

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

THE LITERARY WORK OF DONALD MITCHELL DISCUSSED.

Some of the Writers' Critical Opinions Interestingly Talked About—A Rapidly Sketched Portrait Gallery—Death of Napoleon Sarony—Other Matters.

Long ago we learned to love Donald G. Mitchell (G. K. Marvel) and have not yet got done with 'Dream Life' and 'Rivers of a Bachelor.' One is curious about his notions as to authorship and personality, and we note with interest the working of such a mind in dealing with 'English Lands Letters, and Kings.' There are three volumes, the first treating of the period, 'From Celt to Tudor,' the second, from 'Elizabeth to Anne,' and the third, 'Queen Ann and the Georges.' That the subjects are subtly treated, and rarely, every one who knows the author will expect. The poetic, descriptive and moralizing touches will not be wanting in whatever the author undertakes. Long practice will have set its seal upon that characteristic finish and flavor which long ago distinguished him. But in these books we get new phases of the author; his partialities and gentle prejudices, his admirations and pet views, expressed of course without violence and with skillful moderation.

Some of his critical opinions may be of interest. Gibbon with all the abatements, he seems to revere, and he regards his great works as indisputably in the first class of histories. "There is a sly stroke at Gibbon," observes one reviewer, apropos of the marriage which never took place that illustrates the author's skill in suggestive criticism where personal character and literary mystery are thought of together. "Not a nice person, that Gibbon," the author seems to say, "but, dear me; my young friend, if you are going to write history, let me urge you not to meddle with the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. That has been done." One finds out soon enough that Mr. Mitchell has an astonishing respect for Hume and a curious contempt for Rousseau. But, on the whole, he is as tender as he can be with everybody—even with that ideal of malice, Samuel Rogers, one of the best specimens in literary history of a poet made after he was born to something quite different. In his own fashion Mr. Mitchell has given a gallery of portraits, sketched rapidly. All the salient features necessary to complete recognition are there, though perhaps the details are not filled in. Some pictures which another artist might have neglected—for example, that of White of Salcombe—are unexpectedly elaborate. The abnormally pious Cowper is as carefully done as the skeptical Hume; and Crabbe, whom the author does not admire, is as fully treated as Wordsworth, for whom he still retains the reverence of his college days. He regrets that he did not make bold to call on Wordsworth in those days and he still remembers his glimpse of the aged poet one Sunday morning in the little chapel on the Heights of Pydal, when "from my seat I saw him enter, knowing him on the instant; tall (to my seeming), erect, yes with step somewhat shaky, his coat buttoned, his air serious and self-possessed, his features large, mouth almost coarse, hair white as the driven snow, fringing a dome of baldness, an eye with a dreamy expression in it, and seeming to look beyond and still beyond. He carried, too, his serious air into his share of the service, and made his successive responses of 'Good Lord, deliver us' and 'Amen!' with an emphasis that rung throughout the little chapel." Such picturesque touches, such bits of reminiscence are worth pages of formal biography.

Frederick Locker—(Lampoon) was a well beloved personality, and attractive to that English public who knew him. That he is attractive as poet and author goes without saying. We have from his pen an autobiographical sketch, wherein we have "The Confidence of a Society Poet," which to many will be found charming reading. He was the son of John Locker, who at the time of the poet's birth, in 1821, was Civil Commissioner at Greenwich Hospital. The poet is spoken of as "a very pretty and precocious, but an exceedingly delicate boy," who "remained all through life physically fragile and sensitive; of course he had the of entire what is called Society and prospered well in his fortunes. His humorous and society poems the reading world knows. Mr. Locker had a quick eye for salient peculiarities of character, and an apt hand to describe them. He sketches Anthony Trollope. We see him, "thirsty and tannine of aspect, glaring at you from behind fierce spectacles." Just so his portraits made him appear. He saw Leigh Hunt "in his old age, discursive and amiable, fantastically arrayed in a sacerdotal looking garment." Carlyle, he tells us, when presented to Queen Victoria, reacted himself with the remark, "I am an old man, and, with your Majesty's leave, I will sit down." There is the gruff philosopher's independent style and tone of ceremony—a pill thinly disguised. George Eliot, whose "soaring genius" nature had disguised in "a homely and insignificant form," and Dean Stanley, with his small alert figure, his "refined sensitive face," and his "eager sweetness of address," are put clearly before us.

Locker was related to the great Dean of Westminster, having married Lady Charlotte Bruce, sister of Lady Augusta Stanley. He lost her, and two years after her death he married the daughter of Sir Curtis Samson, and added their name to his own patronymic. 'The gifts of insight and expression that make the poet, 'are charmingly revealed in the instances of his verse quoted; but he had the double advantage of charm and magnetism in his personality. 'The Quarterly,' says: 'It is no small power to have been able to attach to yourself a character so pure as Arthur Stanley's or personalities so marked in diverse ways as Marian Evans, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson. Surely we owe a debt of no small gratitude to this charming writer and kindly spirited gentleman, for that, before he passed forever from the stage of this life, he left this legacy of pleasant and helpful memories for his descendants and for us.'

