

VOLUME 25, No. 6

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL, 1915.

35c per year Single copies 2cts

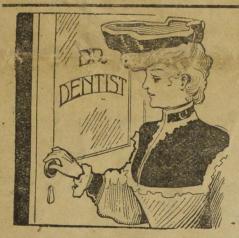
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OUR OWN

If I had known in the morning How wearily all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor give you needless pain; But we vex "our own" With look and tone We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening You may give me the kiss of peace,

Yet well it might be That never for me

The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning

Who never come home at night?

And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the

stranger, And smiles for the sometime

guest,

But oft for "our own" The bitter tone,

Though we love our best.

th! lip with the curve impatient Ah! brow with that look of scorn!

Twere a cruel fate Were the night too late To undo the work of morn.

The game of craps is sinful, but the Wall street game is the divinity of plunder.

The big papers are generally on the side of the big men with big deals, because there is big money in it.

THE COMPROMISER

Sees both sides of the shieldwith different eyes;

Between two Rights, with nice precision steers,

The double-headed King of Compromise.

Not his to hold the scales of Life or Death,

Not his, this nebulous invertebrate,

Who heeds and scorns at one the vulgar breath,

Nor knows the fixity which stamp the great,

The kingly souls with instinct for the Right,

Vibrant to conscience and her trumpet call,

With clarity of vision, inward light,

And strength to follow out their thought through all. —ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

POVERTY

Amid the tinsel of our glittering

Around the splendor of the god of gold,

There lies the shadow of a world of strife—

Of crowded rooms, of hunger, and of cold.

When all is light, and gaiety is queen,

And bright the eyes of folly and desire-

If chance lifts up the veil, beneath is seen

The black sides of the pit, the quenchless fire.

Have I the right my happiness to show,

To let my laughter echo thru the night,

When many pass me by who cannot know

The worth of beauty, meaning of delight?

Oh! all the pain and sorrow of the poor

I feel within my heart-O God. that I

Could knock upon the little attic

And tell the children that they need not cry!

-- Pall Mall Gazette.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY KING

No spider preying on his kind, in idler and a parasite

No autocrat of people blind. Ruling his slaves by right of might.

No plaything of a by-gone age, A picture pleasing to the eye: Strutting for one brief hour the stage-

A foolish, useless butterfly.

But one whose hand is brown with toil,

Whose face is tanned by wind and sun;

Who beautifies and tills the soil, Whose crown by right divine is won.

A worker, not a useless drone, In the world's busy line of men;

His sceptre is a tool, his throne A symbol, and his sword a pen.

He wears a laurel wreath for

And throughout all the land men sing

His good deeds, praises and renown-

The twentieth century King! HENRY COYLE