

Notches on The Stick

Dear Ellisland! First home of Robert Burns and his wedded Jean, we love to linger with you! Here he exulted in song as husband never exulted before!

"By night, by day, a field, at home,
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee."

He turns his face where Corsican hill lies
dawning away at the head of Nithdale,
and makes of it his Parnassus:

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the leuc-simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae slim, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy rosy cheek—
By heaven an' earth I love thee.

This goes to the rhythm of green leaves,
when a gleeful wind is among them, and
with the feet of dancing rivulets on a sunny
April day. You seem to feel the leap of
warm blood in such verses; you seem to
hear the rollicking rapture of a bobolink, dancing
on a spray in the eye of his mate. The
stately epithalamiums of the poet are
diminished before it!

Dear Ellisland! the poet's sanctuary and
refuge,—his best bower of song! Say,
why came that sad necessity of leaving you?
Were you not his true sanctuary, and had
not then the scenes around you that hal-
lowed light they seem to us to wear?
What though conditions grew harder.
What though he rode through ten parishes
his weekly two hundred miles; he was
back to Jean again at last, and the worst
that came here was better than the dull
misery of Mossgiel, better than the agon-
izing rock of a town on which our dying
eagle was chained. Was it good to give
up the cozy cottage his own hands had
built, and the "hazelly glens" of Nith,
with his pleasant outlook of woods and
waters, for mean Dumfries, the Wee Ven-
nel, the dirty and sordid streets and alleys?
But necessity is a stern master; and
Dante's exile and Tasso's prison teach us
that, for poets as for ordinary mortals,
there is appointed a destiny that we all
must learn to dare.

Here he began, as a matter of definite
aim and intention his purification and re-
casting of Scotland's drossy minstrel gold,—
the instauration of the old Scottish melo-
dies;—a noble task, on account of which
some of the present time would belittle
him. Here his own heart dictated rarest
things. Even after he was gone to more
prosaic seats this lovely vale became the
inspiration of his sweetest songs,—the
clearest, softest, tenderest, most plaintive,
most joyous, most heart piercing. Go
where he would he could never get away
from the sod where he had driven his
plough, where he had scattered seed and
swept sickle; where he had hummed the
good old Scottish airs, and fashioned his
fanciful; where he had been wayed by al-
ternate mirth and passion; where the awe
and gloom and grandeur, where the radi-
ance and blossoming beauty of his native
clime and country had been upon him.
Lincolnden opened his eyes to vision and
his soul to melody. In squalid alleys the
sweets of Hawthorn and brier-rose still
clung to his sense, and the heather pur-
pling on the moors still enwrapped him. The
primeval melody within him had found
loftiest utterance through pipes this vale
had furnished; and here his genius shone,
like the ruined kirk of Alloway at mid-
night, with unexampled bleeze.

And as here love and nature entered in-
to his soul so deeply, so he has become a
part of the world-wide soul of man, and
subsists in myriad recollection. We could
bring a thousand instances to show how the
thought of him and the force of his song
blend involuntarily with ideas and scenes
the most varied;—but let one suffice.

Coughs and colds need not
be endured; they can be
cured, and that quickly.

Many mixtures are tem-
porary in effect, but Scott's
Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil
with Hypophosphites is a
permanent remedy.

The oil feeds the blood
and warms the body; the
hypophosphites tone up the
nerves; the glycerine soothes
the inflamed throat and lungs.

The combination cures.
This may prevent serious
lung troubles.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

"I remember, (it is Mrs. Jameson who
writes) as a particular instance . . . of the
tenacity with which Burns seizes on the
memory, and twines around the very fibres
of one's heart, that when I was travelling
in Italy, along that beautiful declivity
above the river Clitumnus, languidly en-
joying the balmy air, and gazing with no
careless eye on those scenes of rich and
classic beauty over which memory and
fancy had shed

'A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth';

even then by some strange association, a
feeling of my childish years came over me,
and all the livelong day I was singing sotto
voce—

'Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands
rejoice,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there lightly tripping among the wild flowers
A listening linnet, at wanders my Jean.'

