treas

## NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PLEA FOR A MONUMENT IN HONOR OF JOSEPH HOWE.

What That Statesman Thought Was a Duty in Regard to Men of Not-Review of Late Drama of Indian Life-Rebuke of One who Berates Americans.

If any one shall object to the erection of a statue of some representative son of his country, that it is more judicious or benevolent to expend the necessary amount of money, labor and talent in the erection of a church, or a hospital-let him be asked: How much will you give toward the church or the hospital? If the claims of the religious or eleemosynary edifice are to be balanced against those of the artistic structure for commemoration, it may be urged: This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone. At least, it is not necessary in doing the one to leave the other undone, as the objector

of the would imply. There is a moral, as well as the supersn intellectual and national significance in nanner of ie existence of a great work of art, computed to norative of some heroic deed and the out all the s, or some man, at once the pride and e hangs thile of his fellows, be he poet, or tradition, o'n, or warrior, or reformer. The endering th ho put before us the faces of ish boys standing in front of lebrated tit of Nelson in St. Pauls, East in 167est the extent of that moral many meaches all of us. We

to the temulation; we have the thror'e gratitude toward those The su, in their heart of hearts, s obscded us by their powers, r, Nacusry of their genius; we d carriride in them, when they of doll) w regard for whom it is a helps us, does good to us. es werdon, is it not partly because ble to beyis there? Would Edinels of Eo attractive to us without this set Sir Walter Scott? When gers would distinguish an

is one d'a Dante's stone? When as 78712 of Schiller or Burns, nt of a V's leafy nook suddenly Jehan, fi not the snowy grace herited it, a sudden thrill to tting to 2 qually with Wordsds. For he sentiments and dary was deep for tears?" arly lost Joseph Howe, it to ha and patriotic

to have ay a, one of that a ahabharata.ic exirtues of those ce to the state; s, some rude cairn the warrior whose incil-whose arm in d such memorials are f value to the living. ly the history of their

which grace its surface; which their forefathers J'ed obligation to record. a n of all sides will agree information, unbending inrerence to what he believed As ever more deservingly disthlate Herbert Huntington. To is to slip out of our ranks withde his services or a word to his anche creditable to this house, nor oh-be very encouraging to the risispu country. Let us place over ns, then, some tribute or his liam try he served stamp her approeceanere his body moulders. There ore, proposition, but if this is the

agdo, last." the our feeling, (and we have hild imes, as best we could, con, feeling to others,) that Quealifax there should be or. thy the genius and servisit uttered the foregoing that should be a work of real e in part, at least, the gift of of Nova Scotia. It is, thereratification to learn that, on this writing, Dec. 13th,-the ninety-first versary of the great publicist's birth,-

formed; let an appeal be made to the Sons | manner in which he makes "the poor Inof Acadia, at home and abroad, and to all Canadians. We believe there will be a It is from Act II, scene IV. where Anum-

est interest. It the movement shall not be promptly and enthusiastically supported, and carried to a successful issue, we will be disappointed.

The article in The Week of Dec 6th, entitled "A Comparison: An epistle to the Canadian people by an New York journ list," is a curiously interesting instance of indiscriminate generalization. It is evidently written with the view to give Canadian people that high conception of themselves and their heritage, which doubtless they ought to hold; yet no interest can be permanently served by anything short

parallel, in his comparison of Dryden and Pope; for he outdoes it, in carefully balanced statement. Here is some of this reckless generalization in which he

... Canacians are abstemious and simple in their habits. . . Now look at the Americans. They are sybaritic, nervous, have a dislike to violent athletic exercise, etc. . . Canadians love learning for its own sake. They generally leave school with a fair amount of knowledge... The Americans leave chool-pardon! they graduate from a kindergarten -with plenty of "degrees" and "certificates," but with little knowledge, etc. . . A Canadian is interested in his work for its own sake. He is patient, plodding and trustworthy down to detail. . . An gaid to do, and thinks his employer a tool if he does not watch the employed . . . A Canadian will tell you candidly that he has received this or that idea from ome other man. An American steals the brainwork of foreigners, and calls the process "adaptation." Canadians . . . admire the progress of other nations, and, while emulating them, give honor where honor is due. Americans, with a narrowness equalled by the Chinese only, insis: upon being told that they are superior to all other nations in everything, and would rather be deceived than hear | And when the month of falling leaves inpleasant truths. The Canadians are, beyond all doubt a soldierly race. They are quiet, sober, and amenable with regard to discipline. . . The Americans are unreliable, impatient, unwilling to obey.

