

Notches on The Stick

Leigh Hunt had seen the Italy he had painted in his verse. But this land of classic, romantic memories, and of scenic beauty, was one in which Hunt would pitch his tent for a season, but in which he could not permanently root himself. Apart from the vexations to which he had been and was still subjected, and his grief for the death of Shelley, Italy was not his home, but England. He longed for London again, and the neighborhood of Hampstead where of old time such gifted fraternal circles had gathered around him. Even in such a Paradise as this, life became lonely and vacant. Yet though the impulse of productiveness was not then upon him, his wandering eyes were gathering pictures which his imagination should afterward reproduce;—such delicious pen-sketches as that of Fiesole and the Valley of Ladies:

"Milton and Galileo give a glory to Fiesole beyond even its stately antiquity: nor perhaps is there a name eminent in the best annals of Florence, to which some connections cannot be traced with this favored spot. When it was full of wood it must have been eminently beautiful. It is at present indeed full of vines and olives, but this is not wood: not arboraceous, and properly sylvan. A few poplars and forest trees mark out the course of the Affrico; and the convent ground contrived to retain a good slice of evergreens, which make a handsome contrast on the hill-side with its white cloister. But agriculture, quarries, and wood-fires have destroyed the rest. Nevertheless I now found the whole valley beautiful. It is sprinkled with white cottages; the cornfields presented agreeable paths, leading among vines and fig trees; and I discovered even a meadow; a positive English meadow, with the hay cut, and adorned with English trees. In a grassy lane, betwixt the corn, sat a fair rustic, receiving the homage of three young fellows of her acquaintance. In the time of Boccaccio, the Affrico formed a little crystal lake, in which (the said lake behaving itself, and being properly sequestered) the ladies of his company, one day bathe themselves. The gentlemen, being informed of it follow their example in the afternoon; and the next day the whole party dine there, take their *siesta* under the trees, and recount their novels. This lake has now disappeared before the husbandman, as if it were a fairy thing, of which a money-getting age was unworthy. Part of the Affrico is also closed up from the passenger, by private grounds; but the rest of it runs as clearly as it did; and under the convent, a remnant of the woodier part of the valley, a delicious remnant, is still existing. The stream jumps into it, as if with delight, and goes slipping down little banks. It is embowered with olives and young chestnut trees, and looks up to the long white cloister, which is a conspicuous object over the country.

"A white convent, a woody valley, chestnut trees intensely green, a sky intensely blue, a stream at which it is a pleasure to stop and drink,—behold a subject fit for a day in August.

"This then is the 'Valle delle Donne.' If Boccaccio's spirit ever visits his native country, here must it repose. It is a place for a knight in romance to take his rest in, his head on his elbow, and the sound of the water in his ear.

"I whisk to England in my Wishing Cap, and fetch the reader to enjoy the place with me.

"How do you like it? Is it not most glistening? a confronting of two leafy banks, with a rivulet between? Shouldn't

LONGEVITY IN SHOES.

SHOES DRESSED WITH
Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing
For BOX-CALF AND ALL BLACK SHOES

live to a ripe old age, at least live their natural lives. Cases of rapid decline and premature death are incident to the use of ordinary shoe-dressings.

PACKARD'S

Is not ordinary—far from it. PACKARD makes it. 25 CENTS. PACKARD, of Montreal. ALL SHOE STORES. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

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

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

you like to live in the house over the way where the doves are? If you walk a little way to the left through the chest-nut trees you see Florence. The convent up above us on the right, is the one I spoke of. There is nobody in it now, but a peasant for housekeeper. Look at this lad coming down the path with his olive complexion and black eyes. He is bringing goats. I see them emerging from the trees; huge creatures, that when they rise on their hind legs to nibble the boughs, are almost formidable. There is Theocritus for you. And here is Theocritus or Longres, which you will; for a peasant-girl is with him, one of the pleasantest countenances in the world, with a forehead and eyes fit for a poetess; as they all have. I wish the fellow was as neat as his companion, but somehow these goat herds look of a piece with their goats. They love the ragged picturesque."

Hunt returned to England by way of Switzerland and France. The publication, shortly after his return of "Byron and his Contemporaries," was perhaps the most ill-starred act of his life, from the odium it drew upon him. How seldom may a man plead his own cause, against his fellows, successfully? Well, doubtless, it was imprudent. It was also imprudent in Byron to write a "Vision of Judgment," and in Shelley to print a defence of Atheism. It was natural enough for Hunt to vent his grievance, and try to get himself well before the public. But it is enough to say that Hunt and Byron were not fitted, upon close acquaintance, to understand each other, or to agree. Painful were the circumstances for Hunt, but we may easily acquit him of an ill-motive. We will not look for, or imagine such a thing, to depreciate an action of which you can affirm only that it is imprudent. Let the All-Seer do that, if it exists; for such it is His especial right to reveal, without complacency, but with sorrow. And as for the common cry of selfishness, we all have something of that in us. We cry, selfishness, in our brother; but what do we forbear? Is it not that our wish and will run into imperious conflict with his, and we are more impressed with the fault in his nature than in our own?

