#### THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Can Canada Produce a Literature?\* Can she? Alas! she cannot. We hesitate pityingly over so austere a sentence, but we have pronounced it, and it is irreversible; positively, she cannot! It is impracticable, nay, impossible, that she should. We are bound to find a few reasons why she should not, and we stamp them as sufficient. † First, her star of destiny was dim when it rose, and came too late; and, as for stars, have we not had both the morning and the evening stars of song? There is Shakspeare, and there are Spenser and Milton, and a long beadroll not sufficiently attended to, while everybody pretends to poetry. Canada has enough to do to possess and admire, to gloat over her treasures with "miser care." Has not England provided a literature, as well as a government, for Canada; with dons, as well as lords, to administer? What do children so rich, having nothing but to lay back and take life easy, expect to achieve, save a tramp on snowshoes, or perhaps a canoe-excursion? If any one shows a disposition to do other than batten, as a spendthrift, or stiffen, as a fossil, reward his lunar audacity with a periodical blow from an ice-bludgeon, or smother him into civility by a weekly wet blanket. These degenerate sons, my dear Simon,

will never produce a literature: least of

all, will they ever do themselves or their

forbears any credit. The rabbis were so

numerous, and so bent upon their glosses

and the mystic significance of every sacred

letter, they had no eyes for the Christ; but

we shall certainly know the poet and pen-

master when we see him-yea, when we see

him!

Canada has no chance for a literature; and certain estimable gentlemen whom we forbear to name, should spend their efforts in a more rational pursuit. See! we have no mythology, and believe in none; while, conspicuously, the Greek mythology does not obtain amongst us. We are a solid, realistic, scientific, clear-sighted people, who will have enough to do in hewing timber and building towns and railways for years to come. When it thunders we do not say that the gods on Olympus moan and grumble; -we do the moaning and grumbling ourselves now-a-days-if any one says "witch," or professes to have seen a ghost, we quietly strangle him, as we deem it our judicial duty to strangle all nascent poets we can catch, save a few in our favor, on whom we will have mercy, and a few others who are hardy enough to keep on in spite of us. When the wind blows now it is the wind; we smile at Æolus. Daphne vanished long ago, and the Dryades have disappeared root and branch. Now would not he be a brave man who should presume today to trade in these things? Men must piously believe in mysteries of such a character, who would presume to write epics or even lyrics; and did not Macaulay admit that it is in the simplicity of his mind, and at the dimmest dawn of his nation's history, that a man most effectively assumes the character of a bard,-Milton, and several others, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Of course, Virgil was an unquestionable pagan, with the most religious faith in the mythology in which he wrought, and hence we are able to exult poetically in the gigantic powers he seems to liberate, to

> "Plant their footsteps on the sea, And ride upon the storm."

The poet must never be above the superstitious terrors of his age, and must never suspect a brownie or a loup-garou, if he would sing sincerely and effectively; for Burns (who after all, was not much of a poet,) never questioned the reality of a single warlock of them all; he really saw cloots, and was really cheek-by-jowl with death on the question of Dr. Hornbook.

"Nature has no mysteries for us" (ehu! poor J-S!) We are like the travelled ninnyhammer of the fabulist, who saw one color of the chameleon; or like the schoolmiss, who hied her home with her education completed, the circle of necessary know- year. ledge circumscribed, and her head as light as a feather. We are the wise of the earth, before whom no poet can stand; and the only thing that irks us is that other generations will be wiser than we. And this condition of dry omniscience is to go hopelessly on, waxing worse and worse, until if perchance "the throes of nature," (since there are to be no throes in the human heart, any more,) should "kindle poetic fire in some minds," and a successor to Browning should try to emerge from this dusty shell of earth, "the march of events would soon trample" him down, and their clouted shoon (excuse the anachronism) extinguish his

Why should we not produce a literature? Because of our age. Has not Taine conclusively demonstrated that great men are expressions of great times, and noble writings the voices out of strenuous, mighty agonizing spirits, who travelled "in the greatness of their strength!" Are we such? So it is not altogether "in ourselves," but something "in our stars," that we are to be forever "underlings." We are petty men, it is true; but these are puerile times. There could have been no Ezekiel, unless Jerusalem were in ruins, and captives afar watering Chebar with

