

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS OF POETS AND THEIR RECENT WORKS.

Some Illustrations of the Homestead in Which Dr. Leggett Takes a Delight—Ian MacLaren and His Writings—Imperial Federation Not Near at Hand.

Ian MacLaren—God bless him! We read him, and whole acres of nightmare that have grown up out of the mephitic literature that has of late fallen to us, get sun and ozone. The black vapors curl and depart. No need of any minister preaching while he can write so; this is his most effective ministrations. No need of tacking on any moral label, for the verdict of the instinctive soul is—This is just, this is fair; O would that I might answer to this! What good homely sense, what sonnet, humor, what tender pathetic touches are here! Come! let us move to Drumtochty, and never hear about any other people! "Domsie," Marget Howe, Donald Mensies Lachlan Campbell, "John," "Barnbrae," Mrs. MacFayden, William MacLure, and the rest, are good enough folk for us. Well, really, the world looks a little better to us when we have seen it from the Scottish hill-top, if it is any place near Drumtochty. This is the style of a man who writes out of a warm heart and a rich experience, albeit with much clearness. What point and penetration, with never a flavor of cynicism! What passages burning out of the blue, clear as a star! "The dogs who never cast off nor forget, were bidding her welcome with short yelps of delight, and she could hear her father feeling for the latch." "The Gaelic . . . it is the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one." "Am thinking oor Father didna comfort us witho' expres'in that we wud comfort other folk." "What has been your 'law work' and how long he ye been at Sinai." "Naebody misunderstands that lves . . . I saw the look in his een that canna be mistaen." "No one died in Drumtochty—his slippit awa." "Our father, it was a new word for Lachlan; he used to say Jehovah." "The stour [dust] o' the caul [chaff] room is mair than onybody can abide an' the caul's worth naething when the corn's awa." "They argued together; they prayed apart." "There is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifices of love." "There are stories we cannot hear sitting." And so we might multiply them—these pithy sentences that form so appropriate a part of their setting. One need never object to the poetic description of landscape if it could always be suffused with human feeling and connected with human interests, as in the case of Flora Campbell's evening walk through the pine-wood on her way to her father's home in Drumtochty.

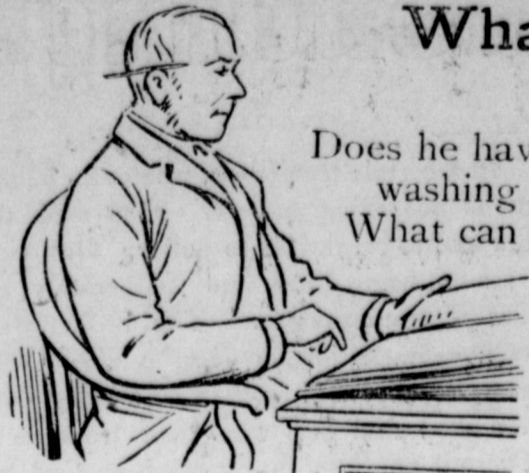
In 1887 a volume of poems came from the publishing house of John B. Alden, N. Y., entitled, "A Sheaf of Song," by Benjamin F. Leggett, bearing upon its title-page the motto from Chaucer,—
Taket the frayt and let the chaf be stille.
If indeed the complaint of too great leanness, urged by Scott against Mrs. Hemans, can be true of our author, as perhaps it is true of many, still there are many rich clusters that do not disappoint the seeking eye. We had occasion then to speak of what pleased us,—notably of such pieces as "Capri," "Burns' Birthday," "In Camp," "In Springtime," "At Cedarcroft," "April Days," "Dickens in Westminster Abbey," etc. respecting which we have yet no reason to change our opinion. Two years since he published a descriptive poem, on the destruction of Pompeii, called the "City of Doom;" and now, just before the holiday season, we have another book, in veritable holiday garb, white and blue, with gold lettering,—from the Raeburn Book Co., N. Y., with the prepossessing title, "An Idyl of Lake George, And Other Poems" which to the lover of scenic poetry, infused with sentiment, carefully and harmoniously wrought, cannot fail to be pleasing. Dr. Leggett's qualities are so obvious that they can be better exemplified by a few fit selections than in any other way. Here are a few stanzas from "The Idyl," describing a thunder-squall passing over the lake:
When o'er the pines the west winds tread,
And on the breath of summer warm
The heaving mists of darkness spread—
The angry thunder folds of storm:
A breathless silence deep and strange;
Then lightning leaps from rifed clouds;
In sudden crash, from range to range,
The long reverberation rolls.
Afar the distant thunders call:
The summit and the darkness cease,
And from Fort George's ruined wall
The robin pipes his song of peace.
What an outlook we get from the top of Black Mountain!
Afar the misty mountains piled:
The Adirondack soaring free,
The dark Green ran, as lone and wild,
The Catskill's looking toward the sea.
Far off the dreaming waters lie,
White cascades leap in snowy foam;
Lake Champlain mirrors cloud and sky,
The Hudson seeks his ocean home.
Yet from this vision fair and sweet,
From gleaming river winding on,
We turn a fairer scene to greet—
Saint Saccaunt—Lake Horicon!
But walled the crystal Beauty lies:
In winding curves 'mid magic isles
She keeps the azure of the skies,
And threads her placid dream, and smiles.

