

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Lake Lyrics.

A wilderness journey in the last September, sad with many memories and present loss and grief, was in some measure solaced and lengthened by these "Lyrics"; of which the present writer has reason to think with affectionate partiality. Insensibly he was drawn away from his painful musings to a contemplation of the wide reaches—the almost infinite abodes of Nature; for, though he had been forced to meditate upon the "last bitter hour," the "visible forms" without, and their reflection within the poet's book, contributed

"With a mild And healing sympathy to steal away Their sharpness."

And he hardly paused to critically consider that, for purity, simplicity and sweetness, fidelity to fact and freedom from all literary bias, harmony and beauty, picturesque and lyrical effect, he had in his hand a book of song the peer of any ever produced in the Dominion of Canada; that, in fact, the author should take rank with the select few who, having, maybe, a wider reputation, have not done anything of greater intrinsic excellence, nor more distinctively Canadian.

These "Lyrics" have been received with well-deserved praise and critical acclaim, by such authors as Goldwin Smith, A. Stevenson, Ethelyn Wetherald, etc., and such journals as the New York Critic and the New York Independent, and doubtless will not have much advancement from praise in the present quarter; yet is he, who has had genuine and renewed enjoyment, willing and desirous to testify to the source from whence it came, whether it profit the reader or not.

We share with the sister republic a vast extent of unique and majestic scenery, almost the sole and most perfect poetic reflection of which is in this charming book. How clearly may we see the—

Blue, limpid, mighty, restless lakes, God's mirrors underneath the sky;

or hear, with him, the waters—

Come throbbing in with voice of pain Across the flats, athwart the sunset's glow.

How he makes us shiver in the prospect of—

A world of death far to the northward lying; or exult in "The Flight of the Gulls"—

Out over the spaces, The sunny, blue places, Of water and sky; Where day on day merges In nights that reel by.

A sonnet, the beauty of which may be felt as well as seen, is the poet's account of an "August Night on Georgian Bay," where, after the dusk and the stars—

Through mists, the harvest moon will come, With breathing flames, above the forest edge; Flooding the silence in a silvery dream.

And similarly, "The Tides of Dawn," "Crag," "At the Queen's Mouth," and particularly that entitled "Medwayosh," through which we see—

A world of dawn, where sky and water merge In far, dim vapors, mingling blue in blue, Where low-ripped shores shimmer like gold shot through

Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams I urge With languid ear my skill through sunny surge, That rings its music round the rocks and sands, Passing to silence, where far lying lands Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge. I linger in dreams, and though my dreaming comes, Like sounds of suffering heard through battle drums,

An anguished call of sad, heart-broken speech; As if some wild lake-spirit, long ago, Soul-wrangled, through hundred years, its wounded woe

Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

An interesting specimen of dialect-writing is in the pathetic story of "Dan'l and Matt," "A Midwinter Night's Dream," "Barberries," "Snow," "The Passing Year," and others, are lyrics that have a particular charm. "Lazarus" and "Ode to a Meadow Brook" are also favorites.

Returning to the first person—who, notwithstanding the common objection to him, we somehow like—I recall that on days when Thomas Campbell was a passion, certain lines of his haunted me; nor have I forgotten them now: They occur in his poem "On Leaving a Scene in Bavaria," and are these:—

Yes, I have loved thy wild abode, Unknown, unloved, untrodden shore, Where scarce the woodman finds a road, And scarce the fisher plies an oar; For man's neglect I live thee more; That art nor avarice intrude To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock, Or prune thy vintage of the rock, Magnificently rude.

Now, that another Campbell has arisen among us, to sing the charms and paint the peculiar features of the "Lakes of the West," the sentiment of these lines repeats itself within me. The type of the scenery may not exactly correspond with that delineated by the earlier poet; but our later poet pictures stretches of land and water magnificent in their extent and solitude, if not in their rudeness. Not finding these "Lyrics" always faultless, I like them for their genuineness and singularity; they have tone and character of their own. Some of them are unique in their power of transmitting impressions to the mind, and awakening the emotion the author feels, as well as of portraying even the landscape he looks upon. Not more identical are Scott's or Burns's transcriptions of Scottish, than his of those particular Canadian scenes.

