

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX DISCOURSES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

What Mr. Thomas O'Hagan Thinks of the Future of Canadian Literature—Canada Does not Encourage her Literary Lights—Massey's July Magazine.

Contract the modern Aembyouant and somewhat exhaustive style of journalism,—that, in its fullness of detail leaves little to the exercise of reflection or imagination,—with the meagre record of prominent events a hundred years ago. We have just been filled with the repletion of the press, ament that excellent man, Governor Russell, of Massachusetts; therefore we read with a more curious interest the following brief, dignified and suggestive paragraph from the Ladies' Magazine, London, December 20th, 1784: "This day the remains of the much lamented Dr. Samuel Johnson were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession, consisting of a hearse and six with the corpse, and ten mourning coaches and four, set out from Bolt Court, Fleet street, a few minutes after twelve o'clock being followed by several gentlemen's carriages, most of the company in which were in mourning. At one o'clock the corpse arrived at the Abbey, where it was met by Dr. Taylor (who read the funeral service) and several prebendaries, and conducted to the Poet's Corner, and laid close to the remains of David Garrick, Esq. The principal mourners on this solemn occasion were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Coleman, and the deceased's faithful black servant. There were present beside, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Horsely, General Paoli, and other distinguished persons. A great concourse of people were assembled, who behaved with a degree of decency suitable to the solemn occasion. This choice bit of reporting was by the late James J. Fields pasted on a fly leaf of an old edition of one of Johnson's books; and has been by his wife, Mrs. Annie Fields, republished in her interesting volume, 'A Shelf of Old Books.'

It is true, as some respectable authority would have us believe, that the public newspaper follows the popular will and fancy,—i. e. the golden bait of a swelling subscription list,—with the accuracy with which the swallow follows the track of the fly? Is it an admitted fact that, in the mind of the publisher, the chief end and aim of the journal which controls is to make money? Such is the allegation of the Pastor of Plymouth church, and the Editor-in-Chief of "The Outlook," in his Baccalaureate sermon at Harvard college: "The press of to-day," he declares, "is not actuated by the single purpose to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He outlines the whole method of editorial procedure, and shows how the record of subscribers modifies the utterance of the popular journal. Dr. J. M. Buckley, of "The Christian Advocate," New York, comments there upon: "It is true, it is a terrible truth; it means that when the country is going down the press accelerates its progress. And as the human race always descends more rapidly than it rises in morals and refinement, and the vicious are generally more ready to pay for stimulants than the righteous for help on the upward grade the aid given by the press is less than the impulse received from it when the trend is downward. It means, too, that a single minded press will always have to contend with those who set their sails to catch a paying breeze. We shall be interested to see what the press will say of this charge. The maker of it says: 'The press is a looking-glass. . . . But there are looking glasses and looking-glasses. He certainly is not condemning the "Outlook". By the press does he mean the Metropolitan daily press? Perhaps discussion will enable the public to discern between the amenable to this pointed and penetrating criticism and those who are not.' Such discrimination certainly is vital to any success in the effort for turning the tide of such an abuse. After all it seems to be an issue with men of personal integrity and public spirit, and those destitute of them, or rapidly becoming so.

"Tents In The Wilderness" is the title of a booklet of delicate emblem, that by its neatness and purity, and the unaffected sweetness and sincerity of its literary expression, should invite attention of all lovers of the beautiful and the good. The thirteen brief lyrics, signed alternately 'D. W.' and 'J. B. K.' are by friends, fellow-craftsmen, ministers of the same church, and residents of neighboring towns in the state of New York, where they are well and appreciatively regarded for their personal excellence of character, as well as for their poetic merit. The writer from whom the first selection is given, lives in retirement at Oranovitz; and wherever it is known, the name of Dwight Williams is as sunlight and fragrance. Rev. James B. Kenyon, the author of several volumes of verse, is in active service as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Syracuse, and is yet in his plenitude of effluence and vigor as author and preacher.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

O Land of Promise, when I come to thee,
And fold my tent,
And pass the gates forever satisfied,
One thought supreme be mine, O where is He
Who came and went,
And won me to himself, though long denied?