Thus the heath and the blue-bell, and
the gowan, had superseded the orange and
the myrtle on those Elysian plains,

'Where the crush'd weed sends forth a rich per-
fume.'

And Burns and Bonnie Jean were in my
heart and on my lips, on the spot where
Virgil had sung, and Fabius and Hannibal
met.

Dear Ellisland! Whatever storms came
here the skies were often fair, and such
starry influences came over him as, in
favored hours, had only blessed his boy-
hood. For is it not true that love in its
first blush, kindles a new youth-tide?
Here his first winter of married life "glid-
ed happily" away, while "golden days of
the heart and the fancy often shone, when
the father rejoiced in the crown of the
poet." Down by yonder riverside Jean
saw him, bewitched, inspired,—stalking
past her with shining visionary eyes, ges-
ticulating with his arms, and rabbling off
verses,—his brain hot with the throes of
Tam O' Shanter!

"Kings may be blest, but he was glorious,
O'er a' the illis o' life victorious!"

Out in yonder s'ack-yard, prone on the
ground, did not his wife find him in a
realm of rapture, his eyes fixed upon the
kindled star of dawn, then shining "with
lessening ray!" Could she know that there
was born in his soul a lyric cry to which
the heart of every age should tremulously
respond, even to the end of time? Nay,
for now she sees him sit down as scribe, in
the old h'mely way. Is there anything
divine in a peasant's letters? Maybe Jean
subtly feels there is; though how, she may
not understand. Here, to this new shrine
of song came many a visitor—now and then
one not altogether mean or obscure,—
among them "the fat and festive Grose,"
who let fall his

"Fouth o' auld nick-nack's",
Rusty ain caps and jinglin' jackets,"

to hear from the poet's own lips "of the
wonderful jump of Cutty Sark and the
magnificent terrors of Tam."

It is a curiously entertaining glimpse we
get of Burns and his wife, as entertainers,
while yet they lived in the Ellisland through
the eyes of the English Sonneteer,
Samuel Egerton Bridges. Drawn by the
fame of the new bard, and by admiration
of his genius, he came seeking an interview;
but fearing that Burns might be in a mood
unfavorable to a gracious reception, pro-
ceeded cautiously and reconnoitred the
neighborhood. Approaching the home
of the poet, he came upon him in one of
his favorite books, where he and the muse
were having an interview, probably, but
did not address him there. Arrived at the
house, Jean,—gracious hostess!—enter-
tained him, and sent for her husband. The
poet arrived, his visitor had deftly to in-
gratiate himself, working his way "through
all the outworks of suspicious pride." When
it was seen that Bridges would take a
sup of native au de vie with him, the
poet of Scotland extended his hand for a
warmer clasp; "the fire sparkled in his
eye," says Bridges, and mine sympathetic-
ally met his." "Here's a health to auld
Caledonia!" was his first toast; a sentiment
fit to kindle the poet or the hero within.
"Then he drank, 'Erin forever!' and the
fountain of his mind and of his heart opened
at once, and flowed with abundant force
almost till midnight." This is a character-
istic scene, doubtless repeated in the life-
time of the poet many, many times.

Praise we our favorite poet? Praise to
Jean also,—as steadfast in courage, in
gentleness and patience and dutiful intel-
lect, sensibility and genius. We have little
heart to follow her to Dumfries, the scene
of her deepest sorrows and of her heaviest
cares. She disappears, for the most part,
within the walls of home, and we seldom
get glimpses of her; but we cannot doubt
that hers were ever-increasing privations
and anxieties. Her husband is oftener and
longer from home, more exposed to peril