'The Yellowstone National Park,' by Hiram Martin Chittenden (The Robt. Clarke Co., Cincinnati) is probably the completed account we have of that great American pleasure-ground and its environs. The history,—natural and administrative—the geology, and faunas of the Yellowstone are given in detail; together with a full description of all the peculiar attractions which makes that region one of the most remarkable in the world. The volume is liberally and elegantly illustrated, and the appendix which it contains helps the reader to a more intimate knowledge of all that it is important the public should know. We are indebted to Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, for a copy of this work.

The prince of photographers, Napoleon Sarony, of New York, is dead, at the age of 75. He was artist as well as photographer, and many a celebrity sat before his camera. He was distinguished as a poseur, and for his taste in arranging situations, and his ability to turn out portraits of a highly artistic character. "In his death," says the Home Journal, "New York loses, beside the artist, a picturesque figure, and an original character."

PATERFEX.

SOME VERY CLEVER HORSES.

The Line of Demarcation Between Instinct and Human Reason.

The country doctor is expected to go whenever called—rain or shine, heat or cold, night or day; sometimes, perhaps, leisurely, but often as quickly as possible. Through all this his horse and himself are constant companions, and share together the joys and the sorrows of the road.

It is not strange, therefore, that an attachment of more than ordinary intensity often springs up between them, during which the man many times notes the almost human qualities of the horse.

While quite a boy I knew a horse of such humor and intelligence that he gave me a high opinion of horses in general. Somehow the tricks of old Ball led me to consider horses as almost of kin to human beings, and I have always talked to them and treated them accordingly.

Ball, a fine animal belonging to my uncle, who lived on a farm adjoining ours, was a sorrel horse of good size and especially fine head, with heavy neck and shoulders. He had done a great deal of farm work in his time, but was now too old for anything but occasional light service so he usually had the range of a pasture in front of the house that reached up to the yard fence. There were cattle and sheep in the same pasture.

Ball was noted for his cunning and clever tricks, such as opening gates and doors, pulling down bars and the like; but no one suspected him of playing practical jokes on sheep when one after another was found on the wrong side of the fence. It was by his antics and evident delight whenever a sheep was so found that he attracted attention.

A watch was instituted, and soon, when Ball thought no one saw him, he slyly picked up a sheep by the wool with his teeth, and dropped it over the fence! Then, going away some distance, he anxiously waited, evidently watching for some one to come out of the house. As soon as he saw that the sheep was discovered, he gave a snort and began to run and kick up his heels with delight.

Sometimes he would steal articles and hide them, evidently just for the fun of the thing. One day a heavy maul, such as is used for splitting rails and wood, was left near the fence that he could reach it. When he supposed that no one saw him he took the maul up with his teeth, carried it to the farther side of the field, carefully hid it behind the stump of a tree, and then watched the result.

This time he had been seen carrying the maul away, so the men made great ado pretending to be hunting for it, looking in the fence corners and behind stumps, while Ball was running, snorting and kicking up his heels with unbounded delight. Whenever they approached the maul, he evidently tried to attract their attention to some other point.

While I have been engaged in the practice of medicine my horses have had no opportunity to perform tricks like these, but many times I have seen exhibitions of intelligence and humor no less marked.

One cold, boisterous day my horse, John,

was driven up to a post in front of a desolate-looking farm-house, about fourteen miles from home. There was not a tree or object of any kind to break the cold, raw wind, so I covered John with the blanket, and on top of this threw a buffalo robe, tucking it well under the harness lest the wind should blow it off. But, in my care with the blanket and the robe, I forgot to fasten John to the post.

After I had been inside a few minutes, the lady of the house, looking through the window, cried out, 'Doctor there goes your horse!'

I hastened to the door only to see John and the buggy making good time homeward, already beyond reach of my voice.

Pretty soon, however, John turned from the road, made a large circuit—something more than a hundred yards in diameter—over the smooth prairie, and came back to the post again, where he shook his head often and pranced about to show how intensely he enjoyed the joke. To me he said, as plainly as a horse could say it:

'Now, didn't I fool you nicely? You thought I was going back without you. Why, I was only playing a practical joke to show how careless you were not to tie my halter. Of course I would not have left you out here alone for the world.'

I have known many horses that showed a good degree of humor as well as intelligence, but for good sense I think Frank was a little superior to any other. He was seven years old when I traded for him, and he had a bad reputation for running away; but he was a proud horse, held his head well up, and was a high-stepper. Moreover, he had an intelligent look, and I liked him.

Upon inquiry I found that his first runaway was not much to his discredit. A drunken driver had forced him to cross a rickety culvert, and allowed him to run the wheels off the planks at one end and upset the buggy, at which he became frightened and ran away. After this he was easily frightened by any unusual noise and confusion behind him.

I at once began the training of my new horse by trying to convince him of two things; First, that I was his friend and would not forsake him on any account; second, that I was fully competent to care for and protect him. How well I succeeded may be guessed when I tell you that I drove him almost every day for seven years and never had a runaway. Sometimes he would be startled, but a gentle word and firm, steady rein would always reassure him so that no trouble occurred.

