

TOLD OF PROF. LEGGETT.

HIS ABILITY AS A WRITER IN THE PROSE OR VERSE LINE.

Pastor Felix Gives an Appreciative View of His Friend—Points in His Pleasant Style—Extracts from His Poems—Prof. Leggett Apart from His Works.

The spites and ill-graces of literature have been a scandal, doubtless, from the time that the members of the genus irritabile were first gifted with keen eyes—sometimes slightly jaundiced—and sharp tongues, down to this present era of their still lively exercise. But literary men have been no less distinguished for their friendships, and the loves, amities, and social interminglings of the noblest spirits of all the ages add to the profit and delight we draw from literary chronicles, and that very considerably. The poets have grown in flower-like groups; and to come upon one, is instantly to revive the memory of another. Who is familiar with Shakespeare—brightest star!—and mindless of that brilliant galaxy revolving around him as a centre,—especially of Ben, who sat at his right hand? Nor can we habit long with Coleridge, ignoring Wordsworth, or Lamb. There is no love save that of the kindred of one household so unselfish, so constant, so warm, so chivalrous, so pathetic, at times, as that between the best sort of literary spirits. One has often felt when the others have gone, and has spoken as one who has lost wife or sister. So Carlyle had, in a double sense, when Jeannie had gone, to sigh,—"Ah! what times were they!" the survivor exclaims, with a melancholy enthusiasm, looking back to some circle, the members of which have joined "the choir invisible." Such a friendly spirit was Crabbe; and thus was he be-moaned, when gone, by his still surviving brother-bard—Wordsworth.

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers Were earlier raised, remain to hear A timid voice that asks in whispers, "Who next will drop and disappear?" Our haughty life is crowned with darkness, Like London with its own black wreath; On which with thee, O Crabbe, forth looking, I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath. As if but yesterday departed, Thou, too, art gone before; yet why For ripe fruit, seasonally gathered, Should frail survivors live a sigh?

It is a blessed sense of freedom with which our feet have been brushing the stubble pastures, and the dry crown of the russet hill; where, walled with its balmy firs, and bristly spruces, on the one side, it faces the town and overlooks the river, on the other. The winter has had us in his iron prison-house so long, that the afternoon sunlight in this nook is something new to us—something luxuriant. It is March, I know; and this may be premature,—but I will not forbode. The snow that shall come in April shall not by me be suffered to neutralize this sunshine. The cattle feeding yonder—or maybe, smelling after coming grass—do not expect evil; and why should I? Hark! yonder is my first robin: his breast has a faded look, but that is the old song. The river wimples gracefully, and goes round yonder bend all sunlit, with a music in its motion, in glad contrast with its long time deathly stillness, when a few violets and may flowers, and some patches of green, and dandelions in spots, are added to these present symptoms, we shall begin to think that spring is here. The poets begin to give us hailing signs. The ice must have broken on the St. Lawrence for there is more than a chirp-chirp-cheep, that I hear coming from my dear singer in Montreal. And a friend from a capital city, nearer the sunny south, writes: "May one who has seen the spring return and bring no joy, wish you a brighter April and a heart to welcome the first song-sparrow. Time is, after all, so gentle that there can be no permanent lodging house for sorrow in the faithful heart."

I am not surprised at my friend's predilection for Emerson—

"Whose rich words every one Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on."

That he is among the immortals, and above the strifes of time, now relieves the ear of much impertinent criticism, and they who must honestly say, "We cannot tell what he saith," will gradually forbear to judge him. For by our friend, as by us, he is taken as an elemental spiritual force. It matters not about logical sequence or exact opinion; he stirs us and leads us forth out of our littleness into the greatness of the universe. He is a touch stone to our own best thoughts and volitions. He points his rod, and angels rise, where before we saw grey stones. He is a healer. He sows sunshine; with royal language he instructs us, concerning the dignity of man, and the unexpected grandeur of things. He is purity itself; and to those who can love him, even his alleged unbelief is innocent. He holds, in whatever form the spirit of truth and the essence of faith. So, we are glad to hear our friend say: "After the accredited solace of the elder teacher, I have found a peculiar and sure comfort in my Emerson, the 13th Apostle. He is to be read in early mornings of June, by a river in a loved garden. He makes the world so new, and the sorrowful heart such a hero once more. 'Tis my coward self that loves him."

—Bliss Carman.

