

## Notches on The Stick

The student of literature to whom great libraries are inaccessible, will find in the work now in course of publication by the Harper's Weekly Club, an indispensable vade mecum. These thirty elegant volumes—ten of which we have received—abounding in illustrations, and most attractively printed, embrace the vast circle of the world's literature, the earliest of time, and contemporaries of eminence, as well. The work is superintended by that veteran of taste, Charles Dudley Warner, assisted by a competent body of assistants, in this country and Europe, and each author is dealt with by an expert known to be familiar and in sympathy with his subject. Hamilton W. Mabie, closely associated with Mr. Warner, makes assurance doubly sure that the work will be in highest sense a work of grace and art, as well as of literary justice, in scope and comprehensiveness a marvel. "It may be said," states one who has given these volumes most careful consideration, "that no department or item of literature meriting a place in such a work has been allowed to escape. Indeed the motto constantly before Mr. Warner and his learned and accomplished assistants as they worked seems to have been 'Thorough! Thorough!' And as 'Thorough,' when devotedly kept in mind will bring any worldly enterprise to perfect accomplishment, it has not withheld its wonted virtue here. The library is, in fact, all that the most exacting critic could demand in one of its kind. We say 'of its kind,' but this is hardly a proper phrase, because it stands alone; it is unique. There is no other. A work of such magnitude and costliness in its execution is not likely to be done again, once it is well done; and that it is done well now, no one of judgment in such matters will question. Among names prominent in the work for authorship in biography and criticism, are those of Andrew Lang, Richard Henry Stoddard, Dr. Lyman Abbot, Hon. Leslie Stephen, Dr. Andrew D. White, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry James, F. I. Godkin, Robert Sharp, Prof. McShaffy, and Dean Farrar.

In the sixth volume of this great work we find a biographical sketch and critical analysis of Bliss Carman, by Charles G. D. Roberts, together with a portrait of that author, and characteristic selections from his books, such as 'Hack and Hew,' 'At The Granite Gate,' 'A Sea Child.' Omitting the biographical paragraph, we give Roberts estimate of Carman:

"In that outburst of intellectual energy which has of late won for Canada a measure of recognition in the world of letters. Mr. Carman's work has played a large part. The characteristics of the Canadian school may perhaps lie defined as a certain semi-Sufistic Worship of nature, combined with freshness of vision and keenness to interpret the significance of the external world. These characteristics find intense expression in Mr. Carman's poems. And they find expression in an utterance so new and so distinctive that its influence is already active in the verse of his contemporaries.

"There are two terms which preeminently apply to Mr. Carman. These are Lyrist and Symbolist. His note is always the lyric note. The 'lyric cry' thrills all his cadences. If it be true that poetry is the rhythmical expression in words of thought fused in emotion, then in his work we are impressed by the completeness of the fusion. Every phrase is filled with lyric passion. At its best the result is a poem which not only haunts the ear with its harmonies but at the same time makes appeal to the heart and intellect. When the result is less successful it seems sometimes as if the thought were too much diluted with words,—as it, in fact, verbal music and verbal coloring were allowed to take the place of the legitimate thought process. Even in such cases, the verse, however nebulous in meaning, is rarely without some subtlety of technique, some charm of diction to justify its existence. But there are poems of Mr. Carman's wherein what seems at first to be the obscurity of an over-attenuated thought is really an attempt to express thought in terms of pure music or pure color. In a curious and beautiful poem called 'Beyond the Gamut' he elaborates a theory of the oneness and interchangeability of form, sound, and color.

"In the matter of conception and interpretation Mr. Carman is a symbolist. This word is not used here in any restricted sense, and must be divorced from all association with the shibboleths of warring schools. The true symbolist—and all the supreme artists of the world have been in this sense symbolists—recognizes that there

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are truths too vast and too subtle to endure definition in scientific phrase. The elude set words, as a fair star, at the coming on of evening, eludes the eye which seeks for it directly, while unveiling itself to a side glance. Mr. Carman conveys to us, by the suggestion of thrilling color or inimitable phrase, perceptions and emotions which a more strictly defined motion could never capture.