* Lake Lyrics and Other Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan, 1889.

The general effects of the Lakes may be found in "Vapor and Blue:"

Domed with the azure of heaven, Floored with a pavement of pearl, Clothed all about with a brightness Soft as the eyes of a girl.

Girt with a magical girdle, Rimmed with a vapor of rest— These are the inland waters, These are the lakes of the west.

I am not one of those who adopt the axiom of Macaulay, that scenes in Nature are interesting chiefly as they are intimately associated with the fortunes of man; for real transcripts of nature are always interesting to me, whether the painting be of life or scenery. Nature has a spirit, and meanings of her own, as not Wordsworth and his company only, but most of the greater poets, have felt and shown; and I cannot but believe that the real genius of Lake scenery has been realized by Mr. Campbell, and transferred to his verse. Of course there doubtless are, and may well be, so-called descriptive writings, dreary and tedious enough; but they are not so. I conclude, because of the unfitness of such attempts in themselves, but because of imaginative barrenness in the author. Besides, I think we involuntarily associate man with the most remote, wild, secluded places; or, at least, we put over against such solitudes, life and society from our own spirits. So, legendary and historical memories are blent with the extended solitudes, "where hare-wrapt the August night slumbers, and the wild heart of October raves;" where through "mirk and moon" is heard the cry of the marsh-bird, and the waste places are tenanted by gull and loon, that poet and naturalist benevolently pursue. Vividly he paints the dawns and sunsets, as in "By Huron's Shore," where are—

"Miles and miles of lake and forest, Miles and miles of sky and mist, Marsh and shore land where the rushes Rustle, wind and water-kissed; Where the lake's great face is driving, Driving, drifting into mist.

"Miles and miles of crimson glories, Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze; Miles of shoreland red and golden, Drifting into dream and haze; Dreaming where the woods and vapors Melt in myriad misty ways."

He takes us to the haunt of the Manito, and into mystical places, and fateful places—where plunges on the "Restless River," haunted and gloomy; scenes where, though the wilderness lies wild and wide around,—

"Like a far-off bell that tolls, Come voices from the wave-dipped sun."

Sharply distinct are his winter landscapes, where

"Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying, Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away."

Almost prodigal and cloying is he in color and melody, where, as in "The Flight of the Gulls," he gives us song and picture.

Monotonous, indeed, may these poems be,—as are the vast spaces to which they relate; but it is a rich monotony. We would quote entire if there were room, the fine ballad of "Kesiah"; and, but that it has been so often cited by the reviewers, the sweetly-simple and heart-cheering "Canadian Folk Song,"—a Canadian song indeed, distinctive and unique surely. He who finds it tonic and wholesome to stand and gaze before Nature's shapes of majesty and grace, may profitably and delightfully ponder Mr. Campbell's "Lake Lyrics."

PASTOR FELIX.

Notes and Announcements.

The long-promised article by Henry George appears in the April New Review. The same number contains a timely paper on the "Fall of Prince Bismarck."

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish, both in London and New York "The House of the Wolf," a romance by Stanley J. Weyman. It tells the perils and bravery of three young brothers in the fortnight before and after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, the well-known American journalist, has been studying the present condition of France and the result of his investigations will be published in New York shortly by Longmans, Green & Co., under the title of "France and Her Republic: a Record of Things Seen and Heard in the Centennial Year, 1889."

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., has been somewhat too forcibly reminded of Carlyle's experience when writing the history of the French Revolution. The Irish member, it seems, either lost or mislaid several chapters of the novel which has been so much talked about. He has repaired the disaster, and the story will be issued by the Longmans, at the end of the month.

The Kind He Liked. Suburban Railway Official (traveling incog. on his own line)—They say there has been some fault found with the lamps on these trains. Do you see anything wrong with them?

Passenger—No, sir. On the contrary, there are exactly the kind of lamps I like to see used in cars.

Railway Official (highly pleased)—I presume you are a professional man?

Passenger—Yes, I am an oculist.—Chicago Tribune.

