

VOLUME 25, No. 5

FREDERICTON, N. B., FEB. UARY, 1915.

35c per year
Single copies 2cts

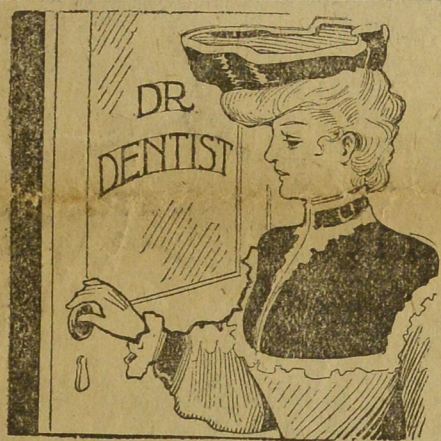
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of every satisfaction. We take this op-
portunity of thanking our friends for
past favors, and bespeak a continuation
of public patronage.

Hurrah For the Next That Dies.

What is the use of railing
against a relentless fate. In war or
peace it has no mercy and no ears to
hear our supplications or cries for
help, they are but wasted breath.
The only comfort is to be able to
take things as they are and present
a stoical indifference to the ills of
life. But our education and environ-
ment unfits us for it. We are
taught to have faith in a merciful
and protecting Providence and the
love of our fellow man and they
prove a delusion and a snare. Our
dearest fall dead at our feet. our
heart's hopes are crushed in the
dust, and there is no balm for the
broken heart beyond the sympathy
extended by some friends largely
simulated, for they cannot feel for
your condition. There is no love
or sympathy in Nature, it proceeds
according to inviolable laws and
keeps on its way regardless of who
it hits, never stopping to pick up
the dead and wounded. So, with
the British regiment in India, who
died one by one with the plague,
let us laugh at Death, and lifting
our cups drink defiance in.

"A CUP TO THE DEAD
ALREADY

And Hurrah For The Next That
Dies."

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there;
But stand by your glasses steady
We drink to our comrades eyes;
Quaft a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet,
But stand by your glasses steady
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that
sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine cup's
sparkles
And mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis in this that the respite lies;

One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at ot-
hers,

We thought we were wiser then;
Ha, ha! let those think of their
mothers

Who expect to see them again
No! stand to your glasses steady,

The thoughtless are here, the wise
A cup to the dead already,

Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shak-
ing;

There's many a cheek that's
shrunk;

But soon, though our hearts are
breaching,

They'll burn with the wine we've
drunk.

So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;

A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass con-
guealing,

'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feel-
ing

Turn to ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady;

For a moment the vapor flies,
A cup to the dead already,

Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore
Where the high and holy yearning,
Of the soul shall sing no more?

Ho! stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies;

A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone be-
fore us

And the dullest remain behind—
So stand by your glasses steady!

'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Contributed.

Some Complicated Mysteries of Life
As the butterfly passes thru many
a change,

From larva to crysalia, image so
strange,

To complete its development, three
times it dies,

Or otherwise into a torpor it lies.

Metamorphosis changes its old fad-
ing form,

And gives it a new one whenever
it's born!

But although it's deemed dead by
Anatomist's whim,

Behold there's a mystical life
yet within.

But when life is regained from its
torporing doom,

Each time it enjoys a more glori-
ous bloom;

And so thus it goes on till the stages
are o'er,

Its powers and faculties gaining
in store.

On the last of the stages it loses its
stings,

Completes its developement
"glorious wings,"

Then completely developed, its mys-
tical day,

It spreads its blooms gloriously,
and flies away.

So in man's complicated life-time
rolling tide,

Is seen many changes thru which
he must stride;

When emerging from sin to God's
glories that gleam.

Behold a life mystical inward doth
beam.

And when man on life's ocean has
finished his race,

His body is laid in its last resting
place;

Then a wonderful change, in some
mystical way,

Doth wing him triumphant, and
he flies away.

By Dr. C. E. Mason.