

NOTCHES IN THE STICK

PATERFEX DISCUSSES WRITERS HERE AND THERE.

The Charm of Crockett—Value of the Study of History—Nicholson's Tribute to Burns—The Woman's Bible Folly—Hall Caine's Address at Ottawa.

Crockett "conveys the perfect charm" in one particular: he knows how to combine incident with description, human sentiment with a most exquisite feeling for nature, in such a way as to captivate his readers. He lives in the bracing atmosphere of out-of-doors,—the atmosphere of the Scotch hills and moors, and it is like drawing a deep draught of cooler air to get interested with his pages. He is not a great master of plot, but a loving and affectionate delineator of such character as one is willing to know. You are sure, though you were never there, that his Galloway folk and Galloway scenes are nothing fictitious, but life's true, peculiar and delightful. Laying down one of his books you feel very speedily like taking up another.

This is a time when public attention is to be turned to history. The historical passion has seized our scholars in all departments of learning, sacred and secular; and it is being felt how closely related the historical is to all the other sciences. The records of the past are to be deciphered more accurately, and read more generally. And what studies are more fascinating than history and biography? Take simply the history of England. What a long list of characters with which one ever desires to become more intimate: More, Sidney, Falkland, Milton, Cromwell, William of Orange, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Gladstone,—a strong and glorious company. Not merely the fortunes and the follies of kings; but the sufferings, struggles, triumphs of a great people,—our own progenitors and forefathers. We cannot say better to any student than this: Read history; read it with diligence; read it with zest and passion; read it to repletion; read it till you know the past and present of the world in which you live, till you understand mankind, and that race of mankind of which we are individuals.

Among the local poets of England, we hear of John Nicholson, known as "the Airedale poet," who wrote these lines on Burns:

Learning has many a rhyme made
To flatter me the throne;
But Scotia's genius has displayed
A poet of her own.

His lyre he took to vale and glen,
To mountain and to shade;
Centuries may pass away, but when
Will such a lyre be played?

His native strains each bard may try,
But who has got his fire?
Why none, for nature saw him die
Then took away his lyre.

And for that lyre the learned youth
May search the world in vain;
She vowed she ne'er would lend it more
To sound on earth again;

But called on fate to hang it by—
She took it with a tear,
Broke all the strings to bind the wraith
That Burns shall ever wear.

The lies were spoken at Leeds, England, on the 24th Jan, 1826 and attracted attention. A copy having been sent to Lieutenant Colonel Burns, the poet's son, he thought so highly of them as to address an appreciative letter to Nicholson's widow. The last stanza is particularly excellent, and has been declared one of the finest tributes ever paid to Burns. His chief poems are "The Lyre of Ebor." and "Airedale in Ancient Times." He was also author of a successful play, acted in 1820, "The Siege of Bradford." The Yorkshire poet is yet remembered in his native place. He was born, Nov. 29th, 1790, and was drowned in the river Aire the evening before Good Friday, April 13th, 1843.

The expurgated Bible, or Bible for women, referred to in a recent paragraph under this head, it seems is no longer a radiant promise, but a hard and disappointing fact. A rocket in the air, it is a stick on the ground. How can it be otherwise? Surely it must be folly's height to make a new Bible, not by bringing the original meaning to clearer light, but by an imposition of our later principles and ideas. This is the manner in which it is spoken of by a bright editor:

The first installment of the Woman's Bible has arrived. We have looked into the plan and scope of the work with a good deal of care. Result: surprise and disgust. The Woman's Bible is not a Bible at all. It is not an attempt at a new translation. It is simply a compilation of criticisms of those portions of the scriptures which have anything to say concerning women. These passages are tinkered to suit the wishes of the writers without reference to the original or to the ridiculous results where the same rules of interpretation are applied to other passages. The work is crude in the extreme, and reflects seriously upon the intelligence of those who have had it in hand. The friends of Mrs. Stanton, the chief editor, will apologize for any short things upon her part on the ground that she is an old and feeble woman. [This is probably a misconception of one who, though aged, is hale and vigorous.] But how about the twenty or more assistant editors? They are in the meridian of their intellectual vigor, and have been accorded chief places among representative public women. The Woman's Bible will only be with us a little while. It will excite the interest of the curious, the ridicule of the critical, the disgust of all true friends of women, and will presently pass away into oblivion. To-morrow's historian will write it down as one of the large-sized follies of our century.

