

Notches on The Stick

"Great schools best suit the sturdy and the rough," wrote Cowper in that somewhat caustic review of schools, "Ne Tirocinium." And he had reason to know, having been subjected, when a timid, delicate child to the loneliness, coldness, poverty and brutality of an English school of the period. That is the place where the tough of fibre and the callous of brain, face the best, as to the matters that make for comfort. A wind-flower like chill, morbidly shy and sensitive, thrown from the tender care of home on the organized anarchy of a public school, his were wounds and agonies never to be forgotten. But Coleridge had added to his inconveniences bitter pains of want. Eight years of such life might well have stamped him ineffaceably. This mind, all sensitive wax; this tender shoot of life, trod upon! This "Jelicate and suffering boy," with weak stomach, and tender feet, that shuffled in shoes too big for him, and made him glad to sit at ease and read, while others sported, as well as the hungry and neglected can. This mind, made preternaturally quick by suffering, imbibing subtle thoughts, and driven for solace to literature and philosophy;—the learned boy, exciting the wonder of pupils and masters, sitting on the doorsteps reading,—his book on his knee, his knee-breeches unbuttoned, his shoes run down at the heel, his bent-over head covered with its cropped black hair; this bud of song—a poet of poets—drinking in the "soft strains" of Bowles, and getting ready to translate "Wallenstein" and write the "Ancient Mariner;" he fills us with more astonishment than any being of modern times. But this child,—that ought to have been every day with his mother,—chilling his already perished frame in the New River, and ruining his constitution generally,—what shall we say of him? Vast as was his mind, he never lived to see the day when he did not need a guardian, so impracticable and immethodical he was.

And that brute—Gracian Bowyer! Lamb, himself could never make us love him over much; nor has he tried it very carefully. His "great merits as an instructor" we waive; let them be put to his credit. His discernment, and rough patronage of apt pupils, and recognition of peculiar talent are well enough; but so much suffering requires gentleness and sympathy. Among the hundreds of boys there were some who should come to prominence; Middleton could master Greek finely, and he should be Bishop of Calcutta. He comes into Bowyer's favor, and tells him that boy, Coleridge is a prodigy, who reads Virgil for amusement; when you read his English verses, you say at once,—Why this is a genius! Bowyer can take note of all these facts, but he cannot apparently overcome the brutality of his nature. "Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his passy or passionate wig. No comet expounded surer. James Bowyer had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school room, from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "O! my lip, sirrah," (his favorite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden retracting impulse, fling back into his lair,—and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell—"and I will too!" Coleridge was scarcely the youth to require this Spartan treatment; but he got it,—though his never-tardy wits did no lagging and needed no urging. Many and many a stripe was rained on his inoffensive shoulders, out of very spite to his forlornness. "The lad was so ordinary a looking lad, with his black head, that he generally gave him at the end of a flogging an extra cut; for, said he,—"You are such an ugly fellow!"

Books are not bad friends. There is a kindness in their speaking silence; their heart-beats may be faint, but they are sincere. And when these are all we have, they are doubly precious. A circulating library would therefore be a godsend. He says: "From eight to fourteen I was a playless day-dreamer; a helluo librorum; my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident—a stranger who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King street, Cheapside." Gillman, Coleridge's physi-

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cian and friend of later days, relates a curious incident, connected with this literary privilege; how the poet, going down the Strand, in a day dream, fancied himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont, and came with his hand in contact with a gentleman's vest-pocket, of course he missed fire but the gentlemen, supposing him a pick-pocket, wheeled upon him, seized his hand, and exclaimed,—"What; so young and so wicked!" Coleridge, brought to himself, with tears disclaimed so ill an intention; then, upon the explanation that followed, struck with the novelty of the accident, and "with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy" the man gave him the power, by paying his subscription at the library, to indulge his passion for miscellaneous reading.

This has been a year of the building of tombs to the prophets, and the dedication of such memorials:—the tomb of Grant beside the Hudson, the Washington statue at Philadelphia; the great Equestrian statue; the Shaw memorial at Boston, the Peter Coope monument at New York, and we know not how many more. This is well. It shows that we are not yet inclined to forget hero, poet, or philanthropist. Meanwhile let us give to the dead, not to the living alone.