The following beautiful poem of Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, appeared in the Independent, at Easter tide:

Rabboni.

Before the break of day—
Before the morning's gray;
Mary amid the gloom
Kneelt by the empty tomb;
Heart-broken, sad and lone,
She leaned upon the stone
Angels had rolled aside
Leaving the grave-mouth wide;
Open the rock-hewn space,
But of her Lord no trace!

Down in the silent gloom,
Into the vacant tomb
Weeping she looked, and lo!
The place was all aglow!
Where they had laid the slain
Were angels fair and sweet,
One where his head had lain,
One by his wounded feet.

Softly the angel's word
The tearful shadows stirred;
With clear, uplifted brow,
"Woman, why weepest thou?"
And while her grief held sway
One cry the thick gloom heard,—
"My Lord is taken away—
Where have they laid my Lord?"

Again the same cry rung
From trembling lip and tongue,
While all her grief and fears
Made answer through her tears;
Toward him who spoke she turned—
In darkness ill-discerned—
Nor knew who stood so near,
Till on her listening ear
One tender word revealed,
To heart and eye unsealed,
Rabboni!

So in that night of gloom
About the empty tomb,
Only a word was met
For recognition sweet;
Only her spoken name
Kindled her heart aflame,
And then her eager cry
Gave back love's sweet reply—
Rabboni!

If in our shadows grim
Our eyes with tears should dim,
If lips refuse to sing
For some sweet hope a wing
Whereby the soul is numb
With sense of loss and dumb;
Speak, Lord, that we may hear
And know Thy presence near,
And with a glad, sweet cry,
Our hearts shall make reply—
Rabboni!

According to "The Bookman" the six most flourishing books of the month, in

their order, are,—"Quo Vadis," "Shrewsbury," "Hugh Wynne," "Choir Invisible," "Story of an Untold Love," and "Simon Dale." "In His Steps," by Mr. Sheldon, ranks nearly with these in some localities.

The popularity of Lewis Carroll wanes not, and new editions of "Alice in Wonderland," and "Alice through the Looking-Glass," testify to the hold of their genial author, MacMillans will issue reprints, with new preface by the late author, from entirely new type and plate, while the illustrations will be from electrotypes of the original wood blocks.

The Warner "Library of the World's Best Literature," is now complete, and being placed in the hands of subscribers. The work proper closes with Vol. 27. The 28th contains a miscellany,—"Songs, Hymns and Lyrics," with the same wide scope taken throughout the work. Vol. 29 contains a "Biographical Dictionary," and the 30th, a synoptical account of the world's famous books, great and small with General Index. No more monumental and comprehensive work of its class has been issued to the public.

Separate institutions for the colored race seem more and more the order of the day. Now it is new magazine by them and for their use to be entitled "The Prospect," edited by Phil H. Brown, and published at New York. As an exponent of the literary ability of the race it is, judging from the first number, happily an evidence against the depreciators so common wherever the two races come into competition. Excellent text and pictures show that the colored citizen is not necessary behind his white neighbor in works of art and skill.

"The Story of Marco Polo" condensed for young readers by Mr. Noah Brooks, with many illustrations, will soon be published by The Century Company.

The work which is now engaging Rev. Dr. Hepworth, "On Horseback Through Armenia," is the result of personal observations and experience. It will soon be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

A writer in the Cincinnati press states: Mr. Murat Halstead, Cincinnati's most famous writer, is soon to bring out a new book entitled "Our Country in War and Our Relations With Foreign Nations." The work is to be published by the National Educational Union, of Chicago, and it is described as a graphic review of our army, navy and coast defenses, our relations with Spain, Cuba and other foreign nations. Mr. Halstead has been war correspondent in Cuba, in the Civil War and in the Franco-Prussian War; and his friendship with such distinguished men as Bismarck, Von Moltke, Grant, Sherman, Lee and McKinley makes him eminently fitted to write such a work. I have no doubt it will do him credit, and his friends await its publication with interest.