He is the light of those celestial hills,
Whence weary eyes
Look up to visions of unending rest,
And where the everlasting balm distills
In sacrifice,
Poured from His hands who loved us first and best.

And where are they who loved me in despite
Of my poor ways?
I know He loved them, for they followed Him.
And caught the beauty of His meekness quite,
And gave Him praise
Until I saw Him through the vistas dim.

If mine be least of all the graven white stones,
More joy to me
That my sweet comrades in the dusty way
Shall be more beautiful in their white robes,
That I may see
My King's own beauty in the perfect day.

THE LILIES OF THE SUMMER FIELDS.

The lilies of the summer fields
Spin not through golden hours of ease,
Yet each its grateful incense yields
In fragrant ministries.

So may these lowly lives of ours
How e'er the changeful seasons run,
On others shed, as do the flowers,
A silent benison.

May we as fountains be whose brink
Love brims with blessing rich and sweet
Where fainting spirits come to drink,
Where toil may bathe her feet.

Lord, evermore thy word is sure—
With us the needy still have we;
O, teach us that who serves the poor,
He serves thee also, Thee.

The booklet is issued from the University Press at Syracuse.

The master is dead; let us build him a monument. This is what we are doing,—this is what we plan to do. In this day we are exceedingly busy with bronze and granite and marble; let the work be an expression of our reverence; we cannot fail of some nobleness while we revere, even if our hero have blots on his escutcheon. Erect the beautiful, the majestic, and stately form; remove the unsightly heroic that has been made grotesque; let it not defend a park or label a man if the caricature does bear the name of a Bolivar, a Grant or a Washington. Let benevolence, and art, and memories of human greatness, commingle, and let a poet's monument or the celebration of his birthday, be an occasion of human kindness and the doing of gracious deeds. Over all the earth the songs of Robert Burns are sung; over all the earth flies the memory of his glorious sorrowful youth,—for in his youth he died, and in his youth he lives forever; over all the earth are hearts that beat quicker at his utterance of his name, and the earth is dotted with the monuments of the singer and his songs. Still the love of the world does not forbid their multiplication; but let them be expressions of the mercy that he showed, and the charity that he felt. Now the centenary of his death has come; not an event belated with rejoicing, yet we celebrate it,—and a new corner stone is to be laid. The idea is one to give him pleasure, if he is conscious of what men are doing. Build the tower in his daisy-field and by the furrows where ran the plough sacred to song; it is not a tower of pride, built by the unbriberly, to tempt Heaven rather a beacon of invocation, and a tower whose strength shall shield the aged and defenceless poor. There lay his relics and memorabilia there build the cluster of cottages, where the good and hapless may grow comfortably old, like his "Bonny Jean;" the while they bless his memory, weep over his woful years, and cherish the gospel of human kindness. And if Westminster's poet's shrine—as well it may (and why not long before?)—is to furnish a niche for the Magician, who was also a lover of his kind, why not consecrate that with benevolence? Open the doors of the Abbey; let this minstrel, who love the fame and name of Scott, pass between its walls, and look up at his sculptured face;—not to wealth and and lettered elegance be the exclusive palm of that day. Then, in the name of him who spread the liberal board of Ashurst and of Abbotford, let the tables be laid, and let the wind and alley and hedge and highway send their hungry delegates in, till art and the memory of song become a benediction, and with the honor that men pay to man the heavens themselves may become better pleased.

We find the following tribute to pre-eminent Scotland in the temperate, carefully considered pages of John Fiske. It occurs in his "Beginnings of New England," where he is exhibiting the similar elements at work simultaneously in the old and the new lands. "Nowhere has Puritanism with its keen intelligence and its iron tenacity of purpose played a greater part than it has played in the history of Scotland. And one need not fear contradiction in saying that no other people in modern times, in proportion to their numbers, have achieved so much in all departments of human activity as the people of Scotland have achieved. It would be superfluous to mention the preeminence of Scotland in the industrial arts since the days of James Watt, or to recount the glorious names in philosophy, in history, in poetry and romance, and in every department of science, which since the middle of the eighteenth century have made the country of Burns and Scott, of Hume and Adam Smith, of Black and Hunter and Hutton and Lyell, illustrious for all future time."

