

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

We will this week occupy the allotted space with the translation of an article in *Le Canadien*, furnished us by J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Quebec. It is of interest as giving the French-Canadian voice and view respecting things national and literary.

Wherefore?

An important fact which the impartial observer will not be slow to recognize, but which seems to me to be ignored, is that our French-Canadian literateurs have for some years allowed themselves to be outstripped by their brothers of English descent, of whom the major part are today known and appreciated as writers of merit by the literary and critical press of the United States.

It greatly concerns us to study the causes of this—for they are many—and the means we ought to take to make ourselves better known to the thoughtful people of the neighboring republic. I shall today canvass only the principal causes; and if I take up again a pen laid aside for so many years, it is for the purpose of defending the beautiful language of Racine and the French-Canadians, to which I belong by birth, against the attacks of foreigners, both European and American, who do not cease insulting us, in the chair of the professor, the press, and the political arena; it is also to recall our literary people to the recognition of what they owe both to the traditions of our glorious past, and to the memory of famous writers who have preceded them.

I hope none will take offense at these words of explanation.

The principal reason why our literature remains in the background, is doubtless the gradual development of European emigration, and consequently the general expansion of the English language.

That is scarcely to be wondered at, since we are a British colony. But at the time of the Cession—not conquest, as certain *Emigres* pretend—the French colony obtained certain rights, of which the most important was the preservation of their language which, next to their religion, was their most precious possession.

And today their descendants cling to it still, all the more that they behold themselves attacked from all sides.

But because they cannot endure to hear a language of whose beauty and richness they are ignorant, these *emigres* (I give them their proper title) imbued with a fanatical enthusiasm, seek by all possible means to depreciate both the language and the people in Canada who speak it.

They do not recognize in this people the descendants of the pioneers of Christian civilization in North America; they see only the fact that it has remained Catholic and French, always ready to defend its rights.

One of the principal means they took in order to attain the end which they sought was the press. Well chosen, we must admit. In the press, literary, political and sectarian, they could attack us as they pleased and without fear, well knowing that our literateurs and journalists would make no reply.

And for good reason. The circulation of reviews and literary publications in English being limited to the elite of French Canadians, very few of our writers see them, and if by chance one of these articles should fall under their eyes, our literary men, content with a local or provincial fame, would never think of replying. Do you ask why? Well, aren't they resting on their laurels? On the other hand, the journalist, too much taken up with political polemics, often useless, sometimes personal and insulting, has not time. Also, it is said, and justly, that the progress of our literature is obstructed by the daily press, which offers only a little or indeed almost no encouragement to young persons who wish to enter into the literary arena of discussion, criticism and controversy, and it is this political press, which is another cause which operates to prevent our men of letters from being known outside their own circle.

Among the Canadian writers cited lately by an American journal I have been able to find only a single French name; that of J. M. LeMoine. And he was known to them chiefly through his English writings. Have we then none whose writings are worthy foreign readers?

Are there not as many—nay, even more—artists and men of letters among us as there are in all the other provinces of Canada? Where are the Canadian writers of English who can compare with Frechette, Lemaire, Legendre and Donnelly in the field of poetry?

Compared with them I find the English-Canadian poets insipid. Then as historians have we not the Abbe Casgrain and Sulte? And Fancher and St. Maurice? And Laure Conan our Eugenie de Guerin, and as Senegalists the Abbe Tanguay? And Bines, the incomparable Bines? The only critic we have among us, Canada has no pen equal to his. And Routher Lusignan, Leduc, Beaupre, Eventuel, Marchand, Chouinard, Caouette, Chapman, Tache, Morisset and Chauveau? As orators, have we not a Chaplain, a Laurier, a Mercier?

And I say nothing of our literature owes its pe of highest attainment. Certainly it seems to me, that with so many names, some friends should be found among the writers and Collaborators of the different American reviews.

But not one. Following the example of their English brethren they perhaps have never learned this which is still, today the language of diplomacy in Europe.

And we ought not to reproach them, it is our own fault.

A third cause is the apathy which one sees among our youth. Not that they do not read. It is rather a lack of interest, a nonchalance, and know not what, which leads them to prefer pleasure, or to engage in politics, rather than devote themselves to intellectual studies.

It is true that literature does not pay in Canada. One must make a living, and one cannot live on the thanks and praises of the daily press.

But the young man that has at heart the future of our country, or our French-Canadian people, could easily manage to devote some leisure to letters. And he would not be slow in making his way, if he went to work properly; witness M. M. Rene Lemay and Auguste Conture, who have already won praise as meritorious writers.

Before all things let us be Canadians!

Here is advice which, it followed by our literateurs and journalists, will be certain to rehabilitate them as French-Canadians in the eyes of their English and American brothers.

Let us work! There is in literature "a breath which dilates the mind, rejoices the soul and purifies the life."