"In Subject matter Mr. Carman is simple and elemental. He looks at his themes curiously, often whimsically but the themes are those of universal and eternal import—life, love, and death, the broad aspects of the outer world, 'the deep heart of man,' and the spirit that informs them all. His song is sometimes in a minor key, plangent and piercing; sometimes in a large and virile major,—as for instance, when he sings the 'War-song of Gamelbar.' To his gifts of imagination, insight, and lyric passion he adds a fine humor, the outflowing of a broad and tolerant humanity. This is well exemplified in 'Resignation,' and 'A More Ancient Mariner.' His chief defects beside the occasional obscurity already referred to, are a tendency to looseness of structure in his longer poems, and once in a while, as in parts of 'The Silent Lodge,' a Browningesque lapse into hardness and baldness when the effect aimed at is colloquial simplicity."

Massey's Magazine has lately been absorbed by The Canadian Magazine, which has now been long enough in existence to give hope of permanence and security to a periodical which should certainly maintain an existence in Canada. With an addition to its subscription list and the countenance of our best literateurs, it should prosper, as we earnestly desire to see it. A recent issue contains a poem on the Queen's Jubilee, by Francis Sherman, which is among the foremost, as to artistic quality. It is entitled "A word From Canada." A few characteristic stanzas:

"Lest it be said,  
One sits at ease  
Westward, beyond the outer seas,  
Who thanks me not that my decrees  
Fall light as love, nor bends her knees  
To make one prayer  
That peace my latter days may find,  
Lest all these bitter things be said  
And we be counted as one dead,  
Alone and unaccompanied,  
I give this message to the wind:  
'Secure in thy security,  
Though children, not unwise are we;  
And filled with unpledged love for thee,—  
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see!  
Where the grey bergs  
Come down from Labrador, and where  
The long Pacific rollers break  
Against the pines, for thy word's sake  
Each listeneth,—alive, awake,  
And with thy strength made strong to dare.  
And though our love is strong as spring,  
Sweet is it, too,—as sweet a thing  
As when the first swampt-robins sing  
Unto the dawn their welcoming,  
Yea and more sweet.  
Than the clean savour of the reeds  
Where yesterday the June floods were,—  
Than perfumed piles of new-cut fir  
That greet the forest worshipper  
Who follow where the wood-road leads.

In my dumb country's stead,  
I come to thee, unheralded,  
Praying that Time's peace may be shed  
Upon thine high, anointed head.  
—One with the wheat,  
The mountain pine, the prairie trail,  
The lakes, the thronging ships thereon!  
The valley of the blue St. John,  
New France—her lilies,—not alone,  
Empress, I bid thee, Hail!

Our literary correspondent and friend, Hon. Charles H. Collins—familiar to readers of this department of PROGRESS, has recently arrived at his home, Hillsboro, Ohio, after a tour extending over several weeks, through California and other Western States. He writes: 'I had a delightful itinerary. If its story were repeated, it would be going over the same ground so often written up in the magazines. The story of California—its scenery and climate—its boundless fertility—its snow-clad mountains and glassy lakes—its glorious coast indented with bays—and the feeling it impresses on all—is well known. I will write not a line or syllable for the press; but hope to tell you of some episodes out of the common routine of tourists when I get time: Something about Old Monterey, the ancient capital, about which Dana wrote in his Two years before the 'Mast'; about Pacific Grove, and the wonderful 17 mile drive; about the great Hotel Del Monte; about Santa Cruz, San Jose, Santa Rosa,

Los Gatos, The Lick Observatory; the Big Trees, near Santa Cruz; about the Ireland Stanford University, about great Palo Alto Stock Farm. Hope to tell you of a ten days sojourn in San Francisco, and of Oakland, Salameda, Berkeley, and the ascent of Mt. Tamalpais; of Sacramento, and Sutters old Fort; of our visit to Lake Tahoe and the Donner Lake; Pacific Congress Springs, Alumn Rock Canon—Old Missions at Monterey, etc." Mr. Collins was in San Francisco during the great christian endeavor convention, and saw many delegates from our eastern borders.

We copy the following lyric from the Montreal "Metropolitan." It is from the pen of John MacFarlane (John Arbory) of that city, and appeared originally in The Scottish American:

When the Heather Scent the Air,  
Canadian woods are bonny,  
And Canadian waters blue,  
When the summer girls the maple,  
And the clover drains the dew;  
But a longin' comes at mornin'  
And at e'en the heart is sair,  
For the hills of bonny Scotland,  
When the heather scents the air!