All of which, with more we have not space to quote, is to say, -or s the next thing to saying-that all the shirks, quacks, sybarites, rogues and fools are on one side of the line, and all the capable, honorable, sincere and well developed people on the other ; - a condition of things we believe never to have existed, snd we expect never to exist. Let who will take this as a corret showing of the national characteristics of the respective people's, we have something better to believe and to declare. It is, that the truest friend of Canada is the man who, with the most ter esten, and anything done by patriotic spirit, is not too purblind to perceive what is excellent in our powerful neighbor over the way; who aims to cultivate a sentiment of mutual respect and sympathy; and who would reject with scorn the mean temptation to defame another, even for alleged patriotic purpose. If this writer had his home in Ontario or liamono by a Santa Cruce, a New Brunswick, his case were bad enough; but, as a citizen of New York, and a in its present state, only a suggestion. s the (al Park, you suddenly journalist, it is worse. We think better of think of just men the most. "Fair play is a ewel," and honor where honor is due,"

A few evenings ago we had Irving's "SketchK ook" recalled as we turned over the leaves of a new drama-new to usentitled "Philip of Pokanoket," and we wondered whether this writer should prove a sharer of the gentle Gothamite's laurels. or a gatherer of his own; showing himself as great in verse, as his predecessor in prose, when he has chosen the same subject. Mr. Alfrede Antoino Furman is not without poetic talent and he is doubtless an enthusiast with respect to Indian lore; yet an Indian Drama-or a drama of any sort in verse-is a large undertaking. where even a measure of success is commendable. To have fallen considerably short of artistic completeness, may yet leave a work of this sort entitled respectful consideration. We have for years been familiar with "Tecumseh" of Mr. Charles Mair, and indulgently hoped to place beside it on the shelf as a worthy companion. But though the story is stirringly told, and of equal interest, we do not think the verse as well wrought. There is a manly directness, a noble propriety of utterance that is generally missing here. The style is two ornate and sometimes the | py New Year. style seems affected and tawdry. Yet there is something to praise. We find moving before us an assemblage of characters that give the impression of life and who are engaged with stirring events. The descriptions of locality character and scenery are sometimes good; there is a very successful marshalling of his characters and arrangement of decails in the story, with all the outline of and material for a successful drama. There is much spirit and martial eclat, and there is evinced a good degree of historical imagination. It is a pity that the work could not have been done by a pen more chastened and restrained. Mr. upy a position of advantage, Furman is aware that there is such a thing as "large utterance" and he has imbibed from the earlier dramatists; but much is required of him who would emulate Shakespeare in the manner of his speech; and the most riant gere is to be held, in his natal city, a mass | nius must come somewhere within the eeting, with a view to popular movement | bounds of good taste and good judgment. Yet the reader who must protest may Let an active society for this purpose be still read. This is a fair specimen of the dian" of "untutored mind," utter himself.

pash is trying to describe to Wenonah the We shall watch the result with the keen- appearance of her pale-face lover, Church Wenonah-The pale-face chief of Aquidneck-Thou knowest him?

> Rugged be is, and tall, As oak to forest trees. Wenonah- Thou dost describe him well. He hath an eve In which the gloomy light of midnight waves Welters; a brow whereon command doth sit;

> And at his will no passion ever tugs, His fortune did outscowl The eye of death; amid the balls that hailed Their crimson storm, the bounty of the skies

Stood sentry to his life. Again, Wenonah exclaims:

In silence' cell, but saddle it with words Of golden sound, and spur them in mine ear.