The can be no question that Gilbert Parker's romance, "The Seats of the Mighty," is the work of a masterly hand. The drawing of such characters as Doltaire, Gaborde, and Alixe, can be performed by

no other than one worthy the succession of Scott or Cooper. Second only to these, are the portraits of Wolfe, Montcalm, Bigot, and Vandreuil, and the battle-scene on that monumental plateau where the Red Cross was exalted and the Lilies were humiliated. For ourself, we meddled with it, and then, as if it had been a thing of enchantment, we could not easily lay it aside till we had finished the story. The children of our household took to it as readily as their breakfast. A sturdy, red-faced, sandy haired, brainy, sonsie Scotch chiel who came to us from a school near by, bent his brow over it and would scarcely lift it till the last page was reached. There is strength and dignity in the style, more than ease or familiarity; and a broader, racier humor would have relieved the chilling fear and horror of the constantly changing situations of the story. We could have wished for a Major Dalgetty, of Drumhwaick, to have made himself as pleasantly ridiculous as in "The Legend of Montrose." For the gloom becomes oppressive and the strain burdensome. But the story ends triumphantly, to the reader's satisfaction; love is crowned and malice is defeated. The constant soul of Alixe appears, the celestial light of long benighted dungeons, and the angel guide to lead her beloved captive forth. This stirring book is Canadian in subject, substance and authorship, and should make a strong appeal to the Canadian public, while it does much to remove the unjust reproach of the question sometimes asked: Our Canadian Literature—what and where is it? We have found it objected to our author that he has not mentioned his obligation to the "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo;" but it may be conceded that, whatever the materials with which he wrought, he found them brick and has made them marble.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan has a letter in *The Week* (July 24th) on "The Future of Canadian Poetry," lamenting the cheapness of praise and the dearth of pudding. Politically, Canada does not consider the poet at all, except to object to him; whatever his status as a rhymist, his rhymes are no reason why a consulship, a secretary's post or a college chair, should be bestowed upon him;—quite the contrary, Mr. O'Hagan thinks. May there not be some truth in all this; or, are there some of us who are soreheaded, whose eyes are so placed that we see askew? If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight; 'a country which in its highest places makes difficult by cheapening the literary art. Mr. O'Hagan says: 'Praise is a beautiful thing, very consolatory, but not quite a tonic, and totally unfit as a regular daily diet for even the gods. A writer in a London journal said recently that Canadians were proud, of their minor poets. Why should they not? The Canadian choir of singers, with Roberts, Frechette, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, the two Scotts, and E. Pauline Johnson, at their head, have the sweetest and truest voices heard to-day in the New World of song. But we have a duty greater than that of being proud of our young Canadian poets. What is that you ask? It is to manifest practical appreciation of their worth. There is scarcely one of our young Canadian singers who is possessed of sufficient of the world's means to give him the slightest security in his literary labors.' This being so, we may expect much sorrow, and good work. The writer thinks the gift of the 'divine afflatus' is not so sure a passport to governmental or scholarly promotion, as the professional habit of annotation.

"Sculls of poets dead and gone," what consideration might you not expect were you back in the body! The thorns in your former pillows, more noticeable than down, would be replaced by roses. We will quiver a little, on your account. Mr. O'Hagan seems slightly in error on one point, for he says: 'There are twelve or fifteen universities in Canada. How many of our most gifted poets hold chairs in them? Not a single one, if we except Charles G. D. Roberts, who is [was] professor of English and history in King's college, Windsor.' Does not the writer know that he is now author, sole and professional, relying on his pen, with a success we know not of, but which we hope entirely justifies his apparently heroic understanding.