Oh! the hills sae broon an' bonny,  
When the heather scents the air.  
St. Lawrence rolls in grandeur,  
And Ottawa's dark tide  
'Twixt banks o' bloom an' verdure,  
Sweeps onward sunny wide;  
But a something here is wantin',  
And a light that's gane is there—  
By the Clyde, the Tweed, the Annan,  
When the heather scents the air!

The Montreal Witness for August 7th, gives, in answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, a formidable list of Canadian poets, and the list is not by any means a complete one. It also suggests where the books of these poets may be found—i. e. purchased.

The venerable John Ruskin lives quietly in his retired Brantwood home, seeing no visitors save a few intimate friends, who rarely come. His work is about done, and he awaits the messenger. His white hair and long beard, rather than other features, show his advanced age.

Such a statue as that of St. Gaudens, recently unveiled at Chicago, is a monument indeed. The equestrian statue of Logan, now overlooking the lake deserves recognition of future generations, as an enduring and majestic work of art. The hero is seen in the hour of triumph and in an act and attitude of enthusiastic valor. Movements of this description are now being multiplied. A new equestrian statue of Bolivar is about ready for its position in Central Park,—the pedestal now occupied by the effigy of el liberador. It is valued at \$25,000, and is the gift of the Venezuelan President, Crispio, to the American people.

An appeal has by her sister Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, been made to the public, for the purchase by subscription of the late residence of Harriet Beecher Stowe, at Hartford, in which Mrs. Stowe's two unmarried daughters have lived for many years. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Hooker's pious effort will be successful.

PASTOR FELIX.

### OPENING FOR WOMEN.

More or Less Untried Fields That Offer a Chance a Livelihood.

'There are some very good openings for women workers in New York, some in fields, so far as I can learn, totally untried,' said the head of the employment bureau of the New York Women's Exchange in reply to a question. For instance, there is no such place in New York as a 'bachelors' mending bureau.' What man is there who would not willingly pay a reasonable sum to be assured that his garments were always in perfect order?

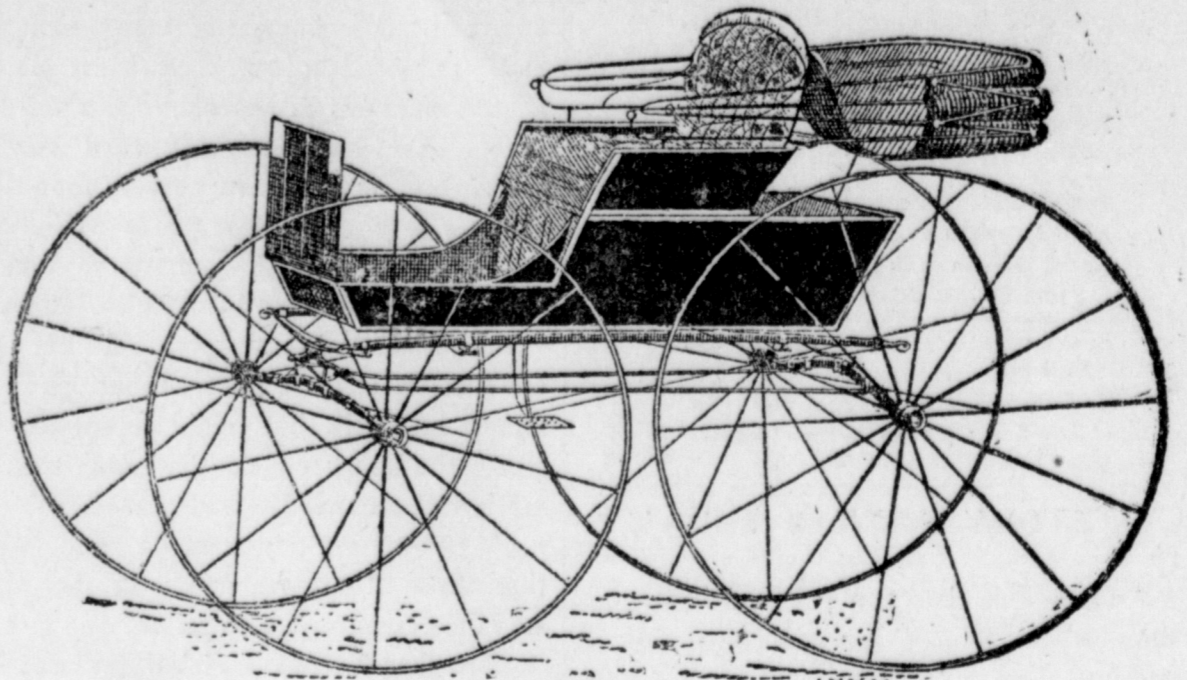
'Another opening is in the male or female seminaries and colleges. A good living is to be made by enterprising women who will open lunch rooms. I once knew a woman who tried it and thrived. Her plan was to make a lunch composed of two sandwiches, a pickle, fruit, and a slice of cake. These lunches were put into neat pasteboard boxes with a Japanese napkin and sold for 10 cents. Later she sold milk also.