Who should complain, that in the late bestowment of royal decorations at the Queen's Jubilee, the politicians were remembered and the scientists and men of letters were overlooked? Whoever is offended, we are assured that John Ruskin, George Meredith, Dr. Frankland, Prof. Lockyer, and all such masters, who have already had their true reward, will utter no complaint. An American editor observes: "When a man has been for years in the front rank of his profession, has served his fellows faithfully and truthfully in science, literature, learning, or journalism, and has gained not only a national, but perhaps an international reputation, if then he is still ignored by the court flunkies who regulate the list of honors, there comes a time when for him it is by far a greater honor to remain untitled and undecorated."

We add our poor, brief tribute to the many that have fallen at the feet of Queen Victoria. The wreaths are not too rich, nor to many. In a sense she is the accepted Queen of many peoples, and of nations not her own, and to her they give reverence. She is true woman, and therefore true monarch. If not a splendid, she has a strong intellect, with good sense, fine taste, pure instincts, and a true and noble heart. If foibles are also hers, who is without them. We breathe our heart-felt blessing, and say "God save the Queen."

Victoria has ever been a lover and patron of the arts, and in some forms she has been a practitioner. That she made some proficiency in music appears from certain programmes of private concerts in which her name appears as a vocalist in connection with such artists as Rubine and Lablanche. She gave, in those earlier years, while yet her Albert lived, evidence of such vocal talent as to commend the praise of Mendelssohn himself who is said to have "borne enthusiastic testimony to the Queen's excellence as a vocalist."

The lovers of Fennimore Cooper's books may be interested to learn that of the family which gave its name to Cooperstown, N. Y., only one member survives, at the age of 75,—Miss Richard Cooper, the novelist's daughter. She is in feeble health, and cannot long remain. A custodian of many relics of the family is Mr. George Pomeroy Keese, of Cooperstown, a grand nephew of the novelist, who has a model of Otsego Hall as it was at the time of Cooper's death, which was constructed by Mr. Keese from memory. Other memorials of the great writer in his possession, are the antlers of an elk that for many years hung over the entrance of Otsego Hall, and which was presented to the author by a friend in Michigan; also a cune of whalebone carried by Cooper in later life, and some valuable pieces of manuscript in his handwriting.

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HE SAVED HIS MASTER.

And he now has a Beautiful Marble Monument.

A letter to the Philadelphia Times from Vicksburg, Miss., reports that a firm in that city has made a handsome marble shaft for a river planter, a Mr. Phillips, on which is the following inscription: "To Bruno, a good dog, a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, this monument is erected by his grateful and affectionate master." The story of the dog is thus told:

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Phillips was making a circuit of his plantation front to see if the levee was holding in good condition. His dog Bruno accompanied him. As they approached a certain point Bruno, for some unaccountable reason, refused to advance, and began to bark and howl in a most distressing manner. Mr. Phillips, who was very fond of his pet, tried in every way to pacify him, while insisting upon continuing his journey; but the dog refused to be comforted, whining and barking in such a strange way that his master at length concluded to leave him to himself, and went on alone.

Now it chanced that by reason of a little elevation near this point on the river front, the portion of levee surrounding it was considered the soundest on the whole plantation. In view of this fact Phillips had selected it as a point of observation from which to get a bird's-eye view of the place.

As he began to climb the embankment for this purpose, he was startled to hear a dog barking close behind him, and to feel Bruno tugging at his heels.

Fearing the faithful animal had gone mad, Mr. Phillips tried to kick him off, hoping to mount the levee and so escape beyond his reach, but the dog was too quick for him. Springing up on his haunches, Bruno grasped the collar of his master's loose flannel shirt, and by main force succeeded in pushing him down the embankment.

In fact, so sudden was the spring and so frantic were the dog's efforts that man and dog were eight or ten feet back from the levee before Phillips recovered his equilibrium. When he did so, he grasped the dog with both hands around the neck and tried to choke him off.

At that moment he heard a heavy splash, the meaning of which he knew only too well, and looked up to see the levee and the solid earth upon which he had but a moment before been standing slough off and drop into the maddened, murky water.

Mr. Phillips' feelings may be better imagined than described when he saw the yawning breach reaching within a few feet of him, and realized how valiantly his brave dog, whose keener instincts had warned him of approaching danger, had fought to save him from a watery grave.

HARMONY IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

Their Apparel, Never so Good as Now, Becoming More Picturesque.