"Massey's Magazine" for July is named a "Canadian National Number," and exploits the Dominion by the aid of some of the ablest pens, in a patriotic spirit, yet wisely and decently moderated in expression. The opening article on "The Pros-

pective Province of Newfoundland," renews an old-time pleasure we had in the writings of Dr. Harvey, in the days of "The Maritime Monthly" and of "Stewart's Quarterly." The article is gracefully written, and abounds in intelligence. Principal Grant of Queen's university gives a "Historical Sketch" of "The Origin of Dominion Day"; the author's name a guarantee of literary excellence. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., gives account of the celebration of "Dominion day in London," on several occasions when himself and son were present; while the frontispiece of the number gives a section of the table where the guests were assembled, with Lord Aberdeen, "the Governor Desgrate," in the act of responding to a toast. P. McArthur discourses on "Dominion day in New York"; and Hon. G. W. Ross on "Dominion day at Home." Duncan Campbell Scott furnishes the fiction of the number in "John Greenlaw's Story." "The Olympic Games at Athens" by Albert C. Tyler; "The President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts," by M. J. Sanborn "Canada's National Game" by John P. Roche; and "A Chat about Lawn Tennis," by Scott "Griffen," are timely, interesting articles. One of the most noticeable things in the number is William Wilfred Campbell's fine "Ode to Canada," which in spirit and movement is stately and noble. The other poems are: "The Secret," by Alice S. Deletombe (an Ohio lady); "Retrospection," by John Stuart Thomson; "Early Golden-Rod," by E. P. Wells; and Theodore H. Rand's verses on the "Bay of Fundy."

"Deep Bay," broad-breasted and brave!
Oft rocked in thy swaying arms
Beneath the hidden sun,
As foam-bell 'toss't on thy wave
I drift again 'mid thy charms
To sphinx-like Blondin.

O Fundy, deep-breathing sea,
Regal in power and ruffled
In hollow of his hand,
Captive to beauty, yet free,
Sleep now, thy Basin is brimmed
In fair Acadian land!

The magazine is profusely and richly illustrated; and by the special character of its contents, as well as by the intrinsic excellence, and the enterprise of the publishers, it makes a strong appeal to the Canadian public.

RENTING MOUNTED ANIMALS.

Almost any Animal May be Hired, From a Squirrel to an Elephant.

Mounted animals and birds are rented for a great variety of purposes, and almost any animal or bird may be hired. The fur-bearing animals are rented principally to furriers for use as show pieces. Many furriers buy show pieces, but there are others who prefer to rent them, thus getting a new or different show piece every season. Sometimes a large number of animals, from the smallest squirrel to the largest tiger and lion, are rented together, for the decoration of a show room; and birds in large numbers and in great variety from humming birds to peacocks, are sometimes rented for similar purposes.

Animals and birds both are rented for theatrical uses. A stuffed dog was needed in a play. Just the dog required was found at the taxidermist's. There may be a play with a scene in it in which a hunter comes in with a fawn over his shoulder. The fawn can be hired at the taxidermist's. It may be that in some play an eagle alights upon the stage; an eagle may be hired. In plays depicting circus life, if a parade forms part of the representation, the wagons can be filled with lifelike stuffed tigers, bears, and other animals, such as might be found in a real circus. And bears, elephants, and various other mounted animals are at one time and another used on the stage.

Mounted animals are rented for various civic displays and parades and for ballroom decorations and other uses. Tigers can be hired for political processions. For a presentation of Little Red Riding Hood a wolf can be hired. Swans are rented and all sorts of birds. Sometimes a dining room, as on the occasion of a game supper, is decorated with all kinds of game birds.

Lecturers hire mounted animals. Lecturing on natural history to a school, for example, the lecturer might have upon the stage a caribou, an elk and a deer, to show the difference between them. Mounted animals and birds are rented for various photographic purposes. A bear, or an eagle perhaps to be photographed for a trade mark, or a parrot, to be held by a child. The live bird would not keep still; a stuffed bird will. Birds are rented to artists to draw or paint from.

For fish store openings, big porpoises, sharks and sturgeon are rented; and crocodiles and alligators are rented to leather and shoe stores.

