

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SURCEASE OF SONG.

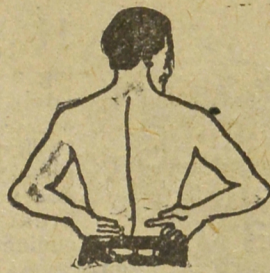
The bubbling fountains of my youth
are dry
Gone is the fire that shone within mine
eye
My step, once brisk is feeble now and
slow
My hair is silvered o'er with winter's
snow.
All this when I've but reached to man-
hood's prime
The fires of youth burned out before
their time
But little left save ashes of regret
Misfortune's seal has on my brow been
set
A wretched body and a blighted soul
For life's few golden grains I've paid a
toll
Far far beyond proportion and my bill
Has been enormous coming through
life's Mill,
As down the road I go at close of day
My jaded horses spur upon their way
Hope and Affection, ere the setting
sun
Close o'er my path and life's race has
been run
My little bag of flour in my hand
While loaded is the waggon up with
bran
With Lost Occasions Disappointments
sore
And thorn's and thistles left from
Passion's store
Throughout the day with fell Remorse
to smite
And haunt my bed with troubled
dreams at night
But one sweet flower I've plucked in
desert wild
My best beloved, my only darling child
And friends who to my side in need
will haste
Remain the oases in Life's dark waste
For these thank Heaven my thankful
praises ring
And Love and Gratitude I daily sing
And plod along on Life's rough dreary
road
And bear upon my back my heavy
load
Knowing each day by the increasing
strain
The power to bear it will not long
remain
But to my duty and my conscience
true
While yet I live I'll bear it boy, for you
And when I'm dead let none aspersions
cast
On him whose done his duty to the
last
And walked as best he might through
tangled maze
Of doubt and darkness through the
devious ways
Of toil and sorrow creed and politics
Through high resolve steady his heart
to fix
Ever as he has thought, on Freedom's
Star
And hailed its coming in the years afar
Pardon if cheers have stuck within his
throat
For what he could not love and jarring
note
Discordant and resented by his friends
He sometimes has given voice to not for
ends
Ignoble or to insult those he loves
But from a spirit given from above.
But all is over now—the cross the
crown

The Rights of Man the power or re-
nown
The Independent Country, Native Flag
Or anything o'er which his heart could
brag
Dissolved in mist and darkness leaves
his brain
Like hope of sunshine in a heavy rain.
But, if as Buddha teaches in the years
After this life of sorrow, doubt and
fears
Or thousand lives which I have lived
in vain
Ten thousand more may unto me re-
main
With time, the only thing of which I
have
In endless plenty up from grave to
grave
I may accomplish all I wish and more
Before Nirvana tells me—"all is o'er."

IN PRINCE WILLIAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Childhood and flowers and summer
skies
The river, winding, a thread of blue
Round rocky shores where the tall
hills rise
Crowned with the pine tree's verdant
hue
Verdant meadows of waving hay
Orchards of plums and apples sweet
Pastures where with companions gay
We crushed the roses beneath our
feet
A yellow school house by turn of road
A bubble of laughter, a snatch of
song
Bright faces of laughter and eyes that
glowed
And hearts of rapture for life was
young
We plucked the roses beside the river
We climbed where the red clustered
cherries grew
And fondly swore we would love for-
ever—
In summer times when our hearts
were new
Bleak winter has spread his cold do-
minion
O'er hopes and blossoms now in the
dust
Which soared aloft upon airy pinions
And laid them down in the moth
and rust
Bright eyes that flashed at loves
advances
And cheeks that blossomed with
ruddy hue
And voices my lorn heart still entran-
ces
And mouldering now mid the dust
and dew
Aged and changed are the few fond
faces
That came to me in the morning's
light
Faded and shorn of the spirit's graces
And dimmed of their heaven-born
childish light
Not in a cold or churlish manner
But with unthinking indifference
Meet they me now mid the clash and
clangor,
And separate interests kill old ro-
mance
The poet-soul though dark and clouded
Oft gets a glimpse of the inner life
And sees through hearts bare and un-
shrouded
To him with yearnings and passions
rife



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And love and charity dwells forever
Within his bosom to each and all
Knowing full well his own endeavors
His own short comings his many
falls
But not till the cold earth closes o'er
us
And life be renewed in another
sphere
Can we hope again to see before us
The joys and loves of our childhood
dear.

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