\* With special compliments to any one who may have written an article with a similar title.

t "But, by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang."

their tears, (we borrow interesting sentiments, with variations) to lead successive generations along the "labyrinth of the mysteries of God." Spenser, by Mulla's shore, could never have been the dreamer he was, it his had not been a very stirring age; and Shakespeare, the mirror of all ages, was very dependent on the Puritan confabs and the Discovery of America, for his genius, and the course it took. "Men were ready to pluck out the right eye, etc., for conscience sake," when Milton was living his magnificent life, it is true; but surely it was not when he was writing his epic that the brutish route of Comus danced round him, and he was-

Fall'n on evil days, \* \* and evil tongues,

forced to deprecate

"The barbarous dissonance Of Bacchus and his revellers."

It was not the record of his grand soul he gave us, we must be led to believe, but a history of his then time. Besides, we must not be content to enjoy the poetic illusion of "the veil that shut out the world from him" and its connection with his marvellous work; but we must be more exact, and say that he obtained a mysterious accession of genius by the failure of his eyes, and that he could not have written the Paradise Lost until-he had time (there! why will one slip so?)-till he had been blind for so many months, hours and minutes by the clock. Well, there's Dante, Turgenieff, and all our other stock in hand. Virgil lived in Rome's most golden and heroic age, (?) and he wrote heroically; but what of Horace? Wordsworth had some complaints of his age, and sighed for the time of Milton; and poor Tennyson has had a serious time, for the age is mean and the spiritual air is thin. The race of poets must die with him. American literature? Pshaw! There is n- please let attempt a triolet. We enjoy making one ourselves; and if there were not so many fellows at it, we might stand a chance of being heard and seen. Finally, F. W. Robertson was surely a mischievous pratter when he said of some things sniffed at,-"because these are not yet grades accredited as heroic in song, worth is not worth, and honor is not honor, and nobility is not nobility. Oh, if we wanted poets for nothing else, it would be for this, that they are grand levellers, vindicating the sacredness of our common humanity, and in protest against such downright vulgarity of heart as this, reminding us that-

' For a' that, and a' that

A man's a man for a' that." O, my Canada! they say you must be strong and great, before you can produce a worthy thing. Obey thy detractors, and "be born again." Then will they recognize your apotheosis, or be content to-L. [LET YOU] O' LOANE.

An article on this "French Livingstone," by Henry Fouquier, has the post of honor in The Transatlantic of last week. The peaceful method employed by Trivier in his recent two years' journey across Africa is contrasted by the writer with the warlike and bloody methods of Baker, Emin Pasha and Stanley. Emile Bergerat mercilessly ridicules the anti-Jewish crusade, Enrico Panzacchi critically sketches the Decadent school of writers, and there are extracts from the new volume of Edmond de Goncourt's Memoirs, accounts of new novels by Zola and Tolstoi, and an interview with Louise Michel regarding her operetta, In the Moon. The novelette, "Totor's Drum," is by Jean Richepin, known in France as the modern Rabelais, and the portrait of this author on the cover is perhaps the most striking of the series of admirable pictures which The Transatlantic is giving its readers. The music of the number fits the season, and so does the poetry, the former being an Easter mass, "O Salutaris," written by Samuel Rousseau, and the latter a delightful translation of Arno Holz's "The Heart of the Spring." 328 Washington street, Boston. \$2 yer

#### A SONG OF THE TEA.

(Imitated from an old Drinking Song). I do not ask the toper's flask, His bowl of steaming punch; A pint of ale, or dark or pale, For dinner or for lunch. Let those who will such poison swill, Like slaves be led in thrall;

Is far above them all. Chorus-Friends may come and go; Storms may rise and fall, A cup of tea contenteth me And sets me free from all.

But as for me, a cup of tea

A little meat is all I ask, And I shall not complain If ham, or shoulder, hot or cold, My food should ne'er contain. For me the goose should never lose Her head, the calf his skin; Enough for me a pinch of tea Out of my cannikin.

The choicest fish is not a dish That tempts my palate so, That I would wait with fly or bait To make a lucky throw. The fish may swim, the lakes may brim With finny wealth for me; I covet not salmon or trout; Give me my cup of tea.