Headache. As nearly every case of headache can be traced directly to stomach trouble or to a nervous condition, originally due to some defect of digestion, Dpspepticure may also be called the specific for headache.—Short's Pamphlet on Dyspepticure.

For cramps, cholera, diarrhoea, summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]

APRIL 17.—Mr. Racy, who has been quite ill, is slowly recovering.

Mr. B. Holyoke, after spending a short vacation home, returned to St. John last week to resume his studies.

Miss Peters (Carleton) is the guest of Mrs. H. A. Morse.

Miss Owens (Fredericton) returned to her home last Monday. While in town she was the guest of Mrs. T. E. Smith.

Miss Ida Pennington (Houlton) is the guest of Miss Lucy Leighton.

Miss Lily Jordan, who (on account of prevalent scarlet fever) was obliged to close her school some weeks ago, left town last week to again fulfill her duties.

Mr. W. S. Fisher (Fredericton) returned to his home this week. It is rumored Mr. Fisher has a very strong attraction in one of Woodstock's "trotte buses."

Mr. E. A. Sjoestedt is spending a few days in town. Miss Gertrude Jones entertained a small company of her friends last Saturday evening.

Mrs. David Munro gave a large dancing party last Thursday evening, which, as anticipated, was a very enjoyable event. The music was excellent, and the floor could not have been better. The dancing was kept up until the "avee" sun hours. The guests were all very pretty but I will forego describing them. I will mention some of those present.

Miss Gertrude Jones, Miss Lugin, Miss Florie Smith, Miss Jennie Merritt, Miss Annie Vanward, Miss Peters, Miss Brown, Miss Connell, Miss Helen Connell, Miss Jordan, Miss Lily Jordan, Miss Bull, Miss Annie Hankin, Miss Emery, Miss Cupples, Miss Annie Parker, Miss Smith, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Smallwood, Miss Stevenson, Miss Pennington, Miss Lucy Leighton, Miss Susie Williams, Miss Owens, Miss Des Brisay, Mr. B. Holyoke, Mr. T. W. Murphy, Mr. H. A. Smith, Mr. Allan Smith, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Emery, Mr. F. Griffith, Mr. Snarpe, Mr. Harris, Mr. Chas. Anselmy, Mr. H. A. Bailey, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. E. B. Bailey, Mr. E. Slipp, Mr. M. Churchill, Mr. Saunders, Mr. F. Slipp, Mr. Norman Smith, Mr. H. A. Morse, Dr. Thompson, Mr. G. Manzer, Mr. S. Leighton, Mr. W. S. Fisher, Mr. G. Anderson, Mr. Young, and H. H. Wetmore.

Miss Ida Connell, who has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Fisher, in Charlottetown, returned home Saturday. She was accompanied by Miss Josephine Dakin, of Digby. Mr. M. J. Johnson, of the Peoples Bank has the quinsy.

Mrs. Smith entertained a party of her friends last Wednesday evening. Every person had a most enjoyable time.

Woodstock seems to be waking up, as there is rumored a number more of these brilliant festivities will follow.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

APRIL 17.—Bishop Kingdon was in Sussex on Friday, the guest of Mrs. Medley.

Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P., was in this village last week, to visit his father, Mr. Wm. Stockton, who still remains very ill.

Miss Vail, of Bathurst, who has been spending a few months with friends, has returned to her home, much to the regret of her many friends.

Dr. Jasper Sproule, of Chatham, is visiting his parents here.

Mrs. R. Beach, of St. John, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Smith, at Sussex Corner.

Rev. Mr. Eatough, of Perlicodiac, spent a few days in town, the Rev. gentleman has hosts of friends here.

Mrs. Chas. Pickard, of Sackville, has been here for a few days.

Mrs. Burns, of Shediac, is here, the guest of Mrs. Lamb.

Rev. Mr. Talbot, of Moncton, was in Sussex last week. Also, Rev. C. H. Hamilton, of Johnston.

Mr. Ivry Robertson, of Moncton, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. George D. Martin has moved to the house lately occupied by Mr. Andrew Rudlock.

Mr. Robert Morrison will move next week to the old homestead, at Sussex Corner.

