

## NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATERFERNI TALKS ABOUT SOME BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Principal Lecturer, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.  
War with the United States—A Meed of Praise to Eugene Field—Points on the Poems of Mr. Blackadder.

Such a breezy article as Principal Grant's "Dilemma est—Fudge," in The Week, Nov. 8th, is a refreshing alternative; for the dose given by the previous writer—presumably editorial—was depressing. It is good to know that, in the opinion of the respondent, we are in no immediate danger, at least, of belligerent action on the part of the United States; that if the dogs of war slumber, it will be well for Canada to allow their rest to continue. It is thus the principal speaks, when once he comes to regard the matter seriously.

War between the United Empire and the United States: Whoever among us utters a word to invite so stupendous a saturnalia of folly and crime, let him be—I utter the word solemnly—Anathema! All would suffer, but Canada would suffer most of all. She could not be conquered, but she could easily be overwhelmed for a time. She could not be held, thanks to the spirit of her sons, thanks to her union with Great Britain, and thanks to the first opportunity given to them—hurl from power the political party that was guilty of so dead a sin against all hopes of the future. I admit that there is a possibility of an American political party betraying the country into a war with Britain, before the "sober sense" of the American people had time to assert itself. That is one of the reasons why I am unalterably opposed to annexation. For if we were part of the Union, then—in spite of ourselves—we would have to fight against the Mother Country. But while we live our own life, and no one can deny that we are entitled to do so, we are absolutely free from so unexpectable a disgrace. There is no possibility of war on the side of Britain or on the side of Canada, because in both countries the Executive is dependent on Parliament, and Parliament would promptly vote out of power any Government that was suspected of taking the first step to overtake war. This being so, our interests, our dignity, and our Christianity all alike demand that the provocation shall never come from us. Whatever others may do we must keep our senses.

Any other course can but impair the self-respect of Canada, and her standing with other states and nations. The wise men of both countries will see to it that the hysterics of the time do not infect, nor the jingoism unbalance them. The Dominion is so naturally affiliated with the Union, that we must feel that here too we have bonds not to be lightly broken. We betide the fatal aggressor, on either side the line!

Would that all the world—that world which is in arms, or which wishes to be—might ponder the words of that great aggressor, Frederick the great, when the fortunes of war had at length forsaken him. The Prussian capital had been constrained to open its gates to the enemy; and nothing had been able to prevent the Cossack spoilers from ravaging the city, reduced, as he declared, "to the same conditions as the Romans after Canne"; the gout in both his legs and one of his arms, hating him with cruel twinges; the palaces of Dresden, crumbling beneath the unremitting bombardment; no wonder if the hero, in his defeat, exclaimed with satiric bitterness: "Miserable fools that we are, we have only one moment to live, and we make that moment as sad as possible; we take pleasure in destroying the masterpiece of art which time has spared, and we seem resolved to leave behind us the odious memory of our ravages, and the calamities we have caused." So poignant are the sorrows we have inflicted when they come home to ourselves! But it is not the language just quoted from the warrior king, a just and full expression of the enormity of wanton aggression, and the barbarity of war when waged unjustly? No one can read, and thoroughly imbibe the spirit of, Charles Sumner's oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," without anticipating the hour foreseen by the Laureate,—when the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled, in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.

Engene Field is a writer we always liked, and the sight of his name was enough to secure our attention. True poet, true humorist, and true man, he made his appeal to the purest and best that is in human nature. There was in him, as in every real humorist, a basis of seriousness and earnestness. He was grave, then genial. A gentleness and pathos pervaded his feeling, transmuting itself through his verse, making it as human as poetical. His gravity of manner sometimes disappointed auditors who look for buoyancy and staccato tricks, when on the platform. A writer in a Springfield paper alludes to this characteristic of Field in the following paragraph:

A pleasantry of Mr. Cable's at a reading which he and Eugene Field gave in Holyoke two or three winters ago comes back vividly now. Mr. Field was very late, so much so that Mr. Cable had used up a goodly portion of his own repertoire and the audience had begun to fear they weren't going to see Mr. Field at all. But at last his tall figure marched down the auditorium of the little church in which the entertainment was given, and Mr. Cable, with the proper quotation marks, introduced him as "the late Mr. Field." Following Mr. Cable's wry and his circle antics, the poet's slow, grave utterance was a manifest disappointment to the audience. Evidently they expected Eugene to be a "show" of some kind, perhaps a Second Bill Nye. But his deep voice and the power and feeling which he put into his poems will linger long in my memory.