How fine and native would these words of the truth; and justice to ourselves is, in have sounded, from lips of "ye bronzed salthe long run, justice to our neighbors. We vage," on the boards of Globe Theatre, in should think the writer of this article had the year of grace, 1621! Mr. Furman is Scott's-imitations do not cure.

just been studying Johnson's celebrated not destitute of poetical power, but he might learn to bridle his pegasus, and hold the rein firmly in hand. Some of the lyrical parts, such as "The Corn Song," may be pleasurably quoted, as indicating a measure of real poetic success: When from the cave of winter creeps

The month of leaves, and joyful leaps Nature at her new birth, We plant thee in the mellow earth, Mondamin!

The gentle dews sleep on thy bed; And when thou liftst thy silken head To bathe in tides of day, Suns in pure gold thy limbs array Mondamin!

When wave thy green plumes in the air, She, fa med among the tribe most fair, Clothed in her naked charms. Weaves spells to guard thy life from harms, Mondamin!

At midnight hour she draws around Circles of magic on the ground. Wherein no mildew blight, Hath power to pass, nor raven's flight, Mondamin!

Trees of their heritage bereaves, Maidens and young men strip The armor from thy golden hip, Mondamin!

Armor and spear to keep at bay Death and his squadrons of decay, While howls the winter wind No friend like these shall red men find, Mondamin!

When Sachem and Squaw would craek a joke, this is how they are supposed to do it. Anxiety and peril give point doubtless. Wenonah is trying to sound Samponcut as to the fate of her pale-face lover. We cannot but think that think these copper-colored geniuses the precusors of Thomas Hood, and the ilk of punsters:

First tell me, Sachemess, Why woman in her life the wide blue sea

Wenonvh: Because her heart is full of treasures. Somponeut: No reason there, Wenonah; try

Somponeut: Because it is Laden with craft

Would that Mr. Furman could have patience to rewrite his drama, and accomplish that possibility of which his work is,

We have a passion for Anthologies, and only the inconvenience of poverty limits their number on our shelves. The last placed there is one of the richest. Stedman's Victorian collection pleases from the multitude of minor pieces that have the true ring and glow of poetry. We should argue from Mr. Stedman's showing that in the production of good verse, Canada takes the lead of all the colonies. India and South Africa have nothing worth having. There are chosen of the Australian choir only eighteen names, and several of them are reckoned among the British poets; while of the Canadian we have over twenty names, and some that are widely known. and near the first rank, do not appear at all. There remain Charles Sangster, John Reade, Agnes Maule Machar, George Martin, Alexander McLachlan, William Wye Smith, John T. L'Esperance, Arthur Wentworth Eaton, Helen Fairbairn, William Kirby, Sarah A. Curzon Annie Rothwell, H. R. A. Pocock, Joseph Howe, Barry Straton, and others, -enough to make a complete and interesting collection in themselves. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whom we clain, is reckoned among the Irish lyrists in Mr. Stedman's collection.

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a hap-

While the Boiler Maker Called.

"Do you know," said Mr. Grateber, 'that for a long time I couldn't imagine what brought our neighbor, Mr. Anthony Hammerby was a retired boiler maker. He had been a journeyman boiler maker and then a boss; and having made a modest fortune he had retired to enjoy it. He lived only two or three doors from us, and he used to come in often evenings. He seemed particularly to like to hear the children play on the piano, and if they didn't play he would always ask to have them. I used to wonder at this, because I never had any idea that Mr. Hammerby was especially fond of music, and one day I asked him about it. " 'Well, you see,' said Mr. Hammerby,

'I suppose that every man has a teeling of affection for the trade or profession that he was brought up in. I know that I have that feeling for my own, and when I hear your children play duets on the piano with the hard pedal on all the time, it makes me think of the dear old boiler factory.

## WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

One to whom a night's rest was unknown.