There distant stands the mountain band,
Here crowds to watch each sunny gleam;
And lo the gates of Fairyland!
Where thrice a hundred islets dream.
The mountains to the waters lead,
The mountains waver to and fro,
The magic islands hang between
The sky above—the sky below.
Such airy grace hath all the land—
Such limpid deeps the crystal tide;
As though some touch of fairy wand
Had thro' the Aladdin's windows wide.
One reason for his enthusiasm is that these are home-scenes the poet describes, whereby they own a double charm. He was born and reared in the midst of this beautiful north of the state of New York, just on the borders of the Adirondack country, which he fondly and finely celebrates in over a dozen pieces, under a general title, of which "The Indian Plume," "A Day Dream," "Under The Pines," "Wood-Paths," "Mill Brook," "After Harvest," and "An Invitation" are among the best. He describes the home-garden in some stanzas that have become deservedly popular:
Though airy grace of summer all the quiet landscape fills
My idle fancy wanders far beyond the breezy hills:
I hear the song of trilling birds among the trees at noon
The whisper of the summer wind across the blades of corn;
Where shadows lie and listen to the larches, solemn croon,
I hear the merry music of the mellow horn at noon,
And the echoes leap and linger, then drift and drift away,
Down the valley of my childhood where the sunshine falls today.
The honey-bees are droning in the pollen dusted bells,
In quest of treasured sweetness for their hidden waxen cells;
The roses and the violets in beauty are about
Within the little garden where the scarlet poppies grow;
The sunflower and the marigold are lighting up the gloom,
The hollyhock is idling there—a very tramp of bloom;
White tulips lift their beakers up and pledge in ruddy wine
The dear old home forever where the morning-glories twine.
We have pictures of the homestead itself:
'Mid the trees the farm-house gables
Showed above the winding stream:
Woodbine climbed the walls of brown,
Up the broad roof sloping down;
And the old barn and the stables—
Swallows nesting in the gables—
All enfolded in the silence like a dream.
The scenes around it are depicted in "A Daydream":
How fair the quiet valley sleeps,
Walled in by hills of green,
O'er-arched by cloudless azure deeps
And clad in Summer's sheen.
The crooning of the sombre pine,
The poplar leaves at play,
The crickets' song at day's decline,
Are in the air today.
The wild duck's note, the bit tern's cry,
In startled tones of fear,
The lonely whip-poor-will's reply,
Are ringing in mine ear.
Across the valley-pastures green,
In long and spectral lines,
Is laid the shadow's woven screen
From needles of the pines.
Above the wood-path climb the hills
Whose slopes are green with moss—
Below the siders fringe the hills
Where foam and laughter toss.
In ample chorus, clear and strong,
Sweet nature's voices come,
And in the pauses of the song
The partridge beats his drum.
Within the forest glades of gloom
Her song the wood-thrush sings,
And o'er the meadow's waving bloom
The whirr of restless wings.
The winding road again I trace,
From uplands leading down,
From heather-spotted rocks that grace
The hillside pastures brown.
Far off the warden mountains keep
Their camp against the sky,
While in their purple vales asleep
The folded shadows lie.
Afar the bannered mists have blown
Across the hills of song,
Where Murray lifts his snowy come
Above the purple throng.
Low in the valley ringed with moss,
The marsh with vines o'er-ran,
Around the firs whose shadows cross
The lances of the sun.
The thronging lilies by its rim
A white still-life lies,
And swallows o'er its crystal skim
And steel-blue dragon flies.
Above the lowland balsam spires
And sweet-fern slopes of gray,
The clearing, where the forest fires
Have swept its pride away.
Still Nature heals the smitten land
With blackberry vines o'er-ran
And children through where charred trunks stand
For largess of the sun.
And here, with moss-wood from the glade,
And pine bark peeled and rolled,
Our rustic berry paths were made
For trillage manifold.
Dr. Leggett returns, from year to year, to the old place, or its neighborhood, for his summer vacation and pitches his tent in some leafy sightly place high on the mountain-side. It is a heartsome "Invitation" he sends to a friend in the city, bidding him to his delectable elevation:
Come, camp within the shadows here beside the mountain stream,—
'Tis Summer time, and lazy time, and just the time to dream:
Such raptures here will find you within the wood-lands sweet—
A mossy stone your pillow and the ripples at your feet!
Ah! the glory of the mountains and the valleys lying still,
Till the morning tripping downward from the mountain and the hill,
In the beauty of the roses and the freshness of the dew,
Lifts the curtains of the darkness and lets the glory through,
Then touches with her fingers all the drowsy, feat her drowsy,
And lo! what tides of melody through all the tops of song!