I am well fed with common bread; No French device I crave, An epicure can have no more, If all I want I have, Sickness and death oft lurk beneath The rich man's meat and drink; My cup of tea will bring to me

New power to act and think.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. Benton, New Brunswick.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL. FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND

EIGHTH PAGES. SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and 3. H. White & Co.] APRIL 9 .- Dr. McCully, of Moncton, spent Sun

Mrs. J. S. Trites and Miss Bessie, of this village, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Trites' father, Mr. Oliver Jones, at Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Trites, of Petitcodiac, spent a few days in Sussex last week, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Kyan.
Miss Bray spent her Easter holidays, at her home

in Albert county.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCully, of Moncton, spent Sunday here, the guests of Mr. McCully's parents.

Mrs. M. B. Keith, of Petitcodiac, is in Sussex to-The Misses Parlee, of Moncton, and Mr. Frank

Parlee, of St. John, spent Sunday in this village.

Messrs. A. M. Borden and Herbert Arnold, of the
Bank of Nova Scotia, Moncton, spent Easter Sunday Mr. William Stockton, father of Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., lies dangerously ill at his residence

Miss Annie Morrison has returned from his visit Miss Ella Ross is making an extended visit in St.

Miss Alice and Master George White, from Sack-ville academy, have been spending their Easter holi-Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ferguson are registered at

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ferguson are registered at Mr. Walter Scovil, of Spring Hill, has been spending a few days with his parents in this village.

Mrs. George Vaughan, of Point Wolfe, has been sojourning at the Depot House.

Mrs. Peter Snider, of Moncton, has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Brannen.

Mr. O. Hayes has bought the beautiful farm of Mr. George H. Barnes, and will soon move on it.

Rev. Mr. Cowie and Mr. William King leave for San Diago, Cal., on the 15th of this month. They will be very much missed by their many friends here.

PATRICE.

#### RICHIBUCTO.

April 9.—Messrs. Frank Parlee, of St. John, and J. R. Waddell, of Halifax, were in town on Thursday last.
Messrs. Frank Phinny and Morley Seller, of Mt. Allison, spent Sunday at their respective homes.

Mr. William Russell, of Moncton, was in town

were in town last Friday.
Dr. J. W. Begg left last week for Dalho Warden Foster, of Dorchester, was in town last week, attending the funeral of his sister, Miss

Miss Emily Frecker, who has charge of a school at Red Bank, spent Easter at home.

Rev. Mr. Summerville, who has been ill for the past three weeks, occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's

church last Sunday.

Miss Minnie Morrison, of Chatham, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loggie.

Messrs. Herbert Irving, of Buctouche, and Frank Curran, of Moncton, were in town last Friday.

Mr. John D. McMinn, left for Halifax last week.

Mr. James Ferguson, of Bathurst, spent Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary left on Monday for

Mr. Robert Hutchinson, Q. C., left on Monday for Dr. Thomas J. Bourque spent last week in St.

Miss Bessie Polley left for her home in St. John Mrs. Peter Loggie left on Monday for Chatham.

#### AMHERST, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas. APRIL 9.—Mr. A. R. Dickey, M. P., arrived from Ottawa on Good Friday to spend Easter, returning

Rev. H. H. Pitman assisted Rev. V. E. Harris in the services on Monday, Thursday, and Good

Senator Dickey left on Thursday morning to spend a day or two in New York with some friends, ex-pecting to leave for Ottawa on Monday. The floral display in Christ church on Easter Day was not as profuse as in the past, but the exquisit sweetness of what there was made up for the greater quantity. The Easter lillies on the alter were the gifts of Mr. and Kelsie. Mr. Gesner Kerr, of Dorchester, was in town on

Mr. Gesner Kerr, of Dorenester, was in town on Good Friday.

Miss Stickland left for St. John on Saturday last, to spend a week with Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Saer.

Mr. John Hickman, of Dorenester, spent Easter in town, with Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas.

Prof. C. D. G. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, spent Easter in town. Mrs. Barry Barker is receiving this week, assisted by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hodgson. Her reception

dress is peacock blue satin.

Mrs. Edward Ratchford went to Halifax this week to visit her sister, Mrs. McNutt.

The elite of the town assembled in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of Easter Tuesday to hear Prof. Roberts deliver his lecture, "Notes on the Threshold or The Political and Literary Outlook of our New Country."