With all our reverence for the great spirits of British and American song, we have a meed of thanks to the minor minstrels who fill up the pauses when the organ

voices have ceased, or when we have listened long to them. While we have Poets in Canada who have gained the ear of the world, we have perhaps none who can lay claim to a general mastership, albeit there are some who have a following and a loyal discipleship. We have, as yet, not so many poets in Canada that we can afford to ignore any upon the plea of numbers, who discover any genuine poetic ability.

We shall not be surprised if, not merely the partial appraiser of what in its degree is good, taking up Mr. Edw. Blackadder's "Poems, Sonnets, Lyrics," etc., should pronounce in their favor. The tone of this writing, the sentiment expressed, and the degree of poetic art manifested, commend the author and his work. There are inspirations of patriotism, friendship, and natural scenery, simply and sincerely conveyed in the forms of verse generally employed. The sonnets have the place of honor in the little collection, and some of them are excellent. Here is one of them:

To H. S. Davidson.  
"Ain't down cold out" O' old,  
So wrote the Roman. 'Tis a noble thought,  
And true as noble: 'Tis has been my lot  
To tell upon this earth, so grand and cold,  
The glow divine true friendship, doth unfold,  
Fast friends were we in childhood's golden time,  
Fast friends while youth was budding to the prime  
Of manhood, and no cloud hath ever rolled  
Of enmity between us. Generous heart,  
A Christian kindness and a spirit pure,  
An energy that ever gains its end,  
Will strong, a mind wherein no trifling part  
Of genius hath its dwelling-place secure,  
These are the proud possession of my friend.

These "Lines written on seeing a Very Pretty Little Dead and Dumb Girl in the Train," are of the best:

Sweet child with fairy form and angel face,  
I see thy dark eyes flash on all around,  
With keen inquiry; then, new interest found,  
Thy glance is turned upon the dying trace  
Of ever varying landscapes as they race  
With swift retreat beyond the vision's bound.  
Intense thy gaze and thy delight profound,  
But ah!—those sweet lips may not part to praise,  
Sunshine is for thee, and the flowers bloom  
In ever gorgeous tint to please thy sight;  
Brooks, woods and fields, moons, stars and azure sky

Can charm, but Nature's voices all are dumb:  
For thee no song birds warble, day and night  
One deathless silence hold, tongueless the years  
Roll by.

We should like to quote "A Character" which is one of the best, and "From Partridge Island, which is a good sketch of local scenery, but we must forbear. We quote one of the lyrics:

To the Gaspareaux.  
Happy stream that ever flows west,  
Singing ever,  
Many a secret sweet thou knowest,  
Thou wilt never  
Tell to man, but tell it only  
To the sea,  
Or the stars, that watching lonely,  
Smile on thee.  
Dusky lovers roamed beside thee  
In old time,  
Blood of dusky warriors dyed thee  
In thy prim.  
Scenes, as checked as the sun ray  
On thy breast,  
Sweep thy memory many a one,  
Fond unrest,  
Happy stream that ever flows west,  
Singing ever,  
Many a secret tale thou knowest  
Thou wilt never  
Tell to man, but tell it only  
To the sea,  
Or the stars that, watching lonely,  
Smile on thee.

We trust that Mr. Blackadder may still have space wherein to solace himself and others with a gift of verse so pure and genuine. PATERFERNI.

A Jewellery Store By Mail.

This is literally what you get in the 25 page catalogue of Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, Jewellers Montreal. Entitled "Bright Things for Christmas." The handsome illustrations give a perfect idea of the goods which are selections from their stock, more particularly suited for holiday gifts and rare from the Sterling Silver novelty at 20 cents to single articles of jewelry worth \$175.00 and in our opinion one can actually make a better choice from a deliberate perusal of the work than from a visit of several hours to a crowded jewelry store.

Xmas shoppers should write for this booklet, which is sent free on application to Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, Phillips Square, Montreal. Kindly mention this paper.

Catching the Captain.

The captain of a certain large sailing vessel is probably the most polite officer in the whole mercantile service. He has, however, a great idea of his importance, and loses no opportunity of impressing it upon his crew. In particular, he insists upon being addressed as "sir" by every one on board. One day a new hand joined the ship, and a short time after leaving harbor, being a seasoned old salt, he was entrusted with the wheel. The captain came up and put the usual question:

"How's her head?"  
"Nor-by-east," answered the old tar, very gruffly.  
"My man," suavely answered the captain, "on this craft, when one of the crew speaks to me, he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you might do so, too? Now, how's her head?"  
"Nor-by-east, I tell yer," shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.  
"I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the captain, good-humoredly. "Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then do you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered." They accordingly changed places.