Come, climb the hills with me, O friend! and view the goodly land,
The shining waters gleaming far, the purple mountain band:
Lift up your eyes and look afar the misty vapors through,
And lo! the tents of mountain-land are pitched against the blue!
There lies the fair Oscego, already known to fame,—
Not by its Indian title, but by its pale-face name,—
The fairy isles of Brant Lake and the winding shores of Loon,
The purple hills that walk about the classic Lake of Schraon;
And over all the warden host—the mighty mountain wall—
Tahawus lifts his granite crown, the monarch of them all.
Our poet is a man of gentle heart, and of so fraternal a spirit as to attract many to him. A section of the present volume is made up of addresses, which must have been delightful to receive. We note the names of Thomas C. L. Atto, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Ralph H. Shaw, George Gary Bush, John D. Ross, and there are others. He has been an enthusiastic traveler; having, in company with his friend, Prof. Bush, tramped through Switzerland on foot, which tramp he has described in a volume of delightful prose. Traces of his pilgrim staff and scalloped shell are found in this as well as his earlier book, in such titles as "Auld Kirk Alloway," "At Gad's Hill," "The City of Doom," and the sonnet, "In Ravenna," with which we close these extracts:
In dreadful mood, while idle breezes play
Across the wheat, and cherry blossoms flay
Like sifted snow-flakes from an azure sky,
Through far Ravenna's grass-grown streets I stray—
A ragged throng hedge up the narrow way—
Giant forms of woe with ever outstretched palms,
And scurried shrines where good men kneel to pray.
'Friend's Lake.
The old Cathedral lifts its crumbling walls
Where Art has wrought her grand immortal dream,
And Roman queens he still in dusky gloom—
Then through the cloud-rack sunset splendor falls,
Transfiguring earth with such a wondrous gleam
As warms the dust in Dante's marble tomb.
Dr. Leggett is a teacher, who resides in Ward, Delaware county, Pennsylvania. He has a gifted daughter who is rapidly acquiring a reputation as a writer of prose sketches and stories. "The Idyl" etc. is dedicated to a brother poet Wallace Bruce.
Principal Grant has been contributing to The Week a series of able articles bearing on the question of Imperial Federation, of which he is an ardent advocate. Hon. J. W. Longley, in the current number, commends his zeal and ability, but deems all such labor useless. He says:
To bring those great English-speaking Commonwealths together, and give all an equal voice in the Empire and make every one of them willing contributors to its resources would strike an ordinary person as the greatest thing which the British people could do, a scheme so vast and magnificent in conception that all other state craft would seem paltry and commonplace beside it. But, frankly, this is just what the people of the British Islands would not do. I spent nearly three months in England last Summer, with occasional visits to Scotland and Ireland. I met leading men in the political, literary, and social world; I exchanged ideas with Colonial representatives in London, but I did not find a responsible man in England who would regard as practicable or possible a proposition that Canada and Australia should have representation according to numbers in the Imperial Parliament, and be allowed to have a share in the administration of national affairs. It is not too much to say that no people on the globe are more jealous of outside interference in their national affairs. Nor is it intended as a reproach when the declaration is made that the English, above all races, have the most absolute confidence in their ability to work out their own destiny unaided. Perhaps this very quality has been among the most potent causes of their wonderful success as a race and a nation.
We have no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Longley's showing, that, at the present moment, if Canada were prepared for imperial unity, or anxious for it, England would refuse to entertain such a project for one serious moment. Nor have we any doubt that Principal Grant is as well aware of this as any other can be; while still he deems it profitable to train the public political mind in the only loyal way into which he sees it may be trained. England deems herself able to care for her rights, and disdains outside interference. But Canada and Australia have rights for which they must care, a destiny for which provision must be made. The labors of the Imperial Federationist, if not issuing in that ultimate result may tend to no uncertain issue. The British public spirit and judgement, in the course of time, and with a better knowledge of Colonial life, may change; and indeed they must be changed, or ———
Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada, of which we deem ourselves fortunate in possessing several volumes, progresses to the close; Volume VIII having recently been published, and approved the best of all. It deals with the middle period, the epoch of war with the United States, [1812-15], and is the work of a most painstaking, judicious writer. It should be in every well selected Canadian library.
I recall the abortive attempts at a Canadian periodical literature, there is an enterprise in that direction that speaks hopefully for the intellectual life and the growing spirit of our people. Several new ones are now in existence, which promise to endure, and are certainly worthy of extended patronage. The Canadian Magazine, for December containing the product of some of Canada's most gifted pens, and we find in the names of Charles G. D. Roberts, Dr. Burniot, J. M. Lemoine, W. W. Campbell, J. Castle Hopkins, and others, the incentive to read on to the last page. We trust the future of this periodical will be a bright one.