His experience had taught him to be very cautious about culverts. If one of these seemed to be the least out of repair he would stop, and no amount of coaxing

or pushing could induce him to pass over until I had first got out and carefully examined it. Then, after I had told him that all was right, no matter how rickety the culvert was, he would quietly pass over.

When he first came into my possession he had the habit of frequently throwing his head up, and as his bridle was somewhat loose, the browband would sometimes lodge upon his ear. Whenever this happened I would stop him, get out of the buggy, and replace it. He soon learned to throw the band up whenever he would like to stop and be petted a little.

I might have prevented this at once by making the bridle fit better, but it occurred to me that, with this beginning it might soon teach him to stop when anything else got wrong. And this I did, so that the least disarrangement of the harness would cause him to stop and wait for it fixed. Sometimes, however, he would stop when the trouble was not, in my opinion, sufficient to warrant so cautious a procedure.

One day, as I was driving along at a slow trot over a smooth, lonesome road, I had dropped the reins over the buggy apron and was becoming quite interested in the reading of a newspaper when Frank suddenly stopped. I looked all around and over him, but could see nothing wrong, so I said, with some emphasis, 'Get up, Frank! But he still stood, and kept throwing his head up and down.

As I sat there with the paper in my hand, I looked again, and especially to the bridle, but saw nothing wrong. I now, without taking up the reins, took the whip from its socket, and giving him a sharp cut, repeated my command to go along. This undeserved punishment nettled him very much, but still he would not move forward. After standing for a few moments, as if in deep thought, he suddenly turned to the right until the wheel on that side touched the buggy. Then again he stood stock-still only throwing his head as before. I now took up the reins and pulled with the left hand to bring him back into the road, when, to my astonishment, I found that the rein on that side, which had been fastened with a snap, was unsnapped.

When I got out to fasten it Frank squealed. I believe a horse never squeals unless he is excited. I never heard Frank squeal before; but now he not only squealed, but shook his head, pawed the ground, and manifested his delight by every means that he could command. As we afterwards moved along homeward, several times, as the thought would come to his mind afresh, he shook his head and squealed for joy.

When such evidences of thought and purpose, such humor and intelligence are seen in horses, the line of demarcation between animal instinct and human reason becomes almost obliterated. Frank had decided that by turning to the right the left rein would have to be pulled to get him back into the road, and that then I should discover the rein to be unfastened. He certainly had reasoned, and reasoned intricately, too.—D. H. Roberts, M. D.

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ADVICE TO NEWLY MARRIED.

Fatal and Vulgar Habits That Kill Love and Confidence.

I asked a clever, well-known doctor only today what advice he would give the newly married. 'I would tell the woman,' he said, 'never to let her husband think he had quite won her, that there was not still something held in reserve to give him. A woman never seems to think she ought to be fascinating her husband after marriage.' He lectured the woman, of course. There is a universal tendency in mankind to do this. Yet another doctor I know once said in my hearing that he believed from all he had seen that the happiness of marriage depended primarily upon the man. Were he worth anything, the peace of the household was assured.

Letters to the newly married, then, should be addressed to both. There is much that might be said. First of all, that neither take the devotion of the other for granted, making no efforts to cultivate or retain what each felt to be due. There is nothing one should kill quicker in marriage than the first tendency in either one to discuss the peculiarities of the other before a third person. Nothing is more fatal and nothing is more vulgar. No one can ever take a greater liberty with the other. These personalities are never funny though they are often made to do service as family jokes brought out for the entertainment of the stranger. Were I to write such a letter as that mother described I should like to beg that nagging be prohibited, and teasing secrets; that mutual concessions be indulged; that every disappointment in the other be regarded as an opportunity for helping that one, and not as an excuse for alienation; and I should beg that the one who had a trouble share it with the other, so that neither go about with evidences of worry while declaring that nothing is the matter. Oh, nothing! in answer to a loving enquiry from husband or wife sensitive to disturbed conditions in one loved so often the first wedge which ultimately drives both apart.—Harper's Bazar.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Gave Relief in 30 Minutes and Three Bottles Effectuated a Cure Which Baffled the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Warkworth, Ont., says: 'For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp, shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I doctored with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it, and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles

and it has done me more good than any physician ever did. I can conscientiously recommend it to all sufferers from heart trouble.'

The Children and the Church.

The presence of children in the house of God at the hour of divine worship is an important characteristic of an ideal church. The practice of leaving the children at home when the parents go to church is entirely too common. If the oncoming generation is to be trained to church-going and properly fitted for the religious responsibility of mature years, the time to begin is in childhood. The ideal church is constituted of all ages and all grades. The young and old, the rich and the poor together; the Lord is the maker of them all.' Unquestionably a great wrong is inflicted upon young children in excluding them from the regular services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and the result is injurious to the church. For, the natural and logical tendency of this evil habit is to increase the number, already too great, of non-churchgoers.

Major Von Wissman, in order to conserve the big game, has set aside a portion of German East Africa within which no shooting will be allowed without a license from the governor of the colony.

M. Henry Boucher, French Minister of Commerce, is conferring or organizing a competition to ascertain whether alcohol extracted from potatoes and beet-roots cannot be effectively utilized for lighting, or incandescence.

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