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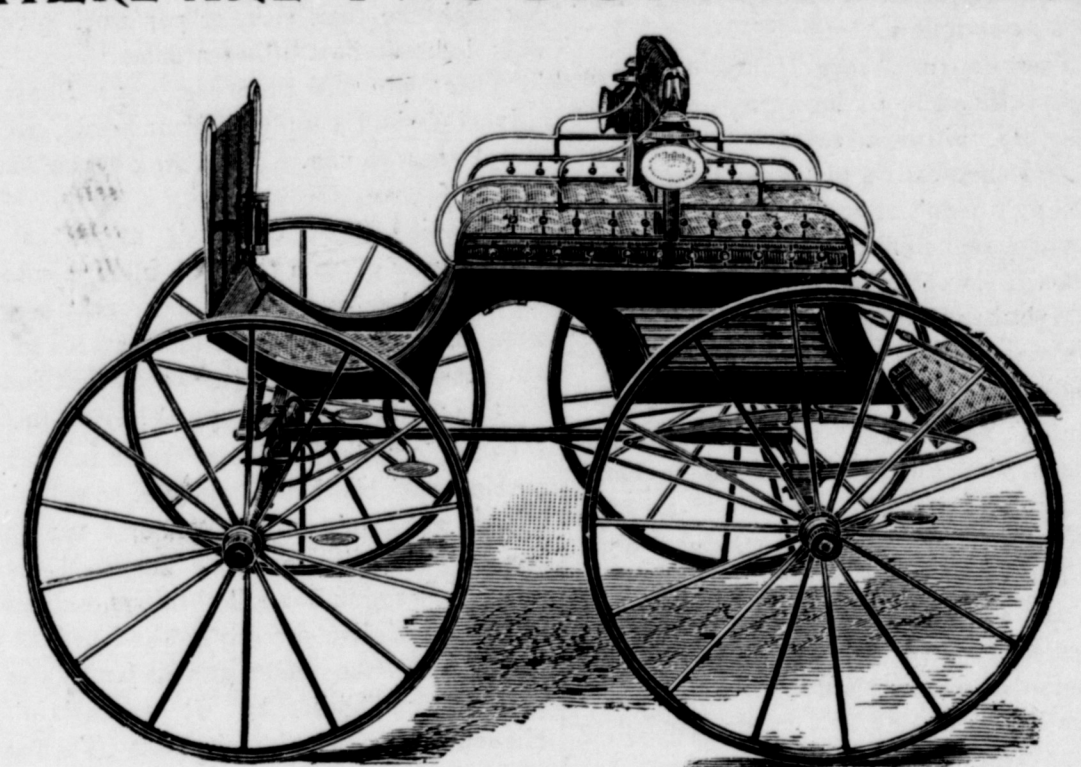
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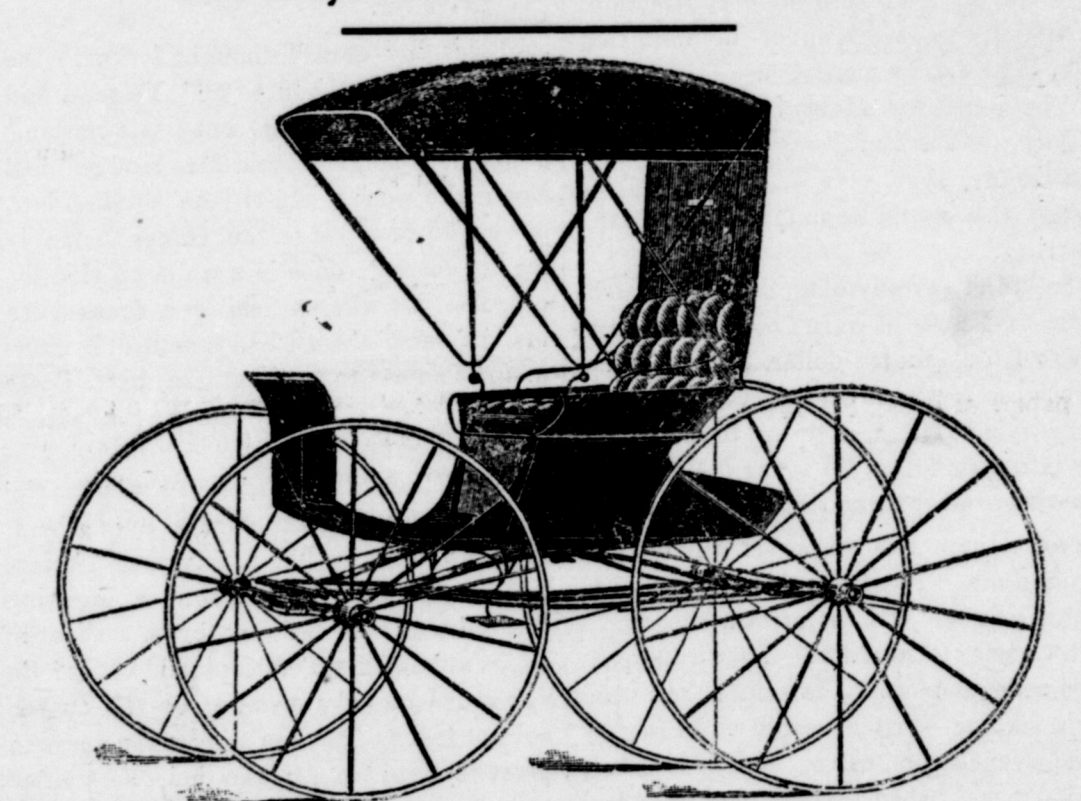
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longer than for a shorter period. The charge for show pieces is a certain percentage of the value, graduated according to the length of time for which they are taken. For a single day a big tiger could be hired for \$10 and a small tiger for \$5; a middling-size elephant for \$25 a day; a big grizzly bear for \$10, and a small grizzly for 5. An eagle, for a single occasion, one or two days, would cost \$3 to \$4. A squirrel could be hired for a day for 50 cents, a wolf for \$3, a parrot for 25 cents, a humming bird, or a robin for 25 cents, and an ostrich for \$8 a day.—*New York Sun*.