Ottawa was well pleased with Hall Caine,

and his address at the banquet,—as there was reason for being. He has the sense of justice and the feeling of generosity, and is in a position to appreciate Canadian needs and to sympathize with the Canadian people. He is evidently a man who easily awakes cordial regard on the part of those who see and hear him. We infer from his address that he has the tongue-ster's skill, as well as the pen of a ready writer, he said:

If it is not ungracious to say so at this genial board, it is not my fault that I came to Canada, but it will be my fault if I do not carry home from it a vivid and un fading memory of a great and beautiful country. I cannot easily tell you how Canada has impressed me. It has impressed me from the point of national grandeur as the most wonderful country I have seen on this continent. Its mighty forests, its great inland seas; its vast oceanic plains—I can never forget them. But Canada has impressed me yet more as a commonwealth, as the youngest among the nations. In this regard it is difficult for any exercise of the imagination to be fantastic, to be overstrained, to outdo in dreams what the future may bring forth in fact. Your great cities that are yet to spring up out of deserts, your mighty railways that are to link ocean to ocean, your future ships that are to bridge the land, your future telegraphs that are to bridge the land, your material science that is to conquer even the frozen territory that frowns on you from the north,—nothing can effect the imaginative mind more profoundly than these near and imminent possibilities. But it is of Canada in relation to England that I think oftenest when I allow myself to make visions of your future. Gentlemen, if you ask as a matter of romance which of the two promises the most romantic future—Canada as an independent nation, fighting its own hard fight and winning its own place as a separate state among the states of the world, or Canada as the newer England beyond the seas, the young son of an old sire—I cannot hesitate a moment. I see Canada in the time to come, if you can forgive the figure as Joseph the son of Jacob being sent out to the strange land, becoming master there, and if the days of dearth should ever befall, feeding with his corn the sons of his father from the old country. It is a great future that is before Canada, and I rejoice that no little thing, no narrow interest, no interest of class whether high or low, is to be allowed by you or by yourselves to strain the relations between us.

Our good professor and poet who lately hailed from "Kingscroft" (Windsor, N. S.) is now at home in Fredericton, and with pen and voice at work in honor of this country. He has recently been at Acadia College addressing the young men on a patriotic theme. Several volumes, in verse or prose are appearing, or in course of preparation, of which more particular mention will be made.

The columns in the Montreal Gazette headed "Old and New" and bearing the initials "R. V." will attract not only the scholarly and the critical, (for of such is the author of their contents,) but the genial and the humane as well. The books and literary topics of the time are there dealt with by a hand no less gifted than that of John Reade, the author of "Merlin."

It has been rumored to us through the letter of a friend that Bliss Carran has been ill, but is better. We trust that he will soon be well and able to meditate some lyrics as full of living life and unforgettability as "Lull of Kilrudden," and "Golden Rowan of Menalowan." To use a forcible, if questionable phrase, "They get there!"

PATERFEX.

About la Grippe.