Let us leave on one side questions of race. Let us be proud to call ourselves Canadians, and Canadians simply. Let us preserve our language, as we have preserved it until now, and teach our brothers of the English language, wherever they may be, that there is a people in Canada, who possess in their own right a literature, culture and religion with a glorious past, and with a future bright as the morning, attractive as the flowers of May.

This people—is the French-Canadian.

SHORT BITS AND ANECDOTES.

Not a Democrat.

Rev. Bro. D—was always known as a staunch Republican; but he was one whom all parties must needs regard respectfully, for his honest and plainheartedness which were proverbial. Being, by accident, in a Democratic convention, the chairman gave him an unexpected and flattering introduction: "Bro. D—, I see, is with us; I am glad to see him here, and feel honored by his presence. I am happy to present to the convention a minister, who for piety and eloquence, has no superior in our State." Bro. D—arose, slowly, and advanced to the platform, dubiously, wondering, perhaps, how to be courteous, and yet, correct a wrong impression. This is how he did it. "Mr. chairman, and gentlemen, what you have had the goodness to say about me, may all be true—doubtless it is; but at the next election I shall vote for Abraham Lincoln, for all that."

Too Soft.

When Elder D—was in charge of the Camp Meeting at E—, he was annoyed by the appearance on the ground of a crank vendor of heterodoxy, who persisted in haranguing such groups as he could call around between the regular services. Since Folly never fails of a following, his crankship was well attended. Suddenly Elder D—made one of the listeners; and having heard as much as he desired, he cut into the remarks, by the proposal,—"Let us pray." Kneeling down, he made the preacher his subject, and closed with the petition,—"Lord, do but make this man's heart as soft as is his head, Amen!" Rising, he went his way, and the major part of the assembled followed him. The crank was not afterward seen on the encampment.

A Few Clams.

Good brother M—y, one of whose ministerial endowments was a powerful camp meeting voice, tells the following story:

"When I was appointed to O—n, I found one name far down the list on the pastor's visiting book, against which was written 'Queer Stick!' When I came to know the man so characterized, I judged the epithet to be well applied. After I had become somewhat familiar with him, I happened one day at his house, just at the dinner hour. He lived near the shore, and was in rather poor circumstances. It chanced that his good wife had a clam chowder provided—a dish of which I am always ready for my share. When we were seated at the table my host was proceeding with all alacrity to dip in, quite regardless of preliminaries. His wife, much more thoughtful and devout, made piteous attempts to catch his eye, without speaking; and at last succeeded, so far as to convey some notion of a blessing to be asked. Somewhat disconcerted, and, as I thought, a little nettled, he dropped the ladle suddenly into the dish, as it had been hot, and muttered, not ill-naturedly: 'Humph! I wouldn't be so much like the clams, to holler over a few clams!'"

P. S.—This is not to be taken as an argument against the time honored custom or a laugh at its expense.

Swallowed his Nickel.

Our little fellow, who having been sent to the store, returned, grasping his Adam's apple, and weeping bitterly, has found his counter part.

"Why did you swallow it, Onnie?"

"I had to wait so long, I forgot I put it in my mouth."

The Youth's Companion gives us the misadventure of a little brother on a Boston street car:

He was just in the middle of a lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg, when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy sat up suddenly, and at once began to gasp and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor looked at him as he expected him to go into a fit. Instead of that, however, the little fellow recovered himself a little, and stammered out: "You'll have to charge my fare to my father, mister, please. I've swallowed my nickel."

Poor boy! It is not the first time something got into the wrong box. P. F.

Sentiment Pays No Bills.

Gas would be no better and no cheaper if the city were its own gas company.

Water would not be worse or dearer if private enterprise exercised the powers now vested in a public department.

Bungling and favoritism keep the unearned increment away from the people as truly as private greed does. Money that in theory good management is to secure for the people, in practice is to be frittered away in fool schemes or wasted in wages paid to more or less useless office-holders. Good theories often work out badly. The city in dealing with a property that may cost one, two or three million dollars need not be true to any barren idea of consistency. Expediency is the best guide in business affairs, and the city ought not to allow sentiment to interfere with plans for selling the franchise to the highest bidder, remembering always that the people's right to cheap fares and transfers and the employer's right to shorten hours are first considered.—Toronto Telegram.

THE PRESENT POSING CRAZE.

How It Can Be Done—The Costume Needed For the Act.

The pose palstique is the present craze with those who entertain extravagantly. It is a form of amusement that devotes both old and young and is so simple in its accompaniments that it is within the reach of any young woman of artistic tastes who delights in gathering occasional congenial company. To present statue pose a temporary stage is erected in the parlor or the drawing-room and is hung severely in folds of black cambric. With the exception of a small lantern to illuminate the stage, the lights are all turned out, thus bringing into sharp relief the poseur or poseuse, as the case may be.