and mischance on account of failing health,
he is more reckless, moody, abandoned, at
the last, and more in questionable com-
pany. Yes, still she bears her part, though
we see little of her; still she keeps her
"fireside clime" by dint of as brave a heart
as then beat in the breast of a woman, and
made an asylum for her wayward Robin,
when stung with the "whips and arrows of
outrageous fortune." He is still before
us,—a figure, now noble, now pathetic,
yet always appealing, commanding our
sympathies. We see him, riding with Mr.
Syme over Galway moors in the rain,
drenched and chill without, but his bosom
blazing with the martial fires of Caledonia,
and the splendid conception of "Scots wha
hae wi' Wallace bled." We see him as he
lifts his glass to toast the nobler name than
that of Pitt,—a spirited, but imprudent
set, bringing him under the eye and hand
of official jealousy. Be wise above your
superiors in station, and where is the mag-
nanimous soul who will not seek to sup-
press you! We see him, sheering away
from the gala-day crowd who dared to
scoff him on the streets of Dumfries,—cut
to the heart that has been so light but is
now so broken. We see him, at the well
of Brow, on the Solway shore,—the signet
of death already on his brow. We see him
as he sits at the table of Mrs. Craig, widow
of the minister of Ruthwell, and the sink-
ing sun shines full upon his face. His
words, accompanied with a smile of the
sweetest benignity, spoken to the daughter
of his hostess, when, observant, she stepped
to drop the curtain,—are among the
saddest, most pathetic, he ever uttered:
"Thank you, my dear, for your kind at-
tention; but oh! let him shine, he will not
shine long for me." Amid all these scenes
and in many others, we see him moving,—
and his acts, like his words, are given to
fame; but Jean, who loved him,—as they
can who love with prayers and deeds,—is
seen of few, and seen not at all heroically,
except in that light wherein he who esti-
mates truly the heroes and martyrs of the
first side,—many of whom are soon forgotten
on the earth, though their names are writ-
ten in Heaven.

We are pleased to find our honored
and worthy friend does not work without ap-
propriate recognition. The following is
from The Quebec "Daily Telegraph":

Sonnet to Sir James McPherson LeMoine.

We feel assured that our readers will
agree with us, that the following graceful
sonnet to Sir James M. LeMoine, from the
pen of another well known literature G., M.
Fairchild, Jr., is but a fitting tribute to
the genius of the author of "Picturesque
Quebec" and "Maple Leaves," who has
endowed our ancient city with an undying
fame:—

Linked to Quebec the name LeMoine is famed,
The mantle of his greatness fell to him by right
For having led her out of darkness into light,
And her proud place in history's roll proclaimed.
Scared of hard battles and of fierce sieges maimed;
Losing and holding place of Empire in the land;
Fought for and died for by many a here band,
Whose glorious deeds in other lands were famed:
Yet scarce entombed than most these deeds forgot,
And even grim Quebec but shared this doom.
When roused by patriotic zeal and pride of lot,
Once and for all to raise the curtain of the gloom,

Linked to Quebec the name LeMoine is famed,

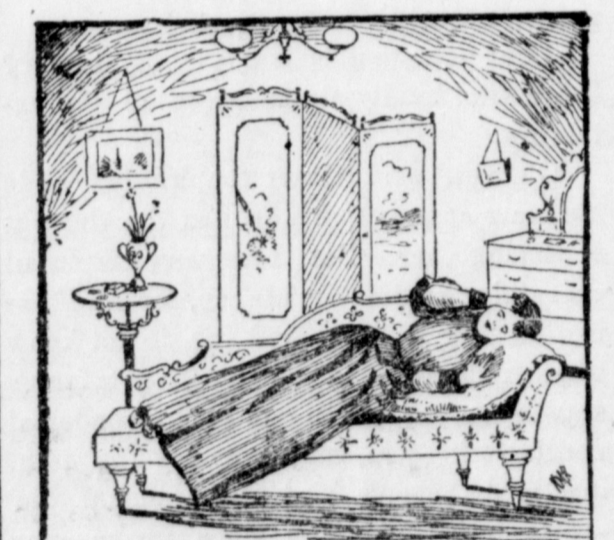
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ALARMING!