The public does not hear as much about the gripe as when this terrible epidemic first appeared. It is said that familiarity breeds contempt, and it may be so in this case. For gripe is still with us, and finds many a victim. Its after effects are as much to be dreaded as ever, and too much care cannot be taken to fortify the system against them, or against the disease itself. It makes the strong weak, and the weak more wretched still. The loss of appetite, the shattered nerves, the impaired digestion, the sleeplessness, the loss of energy and ability for sustained labor, either mental or physical, that are its results can be replaced by health and vigor through the agency of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. No remedy before the public is supported by a more influential and convincing array of testimonials from well known people who have provided its value. It restores lost appetite, gives new richness to the blood, rebuilds the wasted nerve tissue, induces healthful slumber, and gives back the will and the power to do life's work well. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will overcome the after effects of a gripe in every instance where it is faithfully used according to directions. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

His Money's Worth of Moon

A well-known scientist was walking along a London street when he came across an itinerant astronomer, who was inviting the passers-by to gaze through his telescope at the moon at a halfpenny a time. The scientist in London was speculative enough to venture a halfpenny, and on applying his eye to the instrument was astonished to see a beautiful picture of a full moon, although at the time the moon was only in her second quarter. Puzzled by the circumstance he examined the instrument and found that it was not a telescope at all, but simply a tube with a hole where the eyepiece should be and a transparent photograph of a full moon, with a light behind it at the other end.

On the scientist asking the exhibitor how he could so cheat the public, the man simply remarked: "It's all right, sir. People like a lot for their money nowadays. I used to have a proper scope once, but I turned it up for this after an Irishman pitched into me for showing him only 'art a moon. This way pays better and gives more satisfaction."

Lemons for Soap.

In countries where lemons are indigenous they are often used for soap. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands, they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them, briskly in water until they are clean.

SKUNK FARMS IN MAINE.

THE STATE HAS PLENTY OF THESE PECULIAR CREATURES.

Not Pleasant to Meet in an Unfriendly Way, but They Are Worth Money When Kept in Colonies for Commercial Uses—How The Industry Is Carried On.

Attars and sweet essences cannot be said to permeate the air in that part of the town of Mexico near Henry Ladd's skunk farm says an Augusta, Me., despatch. Mexico is a remote little town up near the New Hampshire line on the Androscoggin River, nine or ten miles from Rumford Falls. It has a pulp mill which gives employment to a goodly number of its inhabitants, while those not engaged in running the wood chewing machines or sorting logs in the company's boom support themselves by farming. Henry Ladd is a farmer, but of late he conceived a scheme of skunk propagation, which promises good returns.

This little animal is multiplying so rapidly in Maine as to become a subject of serious consideration. Only a month ago some of the residents of Bangor came out with a double-leaded protest against this nocturnal prowler, and thought the Legislature should do something in the way of offering a bounty for pelts. That he is a nuisance all who travel by night on the trains between Boston and Bangor can bear testimony. Never since 1636, when Gabriel Sagard, in his history of Canada, first called the attention of naturalists, to skunks, have they been more numerous, or the subject of so much speculation as now. Sagard called them the children of the devil, but passengers on the night Pullmans, aroused from a sound sleep by the villainous protest of one caught under the wheels, have given them names much more opprobrious. But there is money in skunks.

Despised as they are the farmer has no better friends in the way of insect destroyers. The skunk devours vast numbers of beetles and grasshoppers, to say nothing of innumerable field mice. He is nocturnal in habits, and will, on a pinch, negotiate a hen roost. This one failing puts him on the black list with the farmer, and many is the complaint lodged against him. Some time back in the thirties a fur dealer discovered that the skunk produced as good "foreign sable" as ever graced a woman's cloak. After that there was a call for the pelts, but just how to handle the animals was an art not yet attained, and skunk hunters were few. There was a steady demand for good skins ever since 1840, until about eight years ago, when the fur went out of fashion. Good black pelts will bring the killer in Maine \$1 or more; so that it pays to hunt them.