Much attention is given by the poser to the dress and make-up, which are quite as important in producing effects as attitudes. Of course it is taken for granted that the poser is Delartian and accomplished in all little, supple turns of the body and facial expressions. If the poser be of feminine gender her costume must be a gown of white cashmere or a cheese cloth, cut in Parthenian-like fashion, falling loose from the low neck and drawn in slightly at the waist with a knotted white cord. The wig must be white and the hair caught in a genuine simple knot at the back.

Or if a more simple and classic gown is preferred, take two linen sheets, sew the sides together within a half yard of the side hem at the top. Through this hem run a tape shirt string, sufficient to fit tightly over the chest. Slip the arms through the side openings, arrange the gathers in folds, and confine waist loosely with a white cotton cord. This long skirt will allow graceful draping around the feet, especially if the poser is on a pedestal or other elevation. The hair is coiled flat on the top of the head, and completely covered with a tight fitting cap of cotton flannel. The cap is made in five sections, and finished with an inch broad braid made of three strands of the flannel. Neck, arms and face must be whitened and the toilet is complete. A man must wear a Roman toga, white tights and buskins and a white wig.

There are a number of pretty poses that may be done by two persons, namely, "Paul and Virginia," "The Storm" and "Cupid and Psyche," "The Dying Gladiator," "Galatea," "The Quoit Thrower," "Ajax Defying the Lightning" and "Mercury" are all suitable subjects for posing, or, if groupings are desired, "Apollo Wowing Psyche," "Faith, Hope and Charity," "Clio Recording History," "The Nine Muses" and "Diana at the Chase" all make interesting subjects.

Soft, low music accompanies the posing, changing from the grave to gay according to the illustration.

Faithful representations of Rogers' statuary are produced by dressing the subjects in brown linen. The subdued light against the dark background gives the linen the exact coloring of the famous ware.

Expansion of the Brooklyn Bridge.

If you should cross the Brooklyn bridge one of these cold nights, and return on a warm, sunny afternoon, you would have about three feet further to walk on coming back. That is to say, the expansion and contraction of the entire length of the structure ranges some three feet. To provide for this there are three sliding connections, one for each span—otherwise the continual stretching and shortening of the whole would soon break it in two. If you will examine one of these sliding connections on a sudden change of temperature, you can almost see the wonderful operation of nature, just as you can see the minute hand of a time-piece move, by close observation. The breaks in the roadway, which are formed by overlapping, so as to cause one part of the road to slide upon the other, and the "T" rail of the car track has a similar provision. Perhaps you will remember when you see all this that it is the key of the iron bridge problem which bothered bridge builders, and the solving of which alone made such immense spans possible.—New York Letter.

A Piece of Filling.

Pittsburg boasts of a man who slapped the Prince of Wales in the face. He lives on the South Side, and for many years has worked for the Monongahela water company as a laboring boss. The circumstances of the adventure, as told by himself, are as follows:

"In my early life I was a soldier in the British army, and once my regiment was reviewed by Queen Victoria, who held by the hand the youthful Prince of Wales. When the mother's back was turned the boy playfully expectorated on my red coat, and I resented the insult to the British flag by slapping him in the face with my open palm. He told his mother, and very soon the Colonel heard of it and came dancing along to wreak vengeance on the man who dare lit his hand to a son of the Queen."

The Queen sought me out and graciously inquired what my name was. 'William Dixon, sergeant, your Majesty, said I, and she commended my sense of propriety in administering a timely rebuke to the heir apparent of the English throne, and recommended me for promotion which never came.'—Phila. Record.

Fashions in House Painting.

There are regular fashions in house painting which change as regularly, though not as often, as those of feminine dress. Just as you go to an suburban neighborhood you will find more than half of the new houses painted to match the canary's wing. The most correct style seems to be to paint the window frames, cornices and gables a deeper shade of yellow or orange, but olive green, dark brown or even black are sometimes used. The effect is cheerful, if not always restful to the eye, and yellow as a prevailing tone in a landscape is infinitely preferable to the dominance of rusty browns and neutral tints that so many frame houses used to endure. Nor was the aesthetic craze for all sorts of combinations of sad sage greens, which struck the country four or five years ago, altogether a joyful thing. It has died away, and while yellow today is the fashionable color, there are still plenty of courageous citizens who will paint their houses to please themselves, and the landscape is diversified and cheered by eruptions of flame and carmine on roof and walls.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RICHER THAN CROESUS.

America Boasts the Biggest Private Fortunes of the World.

Who is the richest man in the world? It is now pretty well settled that the late William H. Vanderbilt at his death was entitled to that distinction. The settlement of his estate, which has now about been completed, shows that he was worth not less than \$160,000,000. Since the division of his estate, John D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, and William Waldorf Astor have been in a race for the head of the list of richest men, each being quoted at \$125,000,000, and Jay Gould a close third with now more than \$100,000,000.

