

SOME CANADIAN BOOKS.

PATERFEX HAS A TALK ON POETS AND THEIR WORKS.

Kirby's Canadian Idyls and the Patriotic Ring to Them—Hunter Duvur's Annals of the Court of Oberon—LeMoines' Maple Leaves in a New Edition.

With some of Mr. Kirby's "Canadian Idyls" a thoughtful and sympathetic portion of the reading public in Canada have been long acquainted. The recent publication of the whole series in book form has occasioned some comment in the press (as it would be singular indeed, if they did not.) but nothing, it seems to us, commensurate with their worth, either from a historic or poetical standpoint. We object to the form in which these poems are presented to the public which betrays the report of an Agricultural society, but not a work of literature or art. But in the poems themselves, with some things to ensure we find much to commend and admire; while withal we have a very high regard for the man who is of such fibre and spirit as gives stamina and stable character to his adopted country. Mr. Kirby has poetry enough in him to give color to excellent prose, as we ascertain from his "Golden Dog," but he also frequently writes admirably in verse, as these Idyls testify, notwithstanding his tendency to diffuseness and his lapses into prose. The historic pride of Canada, has been expressed, by no Canadian writer more warmly; nor have various historic scenes, such as the plain of Niagara, been more accurately nor lovingly delineated. His is an eye and a soul with some of the light of morning in it. The glow of dawn, the calm of evening upon his landscape are made more attractive, by the presence of virtuous and lovely women and manly heroic sons and lovers. How finely he can describe let this passage from "The Queen's Birthday" attest. We have read it again and again with pleasure.

The sun was rising seaward of the point Of a low promontory thick with trees, While, like the sacred bush by Moses seen, Were all ablaze with unconsumed fire, A smooth horizon cut with clear divide The sky above it from the sea below, Each touching other save one spot of white Where stood a glistening sail, caught by the sun And held becalmed upon the distant verge, Landward the orchards were in bloom, the peach In red and pink, the apples white and red, While every bush, after its kind, in flower, Wrought once again the miracle of spring.

Such vignettes are not infrequent in these pages. These are touches that thrill, and that move us by their pathos. There are characters drawn we would wish at least might still be real and actual; and there are memories revived, in all of these Idyls, that every true Canadian will welcome and wish to cherish.

A success seems to have been scored in John Hunter Duvur's, "Annals of the court of Oberon" an attractive volume published by Digby and Long, of London, for it is already in its second edition. We believe it is not to be offered to the American public, but to the British who have not yet, (with all due respect to Shakespeare and his followers) scoffed the fairies away. This book of quaint beauty, has in it much to beguile the lover of the antique, who can enjoy a racy humor under the guise of fable or allegory. We venture to think the children will find an interest in these fantastic chronicles; but there is much here, by way of wise and wholesome suggestion, for children of a larger growth. He who takes it up will affirm that in this book Fairy land has a more than creditable historian, in that he has called on the most fanatical of the immortals to supply him with facts—Shelley among the number. The style is limpid, with here and there, a mild poetic tinge. The stories are engaging as such; but are to be taken as a criticism on current follies in a view by no mean caustic or bitter.

Mr. Stephen Crane is called "The Chatterton of to-day." Why? Because he commenced to write nonsense when he was sixteen? Because of his pessimistic precocity? Because he chooses, like Chatterton to be satirical and to have his fling at churches, as the "Bristol Bard" did at the methodists? We are unable to reason why. At eleven years Chatterton could write thus:

Almighty framer of the skies, O! let our pure devotion rise Like incense in thy sight; Wrap in impetrate shade The texture of our souls was made Till Thy command gave light.

This energetic, condensed expression is indeed marvellous in a child; to say nothing of the strength and music of the stanza. Chatterton hurried impatiently out of this life before he had reached his eighteenth birthday, but left behind him "Alta," the "Bristow Tragedy," "The Prophecy" and other poems that promised mastery in the wider range of English poetry than had been taken by any but the first of poets. This is how Mr. Crane writes. We do not know how old he is but his conceits are infantile. This is what he regards as poetry, and with it challenges public approval:

Two or three angels Came near a poet, They saw a fat church. Little black streams of people Came and went in continually; And the angels were puffed To know why the people went thus, And why they stayed so long thus.

