

Notches on The Stick

"The End of the Earth" is not like any other book," writes Prof. W. H. Venable; and we are half inclined to take his word, having never met such another, and trusting it may not set the fashion to future seekers after literary extravagance. It is, indeed, a veritable anomaly in this time of book-breeding and the vending of literary curiosities; and it may well strike the groundlings with surprise. We have read it with a sort of wonderin' interest, for it abounds in fascination, and power of a certain kind; but whether it should command our assent or admiration, that is a question not yet settled. In our twilight state of insight and opinion this seems true, that it outrivals Munchausen and Jules Verne; and if the literary quality could be brought to equal the singular subject matter, it might be handed down to future times as the wonder-book of this century. Unhappily the author is not a master of style, and, with all his wonders, is commonplace enough beside a Carlyle or a Hugo.

We are indebted to our friend, Hon. Charles H. Collins, for the opportunity of examining this work of which we had previously heard, and respecting which we had some curiosity. A work it is widely noticed in the press, and as widely commended, in America, and, in some cases at least, in England. Dr. John Clark Ridpath declared it "the most unique, original, and suggestive new book that we have seen in this last decade of a not unfruitful century." He very properly, also pronounces it "a puzzle—a literary mystery," and declares that "it puts criticism at fault." And of it Prof. Venable further says: "The charm of adventure, the excitement of romance, the stimulating heat of controversy, the keen pursuit of scientific truth, the glow of moral enthusiasm, are all found in its pages. The book may be described as a sort of philosophical fiction, containing much exact scientific truth, many bold theories, and much ingenious speculation on the nature and destiny of man. . . . The occult and esoteric character of the discussions adds a strange fascination to them. We can hardly classify, by ordinary rules a work so unusual in form and purpose, so discursive in subject-matter, so unconventional in its appeals to reason, religion and morality. . . . The direct teaching of the book, in so far as it aims to influence conduct, is always lofty and pure." But each according to his own taste and opinion. To us no book ever more hopelessly confounded the border lines of truth and fiction, mixing up more of fact and vagary in an inextricable mass; and no book has ever left so bizarre and ultra-sensational an impression upon us. The interest excited is like that known to the sceptical observer before whom the Indian juggler performs his tricks, or who sees the alleged ghost rise out of the boards of a theatre. The vulgar mind may be confounded, but the quick eye has pierced and detected the imposture, and an ear has been keen enough to hear the creak of the crank that turns the machine. It seems to us that the chorus of praise rises to a falsetto pitch, even when the artistic and material features of the book are in question; for we read: "If a fine statue or a stately cathedral is a poem in marble, a masterpiece of the printer's art may be called a poem in typography. Such is 'Eldorpha.' In its paper, composition, presswork, illustration and binding—it is the perfection of beauty." And this certainly may be justly said, barring all extravagance of diction, that in all respects it is an attractive specimen of the book-maker's art.

The title of this extraordinary, and we may say, abnormal-book, is the following: "Eldorpha, (anagram from Aphrodite) Or the End of Earth: The Strange History of a Mysterious Being, and The Account of a Remarkable Journey, as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury who Promised to Print the Same. But Finally Evaded the Responsibility, which was Assumed by John Uri Lloyd. With Many Illustrations, by J. Augustus Knapp. Cincinnati. The Robert Clarke Co. 1896. Mr. Lloyd is a citizen of the Queen City, and appears to be high in the esteem of many in professional circles. His work is, in form, a series of romantic adventures, undergone by one who styles himself, "I am the Man," and whose venerable (imagined) face appears in white on a black background. The list of the book, however, is an exposition of occult teaching; and many peculiar and striking views of natural and psychologic phenomena are given. It has had wide advertisement, and may, from the booksellers standpoint, (which we are told is the one to which authors must come in

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Hood's Pills

(appraising their product,) be accounted successful, since it has run within a year's time, into eight large editions. Three chapters, excluded from the book, at the time of its publication,—upon the supposition that they might be prejudicial by overburdening the public credulity and furnishing too many matters hard to be believed,—have lately appeared in the Commercial Tribune, (Cincinnati), and will probably be included in the next edition. Some of the scientific notions contained in the volume may be derived from one of these excluded chapters: (XLIV.)