A social dance at Old Fellows Hall Thursday evening was well attended, and a good time enjoyed. The mission room at Sussex corner was filled to its utmost capacity on Sunday morning to hear the Rev. Mr. Cowie's farewell address to his parishioners. Mr. Cowie left Sussex on Tuesday for his new home.

Mr. Frank Theal has made an extended business trip to New York.

Miss Simcox White and Miss Hallett made a short visit to St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Venning, of St. John, have moved to the farm of Mr. Samuel Gosline, Smith Creek.

Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, is visiting in Sussex several days.

Mr. C. Spooner, of Sussex Record, spent Saturday in your city.

Mr. N. B. McKay will move in a few days to Mr. Gribble's house on Church Avenue.

Mr. Freeze, of the firm of Freeze & McLeod, has taken a house here, and will move his family from Fredericton here the first of May.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

APRIL 16.—Mrs. L. H. Davies, of P. E. I., is visiting her brother, Rev. C. F. Wiggins, at the rectory, on her return from Ottawa.

Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler, of Dorchester, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Mrs. George Stopford, of Fredericton, was in town last week, having been called here by the illness of her father, Mr. C. Milner, who is now much better.

Miss Fannie Palmer, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. J. Wood.

The Misses Backhouse, of Dorchester, spent Tuesday in town, the guests of Mrs. W. C. Milner.

Mrs. F. S. Chandler, of Dorchester, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. S. McLaren, Inspector of Customs, was in town Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Black left for St. John today.

From personal observation I think that some of our young ladies are praying for the Jubilee regard to the slaughtering of cattle be more strictly observed.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Morse's.]

APRIL 15.—Mr. James Wade, who has been quite ill for some time, is able to be out again.

Mr. Wake Vanrecoon, youngest son of Sheriff VanBlaerom, who has been very ill with inflammation, is getting better.

Mr. and Mrs. Haze Vassel, who have been to St. John for a couple of days, returned on Saturday, looking much better for the trip.

I hear Mr. Jones has rented the house on Maiden Lane formerly occupied by Mr. E. Coman.

Mr. Jack Robinson, of St. John, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. George Corbett, who has been suffering from a bad sore throat, is now convalescent.

A very pleasant soiree was held at the residence of Mrs. John DeBalhard, last Tuesday evening, in aid of the Trinity church.

Mrs. J. A. Rudlock and her mother have rented part of the house owned by Miss H. Dakin.