"Ow's her 'ead?" roared the tar.  
"Nor-by-east, sir," replied the captain, with emphasis on the sir.

"Then keep her so, my man, whilst I goes forrard and has a smoke," was the startling rejoinder from the old reprobate, who calmly commenced to suit the action to the word.

For the first time on record the captain lost his temper.—Tit-Bits.

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Things True and Strange in the Domain of Nature and Mechanical Art.

Growers of orchids have noticed that the presence of ants seem in some mysterious way to promote the health of the plants. It has been suggested that the stings of the ants may give protection against enemies, but late investigations have led Mr. J. H. Hart, of Trinidad, to conclude that the chief benefit conferred by the ants is that of providing the mycelium of a fungus to cover the roots of the plant, which is thus enabled to take up food otherwise unattainable. The ants may act as protectors as well, but it appears almost certain that the fungus growing in the material accumulated around the roots serves the much more important purpose of feeding the plant.

A five-horse-power Laval turbine in the works of a Paris gas company is kept at work throughout the entire 24 hours, and 3600 hours without a stop. The velocity of the circumference being 160 meters per second, the total distance travelled by it had been about 1,900,000 miles, or 78 times the distance round the earth. In 150 days it had travelled without a stop 53 times the distance round the earth! This is made the more remarkable by the fact that the only attention given to the motor was the filling of an automatic oiler once in every twelve hours.

The solar eclipse of Aug. 8, 1896, will be best observed from elevated points near Vadsø, Norway. The central line of totality passes over the southern part of this town, and here the duration of totality will reach the maximum—somewhat over 1 minute 41 seconds. The sun's altitude will be about 14½°. A steamship of 4000 tons will leave London July 21, touch at intermediate points usually visited, remain at Vadsø from August 8 to 10, and reach London August 17, on its return.

A prize of 12,000 marks has been offered by the German Hygienic Association for a paper on the efficiency of electric heaters.

Instances in which copper workers have had their hair tinged with green have been long known. In a recent case, brought to the notice of the physicians of John Hopkins Hospital by Dr. Oppenheimer, a man of 58, who had worked for ten years exposed to very fine copper oxide dust, not only had the hair of his head and his mustache colored a pale but distinct green, but the coloration had extended to the hair all over his body. Under the microscope the hair was found to be uniformly colored, the presence of copper being demonstrated chemically. At the time the man was seen he was suffering with vague gastric symptoms, without any signs of pulmonary disease, but two years later he died with a severe cough. It has been the usual experience that the mustache is the first to be colored by copper dust, then the head, but that the latter remains unaffected when protected by a thick cap. Fine underwear of copper workers, however, is sometimes given a greenish tinge by perspiration.

It has been mentioned that the great avalanche of Gemmi Pass, which a few weeks ago buried a square mile of a Swiss valley beneath three feet of rock and ice, brought down only half as much debris as the rock fall of Elm in 1881. But Heim has traced a much greater Swiss landslide, which probably dates as far back as the glacial period. The loose material now obstructs the valley of the Linth, four miles south of the village of Glarus, and the scar left by the fall is traceable on the lofty slope about two miles to the west. The greatest thickness of the deposit is about 200 yards, the original volume being estimated at 80 times that of the Elm landslide. About a fourth of the material has now been washed away by the Linth in cutting through the obstruction—a work that the river might have accomplished in 4000 or 5000 years.

The importance of angle-worms in agriculture has been demonstrated by Prof. Wolny, of Munich. Peas, beans, potatoes, and other vegetables were grown in wooden boxes, with and without worms, and in every case the presence of the worms gave an increase of crop, varying from 25 per cent in the peas to 91 per cent in the rye.

Of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forest near Moscow 302 were white poplars. The planting of these trees as protectors against lightning is therefore recommended to farmers.

The truth of the old adage that an hour of sleep before midnight is worth two hours after midnight is questioned by Dr. E. P. Colby who states that he made some study of the subject while in naval service during the Rebellion. The ship's company on shipboard—officers and men alike—stand four-hour watches day and night, with the interpolation of a dog watch of two hours to change the time of each set of men on successive days. These men are obliged to get their required sleep very irregularly but in more than two years of observation Dr. Colby could never discover that the officers and men were not as fully refreshed

by their sleep as were the medical and pay officers, who stand no watch, and have hours as regular as those of any household. In the varied industries of our cities, where many workers are employed at night and must sleep by day, further evidence could doubtless be found that the time when sleep is obtained has not the influence upon health and longevity formerly attributed to it.

