

Notches on The Stick

This memorial of a notable man of letters, furnished to us by one who knew him, we think will be found of interest to the readers of PROGRESS:

"The Times and other London, Eng., papers recently contained the obituary of a distinguished scholar, R. v. Robert Hunter, A. M., L. L. D., F. G. S. V., editor of the Encyclopædic Dictionary, who died rather suddenly at his residence Epping Forest, Essex, England. Mr. Hunter spent the first part of his life in India as coadjutor at Nagpur of the missionary geologist R. v. Stephen Hlop; (who a few years ago was drowned in crossing a stream, to the great loss of science and of his church.) Their joint memoirs to the Geological Society threw great light on the geology of Central India. Each of them discovered a new metal, now known by their respective names Hlopite and Hunterite. Hunter's health breaking down, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature of the more erudite stamp. When Messrs. Cassells, publishers, London, determined to issue at great cost an encyclopædic dictionary, to make it a work of the century, they gladly availed themselves of his services as editor; for which, as the Times says, he was specially fitted by his linguistic attainments, being well versed in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, while his residence in India had made him acquainted with Hindustani and the study of Arabic. A site for an editorial office was selected at a suitable distance from London, on which a range of iron buildings, lined with pigeon-holes, was erected; and here he, with a staff, laboured unremittingly for seventeen years before the first of the seven-volume volumes was offered to the public,—the result being all that was anticipated. The editorship-in-chief, of what Professor Owen called "a colossal work," kept him in constant association with Huxley and the first scholars of the day. The cost of the venture was enormous, but the sales were equally enormous. Messrs. Cassells afterwards sold to Lloyd's newspaper the right to publish a cheaper edition of which the sales in America have been very large, several American universities having adopted the work as their standard. He never married. In character and habits he was singularly single-minded and unassuming;—the sister of one of the Governors-General who met him in India, appropriately described him as "a second Melancthon."

The third brother, with his wife and child, perished in the Indian mutiny, their fate being kept in remembrance by a memorial church at Sialkote in "the Panjab."

The antiquarian scholar and poet, John Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, P. E. I. is a brother of the Rev. Robert Hunter, and a partaker of his mental and literary characteristics.

Among the briefer poetic tributes to Robert Louis Stevenson, and one of the better class, is that by Robert MacFarlane (John Arbory) of Montreal. It is founded on the following passages of the great romancer, passages that speak his heart's yearning toward that country he had left so far and for ever behind.

"I do not even know it I desire to live there (in Scotland); but let me hear in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my home?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods."

"I will say it fairly, it grows on me every year; there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning."

A Grave in Samoa.

The wild birds strangely call,
And silent dawns and purple eves are here,
Where Southern stars upon his grave look down,
Calm-eyed and wondrous clear;

No strifed his resting morn;
And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps,
His spirit cleaves the pathways of the storm
Where dark Tantalus keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,
By haunting memory of his yearning led
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand
Mourns for her absent dead.

"Ab, bear him gently home,
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,
And ruddy lights, across the streaming rain,
Shine soft at close of day."

"In The Heart of America" is the title of a patriotic poem, by Mrs. Lillian Rezell Messenger, illustrated by Geo. Y. Coffie, and elegantly printed, at Richmond, Va., by the J. L. Hill Printing Co. 1890. The Atlanta Exposition furnished the occasion,

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.
The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

at the opening of which it was read; while primitive life in the central part of the Republic supplies the theme. The following extract will enable the reader to judge fairly of the style and substance of the whole:

"I saw the lightning fierce, God's scimitar,
Smite sharp the dusk, and cleave the darker sea;
A storm cloud in the dim southwest rose high
In sullen wrath to crush the blooming dawn,
But fell, and 'neath the golden lances strong
Of day's sentries; thence in the break of light
I followed far, while all the matin birds
Did praise their God, and praise their leafy homes,
And sing for love of song, and love, and life!
'Far lands and glory-climes may boast their songs!
Of lovely-throated things in rainbow hues—
Of Eden birds, of lark and nightingale,
The mocking-bird's the South's own winged voice;
He thrills the fragrant clime at morn and noon
At will, and greets the angel of the dawn;
And midnights blue, full of deep summer's breath,
There catopied in moonlight's gentle gold,
He waits such songs to love,—to Nature's ear,
That, in delight and fear, the human soul
Caught in its magic spell, listens in awe,
In wonderment—whence came the minstrel true.
'Of every note he thrills exultant songs,
As tho' the scents of flowers, the sigh of winds,
The plaint of doves, of streamlets gay and sad—
The moan of seas, the moan of lost, lost loves,
Had made divine this winged melody!
All rare sweet flows like vari-colored flame
Burned thro' perfumed air as the dreaming South
With large and radiant eyes sent back their smiles—
In exaltation press'd them to her lips."

Mrs. Messenger is a native of Alabama, with a heart full of the sunny South. She is the daughter of a physician, Dr. Rezell, and spent her childhood in a pleasant home, under conditions that ministered to taste and intelligence. She is the author of "Fragments From an Old Inn," "Columbus," "The Southern Cross," and other books of verse. She devotes her time to study and literature, and is at the present time a resident of Washington D. C.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the ex-Premier, has retired from the first vice-principalship of Newnham College. She will have nobler care and a more exalted vocation at Heward, where she will be the guardian and companion of her parents in their declining years. Her successor at Newnham is Miss Katherine Stephen, daughter of the late Sir James Stephen. Miss Stephen has been at the head of Clough Hall, but her promotion to Sedgwick hall, makes room for a very fit appointment,—that of Miss B. A. Clough, younger daughter of Arthur Hugh Clough, the distinguished poet.

One of the most beneficent institutions in the state of Maine is The Good Will Farm, at East Fairfield, where boys and girls, deprived of their natural guardians, are given a helping hand. The work is carried on entirely by the unsolicited free will offerings of the people, under the general superintendence of Rev. George W. Hinckley, a Baptist minister, with whom it had its inception, and has grown to proportions commanding attention and sympathy throughout England. The Farm occupies a beautiful sight on the Kennebec River, nine miles north of Waterville, and consists of 330 acres, 8 Cottage homes, The Charles E. Moody School Building, and a stone chapel, to be dedicated in a few weeks. On the opposite shore of the river is a noble grove known as the 'Pines' where an Annual Assembly is held, the proceedings of which are published in a magazine entitled 'The Good Will Pines'. The Assembly for the present season is announced, and will occur July 28th to August 4th, when speakers from the various schools and professions will be there to give instructions and addresses. Hezekiah Butterworth was the special literary attraction last year; this year he will be Dr. Orson Sweet Marden, author of the popular books "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate." A monthly journal, "The Good-Will Record," is published by the Institution and edited by the superintendent. The Association, which is undenominational, holds the property in trust, and are incorporated according to the laws of the State of Maine.

The fiftieth anniversary of Bismarck's entrance upon public life was signaled by something of social, if not public demonstration. Many visitors assembled at his home in Friedrichsruh to listen to his words and present their congratulations. His speech was brief, but pithy. Among the memorable things he said, this is perhaps his most significant: "One of the advantages of becoming old is that one be-

comes indifferent to hatred, insult, and calumny, while one's capacity for love and good-will is increased."

We are told that for his poetry Mr. Kipling receives \$12 per line. But let not any brother who cultivates the muse take hope or discouragement therefrom. Let him if he is curious, ask ninety-nine out of the hundred who rhyme,—and what do you get? PASTOR FELIX.

Reasons on Both Sides.