The tan shoe, so-called, originally made in tan alone, but now made in various reds and browns as well, can be matched with gloves, so that a man's hands and feet may be made to harmonize in color; and it is not unusual to see men whose shoes and gloves are alike in color, of shades that are complementary.

The multiplication of tasteful cassimeres and other fabrics for men's wear has brought about the general use of suits of the same material throughout, which are now far more commonly worn than, say, forty years ago. And this makes possible further harmonies in attire, if such effects are sought. A man may not match his hat, as well as his shoes and other belongings, with his clothes. There walked up Broadway the other day a man who was brown from head to foot; hat, clothes, gloves, shoes, brown even to the case on his umbrella. He did not pretend to be a man of fashion, nor was he a resident of this city. The tip of his hat betokened the broad and breezy West; but he had a taste of his own, and stranger as he was his sense of harmony placed him quite at home in Broadway.

The fact is that men were never so well dressed as now. And their attire, severe as it may be in style and color, is all the time growing more and more picturesque. This of the things worn in everyday life, taking no account of the agreeably striking apparel now so commonly worn by those who pursue bicycling and golf.

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His Tale of Woe.

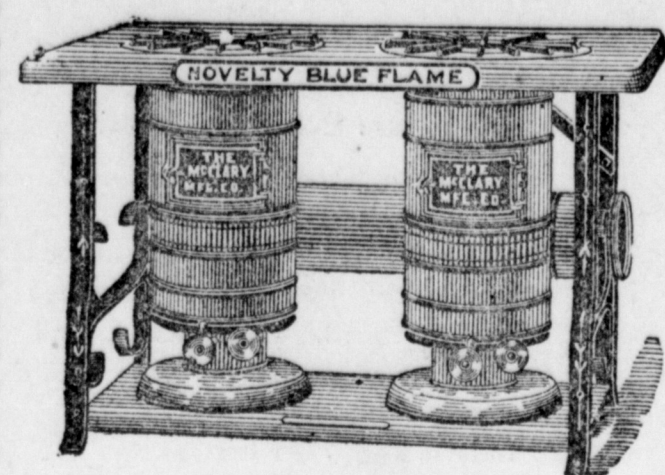
First Tramp—"I had an awful experience Monday. I was grabbed by a dog, and I had to shout to de people in de house to call him off."