Strength and good healt's restored

I was subject to frequent attacks of nervousness that seemed to sap all my vitality and leave me in a state of we kness and misery. I could not relish tood and such a thing as a good night's rest was unknown. Incapable of any exertion and with an ever present tired and despondent feeling Medicines that I took did not do any good it was a case of gradually becoming weaker and weaker. Hearing of Scott's Sarsaparilla and its success with similar cases to mine. I used it, and from the first few doses began to get better, appethe returned, got natural and refreshing sleep. I grew stronger, in fact life seemed to be fanned into activity,-Lottie Graham, 174 Craw-

ford Street, Toronto. For any weakness of the nerves, pale and sallow complexion, loss of appetite use the best blood and nerve remedy extant, Scott's Sarsaparilla. Insist on getting

## CATS LIVE AT A HOTEL. THE CONVENIENCES FOR STRAY

PHILADELPHIA FELINES.

Home Comforts Supplied Them and Guests Without Baggage Not Required to Pay in Advance-The Good Work Done by the

Refuge Association. A boarding house where the motto is "Eat, drink, and be merry," whose boarders never annoy the landlady with complaints about the monotony of the bill of fare or the toughness of the steak, would seem to be a model institution. Such a one is conducted at 1,242 Lombard street, and its seventeen boarders are free from care, says the Philadelphia Record. They possess no wordly goods, never think of working for a living, care not and know not about the regularity with which their board bills are paid, and pass their evenings sociably in the exercise of a natural musical talent. The house is under the supervision of the Morris Refuge Association, which provides meals and lodgings for cats of good moral character at nomin-

al rates, and puts homeless, sick, or suffer-

ing felines out of the way humanely.

The Lombard street, house of the association is fitted up with a view to supplying its inmates with all the comforts of home. The greater part of the yard is utilized as a playground, from which a stairway leads to a second-story room, the walls of which are fitted with shelves, where the purring creatures may recline at ease. In summer, when many families remove to the country or the shore, and find it inconvenient to carry the highly prized mouser, that animal is sent around to the Morris Refuge Association, where it is cared for at a charge of 50 cents a week. Last summer the accommodations of the house were taxed to the utmost, the daily attendance at dinner often reaching one hundred.

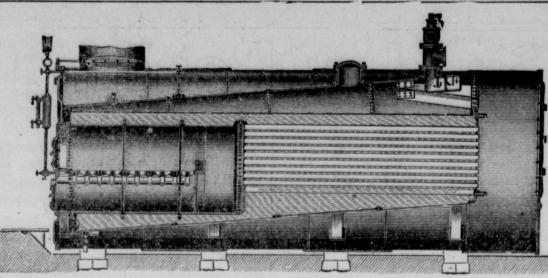
"Little Goldie" is the star boarder. The property of a Fourth street saloon keeper, Goldie seems to think that, in view of his age, weight and attainments, he is entitled to the respect and admiration of all of his race. Little Goldie has twenty-seven years of more or less honorable life to his credit, weighs about twenty pounds, and is ever prepared to maintain his assertion, that he is twice as big as any cat in the house. At meal hours it is his prerogative as star boarder, to have a dish all to himself. He is, moreover, extremely jealous of any attention bestowed upon the minor satellites who do him reverence, and if a visitor carresses or makes friends with another cat in Little Goldie's presence the latter's behavior toward the favored feline says almost as plainly as words: "I'll thrash you before morning." And he never fails to carry out his threat.

Little Goldie has a portege in Limpie, a cat with a history. Limple is a natural curiosity, having been born with but three legs, and no sign of a limb is discernible where the fourth one ought to be. This phenomenal cat was the property of a woman in poor circumstances, who "brought him up by hand" until she could no longer afford the luxury of keeping a cat, and who therefore placed him as a charity boarder at the Morris Refuge. The other boarders are apt to look down on Limpie as a "charity cat," "almshouse sport," and the like; but it is generally understood, that he is under the direct protection of Little Goldie, whose anger is not to be lightly brooked.