Then there is another place which could be successfully filled by a woman of refinement. It is that of ladies companion in a large hotel—a woman willing to live in the hotel and make herself generally useful at so much an hour or day to the women guests of the house. If they are strangers and wish a guide, a companion, or an assistant in their trips around town, the ladies' companion can be called on. If the weather is bad or the guest is ill and wishes to be entertained, the companion only needs to be notified. This is a most excellent opening for both elderly and young women. It seems to me that the hotels would be not only will-

## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

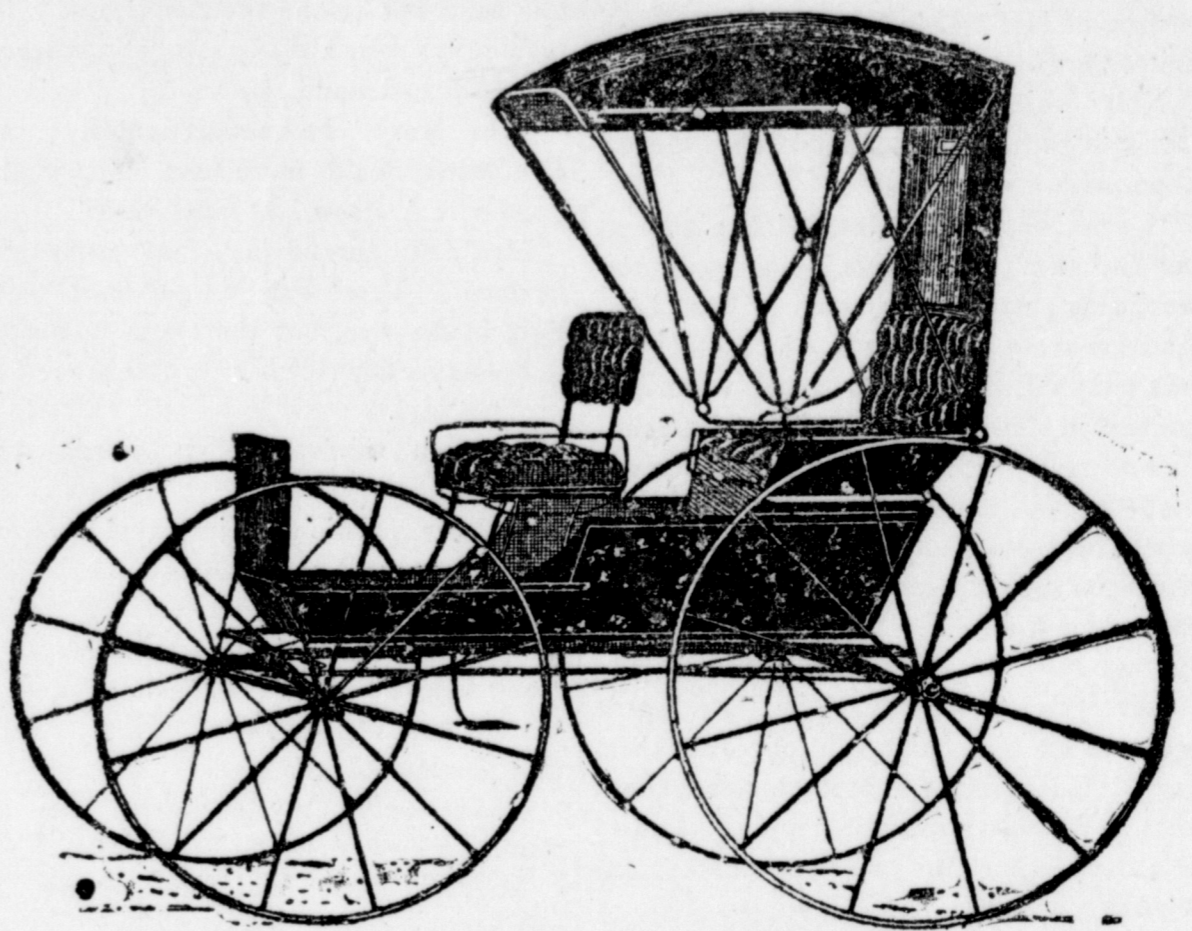
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ing to have them, but glad of their services. My plan would be for the woman to be as nearly independent as possible. That is, to engage her room and pay her board in the hotel like any other guest, and leave her cards in the office with the understanding that she was to be recommended and called on when needed. Why, there are hundreds of ways in which she could make herself useful and also have an opportunity for making very desirable friends and acquaintances.