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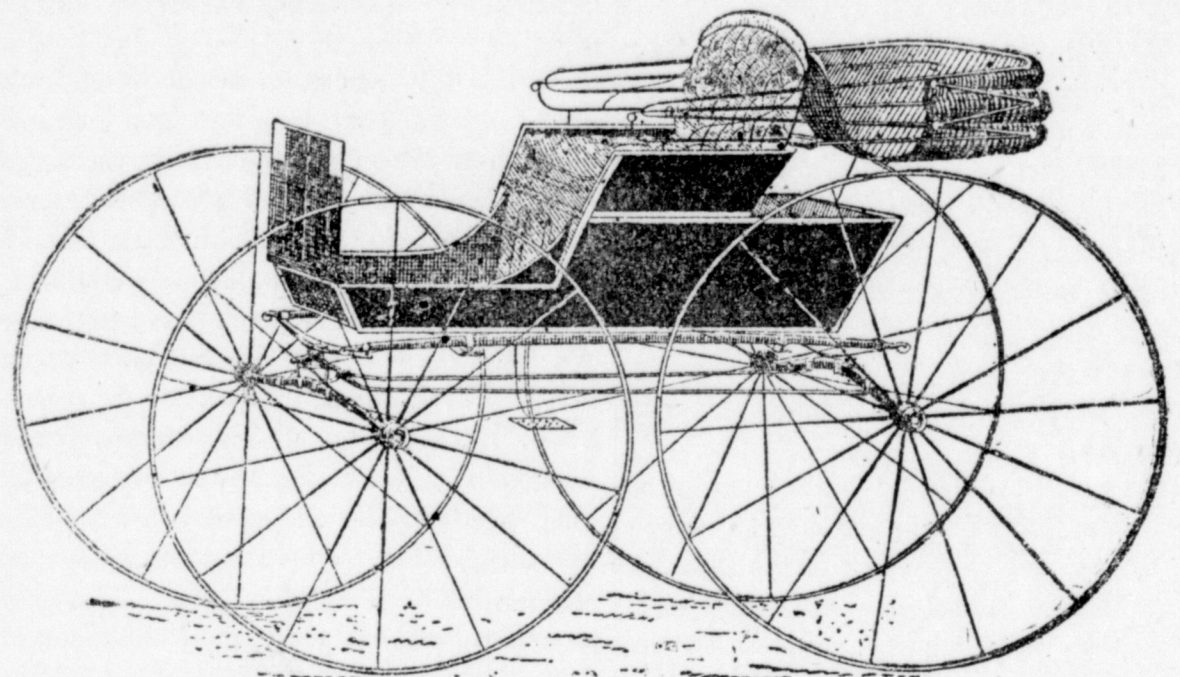
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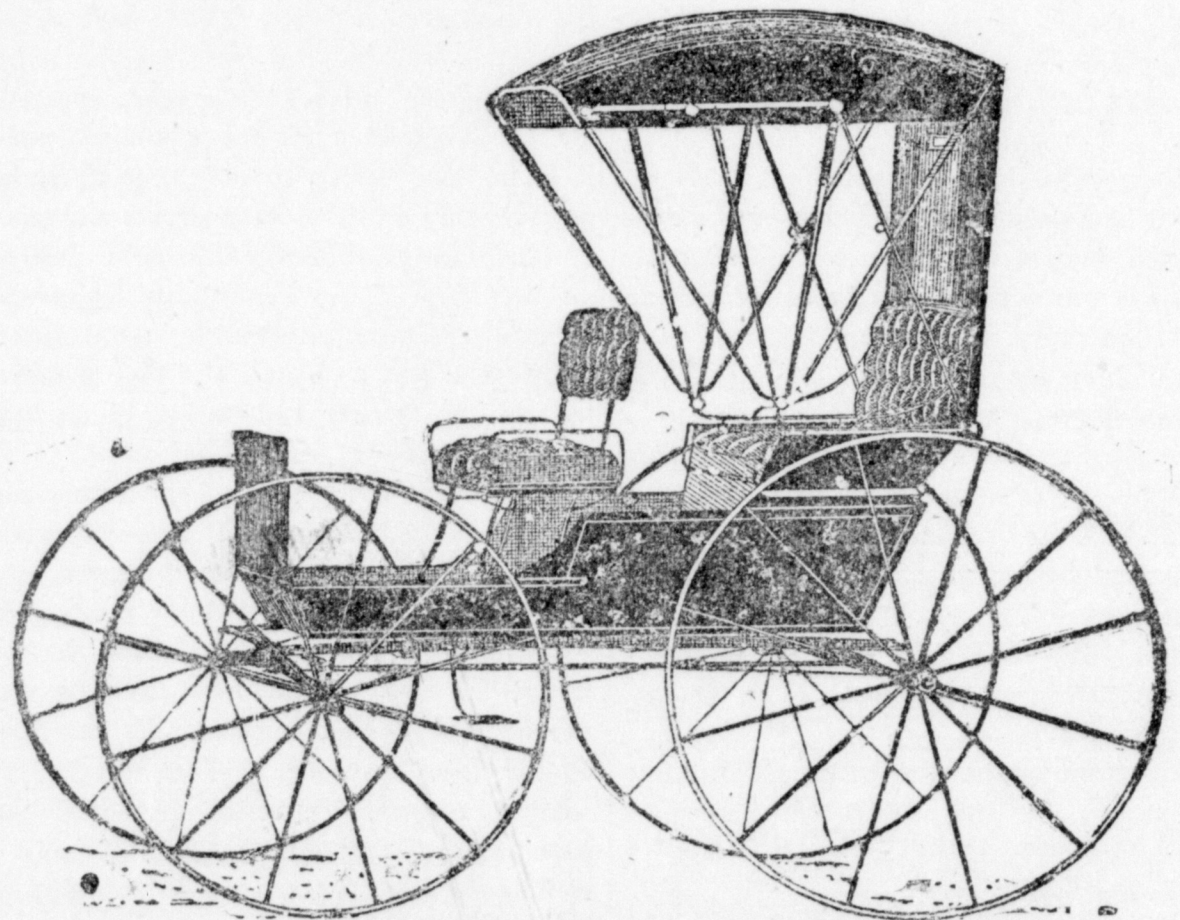
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