"No cavern such as you name has been discovered in Kentucky. You bring no evidence to show that the steamer George Washington ran the Ohio River as early as 1826. You assert that energy from the sun penetrates opaque bodies, even earthy matters. You claim that unseen rays of energy can be vivified and made visible. You pretend that water can rise above its level and thus by molecular force between solutions of varying gravity produce artesian wells by processes different from those accepted by geologists. You claim that the centre of gravitation is not the centre of the earth. You assert that the earth is hollow and that it is not matter that has weight, but that weight is an energy expression associated therewith, but which may exist free from matter. You assert that material has no strength, for that quality also you claim to be simply an expression of atomic and molecular energies. You assert that the prism does not decompose the sun's energy into its ultimates, but that the spectrum produced by a prism is a something scraped off from the light rays, the main ray passing directly through the prism. You claim also that rays exist that the prism can not deflect and that as yet no device of man can enable him to appreciate. You claim further that the rays of the spectrum known to man are not ultimates and that when they are finally dissociated, or again deflected, colors and conditions new to man will become evident. You assert that as yet man, because of his narrow mind, knows but little of the energy that pervades his sphere and you assert that unknown forces permeate his very being. Yes," I cried, becoming almost frantic as I read, "yes, and at last you submit to me an experiment fifty years old and craftily make me believe that I am looking at my brain when I really see the venation of the retina."

We are informed that "Professor Lloyd is not an Oxford graduate, with a cut-and-dried mind formed after models made by others. He is, however, a polished scholar educated in the University of Nature. It is this free and expansive mind that embodies in Eldorpha, so many propositions worthy the careful consideration of all interested in the accretion of human knowledge. A few of our readers may be surprised to find that the author is Professor J. U. Lloyd, our well-known American pharmacist; but those who know him well feel that this is but a new expression from an active mind that has long held their attention." The Boston Arena thus indicates the most expressive parts of the book: "The chapter dealing with 'The Food of Man' is most admirable, and the statement is made that food and drink are not matter, 'carriers of assimilable bits of sunshine,' the sun being shown to be the great life-giving energy of the universe. The chapters treating on drunkenness and the drinks of man, showing the awful power of the temptation to drink and the horrors resulting from indulgence, burn themselves into the brain. They are blood-curdling as any of the pictures in Dante's Inferno." That the book is one to command attention we are ready to admit; and he who is on the lookout for the foremost literary sensation of the time, must not omit "Eldorpha."

Howells designation of Rudyard Kipling as 'the laureate of larger Britain' derives a reason from many of his poems, which if political relations should ever be adjusted as some wish them, might be termed Ballads of Britain's World Wide Empire. His late spirited poem in The London Times, concerning Canada, entitled "Our Lady of Snows," belongs to the group of songs entitling him to the praise implied in that phrase of Mr. Howells. The title is hardly satisfactory to Canadians,

who naturally have no desire to be characterized by that mysterious annex, the North Pole, and its chilly borders; so that reiterated line they repudiate, however they may be pleased otherwise with the spirit of the piece. The poem concedes certain rights to Canada that were once upon a time disputed when claimed by another colony.

"A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen set word to a throne;
Daughter am I in my mother's house
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,
Said the Lady of the Snows."

"I called my chiefs to council,
In the din of a troubled year
For the sake of the sign ye would not see
And a word ye would not hear;
This is our message and answer,
This is the path we chose,
For we be also a people,
Said Our Lady of the Snows. . . ."

That is: Canada has the right to decide; and she decides for Britain, like a loyal daughter.

The gates are mine to open
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my mother's house,
Said Our Lady of the Snows."

Mr. Arthur Weir's protest against [this designation which has been widely published is nearly as spirited and quite as poetical as Kipling's ballad. The charm of the Canadian poet's verses had added to them the music of Mr. Davin's voice, when they were recently read by that honorable gentleman in the Dominion House, "and recorded in Hansard as an antidote of Mr. Kipling's misnomer."

J. Hunter Duvar of Hernewood, P. E. I. author of "De Roberval," "The Enamerado," "Annals of the Court of Oberon," and other well-known works, has for several months been occupied with the composition of a modern novel, of which some thirty chapters are completed and transcribed.

The Haliburton club at Windsor N. S. announce as in press with Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Ont. "A Centennial Chapter; A Tribute to the Memory of Hon. T. C. Haliburton, author of 'Sam Slick' etc." The volume will contain, beside F. Blake Crofton's monograph, formerly published, "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer," interesting articles by H. P. Scott, Esq., Windsor, N. S., T. P. Anderson Esq., British Museum, London, G. B., Prof. L. F. Horning, M. R. Victoria University, Toronto, Ont., and R. G. Haliburton, Esq. Q. C. The book will be ready in July.

We are advised by Sir James Lemoine that The Royal Society of Canada will meet at Halifax, in June (21-25), for the projected Cabot celebration. A season of much interest is expected. Delegates from Scientific or Literary Societies in Canada or the United States, who plan to attend, will do well to confer by letter with the Secretary, Hon. Dr. Bourinot, of Ottawa.

Gen. Horatio King, a native of Paris, Me., (June 21, 1811), well and favorably known as editor and author, died at Washington, D. C., on May 20th, in his 86th year. He was also known in official and political circles, having been postmaster general during a position of President Buchanan's administration. PASTOR FELIX

THE DOG STAR.

Sirius is one of the Most Magnificent of all the Stars.