Mr. Ladd began collecting for his farm early in September, and has now over 100 skunks. At a good distance from his house, in a rocky old pasture, he enclosed a space 100 by 200 feet with a fence of poultry netting. Before the fence was put up a trench two feet deep was dug around the enclosure and filled with stones. The fence posts are set in this, so there is no show for the animals to tunnel under and escape. Inside the wire fence boards are so fixed as to prevent the animals from climbing up and over. There are a number of kennels in the enclosure but the skunks seem to prefer to burrow, and several of them have already taken up winter quarters in the ground. Occasionally a fight occurs, and Mr. Ladd has seen several skunks attack the weaker one in a fight and kill him. This done the whole colony turns to, cannibal fashion, and eats up the slain. They are fed on bits of meat and waste fish, table scraps, or any kind of refuse food. They will eat sweet apples, pumpkins, milk, woodchucks, chickens, eggs, and honey.

A son of Mr. Ladd helps in the enterprise. He looks after the trapping of the animals. Small steel traps, with smooth jaws, are used, the spring being strong enough to hold without breaking the leg. To each trap is fastened a pole about ten feet long. When a skunk is trapped it takes two men to take the animal. One uses a net, fashioned from a meal sack, with a ten-foot handle, while the other works the hole attached to the trap. The skunk's dead line, or limit of range, is from ten to fourteen feet, but there is not much to be feared from one in a trap, as it usually exhausts itself before the trapper appears. To release one and secure him, the man with the net attracts the skunk's attention, while the other goes up and lifts the trap from the ground with the long pole to which it is fastened. Suspended in air the skunk is helpless. While in this position he is released, dropped into the net or sack, and from there deposited in a large box, with a trap-door arrangement,

which skunk hunters on a large scale take along with them in a wagon. About a mile west of Hallowell, no the Kennebec, is another skunk farm which two weeks ago had fifty occupants. The proprietor of this institution catches his animals in an antique way. He is not wholly opposed to traps, but he says there is no sport in trapping. He hunts at night with a cocker spaniel, who, although often overcome, still sticks valiantly to his work. The cocker takes up the scent of the skunk as a hound does a fox or rabbit, and just yaps enough to let his master know that he has found one.

After him goes the hunter with a lantern, and when the skunk is sighted the spaniel sets up a boisterous barking. He barks at long range—a judicious caution born of experience—but he fixes the attention of the skunk while his master flips the game into a net. It takes an adroit turn of both wrists to do this, but the Hallowell man makes few mistakes.

This skunk farm has for its enclosure an old hay barn. The floor has been removed, and boards driven, pile, fashion, around the inside to prevent escape by tunnelling. When seen two weeks ago the animals on this farm were sleek and fat. The proprietor, who is something of a fox hunter besides, did not intend killing any this year. After one breeding he would begin the slaughter.

The skunk has from six to nine young at a time. The little ones are as playful as kittens: very mischievous, too, and some of the up-country people, notably the Indians, consider the meat to be excellent. It is white and compact, like the breast of a partridge. The pelts of most of the animals killed in this State are sent to Boston and New York to help swell the big cargoes of skunk skins sent abroad. The oil is valuable for dressing leather, and brings a fair figure, a good fat skunk yielding about a quart of oil.

CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS.

New Ideas as to Trees for Them and Devices in the Place of Trees.

A revolving Tree.—Fasten the tree on a frame consisting of three planks three feet long, and crossing each other in the centers; place six small casters under them, one at each end, bore a hole through the center of the frame, into which fit the lower end of the tree. The tree, with frame under it, is set on a raised platform, the sides and front of which are trimmed with evergreens. A hole is bored in the platform, into which the end of the tree penetrates, the latter being small enough to work loosely. A person behind the tree turns it by taking hold of the ends of the planks, and thus pushing the tree around. In trimming the tree have the sides differ as much as possible, so something new will be presented with each turn. Begin lighting the tree at the back, and as it is revolved keep lighting.