The wealth of the Duke of Westminster, whose fortune is the greatest in Europe, is at a careful estimate £10,000,000 or \$50,000,000, and it is the accumulation of a long ancestry. Most of the American fortunes are the accumulation of a single generation. The aggregate wealth of the Rothschilds reaches nearly \$1,000,000,000, and it is distributed among so many, that no individual Rothschild is worth over \$40,000,000.

There are thousands of Americans who are worth over \$1,000,000, and at least four who are worth more than \$70,000,000, and there are 35 who are worth \$10,000,000 and more.

A list of Americans who are worth \$5,000,000 or more would contain the following:

John D. Rockefeller	\$125,000,000
Wm. Waldorf Astor	125,000,000
Jay Gould	100,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	80,000,000
Wm. K. Vanderbilt	75,000,000
Colliis P. Huntington	40,000,000
Russell Sage	35,000,000
John I. Blair	30,000,000
Wm. Rockefeller	30,000,000
Leland Stanford	30,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green	30,000,000
Wm. Astor	30,000,000
Darius O. Mills	25,000,000
Philip D. Armour	25,000,000
Mrs. Mark Hopkins	25,000,000
Charles Crocker estate	20,000,000
Jerry Hilton	20,000,000
E. S. Higgins estate	20,000,000
George Westinghouse, Jr.	15,000,000
Anthony J. Drexel	15,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	15,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	15,000,000
Oliver H. Payne	15,000,000
Frederick W. Vanderbilt	15,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt	15,000,000
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard	12,000,000
William D. Sloan	12,000,000
Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly	12,000,000
Mrs. W. Seward Webb	12,000,000
George M. Pullman	12,000,000
John W. Mackay	10,000,000
Robert Goetz	10,000,000
John G. Goetz	10,000,000
Percy R. Fyfe	10,000,000
Mrs. Moses Taylor	10,000,000

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, or, for that matter, in the world, is the daughter of a New Bedford whaler in the days when whaling was a highly lucrative business. He left her \$9,000,000, and an aunt subsequently left her about as much more. By her own business ability she has increased her inheritances to \$30,000,000. She has for a long time been the principal owner of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and when occasion required has stepped in to show her authority in its affairs. She is not at all given to the vanities of her sex. Her attire is of the plainest character. It is related of her that she once brought \$5,000,000 in securities in a sack to deposit with her bankers in Wall street. She got into a street car, set the sack down beside her and rode along as unconcerned as if she were merely going with her knitting for an afternoon's visit.—N. Y. Letter.

The First Doctors.

The title of Doctor was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the Universities. The first person on whom it was conferred was Irnerius, a learned Professor of Law at the University of Bologna.

William Gordonio was the first person upon whom the title of Doctor of Medicine was bestowed. He received it from the College of Asti, in 1329.

Since that time, it has ever been the great aim of all true and honest physicians to relieve pain and suffering.

It is really wonderful when we contemplate the almost miraculous strides that have been made, not only in the treatment of diseases, but in the science of Surgery as well.

Our physicians of today are highly educated men and with few exceptions are just and honorable. It has been asserted by some, that their great life object is money, and that the wealth of their patients is only a secondary consideration. This we know from extended experience to be false and libellous; would to Heaven that men of other professions were as honorable, noble and tender-hearted.

Physicians however, like some other mortals are liable to err; then are not infallible, and at times adhere too rigidly to old doctrines, formulas and remedies, which today are obsolete and worthless. Physicians too often govern themselves by the opinions of old medical authorities, for the treatment of certain diseases, when common sense and good judgement should be their light and guide.

This is especially the cause in the treatment of many forms of nervous diseases, which are now so prevalent amongst our Canadian people.

Overwork of brain and body, sleeplessness, unrest, dizziness, headache, languor and worry, have brought on dreaded and dangerous nerve disorders, and in the cure of these our doctors are working, many of them in vain.

That they are working honestly in the majority of cases with the light they have, we will not deny; but alas! they work in the dark and must in nine cases out of ten allow the poor sufferer to go down to the grave.

Other physicians who do not rely upon useless, antiquated drugs and medicines, are calling to their aid that scientific and wonderful preparation, Paine's Celery Compound; and though its use in their practice, are meeting with grand success.

Hundreds of physicians on this Continent are daily prescribing it for Chronic cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion as well as for Liver and Kidney troubles.

A word to all who suffer from any of the many nervous diseases, or who are suffering from imperfect circulation of blood should be sufficient. If your physician does not recommend you Paine's Celery Compound, have the will and the courage to procure it yourself. It is nature's true remedy, and has been the great restorer of thousands of poor helpless sufferers in our Dominion. It has never yet failed in its great work of building up broken-down nervous organisms, and giving strength, vigor and new life to the whole body.—Adet.

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