This is, we believe, a whole poem! As

to its form, amorphous would be a word of large dimensions to apply to such a tit bit. The ignorant and curious angels may be taken to figure the less ignorant and credulous public, who are wondering why Mr. Crane should ever think it fit to print such a thing in a book, and call it poetry. The least of them who run and read might venture on a parody in this wise:

Two or three critics Came near a poet, They saw a fat book. There were found some foolish people Who read and said it was wonderful; And the critics were a puzzle To know if a piece is poetry, Because every line is printed in capitals.

Enough. Mr. Crane is the birth of an age of fads. Tomorrow will have to engage itself with some other folly.

A new series of the admirable papers by Mr. J. M. Le Moine, entitled "Maple Leaves," has for some months been before the Canadian people. Having read with much enjoyment the papers hitherto published under this general title, we are prepared to affirm that, according to our best judgement, these are of surpassing interest, by the greater variety of the subjects treated, and the mature style in which they are expressed, which continued practice always gives the careful writer. We have in this volume a prose pendant to Mr. Kirby's "Canadian Idyls;" for the papers contained therein (which are not in the manner of the dry-as-dust annalist, but are penetrated by a lively and genial humor, and fancy) are mainly on Canadian subject,—historical episode, folk-lore, romance, biography, and adventure. He gives us in this volume the articles on Canadian wildflowers, of which previous mention has been made in these columns. The lectures on Canadian ornithology, and on Edinburgh, Rouen and York, are among the most admirable of these papers. The work is dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen.

It may have been the misfortune of William Watson to be overpraised; consequently Mr. Henry A. Van Fredenburg is moved to tear his laurels in a criticism entitled "A Decadent Specimen." Even a critic should be modest, and for-bearing, and we will not ask the invidious question. Who is Van Fredenburg? for we have read some of his verses without fulmination; but we are here moved to challenge him to produce a sonnet of the quality and calibre of that from Watson which he criticises. It is this:

I think the immortal servants of mankind Who from their graves, watch by how slow degrees The world-soul grieves with the centuries, Mourn most man's barren levity of mind: The ear to no grave harmonies inclined, The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lies, The laugh mistimed in tragic presences, The eye to all majestic meanings blind, O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great, All truth being great to you: ye deemed man more Than a dull jest, God's enemy to amuse; The word, for you, held purport; Life ye wore Proudly as Kings their solemn robes of states; And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use. To this really elevated and noble strain Mr. Van Fredenburg applies such epithets as "rhythmic jangle," "hideously incoherent, illogical jumble" and the like censure more easy to allege than to justify. He fastens on the one questionable phrase of the sonnet—"God's enemy," which might be objected to on the ground of irreverence, but is quite intelligible. If God could have an hour of weariness, the poet thinks, these men (doubtless they exist, and are at the front) afflicted with a "barren levity of mind," might have been made by him for his amusement. Mr. Van Fredenburg seems to concern himself with the superficial of poetry. He, too, is the first we have known to assert that Mr. Watson's general style is slovenly; on the contrary that he is at his best scrupulously close and careful in his following of the classic models. Let Mr. Van Fredenburg carefully weigh "Wordsworth's Grave," "Lachrymæ Mausarum," "The Ocean of Man" and the "Vita Nuova," before barding his assertion that their author is "A Decadent specimen." Finer elegies are not now being produced than these, in our humble opinion.

The Messrs. Copeland and Day, of Boston, who have of late been the publisher's of Bliss Carman's verse, have issued his recent trolley on Robert Louis Stevenson, in a little booklet. If all the stanzas were as good as some it would be a memorable production; for Carman abounds in intrinsically poetical passages, while the total affect of his pieces is frequently uncertain and disappointing. PATERFEX.

Public Opinion.

Public opinion is generally not very far astray after all, for the simple reason that it is the result of experience and not theory. In the matter of drinking in hot weather it has been found that the most wholesome and refreshing beverage is "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice. It can be taken with plain water, aerated water, or claret and soda, in fact, a dash of "Montserrat" improves almost anything. It is pure, being the juice of ripe fruit, and is cheaper than lemons.

He Ate the Pie.

A Cockney of recent importation dropped into a restaurant in New York one day, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him, "Take this pie to the fire and eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

Delicate.