There are plenty of reasons for taking our meals regularly. Everybody can tell what they are. It's as easy as counting the peas in a pod. But did you ever think there might be reasons against it? There stands a glass of fresh, pure water, for instance. It is fit to drink, and ready to your hand. But you are not thirsty, and so you don't touch it. You don't even consider the matter in your mind; you don't want it, and you let it alone. That's all; the condition of the body decides the question without argument.

But is it so with eating? No; it isn't. The meal is there on the table; there won't be another for some hours. The family sit down to it. It is a sort of function; it represents a habit. Thus people are continually eating when they ought to fast. They eat against Nature's protest, and she serves them out for it. Take an illustration.

"I was strong and healthy," says Mr. W. J. Harding, "Up to the spring of 1891. Then I fell ill. At first I felt heavy, tired, and sleepy. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and in the morning I was very sick. My appetite was poor, and after meals I had great weight and oppression at the chest. I was also troubled with a strange fluttering of the heart, and sometimes I feared it would stop beating. At such times I could scarcely get my breath and after the attack passed off it left me weak and trembling. As time went on I got weaker and weaker, and was often at work when I ought to have been in bed. For over a year I was in this condition. I consulted three doctors in all, but they did me no good. No medicines helped me. In July, 1892, my wife persuaded me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a short time was greatly relieved; my breathing became easier, and I gradually gained strength. Whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint the Syrup never fails to relieve them. (Signed) Wm. John Harding, Western Cottage, Bursledon, near Southampton, April 6th, 1893."

Another man: "In September, 1887, I began to feel unnaturally tired and drowsy. As I had heretofore been strong and healthy, I didn't know what to make of it. I had a foul taste in the mouth and a poor appetite. What I did eat gave me pain and tightness at the chest, sometimes so bad I could hardly breathe. After awhile the shortness of breath got worse, and as I went to work I had to stop and rest. Often I had to fight for my breath, and it seemed as if I should suffocate. I was a year this way, all the time getting worse, nothing that I took doing me any good."

"One friend after another spoke to me of Mother's Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying what benefit they had derived from it. At last I concluded it must be a good thing, and in October, 1888, I got a bottle from the Co-operative Stores in Alma Street. Before I had taken half the bottle I felt better, and when I had finished it I was cured, and have enjoyed good health ever since. I have recommended the remedy to my mates in the dockyard. (Signed) R. Sweetingham, 10, Albion Place, Saeerness, December 8th, 1892."

Mr. Sweetingham is a joiner in the Sheerness Dockyard.

One moment, please. These two letters are merely examples of thousands received by us, all saying the same thing, and most of them in almost the same words. All say this: "After eating I suffered, &c., &c."

Then, we say, These people should not have eaten. But, answers the reader, What would they do—starve to death? We reply to that, That is what they were already doing—slowly starving to death. Indigestion and dyspepsia, continued, always ends that way. But, you say once more, that is a dilemma. If they don't eat they starve. If they do eat they suffer, and then starve.

Exactly. That's the truth; no man can make it otherwise. The thing to do is to cure the disease by the same means these gentlemen employed. Don't suffer; don't starve. This is written to show you how to avoid both.

There He Drew the Line.

'Pardon me,' said the polite highwayman, 'but I must ask you to stand and deliver.'

The coach stopped. The door opened with surprising alacrity, and a young woman with a very large hat stepped out into the moonlight. In her hand she held a small leather-covered box.

'Here they are,' she said, cheerfully.

'What?' said the highwayman.

'My diamonds,' said the lady. 'I am an actress, you know, and—'

The highwayman leaped upon his horse.

'Madam,' said he, removing his hat gracefully, 'you must excuse me. I may be a highwayman, but I am not an advertisement.'

Downright Destitution.

She was not a woman who could see suffering without wanting to give relief. 'I think,' she said to her husband, 'that something ought to be done for the Barkers in the next block. I don't believe the neighbors realize how desperately poor they are.'

'Why, I thought they were fairly well off,' he answered in surprise.

'Oh, dear, no,' she explained. 'They have to endure all sorts of privation, Why, there's only one bicycle in the family, and even that is not a '97 wheel.'

