

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of The Review:
Dear Sir,

Have you seen the poem by Rudyard Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows"? I presume it is something grand, as I see by the parliamentary reports that it was read in the House of Commons by a member of parliament. If you can get it you might publish it. A poem which has sprung so suddenly into popularity would surely be interesting reading.

Yours etc.,

READER.

[Below we print by request of the correspondent whose letter appears above.]

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

(By Rudyard Kipling, in the Times, London, England, April 27.)

A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne,
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order
Said the Lady of the Snows.

Neither with laughter or weeping,
Fear or the child's amaze,
Soberly under the white man's law,
My white men go their ways,
Not for the Gentile's clamour,
Insult or threat of blows,
Bow we the knee to Baal,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things;
Words of the wharf and market place,
And the ware the merchant brings.
Favor to those I favor,
But a stumbling block for my foes,
Many there be that hate us,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

I called my chiefs to council,
In the din of a troubled year,
For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
And a word ye would not hear;
This is our message and answer,
This is the path we chose,
For we be also a people,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

Carry the word to my sisters,
To the Queens of the east and south,
I have proved faith in the heritage,
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow,
Ere the world's war trumpet blows,
But I, I am first in the battle,
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne;
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's house,
Said our Lady of the Snows.

TRENTON TALK.

Not a Rumor, But an Ascertained Fact
What a Reporter Has to Say About
the Case of Mrs. D. N. Ostrander

Our reporter called at the cozy residence of Mrs. D. N. Ostrander, Trenton, and was met at the door by a bright, sprightly and energetic lady, who turned out to be no less than Mrs. Ostrander herself, and who told how she was restored from a condition of misery to one of health and strength by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Said Mrs. Ostrander: "I have been a great sufferer for many years with my heart and nerves, and was almost a complete wreck. When going around the house I would get so bad that I had to lie down on the lounge till I could recover my breath. This occurred several times during the day. At night I could hardly sleep at all, and when I would drop off to sleep would wake up with a start, followed by a suffocating feeling as if my heart had stopped beating forever. I had to have my feet put in hot water, and have hot clothes laid across my body before I could recover, in fact this was almost a nightly occurrence. Pen cannot portray what my feelings were. I got very languid and weak, had no ambition and thought that everything was going wrong with me. I grew morbid in mind, lost my appetite, and had to force myself to eat what little I did. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, weighing only 90 pounds at the time I commenced to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can tell you I would have given but little for my chances of living much longer. Several doctors attended me and I have taken all kinds of proprietary medicines but without avail. I got a box at last of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at Shurley's drug store, and thought that I would try them as a last resort. The results were simply marvelous. I began to improve with the first few doses, and noticed a big difference before I had taken one box. Now I sleep well, the suffocating feeling is completely gone. I have splendid strength, and my appetite in such that I have to restrain myself for fear I eat too much. I can eat anything that is set before me and I am better now than I have been for years. Am increasing in weight right along, and feel that life is worth the living, thanks to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I recommend them very highly to those suffering from heart and nerve troubles as I did."

Large Bicycle Gears.

An impression seems to have gained ground among some riders that large gears require less propelling force. For ex-

ample, it has been claimed that with 70 gear, by using 25 and 10 tooth sprockets, about 25 per cent. less power is required than with the same gear produced by 20 and 8 tooth sprockets. This is absurd, as with a given gear no power can be created by any change in sprockets. The only points worthy of consideration in the question of large sprockets are the slight reduction of tension on the chain and the consequent reduction of friction on the bearings.

The Train Waited.

"When a woman wills, she will," says a railway engineer, whose breezy talk is reported by the Chicago Times Herald. He was employed upon a southern road, where he had many odd experiences. One day at a junction, a woman approached the engine and asked him to hold the train for a few minutes, till her daughter should arrive. He assured her that he could not do it; but the event proved that he was mistaken. As the old saying is, "What has to be done can be done."

"I don't see why," she expostulated. "I think you might do a little thing like that."

I tried hard to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and like time and tide, wait for no man—or woman either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and, finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly—

"Well, I'll just see about that!"

I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh. For what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet from the front of the engine. She set herself there, firmly grasping the rails with both hands.

The conductor signalled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I should kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he impatient at the delay came up. I explained the situation to him. He was mad as I was, and going up to the woman told her to get off the track.

"I jest won't," she replied, "until my daughter gets aboard your train!"

He pleaded with her, and finally declared that he should be compelled to use force.

"Just you dare!" she cried. "I'll sue you for damages if you do."

This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of procedure, her daughter came up, and seeing the old woman on the track kissed her good-bye and got on the train, while her mother called to her—

"Go ahead, Mary Ann! You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board."

And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a good-bye, calling as we pulled out of the station—

"I hope I've taught you fellers a grain of perliteness!"—Exchange.

Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete up-to-date record of Patents granted to Canadian Inventors, which is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents & Experts, Head Office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:—

CANADIAN PATENTS.
55,600—Edw. H. Dowling, Vancouver, B. C., Bottles.
55,609—Henry L. Gulline, Granby, P. Q., Horse Collars.
55,616—E. B. Tree, Woodstock, O., Rotary Engine.
55,619—P. Phillips, Toronto Junction O., Apparatus for opening and closing Greenhouse Ventilators.
55,620—T. A. Klapp, Prescott, O., Marine Vessels.
55,632—T. A. Watson, Creemore, O., Rifle and Gun sights.
55,640—T. W. Thomson, Port Williams, O., Quartz pulverizer.
55,641—H. & Benj. Beliveau, Danville, P. Q., Washing Compound.
55,652—J. Warsbasky, Toronto, O., Wrenches.

AMERICAN PATENTS.
580,241—La. Barceloux, Stanbridge, Canada, Bale Binders.
581,190—Thomas S. Bayles, Toronto, Canada, Hot Water Furnace.
581,891—George Bell, Toronto, Canada, Box for the shipping of animals.
581,105—James A. Donahue, Bottle corks.
581,107—John Emery, Combined Bicycle Support and Pump.
581,218—Joseph A. Lombas, Screw-check.
581,824—William B. Draper & F. H. Page, Tie.
581,148—George W. Young, Sole.
580,893—Charles R. Pratt, Elevator.

The fire in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co.'s pier at Newport News on Tuesday did damage to the extent of \$2,000,000. Two of the company's immense piers were destroyed, three vessels burned to the water's edge, a tugboat entirely consumed and eight persons burned, some of them seriously. The vessels destroyed were the British steamer Clintonia, Norwegian steamer Solveig and German ship J. D. Bischoff.

Saved Again.

Mrs. Bimley met her husband in the hall and gave him a good hug and kiss. "Oh, George," she said, "I'm so glad you've come! Your slippers are by the fire, and I have a nice hot supper for you, and some of that quince marmalade you like so well. When you are away, I'm so lonely I don't know what to do, and I thought I would ask you if—"

"Here," said Bimley, hurriedly drawing from his pocket a \$20 bill. "This is for a spring bonnet, and I'll have that set of diamond earrings sent up first thing in the morning. Don't say a word. You are perfectly welcome."

Later on Bimley wiped the perspiration from his brow and muttered to himself:

"Got that visit from her mother headed off once more, but it comes high!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason.



Jimmy—Father, what have yez the bell in bed wid yez fur?

Mr. Connors—Don't be afther askin me sooch a foolish question, Jamesy. Don't yez pfather want to waken himself at four o'clock in the mornin'—Up to Date.

A Dismal Outlook.

"I don't see much chance for me any way you take it," remarked the prisoner in a disconsolate tone.

"But no decision has yet been rendered," said a bystander.

"I know that, but if the court believes what the prosecuting attorney says I'll go to jail a heap longer than I deserve. And if I git turned loose on the community with the reputation for lamblake innocence given me by the lawyer for the defense it'll keep me miserable the rest of my days trying to live up to it!"—Washington Star.

A Long Term Engagement.

Judge—Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner—Yes. I'm engaged to be married. I've been engaged for the last ten years.

Judge—Why aren't you married?

Prisoner—Because we've never been out of jail together. She comes out tomorrow.—Pick Me Up.

A New Version.

"My pound of flesh!" shrieked Shyllock. "Give me my pound of flesh!" Portia frowned darkly.

"Certainly," she answered, "but remember that absolutely nothing goes with it. Don't get to thinking it's a pound of tea that's coming to you. This is no gift enterprise."—Detroit Journal.

The Prestidigitator.

Von Miner—Smithers is really a remarkable amateur magician. I saw him transform a tall, stiff hat into a crush hat last night.

Van Wither—Is that so? How did he do it?

"Sat on it, I think."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Safe Plan.

Playwright (in excitement)—They are calling for the author. What shall I do?

Stage Manager (who has seen the crowd)—You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time.—Philadelphia North American.

As to Bonus' Last Production.

"Naggus," asked Bonus, "have you read my latest effort, 'Fables In Verse'?"

"I have," replied Naggus, "and let me tell you," he added, slapping him encouragingly on the back, "there's lots more truth than poetry in it!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Rule.

"Now, boys, when is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?"

No answer.

"What does your father do when you sit down to your meals?"

Small Voice—Cuss the cook.—Brooklyn Life.

More Sarcasm.

"According to theosophy, Julia, we are now the opposite of what we were in former existences."

"My, auntie! What a beauty you must have been!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Unlucky One.

"She married to spite somebody, I believe."

"Whom—do you know?"

"I don't know, but it looks as if it was her husband."—Harlem Life.

The Point.

Old Mr. Million (passionately)—Miss Gushly, if you were my wife, I could die happy.

Miss Gushly (calmly)—Possibly. But would you?—Philadelphia Press.

Evening It Up.

Barber—This is a bad shilling, sir. Customer—That's all right. I had a bad shave.—Tit-Bits.

His Love.

My love's not "like a red, red rose," For she is sweet enough to eat. When sons of her I would compose, The fruits afford the figures meet.

Her cheeks with those of peaches vie. What can her lips but berries be? She's just the apple of my eye And does not care a fig for me.—Truth.

Good Blood

Is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

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