"Jacob's Ladder" is formed by two ladders forming an arch and decorated with evergreens. From the centre is suspended a large evergreen bell with a calla flower for a tongue. To this are attached several ribbons, which are pulled by boys and girls, thus swinging the bell. As they pull the ribbons they sing such songs as "Christmas Bells," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," etc. At the same time a real bell behind the scenes is sounded. A very large sleigh, decorated with evergreen, cotton for snow, etc., can be made to form a pleasing receptacle from which Santa Claus can distribute the gifts.

A Christmas garden.—This idea is suggested by a legend to the effect that in some remote and mysterious region there lived a band of christian monks whose life duty was to plant the seed and grow crops of toys for Santa Claus to distribute. These monks dressed in white gowns and always wore evergreen Christmas wreaths about their heads. Arrange the stage as a terraced garden, and devote one terrace to each kind of presents. Dolls appear growing on small trees and bushes, etc. When the curtain rises there appear two or three white-robed monks in the gardens, working. Santa Claus then comes in view and announces that Christmas is come and they must gather their harvest for the good children. Sticks are gathered for the bad ones.

A boat is coming in use in some places as a pleasing change from the old-time tree. A rowboat can be arranged with little boys for sailors, and Santa Claus, with white wig and whiskers, knee pants, and pack on his back. The boat is to be rolled in, when the crew begins unloading the presents.

To make a boat, lay two boards on the floor so that they fit very closely at the edge; they should be fourteen feet in length, fifteen inches wide and half an inch thick. Screw three cleats firmly upon these flat boards, one near each end, and one in the centre. Turn the whole thing over and there is a flat surface fourteen feet long and two and a half feet wide. Draw upon one end the profile of a bow of a boat, and upon the other the stern. Saw the ends carefully, following the drawing. Paint the whole a light chrome yellow. Shave the upper edge into a slight

A FARMER'S WEALTH

Does Not Simply Consist of Broad Acres and Ready Cash.

Health is His Fortune.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND RESTORES IT WHEN LOST.

Broad acres and a good bank account, do not constitute a farmer's true wealth. There are hundreds of farmers around us who possess wealth in lands and gold, but who lack that true fortune and coveted possession known as good health. True manhood, vigorous health and strong nerves, are Heaven's best gifts for all classes and conditions of men.

It is a melancholy fact that men and women in the country, breathing the purest air, drinking from God's bubbling fountains and springs uncontaminated by germs of disease, are liable to the same dread diseases that come thick and fast to city people.

Nature's grand laws are continually violated everywhere, and as a consequence, the penalties come swift and sure. These penalties consist of diseases varying in form and character. We find debility, nervousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion and a variety of terrible blood diseases.

When the arrows of affliction pierce with venomous sting, the farmer and his family must seek the same healing agent that city people use with such success. Paine's Celery Compound is, today, the farmer's great health-restorer and true life-giver. Its record in the rural districts of our Dominion is as bright and lustrous as it is in

the thickly populated towns and cities. To so high an eminence has its credit and worth been advanced, that the majority of country and city families now regularly keep one or more bottles for any emergency that may arise.

Paine's Celery Compound has done more life-saving work than all other medicines combined. It has saved life after the doctor failed; it has given health and vigor after years of failures with common medicines. Mr. Samuel Hanna, an esteemed and well-known farmer of Manvers, Ont., gives his wonderful experience with Paine's Celery Compound as follows:

"After severe sickness and suffering for a length of time, I am happy to state that I was made well by Paine's Celery Compound. To be raised up from a low and weak state, inside of two weeks, is a marvellous work, which nothing else but Paine's Celery Compound could have accomplished."

"After using half the first bottle of the Compound, I was able to dig the holes for a forty rod fence, and help to build it. Before using Paine's Celery Compound I could not sleep, and had no appetite; now I enjoy good sleep and a healthful appetite. Paine's Celery Compound is worth its weight in gold to any sufferer; it is the best medicine in the world."

curve, beginning eight inches from the bow, and descending to the middle, then ascending to within two inches of the stern. Paint a black stripe three-fourths of an inch wide, six inches below the upper edge, following as nearly as possible the curve, and six inches apart, no more stripes below it. Next, shade the bow in black, also filling the curve from the lower edge. The boat can be made to stand firm by nailing two boxes, in one of which is fastened a mast, and to which is tacked a sheet for a sail. Stretch a strip of blue cambric eight inches wide across the front of the stage, having three wavy lines of white painted on it for water.