Whittier As a Boy-Shoemaker.

Among the traditions of Whittier's youth is one describing him as a shoemaker in his paternal home. Quite recently I saw an allusion to this matter in the Transcript, I think, followed by the statement that there was evidence extant of the Poet ever being engaged in that ancient occupation.

In the memoir of William Lloyd Garrison by Archibald H. Grimké, Mr. Garrison's story of his first introduction to Whittier through the incident of receiving Whittier's first poem for the Free Press Garrison's first paper, is given in quotation marks and purports to be in his own words.

Garrison does not say that he saw Whittier at work on the shoemaker's bench, but that the poet rider who brought the letter containing the poem, stated that he dropped the letter near the door of Garrison's office "and that it was written by a Quaker lad, named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench with hammer and lap-stone, at East Haverhill." Garrison's account of his first visit to Whittier says that when the young poet was called to the interview with his visitor, he "came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden."—Granville Fernald.

A Strange theory.

Probably the oddest idea ever for a moment entertained by a scientist was that of John Cleves Symmes concerning the condition of the interior of our globe. Symmes was a jurist, a scientist—or, as the French would say, a "savant"—of international reputation, an explorer "on his own hook" and an all round man of letters, yet one would think that some of his ideas must have originated with the king of Bedlam. He believed, and lectured before learned college societies in support of his views, that the earth consists of from five to seven hollow concentric spheres, and that at the poles there is a round opening entirely through each of the several spheres.

According to this queer theory these spheres are placed one inside the other, like a nest of crockery ware, with an open space of a few hundred miles between each. Furthermore, he believed that both the inside and the outside of each of these bubble-like spheres are inhabited, which would give not less than 10 and probably 14 "theaters of action," instead of the one habitable surface with which we are all acquainted to a greater or lesser degree. Symmes lived for many years near Newport, Ky.—St. Louis Republic.

The Wisdom of Experience.

Aunt Sabina—"Berthy, don't you have none of these here flirtatious young fellows that propose as soon as they call half a dozen times. They ain't no kind of partners for life."

Bertha—"But some of them are very nice, auntie."

Aunt Sabina—"Never mind that, Berthy. I've lived long enough to know that the hol'owest and windiest things is most liable to pop."