE

1,000 lbs. Fresh Codfish.

PURITY BUTTER by rail to-day. 2 lb. prints. 10 lb. tubs. 1,000 FRESH RABBITS. By S.S. Durango: 100 sacks IRISH & SCOTCH POTATOES. 50 half-chests TEA. Mount Erin 50c. Ten Damawalla 40c. Ten Bulldog 30c. Ten 10 per cent. discount off 5lb. lots.	By S.S. Stephano: RIPE BANANAS. CALIFORNIA ORANGES. TANGERINES. 10 lb. boxes TABLE APPLES. GRAPE FRUIT. 10 crates NEW CABBAGE. 20 sides IRISH BACON. 10 tins SINCLAIR'S SPARE RIBS. 25 cases HARTLEY'S JAMS. 20 boxes CHRS. CHERRIES. 5 boxes SULTANA RAISINS. 1 lb. cartons. Due by S.S. Prospero: 2,000 lbs. FRESH HALIBUT.</
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