"Mister," said Reginald de Bumme to the man who looked as if he must be a college professor, "have you the price of a shave to spare?" "Why, what do you want with a shave?" "I didn't say I wanted a shave. I said I wanted the price of a shave. The price of a shave bein' 10 cents, and the price of

BOSTON, WAS CAPTURED.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR FOLK HAD A GREAT TIME.

Sixty Thousand Curious Strangers, Were in the City and the Most of Them Wore Badges—What They Did—The Canadian Contingent—No Place Like Boston.

Boston, July 16—The great Christian Endeavor convention is over, and any one who has not been in Boston during the past week can hardly realize what that means. It was the biggest and grandest affair of the kind ever held in this part of the country. While it lasted there were nearly 60,000 strangers in the city, every one of them wearing badges and coming from all parts of the country.

The meetings were mammoth affairs. Two great tents on the common seated 10,000 people each; there was accommodation for ten or fifteen thousand more in the Mechanic's Building and in each place a chorus of from 1000 to 2000 voices had seats behind the speakers. Meetings were held in the tents and the hall at the same hours daily, and they were crowded all the time. In fact there has been general complaint among Boston people that they were not able to attend the meetings. Nobody could get in who did not wear a Christian Endeavor badge and when the Endeavorers got in there was seldom any room for anybody else. So hundreds of Bostonians who went to the common and to the Mechanic's building had to go home again without hearing or seeing anything.

And they missed a grand sight. The big hall decorated beyond description, and filled from floor almost to roof with Endeavorers in holiday dress, all wearing badges; the two great tents so large that one could not recognize a friend in the rear, the great chorus platforms larger and seating more people than any ordinary hall,—all this had to be seen before one could realize the magnitude of the convention. Yet the tents and the building were only a part. The whole city was one big convention ground. The churches of Boston were all headquarters for the different state delegations, and meetings were held in every one of them. It seemed that no matter how many meetings were held, at one time there were always enough people to fill all the auditoriums.

I will not begin to tell just how many meetings were held, or what they were all about, but they were all interesting, and the singing was always a great feature. Many of the states had rallying songs or hymns of their own, and the delegates sang them on the electric, the streets, wherever they happened to be.

There was a large number at the convention, but the greater portion of them came from the upper provinces.

Some were too sensitive for anything. They made objection to so much talk about Bunker Hill and all that sort of thing, and yesterday when the delegates went on pilgrimages to historic places, the Canadian leader had to take more time than was necessary in explaining that the war of the revolution was all a mistake, and that the best of feeling existed between the United States and Canada.

The Canadians were loyal to their own country. Many of them wore little union jacks in their button holes, and out under the Washington elm yesterday their American cousins joined with them in singing God Save the Queen, which happened to be in the Endeavor hymn book. Then the two parties sang America which is set to the same tune.

Notwithstanding all this good feeling on the part of the Endeavorers there was hissing when the British message was given in one of the tents on the closing night.

The convention was a grand success in every way. The arrangements were the most complete of any that have ever been made for such an event. There wasn't a hitch anywhere, and the delegates had nothing but praise for Boston and Bostonians.

There is no other city in the United States like Boston. In no other city can anybody who has studied American history find so much of interest. Its historical points are without number and no matter where one goes the guide has a story to tell which never fails to hold the attention. And guides have been plentiful during the past week. Everything was thrown open to the visitors. Old burying grounds inside of which not one in a thousand of Boston citizens have ever set foot, were opened and crowded with sightseers all day long. So with the old churches, the old state house, everything in fact which was worth seeing.

Excursion trains have been going out of Boston all day today to points of interest in other parts of the state. Nearly 4000 people went down to Plymouth to walk over and kiss the famous rock. Thousands of others went to Salem to see where the witches were burned, thousands more will go to Concord and Lexington tomorrow and it is safe to say the Endeavorers will see everything before they go away. R. G. LARSEN.

a drink bein' 10 cents, the two phrases are practically synonymous, and I merely took the liberty of substituting one for the other for the sake of euphony. See?"

THE TERRORS OF DYSPYPSIA

A DISEASE THAT MAKES THE LIFE OF ITS VICTIMS ALMOST UN-BEARABLE.

A sufferer for years tells how She Obtained Relief—A Bright Ray of Hope for Those Similarly Affected.

The editor of the News, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well known firm of Stott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes I can give you a bright testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe that if they did not save my life, they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Stott & Jury informed the News that Pink Pills have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say that they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

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