As far as we know or are able to ascertain, says the Waverley Magazine, Sirius, one of the giants among the "fixed stars," is one of the most magnificent specimens of God's handiwork. Sir John Herschel's astronomical labors during the early portion of the century and those of the brilliant French astronomer, Flammarion, during the past twenty-five years, have enabled us to know considerable about the distance to, the size of and the intensity of the light of that distant orb. Sirius is situated about 52,000,000,000 leagues, or upward of 225,000,000,000 miles from our world, but the intensity of the light is such that it has been estimated by Flammarion to be at least 224 times greater than that emitted by our sun! The distance to Sirius being so great it follows that we do not see the orb as it is today, but as it was twenty-two years ago. The ray of light which comes to us in this, the summer of 1897, was not emitted by that orb yesterday, or the day before, but early in the spring of 1875. Should Sirius be blotted out of existence today, we should know nothing of the calamity until about the middle of the year 1819.

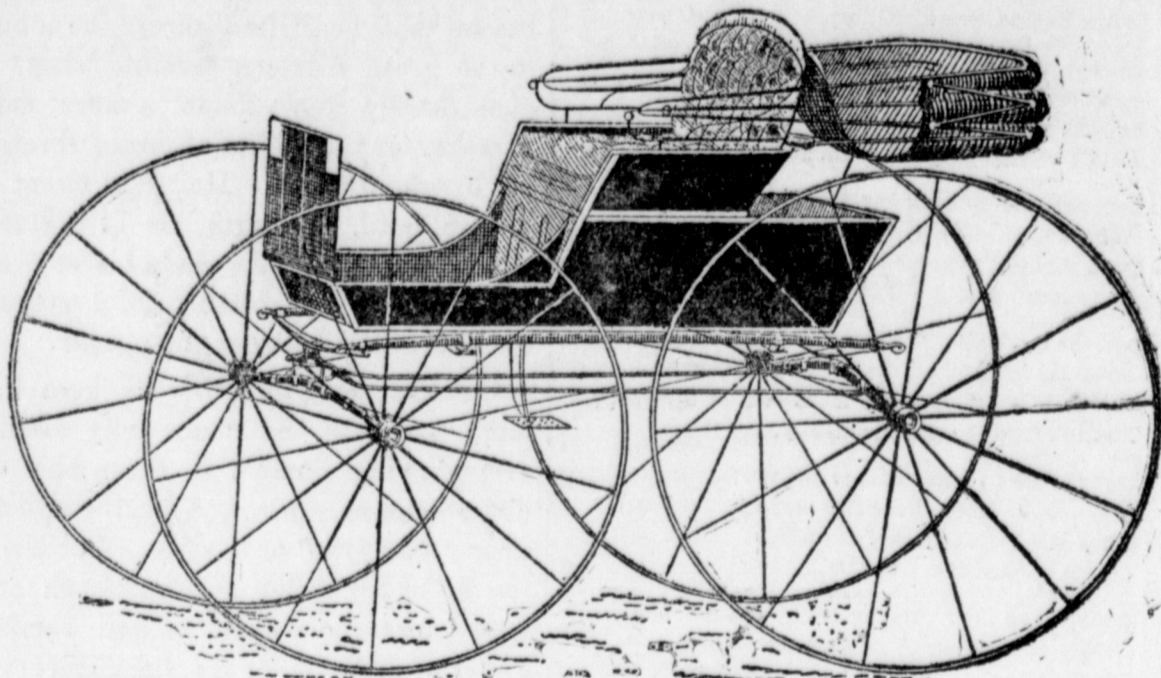
Dying man Grasps at a Straw.