Colds Chaps Colic Coughs Chafing Croup Catarrh Chilblains Cramps

Are ills to which all flesh is heir. You can relieve and speedily cure all of these by the free use of our old reliable Anodyne. Generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for family use? It was originated to cure all ailments attended with inflammation, such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, all forms of sore throat, earache, headache, la grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, scalds, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve.

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It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

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Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold everywhere.

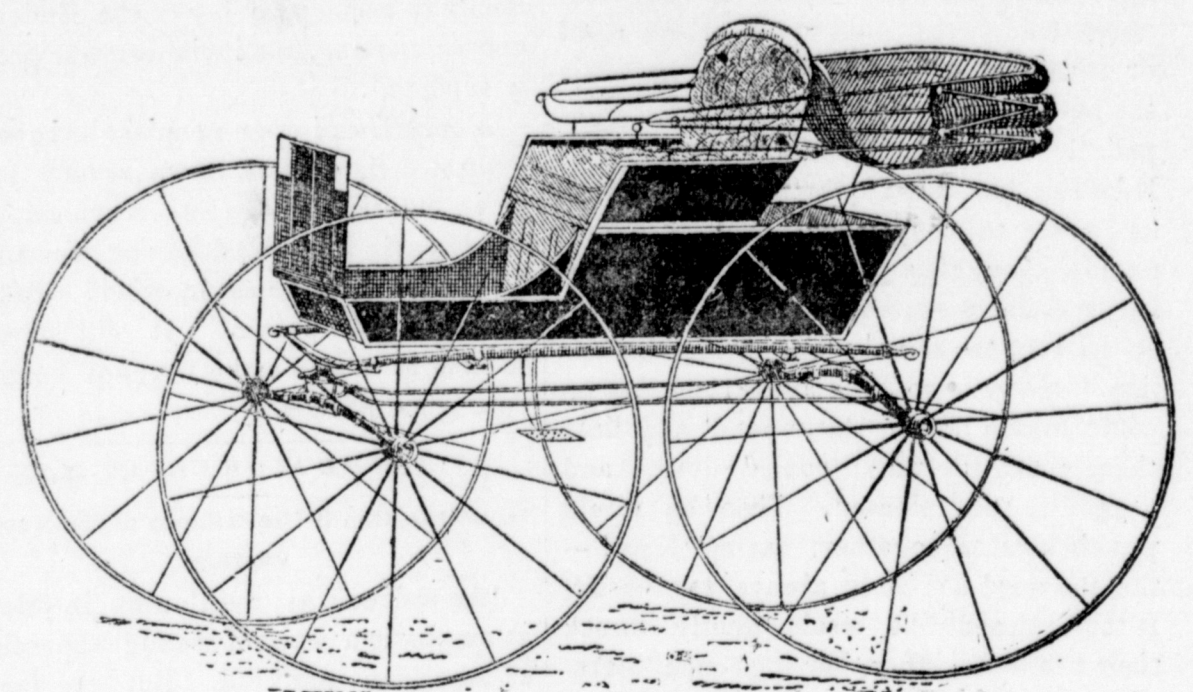
I use Johnson's Liniment for catarrh. I had tried almost everything recommended for catarrh, but found Johnson's Anodyne Liniment far superior to any. I use it as you direct. J. E. WHITFIELD, South Windham, Vt.