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsie expect to leave this week for a trip to Boston and New York.

OSCAR. dress is peacock blue satin.

DORCHESTER. [PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester at George M.

Fairweather's store. APRIL 9 .- A number of our young men are think ing of getting up a ball sometime in the near future. Wouldn't it be a grand stroke of business to have it very soon, for I hear that Sackville proposes to give one as well, and there is no reason why we should follow Sackville, if only in the way of a ball. Miss Lottie Peters, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. D. L. Hanington, went to St. John on Monday, en route to Boston.

Mr. R. W. Hanington went to Fredericton Monday.

Mr. R. W. Hannigton went to Frederican Modelay, to spend his Easter vacation with friends.
Mr. J. Roy Campbell, who has been his Easter with his parents, returned to St. John Monday.
Miss Nealie Robinson, of St. John, is in town,

visiting Lady Smith.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith is spending his Easter vacation at home, and will return to Lennoxville in about ten days.

Mr. J. H. Hickman, who has been spending Easter in Amherst, with his sister, Mrs. Douglas, returned home last night.

A number of our sportsmen, including Messrs.
G. Wallace, W. D. Wilbur and Willard Lawrence, went of Grand Digne vestered by to try their luck on went to Grand Digue yesterday, to try their luck on the wild birds, which are reported in goodly num-The Misses Backhouse and Miss Chandler spent Tuesday in Moncton. Hope.

#### SACKVILLE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's APRIL 9 .- Mr. Wood, M. P. P., who spent Easter

APRIL 9.—Mr. Wood, M. P. P., who spent Easter in Sackville, returned to Ottawa on Monday accompanied by his daughter, Miss Daisy.

Miss Nealie Robinson, of St. John, spent Monday in town with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Messrs. R. S. Currie, of the Merchants Bank, Truro, and W. H. Styles, were in town on Good Friday.
Mrs. Chas. Fawcett, who has been in St. John for

a few days returned on Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Pickard, who has been visiting Sussex, returned on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Trueman entertained a few

friends at a high tea on Wednesday.

Mr. F. B. Black has returned from the West Mr. H. McDougan, of Maitland, N. S., spent Good Friday in town with his brother. Miss Myra Black is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Jennie Black.

#### KINGSTON, KENT CO.

APRIL 9.—Miss Lizzie Jardine, of Jardineville, has returned from visiting friends in St. John.

Miss Kate Johnstone, of Buctouche, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Abbott, at the Royal. Miss Maggie Coates has gone to the convent at St. Louis, to continue her studies in music and Miss Gusta D'Olloqui has also gone to the same

Mr. Horace Coates has been been spending his Easter vacation at home.

Mrs. Kirkland has returned from Chatham, where she has been visiting her brother, Hon. L. J.

Pickles.

#### ST. GEORGE.

APRIL 9-The concert given here on Monday APRIL 9—The concert given here on Monday evening was a great success, there was a bumper house. Mr. McCaffrey, of St. John, and Miss McArdle, of Calais, kindly assisted in a pleasing manner. Our home talent took part, viz: Mr. R. T. Wetmore, Mr. Joseph Meating, jr., Mr. Charles Wetmore, Mrs. Sulton Clark, The Misses Dykeman, Brown, and Wetmore.