An old Newcome engine near Bristol, Eng., is perhaps the oldest steam engine now running. It seems to have been built about the year 1745, according to Engineering, and is still employed about five hours a day for pumping water from a coal pit. The cylinder is 5½ feet in diameter and the piston has a stroke of 6 feet. The engine has a beam 24 feet long and about 2 feet deep, built up of many oak beams trussed together, and works with a curious creaking noise. The total weight is about 5 tons. Steam is now taken from some boilers in a neighboring establishment, the pressure being reduced for this engine to 2½ pounds. The indicated horse power is only 52½. The old man who attends to the engine has driven it since he was a boy and his father and grandfather worked it before him.

The unique railway through the English Channel from Brighton to Rottingdean is to be opened about Easter. It is 4 miles long, consisting of two pairs of rails, with a total gauge of 18, which are laid on the beach near low water mark, and are submerged most of the 24 hours. The deck of the car measures 46 by 22 feet. It is supported at a height of 25 feet by four 12-inch steel tubes, each mounted on a four-wheeled bogie, the leading bogies being driven by vertical shafts inside the tubes. Current for the electric motors will be supplied by the trolley system.

## PETER COOPER'S LIFE.

The Lesson From the Story of a Great Man who Began Life a Poor Boy.

The fifth child in a family of nine, unable to attend school but for one year in his life, and then only every other day, Peter Cooper began his career of labor when he was eight years old. As his father was a hatter, the child pulled the hair from rabbit skins for hat pulp. He learned to make shoes for the whole family by ripping up an old sole to see how it was made.

When 17 he started for New York to make his fortune, if possible. He saw an advertisement of a lottery, and having carefully saved \$10, he invested all and lost all. He said: "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought." For he never touched a game or chance afterward.

Day after day he walked the streets of the great city seeking work. Finally he found himself as an apprentice to a carriage-maker, for his board and 50 cents a week for five years.

He spent all his evenings in reading and from his pittance hired a teacher to whom he recited. He used to say to them:

"If I ever get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free."

After his apprenticeship Peter worked in a woolen mill at Hempstead, Long Island, at \$4 a week. Here he invented a shearing machine, from which he made \$500 in two years.

With such a large sum as this, he could not rest until he had gone home to see his mother. He found her and his father full of trouble on account of poverty and debt's. Peter at once gave them the whole \$500, and promised to meet some notes which his father had given.

Soon after this he opened a little grocery store in New York, and then bought an old glue factory. For thirty years he carried on this business almost alone. He rose at daylight, kindled his factory fires, made his glue in the forenoon, and sold it during the afternoons. He continued to work thus when his income had reached \$30,000 a year.

He built a rolling mill and furnace in Baltimore. Only thirteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were then completed, and the directors were about to give up the work. Mr. Cooper needed the road in connection with his rolling mill. He at once made the first locomotive ever constructed in America, and helped to carry forward the enterprise. He erected at Trenton, N. J., the largest rolling mill in the United States, a large blast furnace in Pennsylvania, and steel and wire works in various parts of the state.

Mr. Cooper said to a friend who was interested in the Trenton works: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly, which seems to me something wrong. Every-

## Where Is He Going?

Gentle reader, he is hurrying home. And it's house-cleaning time, too—think of that!

Fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have done it. Just at this time, he'd be "taking to the woods."

But now, things are different. His house is cleaned with Pearline. That makes house-cleaning easy.

Easy for those who do it—easy for those who have it done.

No hard work, no wear and tear, no turmoil and confusion, no time wasted, no tired women, no homeless men.

Everything's done smoothly, quickly, quietly, and easily. Try it and see.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. 331 JAMES PYLE, New York.



## Personal Beauty...

Is a passport to good society.

## Perfect Teeth...

Are conducive to a pleasing appearance.

## Odorama...

The Perfect Tooth Powder.

SWEETENS THE BREATH, STRENGTHENS THE GUMS, CLEANSSES THE TEETH AND PRESERVES THEM PERMANENTLY.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST,

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT, AND TAKE NO OTHER. IT'S NAME IS

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Aroma Chemical Co. A NEW THING IN CANADA, ALTHOUGH POPULAR ABROAD. TORONTO. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

body has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast. It is not right." The price was at once reduced.