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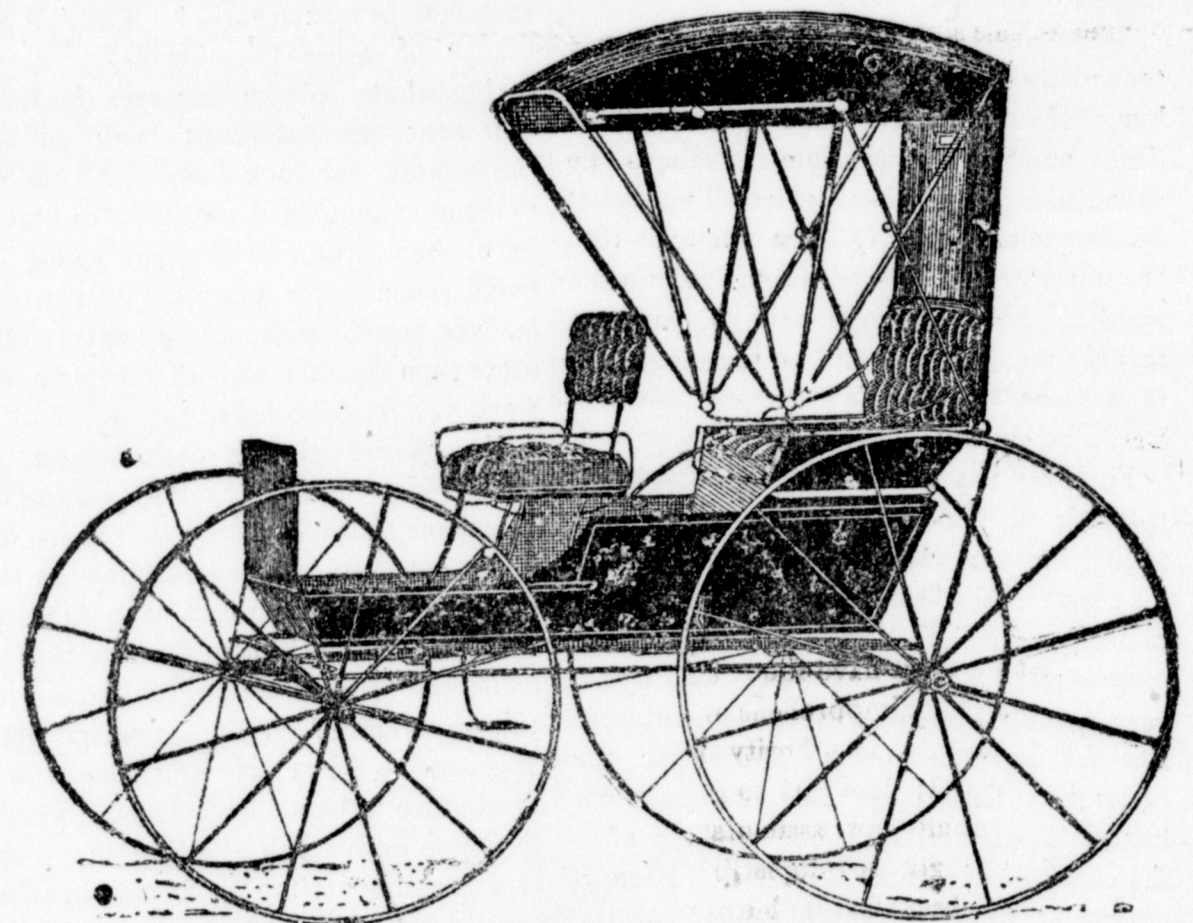
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'My daughter had been ailing for nearly two years with nervous prostration, indigestion and other complaints which girls in their teens are subject to. For days at a time she was confined to her bed, and could retain nothing on her stomach. Our family physician finally declared she was in a decline. We despaired of her recovery. She gradually grew worse. I had found so little benefit from remedies I was skeptical about trying South American Nervine. I, however, procured a bottle and relief came like magic; the pain left her in a day, and after taking five bottles she was completely cured, and as well and hearty as ever she had been.' Mrs. Geo. Booth, Orangeville, Ont.

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as a 'mess o' children.'

It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen.

'I want a partee against William Davis,' said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the justice's office; 'that is what I want,—a partee against William Davis. He won't keep his hens off o' my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's different with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy amongst 'em! So what I want is a partee.'

Don't Forget.

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns. L. E.