The frequency of Heart Troubles gives
Collingwood people no need for alarm.
Its ravages can be stopped.

"For a number of years," says Mrs. J. W.
Gardiner, Napier St., Collingwood, Ont.,
"I have been afflicted with nervousness
and weakness of the heart. The symp-
toms constantly became more distressing



and alarming as the disease advanced. I
had violent palpitation and fluttering of
the heart which naturally made me weak.
My sleep was disturbed with frightful
dreams and my mind wandered at night.
In addition to this my blood was much
impoverished, causing sleeplessness and
fatigue. I became thin and lacked bodily
vigor. Dizziness and weak eyesight,
blurred vision, etc., added to my distress,
and at times I found it difficult to breathe
after slight exertion and felt always tired
and weary.

"At Mr. Carpenter's drug store I got a
box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in
March last, and from that time began to
get better and gain in strength and weight.
By their remarkable tonic action they
brought my entire system to health and
strength again, gave me restful, refreshing
sleep, enriched my blood and restored
vitality, and in every way conferred great
benefit upon me. I cannot say too much
in favor of this great medicine as a tonic
for all forms of physical weakness caused
by wrong action of the heart or nerves."

222

THE CHINESE MUST GO and get



Eclipse Soap.

if they want to do their
work well—and so must
all who have washing to
do. Join the procession
and buy ECLIPSE Soap.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c.
in stamps with coupon and we will mail
you a popular novel. A coupon in every
bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

LeMoine, from deep research and loving pen to
cast,

Gave to the world the living story of the past.
G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

When S. R. Carnell of Sealands, Spring
Vale, Isle of Wight, Cartier's first voyage
up the St. Lawrence, and the fate of his
ship, the "La Petit Hermine," the noble
lord, to whom his inquiry is addressed, re-
fers him to the standing authority, as
follows:

Kensington Palace, W.

June 30, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I am much interested in your
account of the finding of the boat. I have
sent your letter to Sir J. LeMoine, Quebec,
what will be the best able to answer it.

With regard to histories of Canada, the
best is by Dr. Kingsford.

Parkman has also written much on early
Canadian history.

I remain,

Yours faithfully

LOTNE.

It must be concluded,—from the repre-
sentations of the "Mon'treal Daily Star,"
for Sat. Dec. 4,—that Dr. William Henry
Drummond's "The Habitant, and Other
French Canadian Poems" is a substantial
addition to our native literature. A large
portrait is there given of the authors virile
and strong countenance, which seems open
and friendly, while a good opportunity of
tasting his style is given by reprinting his
fine ballad, "The Habitant." A warmly
eulogistic preface has been written by Dr.
Frechette, who, in closing, says: "In
reading Dr. Drummond's verses the French
Canadians feel that they are the expression
of a friendly soul; and on this account I
owe the author more than my applause,
for I owe him at the same time my warm-
est thanks."

PASTOR FELIX

DEATH'S COLD SWEAT.

Stood out in Great Beads Upon his Face—A
Victim of Heart Disease Snatched From
the Grave by the Prompt Use of Dr. Ag-
new's Cure for the Heart—Relief in 30
Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart posi-
tively gives relief within 30 minutes after
the first dose is taken. James J. Whitney of
Williamsport, Pa., says: "Cold sweat
would stand out in great beads upon my
face, and I indeed thought that my end had
come. But relief was found in Dr. Agnew's
Cure for the Heart. After using it for a
short time I feel now the trouble is alto-
gether removed." Its effects are magical.

The Foot of the Reindeer.

Everything in any way connected with
Alaska and the Klondike is of special inter-
est at the present, and among other items
the foot of the reindeer deserves particular
mention. The forefoot of a horse to a
great extent determines its value, as upon
this portion of its anatomy its speed and
endurance depend. The foot of the rein-
deer is most peculiar in construction. It
is cloven through the middle and each half
curves upward in front. They are slightly
elongated and capable of a considerable
amount of expansion. When placed on an
irregular surface, which is difficult to
traverse, the animal contracts them into a
sort of a claw, by which a firm hold is
secured. When moving rapidly the two
portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike
together, the heels making a continuous
clattering noise, which may be heard at a
considerable distance. It is this peculi-
arity of the feet that makes the reindeer so
sure-footed and so valuable in that rocky
and uneven country, where almost any
other animal would prove a failure as a
beast of burden.—New York Ledger.