He had been working forty years to earn money for his free college for the poor. For five years he watched the erection of the six-story, brown stone building, at the corner of Eighth street and Fourth avenue, now called Cooper Institute. Boys and girls were eager to learn, as he had believed they would be if they had the opportunity. Four thousand came to the night schools. Two thousand came each Saturday night to hear lectures. A half million came annually to read in the library and free reading-room.

Mr. Cooper's last act was to buy ten type-writing machines for the girls in the department of telegraphy. Over forty thousand young men and women have gone out from Cooper Institute to earn an honorable living.

The poor, self-educated boy became president of the telegraph companies, one of the fathers of the Atlantic cable, and the nominee for President of the United States by the National Independent party in 1876. He died as he had lived, the unostentatious, honest, noble friend of the poor and the unfortunate. Just before he died he said: "I seem to hear my mother calling me, as she used to do when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed time!'"—Sarah K. Bolton.

## Swearing in the Navy.

How the army swore in Flanders is historic and the profanity of some old salts of high rank in the United States navy is proverbial throughout the service. Once a month, at muster on a Sunday, when the articles of war are read, the youngsters grin to hear the eloquent denunciation of profane swearing as conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. The younger men of commanding rank are less given to strange oaths than a few crusty old fellows some grades higher. A subordinate now and then surprises such a superior by making complaint to the department touching specific instances of the habit, but even a reprimand from the highest source cannot break up the manners of a lifetime, and nobody expects permanent amendment in the case of men forty years in the service.

There are amazing stories of the language commonly used by grizzled heroes, often with a wife and a family of daughters is famous for his seemingly inadvertent lapses into the most sulphurous oaths at his own table and in the presence of guests. The stranger first hearing it catches his breath with astonishment, but the ladies have learned to hear without seeming to understand. As these outbursts occur in the old gentleman's blandest moments they come with the additional shock of the unexpected.

There is a story in the service of the way in which a renowned Admiral received a young officer's suit for the hand of the old sea dog's daughter. Just what the old gentleman said may not be set down here, but it was a brutally profane and insulting outburst. The youngster had tact fitted to the occasion; for, instead of flinching or speaking the old man fair, he replied with equal profanity, and won his future father-in-law's heart and consent in the same instant.—New York Sun.

## Paper Material.

Patents have been taken out for the manufacture of paper from a very great variety of substances, among them being

acacia, althea, aloe, artichoke, asparagus, aspen, bamboo, banana skin, basswood, bean vines, blue grass, broom corn, buckwheat straw, bullrushes, cane, cattail, cedar, China grass, clover, clematis, corn husks, cotton, couch grass, cork, elder, elm, esparto grass, ferns, fir, flags, flax, grapevine, grasses, hemp, hop, chestnut, indigo, jute, mulberry bark, oak, oskum, oat straw, palm, palmetto, pampas grass, papyrus, pea, palm, plantain, poplar, potato, rags, reeds, rice straw, rope, sedge grass, rye, silk, sorghum, spruce, thistles, tobacco, wheat straw, waste paper, willow, and wool.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Cause for Penitence.

"I'm sorry now, mamma," sobbed Bobby, "that I stole those apples."  
"Oh, yes," said his mother: "your conscience hurts you, does it?"  
"No," returned Bobby; "it's my stomach that hurts."

## It Was a Home Made.

"I ate a piece of pie for supper last night."  
"How did you feel when you awoke this morning?"  
"I haven't been to sleep yet."

Cashmere shawls are much cheaper than some years back, but there are many worn by British ladies of rank and fashion that have cost £500 to £1,000.

"77"

FOR

COLDS

## The Master Remedy

Master is an old-fashioned word, not much relished or used in these days of freedom, but it is the only term that fully distinguishes "77" for Colds, from the mass of cough mixtures which are charged to the danger-point with Squills or Tartar emetic, to sicken the stomach; or Laudanum to produce drowsiness, and possibly lead to the Opium habit.

Avoid these dangers by using "77." It is entirely harmless, and cures, not by drugging, but by acting directly through the capillaries and nerve centres. The pellets are hardly dissolved upon the tongue before the cure commences.

## "77" FOR CRIP.

Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever, and prevents Pneumonia.  
"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "hangs on."

Dr. Humphreys puts up a Specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is sent free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets—fits your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c., or five for \$1.00, Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. Be sure to get

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