Telegrams from Santa Claus.—During the programme which generally precedes the appearance of Santa Claus a telegraph messenger boy rushes into the room, bearing dispatches from Santa Claus, which are opened and read to the school. The first is dated "North pole" or "Polar Town," and so on, announcing his start, and the various mishaps and delays. The dispatches report him as coming nearer and nearer, until at last his bells are heard jingling in the distance.—Eureka Entertainments.

Was Fond of Flogging.

Westminster School recently celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Dr. Richard Busby, who was head master for fifty-seven years, and, though a staunch royalist, held his place through the civil war and the Commonwealth. Dr. Busby's reputation as a flogger has lasted to this day. When Charles II. visited the school it was Dr. Busby who asked the King to take off his hat while he kept on his own, on the ground that discipline could not be maintained if the boys should believe that there was a greater man in England than their head master. Another old story told of him ought to keep him immortal. A Frenchman wandering into the school playground was set upon by the boys. Dr. Busby saw the row and ordered those engaged to be flogged; the Frenchman was taken with the boys and flogged, too. He then went in his wrath to the Doctor to demand an explanation, but as he could not speak English well after a few words the doctor got angry and ordered him to be horsed, which was done. The Frenchman, mad with rage, went to his inn, wrote a challenge and sent it to Busby by the porter. The doctor read the challenge and at once had the porter horsed. That was too much for the Frenchman. He packed up his valise and fled in terror to France.

Good Clothes of a Mayor.

London's Lord Mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide-sleeved, velvet-faced, fur-trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the Lord Chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterwards as a police Magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broad-cloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the Judges at the Old Bailey and on all saint's days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is of black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are a prerequisite of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each Lord Mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the Queen passes

A Good Risk.

After moving a large stock of goods into a building in the wholesale district, the owners learned that they could get no insurance.

The building was on the "black list" of the insurance companies, because one of the tenants had already burned out four times under suspicious circumstances, and apparently with pecuniary profit to himself.

It was, therefore, impossible for this tenant to get insurance from any company and the boycott went so far as to include any building that harbored him or his stock of goods. The business concern that had moved into the "blacklisted" building was disturbed. The head of the firm went to an insurance agent and said: "I wish you could arrange it in some way to insure our stock."

"I'm sorry," replied the agent; "but the companies have no confidence in that man on the floor above."

"He can't get insurance, eh?"

"Not a cent's worth. They're onto him all along the line."

"Well, do you think there's any danger of a fire in that building as long as he's not insured?"

"Well, I should say not. I never thought of that before."

The firm received its policy at once.—Chicago Record.

"77"

FOR

GRIP

Known by

Sense of illness, pain or soreness in the head, back, chest, side or limbs; or cough, sore throat, catarrh, influenza, profluse flowing from the nose or eyes, itching, and redness of the eyelids, general prostration and fever. Sometimes one and again another symptom is more prominent. The appetite is impaired and the nervous system unstrung, depressed and run down. "77" meets the epidemic condition and is the cure for all its manifestations. Taken early, cuts it short promptly; taken during its prevalence, prevents its invasion; taken while suffering, a cure is speedily realized.

Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza and Catarrh.

"77" FOR COLDS.

"77" will "break up" a 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

HUMPHREY'S

FIBRE CHAMOIS

KEEP YOURSELF SNUG
with a comforter made of some cheap dainty
material over

FIBRE CHAMOIS.

It is light and porous and makes the warmest and
most sanitary bed wraps you can find.

Find the name on every yard.

PROTECTION FROM COLD