'I suppose to the world at large the care of other people's birds seems too insignificant to be thought of as a means of livelihood. Yet a good livelihood can, I am confident, be made that way. Birds are such little things that they are apt to be forgotten, not only by the servants but also by the owners themselves, who are really fond of them as pets. Now, I know that there are many women who would willingly pay a trust worthy person to come once a day and clean out their bird cages, seeing that the little songsters are properly fed and watered. Why cannot such work be done by a woman, either young or old? It is only necessary for her to be regular and neat. It requires no capital and not a great amount of information. Another task which might be taken up by the bird attendant is the care of palms, rubber plants, and any of the house plants that are used to beautify so many homes. Birds and flowers usually go together, and a woman who is fond of one as a rule is fond of the other. These plants need constant and careful attention. We have many complaints of persons not able to have a conservatory and employ an experienced gardener who lose really valuable plants for want of proper attention, regularly given. Many such people are glad to have the care of these plants taken off their own shoulders.

'From time to time we have many inquiries from the owner of dogs and cats for persons who will board and care for them various lengths of times and various reasons, not because the animals are ill, but because the owner must for some reason separate from them for a week's visit and does not care to take her cat or her dog;

she wants somebody to take charge of her pet while she is away. She is perfectly willing to pay for the care and glad of the assurance that it will have proper attention during her absence. There are others who want board for their pets for a longer or a shorter period. The animals are valuable, and they are fond of them and are willing to pay for their care. So why shouldn't some woman open a dog or cat boarding house in New York?

'Then there are several places that a woman might create and earn a fairly good living. There is the housekeeper's helper, for instance, where she would go around at stated intervals, clean and rearrange the bric-a-brac, fill and attend to the lamps look after the silver, the cut glass, the table linen; in short, see to all those little things about a house which are never noticeable unless they are left undone. Then there is the hotel shopper, a woman who will direct or advise the guests of the house how and where to do their buying; or, if called on, do the buying herself or accompany them when buying. Then there is the hotel mender, a woman also at the beck and call of the guests of the hotel. These places can all be filled by a woman without any loss of dignity, and if she is willing to work with promptness and neatness there is no reason why she shouldn't make a comfortable living and be of invaluable assistance to the traveller.'

### Government Bank Notes.

Curiously enough, the United States government has its bank note printed on paper made by a private firm, the pulp being a mixture of linen, cotton and silk, the silk threads coming into prominence after passing through the printing machine. There are some nine kinds of Bank of England notes, all of them printed on somewhat similar paper, but they are now always in two or three colors in Scotland. French notes are of paper that has hair in its pulp, the hair coming out so strong when photographed as to render any attempt at forgery on that line impossible. While some nations use colored inks, the only ink used by the United States is black, characterized as a wonderfully hard and dry preparation, and said to be manufactured in a special manner from naphtha smoke.