Perhaps the most aptly named of the strange tribe is a six-months-old Maltese. answering to the name of "Dunraven." Suffering from some mysterious distemper, he holds aloot from the others for hours at a time an apparently friendly tiff with a playmate, and he cannot be induced to eat anything, no matter how tempting, while he is "in the sulks." Young as he is, Dunraven has already won distinction a mouser, and boards at the expense of a wealthy woman, who sent him to the asylum to have his temperament improved.

Agent Philip J. Smith is in charge of the refuge, and all the boarders look upon him almost as a father. He ministers to all their wants, and is fairly worshipped because he serves three meals a day, at regular hours. The diet is plain, but undoubtedly inutritious: Breakfast at 7 a. m., bread and milk; dinner at noon, raw beef, and supper at 4:30 P. M, bread and milk. Although seventeen felines now play in the back vard and slide upon the cellar door. covers are but laid for twelve. Little Goldie, Limpre, Dunraven and a few others of the priveleged class eat from "individuals," and permit no intruders to feed from the same dish. The others, forming in cliques of two or three, eat from the remaining pans, and at meal hours they form a polite and orderly assemblage.

amuse themselves with "pussy-in-the-corputs to death between thirty and fifty small animals of various kinds. Each day the association receives through the mail a number of requests to call at various addresses for animals-principally cats and dogs-which the owners desire to have put to death. Agent Smith collects the crop -ach day in a wagon, and on his return to the house only such animals as seem to These are temporarily boarded while an effort it made to find comtortable homes periment.



## ECONOMIC MONARCH **BOILERS**

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for them, and the others are humanely put to death by asphyxia'ion.

This daily flood of mail asking for the removal of cats includes many amusing epistles. Some are requests; others are

imperative demands. A sample of the former is appended verbatim: "Please call at above address for 2 very beautiful cats Mother and son or else I shall | boy was Bertie Enever, living with his be obligated to destroy them of which I do not wish to do-please call so quick as con-

venient and oblige a sick Lady.' Sometimes the agent who calls in restrange cats have been running around the back yard at night and is invited to go out and catch them. On a recent trip to a South street tenement, from one of the rooms of which a Celtic lodger had been evicted, the agent tound five large Newfoundland dogs, which had been left behind by the tenant. How the woman had existed in one small room with so much com-

Many valuable animals fall into the hands of the association. Not long ago three Persian cats, with beautiful long white hair, were sent there to be destroyed; but their owner was prevailed upon to let the association find homes for them. Last summer two Angora cats, weighing respectively twenty-eight and thirty pounds, were likewise spared, while dogs' monkeys, rabbits. goats, cats, and parrots are among the numbers put to death. The bodies of the victims are removed daily by a fertillzer company, and in winter the skins of cats and dogs are preserved and used in the manufacture of various articles. The derived from dog fat is said to be worth \$1 per quart.

Agent Smith said the otther day tha there is but one variety of cat which has never fallen into the hands of the association, and that is the tailess Manx cat from the Isle of Man. There are but few of these cats in this country, and there is a there were equally unsuccessful. They curious tradition explaining their presence. It is said that years ago a vessel which had touched on the Isle of Man and was bound for this port was wrecked just inside the breakwater, and that some of the Manx cats which the sailors were bringing home managed to get ashore. In substantiation of this it is said that in the vicinity of Lewis, Del., is the only place in the country where the peculiar breed is found.

Since the advent of the trolly car, the number of maimed animals handled by the association has greatly increased. The agent carries with him in a wagon a tightly woven cloth bag and a bottle of chloroform. When he picks up a suffering animal which should be relieved of its pain at once, the cripple is placed in the bag with a handful of rags saturated with the chloroform, and all is over in less than a minute. Last year the Morris Refuge Association handled over 23,000 cases.

Frogs for Iceland.