Professor Leggett writes well, in verse or prose. When he essays the latter,—as in his "Tramp in Switzerland,"—his style flows clear as a mountain brook, wherein lies many a pebble that has a hint of gold. Every step he takes there, in that romantic country, with his friend, Bush, beguiles us to follow him, he talks to us so pleasantly. The itinerary, is brief, comprehensive, and to us, admirable. His "sheaf" is a collection of poems, the appeal to a refined taste, as they are the outcome of a genial fancy, and uttered in simple harmonious measures. These too, are memorials of travel, at home or abroad; tributes to personal friends, or the subjects of his literary admiration,—as Dickens, Burns, Bayard Taylor,—or brief lyrics, full of sweetness and the light of a sunshiny temperament. And now, he gives us his Lecture-Poem on Pompeii,—"The City of Doom," to which he has imparted a classical finish, and which abounds with picturesque touches, conveyed with a fidelity impossible to one who had never visited Italy. How many have drunk of those inspiring fountains, that spring at Rome, at Florence, and elsewhere, from Appennine to shore! Leggett has drawn deeply, and to some extent "conveys the perfect charm." But a few of his lines will do better than a multitude of our words.

A pillared mount of blackness and despair That mars the crystal of the azure air: Like smoke ascending from a sacrifice Its murky breath goes up the summer skies, All fringed with crimson from the crater's glow That boils with bubbling lava far below. It trails a gloomy banner wide and free Above the buried city by the sea. Across the sweep of azure waves at play, Sorrento dreams beside the sea today: On mountain slopes amid her groves of vine Where purple clusters blush to ruddy wine, To craggy cliffs above the sea she clings— A mottled sea-bird with her outspread wings— And all day long the grove of orange trees Wave in the rapture of the summer breeze. The songs of Tasso linger, soft and low, Though dead the bard, three hundred years ago! His shepherd guise, his clonnet reason's span, The dungeon bars and cruel hate of man; All these have passed, yet in the classic rhyme His epic measures linger yet with Time;— His fame immortal while the azure wave Breaks on the shells by lone Pompeii's grave.

Prof. Leggett is an educator, in the state of Pennsylvania, and a resident at Ward. But his name and fame have already gone out, and his worthiness is even greater than his repute. Whittier and other poets have spoken of his work in high terms of praise. Personally he is a most agreeable man, and a companion whose presence and word enhance social life and make friendship seem to be something indeed worth having. He has maintained the purity of life and taste, and writes nothing but bears a stamp of sincerity, and an ardent affection for whatever is lovely and of good report.

PASTOR FELIX.

A Tramp Through Switzerland, and A Sheaf of Song, two vols. by Prof. Benj. F. Leggett. John Alden, N. Y., 1887. The City of Doom, B. F. Leggett, 1894.

INVENTED A SHEET IRON CAT. Some Curious Devices to be Found in the Patent Office at Washington.

There are perhaps 2,000 toys in one division of the Patent Office, and one of the latest and craziest curiosities is a doll baby which sucks the bottle. This doll is patented by a German, and it consists of a doll baby sitting on a pan, with a bottle filled with genuine milk on a little table in front of it. A rubber tube connects with the glass pipe which runs into the bottle, and, going into the mouth of the child, runs down behind and through the doll into the pan. By means of a siphon, which comes out through the doll's head, machinery is set to work by which the doll begins to suck, and the milk flows up into its mouth and out into the pan.

Another toy of much the same order is the toy cow, which can be milked. The cow is made of wood or metal, and has a tank inside it. The inventor states that the action of milking is exactly the same as that of the real cow, and it has in addition iron wire which connects with the jaws of the cow and runs back to this tank, so that she chews her cud while being milked.

The illuminated cat was granted a patent in 1884. It is a cat of pasteboard or tin, for the purpose of frightening rats or mice. It is to be made in a sitting posture, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of fire.

Another cat, equally funny, is a patent sheet-iron animal which is worked by clock-work and has a bellows inside which swells its tail to the size of the maddest of toms. It properly set, it will emit a noise equal to the wildest of midnight caterwaulers, and it has in addition steel claws and teeth. You wind it up, place it on your roof, and set it howling. All the cats in the neighborhood make for it, and its poisoned claws kill every one it strikes.

Origin of the Polka.

The polka is not of Polish origin, as its name might lead one to suppose. The first dancer of the polka was a young, rosy "Bohemian girl," named Haniczka Szlezak, the favorite partner at every dance in her native village of Kostelec, on the Elbe. One night at a ball, in the year 1830, she was asked to dance a pas seul. She readily complied, saying:—

"I will give you something of my own invention."

She then began to sing, and spun around, keeping time to the tune. The village schoolmaster, who was present, accompanied her on the fiddle, and very soon Haniczka's dance became popular in Kostelec, and its fame spreading, it was in course of time adopted as the national dance.

"What do you call your dance?" she was asked one day.

"Polku," was the reply, "because it is danced with a half-step."

"Polku" was turned into "Polka," and later on into "Polka," which became all the rage at Prague in 1833, at Vienna in 1839, and Paris in 1840. Haniczka is now an old lady, well stricken in years, and carefully tended by her six children and a host of grand-children.