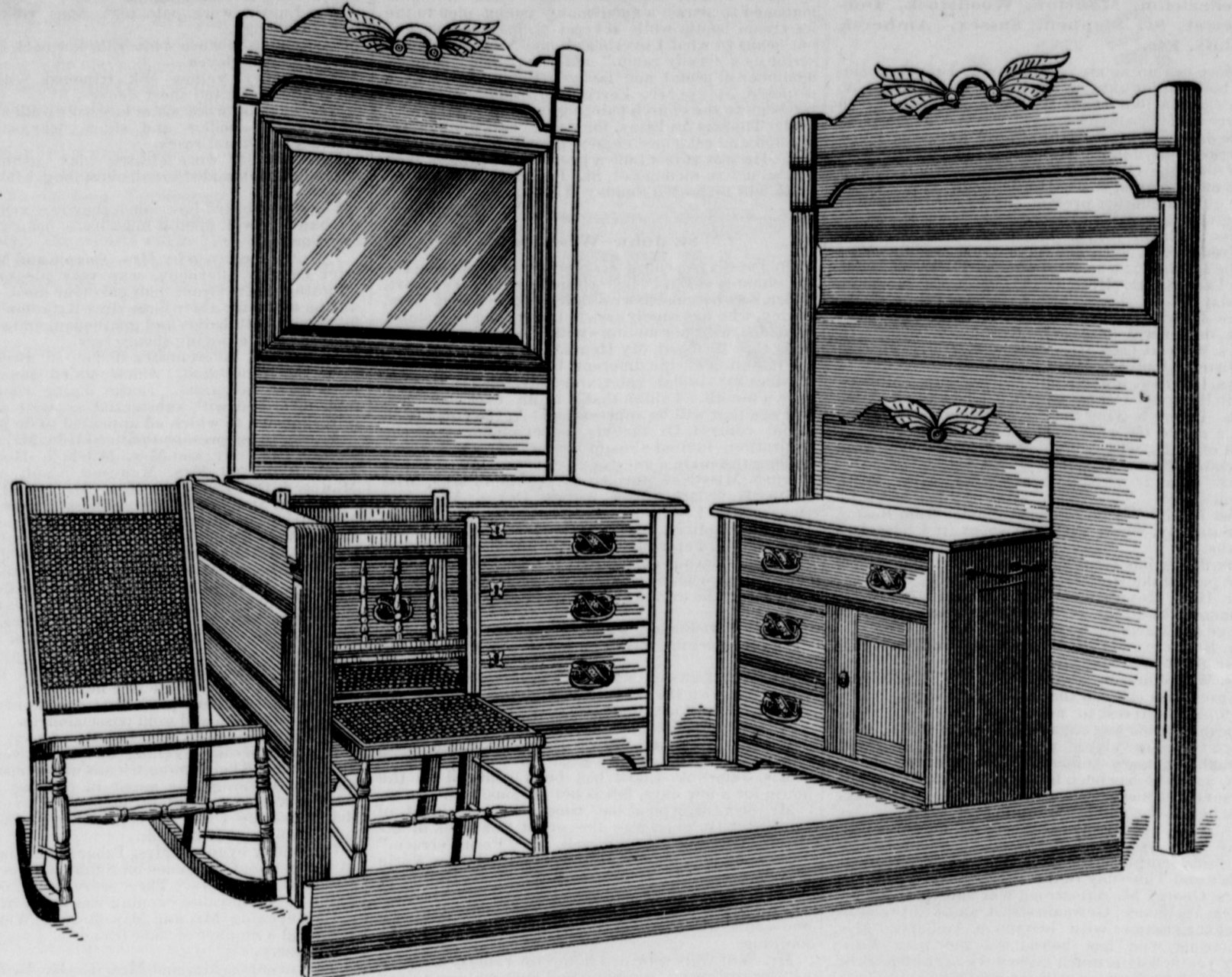
Master Wolsley Wingay, of Yarmouth, spent Sunday with his mother, who has been spending the winter here.

RICHIBUCTO.

APRIL 16.—Miss Mary Chrystal, who formerly had charge of a school here but who is now of Campbellton, was in town for a few days last week.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 KING STREET.

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



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49 PACKAGES

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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.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH! Goods were never Cheaper; never Better!

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Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

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Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal.

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To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our POT-TO-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.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company.

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THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN AND PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

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.

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GREY FLANNELS, from 12cts. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONES 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.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

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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Samples mailed to customers outside the city.

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A COUGH

is a symptom of many diseases, including Inflammation 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

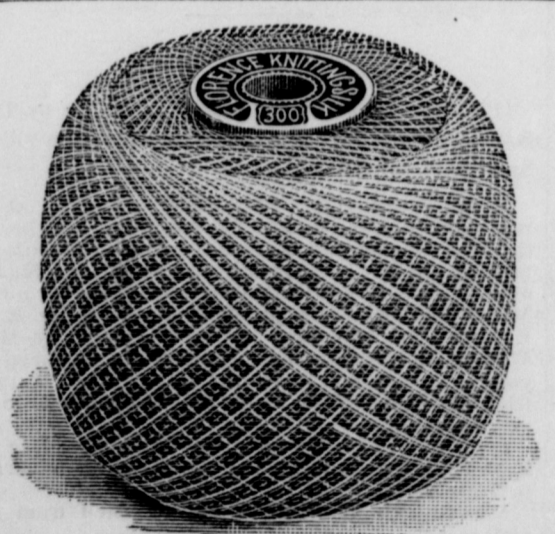
you hear the patient say, "Oh, it's only a cough, I'll soon be over it," and so he lets it run until he can't be cured, and thus he brings his career to an early close,—all caused by simple neglect or refusal to take the proper remedies, and thus many a life

ENDS

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

In Consumption

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



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