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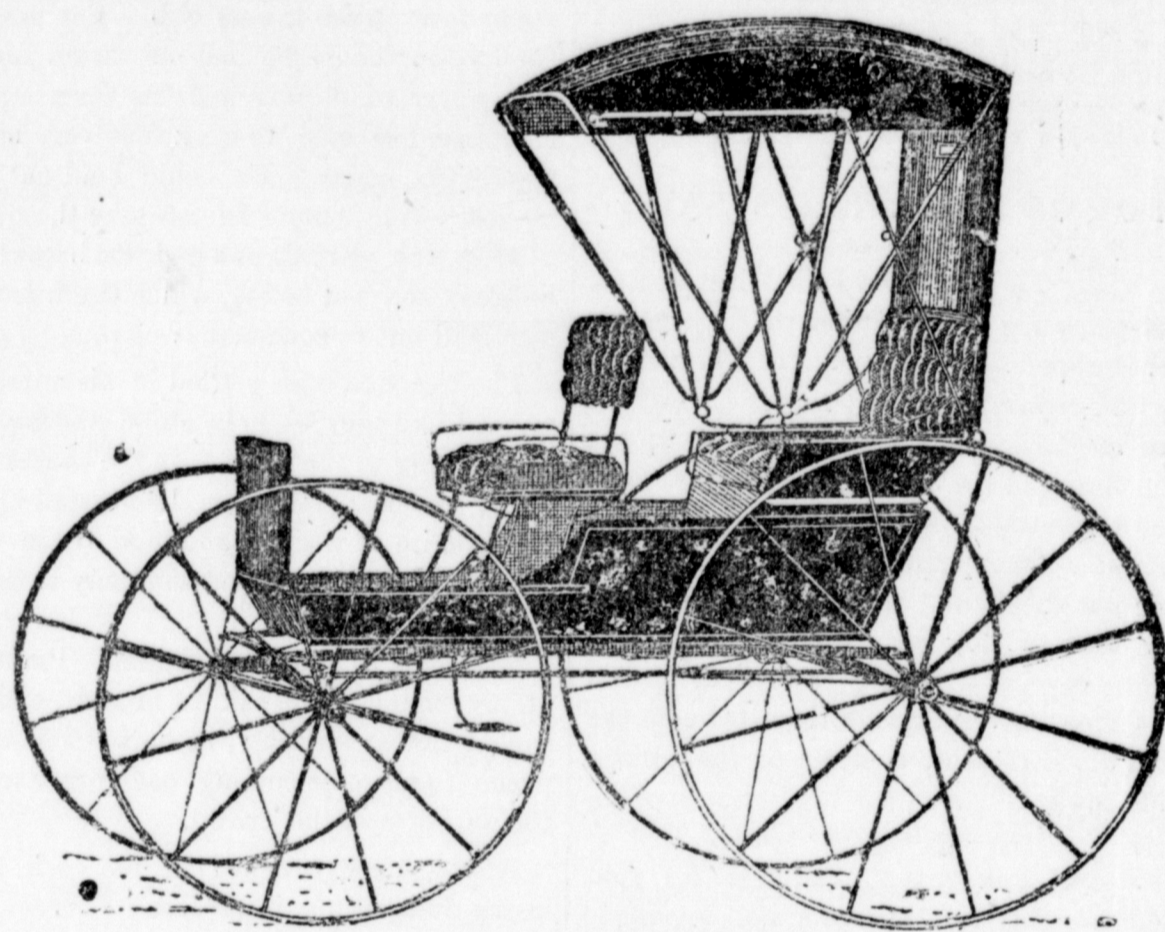
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The Japanese Rulers' Methods of Dealing With Ministers and People.

His Majesty's daily customs are very regular. He always goes to his study at 9 a. m. and remains at work there until 4 p. m. He reads and signs all parliamentary laws and decrees.

When a Cabinet Minister addresses his Majesty about any public matter he inquires about the subject, the purpose and condition, and decides it. He is firm and not changeable. When he decides a matter once he cannot alter that decision.

At the beginning of Matsukata's Cabinet Parliament decided to reduce the salaries of the Cabinet Ministers and other Government officers. The Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, addressed his Majesty about it. His Majesty did not consent and he said: "Many officers cannot live upon a fixed salary. Some Cabinet Ministers have been obliged to borrow money, and I advanced money from my treasury to support them. If the present Cabinet Ministers retain their positions by borrowing money all Cabinet Ministers, therefore, cannot do so. Therefore I cannot consent to the reduction of salaries."

Count Matsukata retired from His Majesty. However, the Cabinet once more debated the question with the Count, and Matsukata went again to consult the Emperor.

His Majesty was not inclined to see him again, and sent an attendant to say to him: "I have already commanded about the reduction of salaries. I cannot see you any more." The salaries were, therefore, not reduced. His Majesty understands the condition of the lower classes, and familiarizes himself with the private conduct of the Cabinet Ministers. When he reads newspaper articles relating to the private misconduct of any Cabinet Ministers and attacking him, his Majesty sometimes smiles.

His Majesty is fond of reading books and newspapers. He is especially fond of

German books. He likes to compose Japanese poems, which he can do very readily. His ability in that respect is much admired by his attendants. His Majesty dislikes all pretense and hypocrisy.

When it has been reported to his Majesty that some of his subjects have given their lives in time of flood or earthquake to preserve his Majesty's picture, he has been much touched; but he is anxious to discourage his subjects from such quixotism, and to preserve them from any but necessary danger.

Withal the Emperor's life is a very happy and peaceful one, blessed by the love and respect of grateful subjects; and when his Majesty makes a tour anywhere in Japan without his guards he is in no danger, but is received everywhere with reverence and joy.

He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them.

A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for fourteen one-pound Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan bank only cashed its own notes.

"Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in his simple way.

"Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes as desired.

The Irish man took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying: "Would ye gie me gold for these, sir?"

And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

I Have Had

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good. So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure.

If there are not many visitors at a house, it is a sign that the husband wears the pants.