A FARMER'S SON TORTURED

CONFINED TO THE HOUSE FOR MONTHS AND UNABLE TO WALK.

A Sensational Story From the Neighborhood of Cooksville—The Father Tells How His Son Obtained Release—What a Prominent Toronto Druggist Says.

Four miles from the village of Cooksville, which is fifteen miles west of Toronto on the Credit Valley division of the C. P. R., on what is known as the "Centre Road" is the farm of Thomas O'Neil. In the village and for miles around he is known as a man always ready to do a kindness to anyone who stands in need of it. Because of this trait in his character, whatever affects himself or his household is a matter of concern to the neighbors generally. So it happened that when his eldest son, William O'Neil, was stricken down last spring, and for months did not go out of the door, those living in the vicinity were all aware of the fact and frequent enquiries were made regarding the young man. When after suffering severely for some three months, young O'Neil reappeared sound and well his case was the talk of the township. Nor was it confined to the immediate vicinity of Cooksville, as an outer ripple of the tale reached the News, but in such an indefinite shape that it was thought advisable to send a reporter to get the particulars of the case, which proved to be well worth publishing in the public interest. On reaching Cooksville the reporter found no difficulty in locating the O'Neil farm, and after a drive of four or five miles the place was reached. Mr. O'Neil was found at the barn attending to his cattle, and on being made aware of the reporter's mission told the story in a straightforward manner. He said: "Yes it is true my boy had a remarkable experience. I was afraid he wasn't going to get better at all, for the doctor did him no good. At the time he was taken ill he was working for a farmer a couple of miles from home, and for a time last spring he did a lot of work on the road, and while he was working at this there was a spell of cold wet weather, when it rained for nearly a week. He kept working right through the wet and he came home with his shoulders and wrists so sore that he couldn't work. He got gradually worse, the pains spreading from his shoulders and wrists to his hands and then to his legs finally settling in his knees and ankles and feet, so that he couldn't stir at all some days. I sent for a doctor from Streetsville. He said the trouble was an attack of rheumatism, and although he kept visiting him every few days and giving medicine, it did not seem to do any good. The pains did not quit and the boy was suffering dreadfully. Why when he would wake in the morning he couldn't stir a limb, but gradually during the day he would get a little easier so that he could sit up for a while. His feet were swollen so much that he could get on neither boots or stockings. After he had been doctoring for nearly two months without getting a bit better, I concluded to try something else, so the next time I went to Toronto I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Hugh Miller's drug store. We followed the directions with the Pink Pills, but the first box did not seem to do him any good, but he had scarcely begun the second box when he began to improve greatly, and by the time the third box was gone he was as well and sound as ever, and has not had a pain since. He is now working on a farm about six miles from Cooksville, and is as sound and hearty as any young man can be."

On his return to Toronto, the reporter called at the store of Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., 167 King street east, to hear what that veteran druggist had to say about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He remembered Mr. O'Neil getting the Pink Pills, and on a second visit Mr. O'Neil had told him that Pink Pills had cured his son. Mr. Miller, in answer to a question as to how this preparation sold, said that of all the remedies known as proprietary medicines Pink Pills was the most popular. He said he sold more of these than he did of any other remedy he ever handled. This is valuable testimony, coming from a man like Hugh Miller, who is probably the oldest and most widely known druggist in Toronto. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are to be congratulated on having produced a remedy which will give such results, and which can be vouched for by the best dealers in the province.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schneetady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Why the Days Get Longer.

There are two causes which affect the relative lengths of the mornings and evenings. The first is that the sun is continually changing its altitude from day to day, the other is that the speed of the earth in her orbit round the sun is variable, being greatest in winter and least in summer. The first cause is the more efficient in January. In any one day if the sun's path were fixed in the sky, and the earth's velocity constant, the time from sunrise till noon would be exactly equal to the time from noon till sunset. But during January the sun is continually getting higher and higher in the sky, hence the afternoons would be longer than the forenoons, so far as this cause is concerned. The other cause—namely, that the speed of the earth is get-

ting slower during January—makes the apparent speed with which the sun describes his path greater and hence tends to make the afternoons shorter than the forenoons. On calculating from the astronomical data it is found that during January the rapid increase in altitude more than compensates for the increased apparent speed, so that during the whole month the mornings only increased twenty-six minutes, while the afternoons increase about forty-six minutes.

FACES OF THE DYING.

Beautiful Visions that Sometimes Are Taken of the Departure.