One hundred frogs, taken from the marshes near Berlin, have been imported into Iceland, where these animals are unknown. Certain portions of the island are infested by swarms of gnats and flies and these frogs were imported to do away with the plague. The inhabitants near Lake Myvatn (meaning Mosquito water), must wear wire nets over the face and hands to protect themselves from the painful stings of the gnats. A Danish physician Dr. Ehlers, was the first to propose the | statement if you like; Yours truly (signed) importation of frogs, since reptiles were absolutely unknown in Iceland. The enamuse themselves with "pussy-in-the-corner" and kindred games between meals, they are unaware that an innocent-looking charcoal furnace in the same yard daily intruders, being evidently frightened at the that could swim.

A shepherd at Chambery, Savoy, employs a horse instead of a dog to keep the herd together. The horse understands the orders given him, and carries them out on the brain and nervous system. The as intelligently as the best trained dog.

One thousand Egyptain quais have been

ONE MOTHER AND HER BOY.

A MOTHER 'says this of her boy :- "At certain times he would throw himself vbout and shriek for hours together."

We have no reason whatever for doubting the truth of her statement. Indeed the case has been impartially inquired into and tourd to be one of marked interest. The parents at 16, Nairn Street, Poplar, London. He had always been in apparent good health up to February of last year 1892. At that time he began to have sponse to a request is informed that spells of sickness, vomiting what his mother speaks of as "a nauseous green fluid." This was followed by diarrhæ1, his motions

being of a most offensive character. The peculiarity of the diarrhæ; was its persistency; it was almost incessant, and no effect to stop it had any good result. The poor little fellow lost flesh rapidly, of course; very much as though he were perishing of what is called galloping consumption, which often terminates tatally in five or six weeks, and usually chooses its victims among young persons. He got little sleep, and at times was in great agony and acted as if in fits and convulsions. He would then scream for hours to-

gether, as his mother declares. Terrified at this, his mother took him to a doctor, who treated him for some time but without lessening or changing the mysterious malady to any degree. Subsequently two other doctors in succession took charge of the case, without affecting the slightest improvement in these alarming symptoms. The boy grew worse indeed, and it was clear that unless relief were obtained. the little fellow's life would, at most, be worth only a few months' pur-

In July (1892). Mrs. Enever got a letter of recommendation, and took Bertie to Shadwell Hospital, where he was under treatment for three months. The doctors said he had consumption of the bowels, and was incurable; and advised the anxious mother to get a doctor to attend the boy at his own home.

The remainder of the history of the case is perhaps best stated in Mrs. Enever's written memorandum under date of April 15th, 1893. She says:—"I procured the services of a local physician, as the Hospital doctors advised me to do; but he only endorsed what the others had said, and further told me that my boy could not last many days longer, and that medicine was of no use. He was now nothing more than a living skeleton, the bones of his spine and ribs looking as though they must break through the skin. We had to lift him up on a sheet and give him brandy every two hours. We now abandon all hope of his recovery, and having seen six doctors to no purpose, did not think it possible for him to get better.

"On the 12th October, I first heard of a medicine called Seigel's Sprup, through a pamphlet which was left at our house. I thought as a last resource I would try it. My husband got a bottle from Mr. Davis' Drug Stores in Commercial Road. After I had given Bertie this medicine for a few days the sickness and diarrhæa ceased, and he ate and digested food. Gradually he grew stronger and stronger, until he became quite plump and in the best of h Scores of neighbors have asked mad brought my child back to life. I tell them that Seigel's Syrup saved him after the doctors had failed. You may publish this

Harriett Enever." The reader (like ourselves), will be al-While the happy-go-lucky boarders | tire batrachian colony was set free near a | most as glad over this little boy's recovery warm spring in the environs of Reykjavik, as the fond mother and father. But what

Bertie Enever's real complaint was acute unwonted apparition of a jumping animal indigestion, with inflammation of the coat of the stomach; and torpid liver. The diarrhœa was nature's attempt to get rid of the poison (which may also have contained thread worms; and the spasms, or fits, were the result of the action of this poison wasting away necessarily followed the diarrher and the suspension of nutrition. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup removed be valuable and in good health are spared. | imported by a New York caterer, who has | the cause—the disease of the stomach—