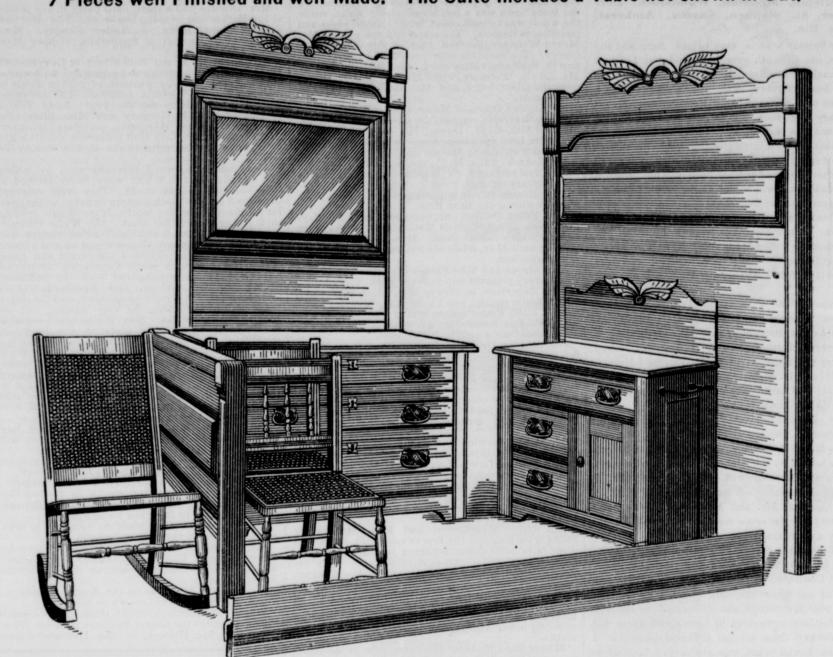
The matrimonial whisperings have become an open secret. Mr. Charles A. Epps, of the firm of Epps & Dodds, was married last evening to Miss Minnie Southard.

GRANITE.

Advertise in Progress. It pays.

# HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 KING STREET.

A Handsome Hardwood Bedroom Suite for \$27.00, \$28.00, or \$29.00; 24 × 30 Plate Mirror; 7 Pieces well Finished and well Made. The Suite includes a Table not shown in Cut.



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Tableings, Towellings. Hemp Carpets, Hessians, Floor Oilcloths, Quilts.

Jackets, Dress Silks, White Muslins. New Prints, Art Muslins.

New Ribbons,

" Flowers,

Laces, Dress Caps.

" Shapes,

" Hats.

Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

### A COUGH

is a symptom of many diseases, including Inflama-tion of the Lungs and Phthisis. Often a cough is neglected, the patient believing it to only a trifling affair, but when it once takes hold of the Lungs, how difficult to cure.

#### OFTEN

you hear the patient say, "Oh, it's only a cough, I'll soon be over it," and so he lets it run until he can't be cured, and thus he brings his career to an early close,—all caused by simple neglect or refusal to take the proper remedies, and thus many a life

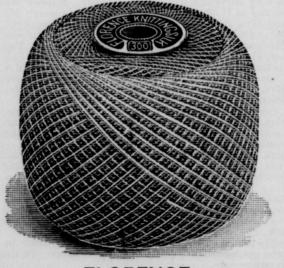
**ENDS** 

# that might have been prolonged but for careless-ness. Don't neglect a cough; time and money can be saved by attending to it at once. Physicians now agree that Cod Liver Oil is the best remedy to use in all pulmonary diseases, and

In Consumption

## it is prescribed extensively; but they often find that the patient cannot take it, as the stomach refuses to retain it. Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream can be re-

tained by the most delicate stomach,—it is pleasan as milk. Try it. All druggists sell it.



### **FLORENCE**

KNITTING SILK. This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not untwist and become

frayed in wear. Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather-stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per ounce-38c. per ball) in postage stamps to

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que., and you will receive it by return port.

# Ready for Spring Trade!

MY STOCK OF FINE GOODS was never so complete as at present, and my customers will find it to their advantage to come early and choose their SPRING SUITS.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH!

Goods were never Cheaper; never Better!

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# Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

over 7,000 packages sold within Cream Chips, ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

70 KING STREET. Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL.

28 DOCK STREET, Opposite BARRY & McLaughlan's.

### FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal.

WE ARE OFFERING THE FOLLOWING PRIZES THIS SEASON: To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our Potato-Phosphate.....\$100 in Gold. To the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Buckwheat from an acre by the use of Imperial Superphosphate.....\$25 in Gold.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Notions throughout the country. If any one desires, to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B. The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at

rc' DRY GOODS STORE,

GREY FLANNELS, from 12cts. per yard;
WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS;
CRETONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS;
TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS;
BLACK and WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS;
FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS;
DRESS GOODS, CORSETS, RIBBONS;
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also,
HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE;
BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Mantel Mirrors in English Plate, Beveled German and all sizes of Cheap Glasses.

SHOP PLATES. MIRROR PLATES for Shop Windows a specialty.

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Desires to call attention to his large and varied stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, Etc., WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY GRADE.

Samples mailed to customers outside the city.