I have been at three deathbeds. The first, a little niece of four years, who had had diphtheria and got over it—as we thought. Her mother was holding her, and in her baby way she was talking to us, when suddenly she cried out and leaning back, closed her eyes so peacefully. Some one suggested laying her down, and she was placed in a reclining position. Almost as soon as it was done the wonderful light came on her face—not from "left to right"—but from forehead down to nose the first time, down to mouth the second time, and the third time completely covering her face and passing off. When I could speak of it calmly I asked if any one noticed the wonderful waves of light that swept over her face so swiftly? But no one seemed to have done so but myself.

Another child niece passed away within the year—1886—of brain fever, and for hours before the end came she continually reached up her little hands and smiled and talked to some one who appeared to be above her, and in that way, smiling and talking, she left us, the light irradiating her countenance an instant, then gone.

In 1892 my own dear father—who had been for many, many years intensely interested in the life to come—passed on. He was unconscious for twenty-six hours before the end came. At the last instant he opened his eyes and looked up with a questioning look which said, "Oh, where am I?" and the light seemed to settle on his face to remain, for we never saw what is called "the shadow." His countenance was as it he had entered thoughts and hopes. During the six months previous to his demise, he dreamed continually of being in such beautiful places, feeling so young, and looking so also, with friends gone before, who appeared to him equally young and happy. A few days before he was taken ill he dreamed of going into a large, beautiful room and lying down, linked about him with contentment (he drew it all out for us, so we could see every arrangement perfectly), and that mother came to the door and looked in. He said he coaxed and pleaded with her to come in, too, but she only held back and shook her head. All the time he was ill—ten days—he was urging her to get her things on and go with him, and once during his last words said, "Come, mother, make haste; we must take the 5 o'clock boat," and a few minutes after 5 he had gone. How prophetic are these dreams and how mercifully our eyes were blinded to coming sorrow. We think he must have had some idea of his condition, for, at intervals, of right-mindedness, he would say, "Where am I?" and we would tell him, "Right here at home." "Sure?" would be his query. Then a long breath and "Why! I was sure I was on the other side," then relapse into unconsciousness.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Some New Stars.

New stars have never ceased to perplex astronomers, from the blazing wonder which burst out in the constellation of Cassiopeia in Tycho Brahe's time to the strange little twinkler that Mrs. Fleming discovered last October in a photograph of the spectra of the stars in the constellation Norma.

Are they due to conflagrations caused by the collision of mighty flying bodies? Do they indicate the outburst of long pent-up forces shattering the envelopes that smother dying suns? Or are they the result of the violent meeting of swarms of meteors, or the rubbing of some solid orb through the midst of such a swarm?

These are some of the questions that have been suggested by the appearance of new stars. And it is possible that the latest of these curious phenomena to be discovered, the one just mentioned in Norma, may serve to throw much light on the mystery of their origin.

The spectrum of this star is almost exactly the same as that of the new star which appeared in the constellation Auriga in 1892, and which has now apparently become a nebula. Indeed, it was the similarity of the spectrum of the star in Norma to that of its predecessor in Auriga which led to the recognition of the former as a new member of the starry host.

If it should turn out that such stars possess peculiarities which place them in a class by themselves, a step will have been taken toward a knowledge of what new stars are and how they originate.

Dangers of Chloral.

Prof. Tyndall has taken sleeping draughts of one kind or other for years. His "usual quantity," according to Dr. Buzzard, was one and a half teaspoonfuls every night. It had evidently become a habit with him, even more than a necessity, or it was a necessity only because it was a habit. Yet we have the authority of the British Medical Journal, says the London Daily News, in an article devoted to this particular case, for the assertion that ninety-nine in the hundred of these sleeping doses are worse than useless, even for any purpose of relief worthy of the name, "Insomnia," we are told, "is not a disease, but a symptom," and it is the clear duty of every sufferer to ascertain the cause with a view to its removal by legitimate treatment.

Of all the empirical treatments, that by chloral is probably the worst. The temporary relief which it affords tends to divert attention from more radical measures. The sham solace being always at hand, the true one is never sought. Chloral has slain its thousands before this; it ought not to claim as many more victims before it is laid aside forever. Or, if it does, this great national loss we have just sustained should be held equivalent, for the purpose of warning and example to the total count.

"I don't know how it is," said one bachelor to another, "but I am getting awfully tired of club-life. I'm afraid I shall have to get married in order to appreciate it again thoroughly."



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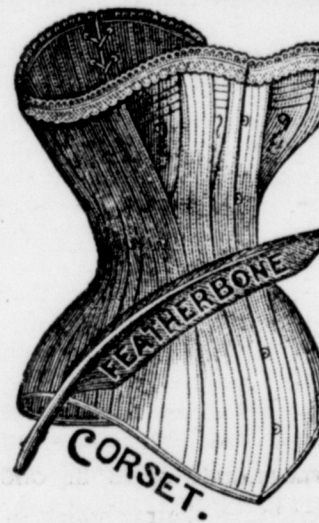
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