Where is the name of Charles Sangs or, when any list of Canadian verse-makers is made up? We should write it very near the first; but to admit it not at all smites as an injustice. He surely once had his place, was known and admired; and there is a wild forest-music in his verse, as there was pathos in his history. It struck us painfully, when turning the pages of Stedman's Victorian Anthology, in the appropriate department, to find it not there. Surely it cannot be said of the author of "Brook," the "Song For Canada," "The Rapid," etc., that he was destitute of poetic ability, and that he is unworthy of continued remembrance. Yet it is hard to understand his exclusion from any representative list except upon the supposition that the compiler depreciates him.
PATERFEX.
OLD TIME BEAR'S OIL.
In these Days Its Place Is Supplied by More Modern Remedies.
Bear's oil or bear's grease was at one time a standard household remedy in cases of aches, pains, or bruises of any kind says the N. Y. Sun. Nowadays, bear's oil, the ordinary rendered fat of the bear, has been supplanted by the many patent liniments on the market. Its use in cities is almost obsolete, and apothecaries have for the past ten or twelve years ceased to carry it in stock, as the call for the article has so diminished as to render its immediate sale extremely doubtful, and the genuine bear's oil or grease soon becomes rancid, in spite of all efforts to prevent it, owing to the large amount of albuminous matter it contains.
The reputation of the article which fulfilled the purpose of both ointment and liniment, according to the temperature at which it was used, was great among the Indians. The athletic members of the tribe, before participating in games, anointed themselves with the oil, rubbing it well into the joints, and believed that it rendered them more lithe and agile. The Indian wrestlers were especially devoted to its use, and one of the chief elements of their training consisted in being well rubbed with the unctuous matter for a week or two preceding the match. It was also used to heal bruises and to reduce the inflammation caused by the bites and stings of insects. The early settlers had as high an opinion of it as the Indians, and few were the bears killed by them from which the fat which lay directly between the flesh and the hide was not extracted. Nearly all the older members of the present generation will remember the stubby round bottles upon which was printed the picture of a bear, and which were resorted to after little accidents. The increasing scarcity of bears gradually forced the pharmacists to substitute other matter for the real bear's oil, which became very expensive, and under the label of the bear many imitations of the genuine article were sold. The United States Dispensary, edition of 1864, makes note of this. It says:
"Castor oil is much employed in the preparation of an article which is extensively sold throughout the country for bear's oil. It is composed of four fluid ounces of castor oil mixed with two fluid drachms of an aqueous solution of salts of tartar (carbonate of potassa), and scented with bergamot or other aromatic oil."
Patent medicines also ingratiated themselves into the confidence of the public, and the call for bear's oil in cities gradually fell off, until the druggists dropped the article in its crude form altogether.
Several pomades and preparations for the hair are still sold. Even these, although they command a high price, are generally composed principally of other than the genuine bear's grease. Christian, in his "Perfumery and Kindred Arts," published in 1877, says:
"Bear's oil, so long and favorably known as beneficial in promoting the growth of the hair, and as improving its appearance, is now very seldom genuine, as all kinds of bland oils, vegetable and animal, have been used under that name, and generally with benefit to the user, as the genuine oil is scarce, and soon becomes rancid."
A SUFFERING ARMY
Borne Down by a Relentless Foe.
The great army of sufferers from various rheumatic conditions joyfully welcome Chase's K. & L. Pills because the foster parents of their aches and pains are the Kidneys, which, on account of a diseased condition, are unable to relieve the blood of uric acid poison, which is deposited in the joints, producing on the first provocation irritating aches and pains in the bones, joints and muscles. The reason that Chase's Pills relieve and cure in their wonderful power in restoring degenerated Kidneys to a perfect and natural condition, without which the system is supplied with blood teeming with poison that adds fuel to the fire of rheumatic complaints, demoralizing the entire system and rendering it liable to a complication of diseases terminating in dropsy, diabetes, or Bright's disease. A pleasant feature of these Pills is that, while most Kidney remedies encourage constipation, Chase's relieve and cure it. In nearly all rheumatic attacks there exists constipation of the bowels, which is easily over-come by Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; in fact, they are perfect cure for constipation. This is indisputably proved by Edward Garrett, editor and proprietor of the Bradford, Ont., Weekly Witness, and thousands of others. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. The cheapest medicine on earth. Sold by all dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.
The Course of Events.
"Some women," said Mr. Bickerton, "think that there's nothing too good for their husbands."
"Yes," was the answer in the cold accents of satire; "and it usually lasts until their husbands get to thinking there is nothing good enough for them."