Morin's Wine—Cresco-Phates.

Is used with success in every case of
pulmonary sickness, Cough, Cold, Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, etc.,
We notify you again to beware of coun-
terfeits so numerous these days.

Morin's Wine is sold packed in a round
red box, bearing the signature of Dr. Ed.
Morin.

For sale every where.

A Contrast.

Bishop Thoburn, of India, has lately
spoken of the contrast between the pre-
sent and the time when he first went to
that country:

When I first went to India, thirty-eight
years ago, I sailed on a vessel of 650 tons,
and the voyage took 127 days. On my

last trip to this country our ship was one-
ninth of a mile long, of 10,000 tons' bur-
den, and the voyage took only twenty days.
When the Methodist church began its
work in that country, we were limited to a
section of the empire having 17,000,000
people, and speaking only one language.
Now God had led us into all parts of India
with 260,000,000 population, and we are
preaching in sixteen languages.

MORIN'S WINE—CRESCO-PHATES

Your Negligence Will be Your Loss.

Your cough, gripe or whooping cough
are serious sicknesses. Take care of your-
self without delay. Morin's Cresco Wine
is the only remedy that can cure you.
Make them give you Morin's Wine and
don't accept any substitute.

CRADLE OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.

The Celebrated Harrison Homestead Down
in Old Virginia.

The Berkeley home of the Harrison fam-
ily of Virginia is one of the interesting
landmarks of the nation. It has been a
birthplace of a governor of Virginia and
signer of the Declaration of Independence;
of a revolutionary general and of a Presi-
dent of the United States. The estate is
mentioned in colonial annals as long ago as
1622, when it was the scene of a terrible
Indian massacre. It was then owned by a
prominent settler, George Thorpe, who
was killed during the uprising by an Indian
whom he had befriended. Berkeley soon
afterward passed into the hands of Benja-
min Harrison. His descendants lived there
until within the last twenty-five years, dur-
ing which time, we are told, the place never
lacked an inmate of the name of Benjamin
Harrison.

Berkeley is an unpretending building to
have been the home of so many great men.
The house is of brick, two stories and a
half high, with a quaint sloping roof and
dormer windows. A modern porch has
been added to two sides of the structure
in recent years. To one room in Berkeley
pertains special interest. When the
hero of Tippecanoe, Gen. William Henry
Harrison, was elected to the Presidency he
left his Ohio home and came to his birth-
place, Berkeley, to write his inaugural ad-
dress in his mother's room.

During the civil war Berkeley was
known in the North as Harrison's Landing.
It was occupied by Gen. McClellan after
his "change of base," July, 1862, and was
the place to which he retreated and forti-
fied himself after the battle of Malvern
Hill, the last of the seven day's battles.

Relief from Pain.

The agony one suffers while waiting for
something to relieve the pain of an ac-
cidental scald, burn, sprain or wound,
should convince any one of the necessity of
always having "Quickcure" at hand. It
gives instant relief, and cures quickly, as
no microbes can retard healing or cause in-
flammation where "Quickcure" is used.

A Gift of Argument.

"Give me a ride on your back, daddy,"
"No, dear; not here." "Why not, daddy?"
"Oh, there are too many people about."
"But if you took me on your back there
would be all the more room for the people!"

As It by Magic.

This is always the case when Nerviline
is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to
disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more
penetrating, and quicker in action than
any other remedy in the world, pain can
not stay where it is used. It is just the
thing to have in the house to meet a sudden
attack of illness.

At a Distance.

Helen—Kittie claims to be a follower of
the fashions.
Mattie—Well, perhaps she is, but she is
a long way behind them.