What's your husband's work? Does he have to do anything as hard as your washing and scrubbing? It can't be. What can a man do that's as hard, for most men, as this constant household drudgery is, for most women? If he has any sympathy for you, tell him to get you some Pearline. Sympathy is all very well, but it's Pearline, not sympathy, that you want for washing and cleaning. Nothing else that's safe to use will save you so much downright hard work at the washtub or about the house. It saves money, too—saves the ruinous wear on clothes and paint from needless rubbing.



Millions NOW USE Pearline

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.



TROUSERS AND PANTS.
Why the Former is a Correct Word and the Latter a Mere Vulgarism.
The following paragraph was recently contributed to the mass of literature on the difference between breeches, trousers, pantaloons and pants.
Breeches is a good old English word which, until men of education began to manufacture bicycle suits, had almost fallen into disuse. It means a covering for the hips and thighs, and had a root in the languages of nearly all of the nations of northern Europe. Trousers is a word of French origin. In old French it meant breeches worn by pages, but as pages in modern France wore garments extending to the ankles, its meaning was made to conform to the fashions, and the word was admitted into English speech because there was none in the language which expressed the same meaning. After the adoption of the word the necessity for another expressing the same idea did not exist. There were some Englishmen, however, who were so bitterly opposed to anything French that they could not bear the word trousers, so they drew upon the tongue of Italy for another. In that sunny clime were clowns who wore stockings and breeches of one piece—garments which we now designate as tight. The clown was called a pantaloone, and when French hating Englishmen lengthened their nether garments they called them, however inconsistently, pantaloons. "Pants" is American slang, totally and balefully unnecessary. There is no such word in the language, nor is there any need for it. Breeches is the only English word, meaning a bifurcated garment reaching only to the knees of men. Trousers is the only English word of pure derivation conveying the idea of a garment similar to breeches, but extending to the ankles. Pantaloons is barely permissible, and "pants" is simply and unqualifiedly execrable.

A WONDROUS CHANGE.
THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS.
Her Health was Badly Shattered—Suffered From a Bad Cough and Constipation. Pain in the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her Health Again Restored.
(From the Smith's Falls Record.)
"I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of general rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave her story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and coughed a great deal. At first some remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called in, and I was under his care for about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go upstairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now I feel that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer."
Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels toward this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.
A resident of Brownville, Me., has a shoe that came over in the Mayflower. It is of the toothpick variety, made of a curious looking green silk, with ties over the instep.