According to the N. Y. "Home Journal" Mr. T. B. Bishop, who wrote "John Brown's Body," the great war song of the Union soldiers in the American civil war, has just written a new song in anticipation of a Spanish war, and its title is: "It Takes a Man to be a Soldier." Oddly enough, in the first edition of the former song, then called "Glory! Hallelujah!" John Brown's body was not mentioned.

The London Literary World asserts with tears in its eyes, that "Madame Sarah Grand" is that well-known author's really, truly name—because she wants it to be hers. She was born Francis Elizabeth Clarke, and afterwards married an English army officer but Mr. Sarah Grand preferred not to have his name associated with her ideas, so she took a pen name and kept it. And she proposes to keep it to

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected. In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

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

SAVE your SURPRISE SOAP Wrappers.

FREE for 50 Surprise Soap Wrappers:

A choice of 4 kinds of Jack Knives
4 kinds of Scissors—long kind—short kind—round point—sharp point and Button Hole Scissors.

For a larger number of Wrappers:

Bicycles—Sewing Machines—Book Case—Dictionary—Carpet Sweeper—Clocks—Watches—Silverware.

A request on a Postal Card, will obtain you a catalogue free

For 25 Surprise Soap Wrappers we give FREE:

½ dozen Lead Pencils.
2 of the famous Blaisdell's Lead Pencils.
A choice of a great many beautiful Pictures.
A fine selection of the latest novels.
2 sheets of up-to-date Music.
A Cook Book.

Beautiful Bound Books of Standard authors—Books of Poems—Leather Purses—Bound Cook Books.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

the bitter end. It is said that she is already at work upon a new book, despite the failure of "The Beth Book."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography in course of publication by James G. White & Co. New York has proceeded to the eighth volume. It is a massive and costly work, with numerous portraits, and will include contemporary names in all departments of activity in this country.

A new volume by Anna Katharine Green has recently been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is entitled, "Lost Man's Lane."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," is a chronicle of Old Cambridge. In commenting upon it in the N. Y. "Home Journal," Mr. William Cushing Carnburgh says it "suggests the painful thought that the old-fashioned beauty of simple home life, such as made that rare record of the Hawthornes' happiness, is passing."

PASTOR FELIX.

AN EFFECTIVE PARABLE

That Saved the Lives of Jameson and His Fellow-Officers.

A most interesting account of the manner in which the lives of Jameson and his men were spared, after the surrender to the Boers, comes from the Nieuws Van den Dag, Amsterdam, by way of the Literary Digest:

The stern old Boers, when they had Jameson and his fellow-officers in their hands, determined to execute the leaders of the band at daybreak. The meeting took place in President Kruger's house, twenty being present, of whom the great majority wild with indignation at the sudden inroad into their territory, were for shooting the British officers at once. President Kruger opposed this summary plan, and used all his eloquence and all his influence on behalf of the prisoners. For a long time his efforts were vain. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the president's opponents were still for execution. The lives of the foreigners hung by a thread. At length General Joubert, one of the few who agreed with the president, had recourse to the old-time Boer method of convincing his hearers. He made use of a parable.

"Friends," he said, "will you not listen to my voice once more? Suppose that close to my farm lives a bad neighbor who keeps fierce hounds in his house, worrying my sheep exceedingly, and also killing some. What, then, would you have me to do? Should I kill the hounds to be free of this worry? Truly my neighbor would say unto me, 'Thou hast killed my hounds, yet their value is greater than the value of your sheep. Pay thou me! Is it not better that I should take the hounds, and going into my neighbor's house say, 'These are thine; now pay me for the harm they have done my flock?'"

There was silence, and the general continued: "We have caught the pack. Is it not better to send them to the British government with demands for reparation, lest the British sends more hounds to worry us anew?"

The old form of argument proved successful. The wisdom of moderation became apparent, and the council of war accepted the advice of their chiefs.

MAORIS BECOMING EXTINCT.

New Zealand Colored Race is Fast Succumbing Before the Whites.

The Maoris of New Zealand seem to be doomed to extinction in spite of the fact that all the conditions surrounding them appear to be favorable to their survival. The quarrel between the race is ended, and large tracts of land are reserved for them. The young men are educated, 90 per cent of them being able to read and write. Their chiefs in many cases derive large incomes from rents of land, and are represented in the legislature. A great Maori college stands at Te Aute, Hawke's Bay, and not a few of the cleverer Maori youths have passed through the classes of the New Zealand university. And yet

the Maoris, under that mysterious law which makes a colored race vanish before the breath of the all-conquering whites, are passing away.

A conference of educated Maoris was held a short time ago, and papers were read on the condition and prospects of the race. These are now published in pamphlet form, and make a very melancholy bit of literature. It is declared that 90 per cent of educated Maoris go back from their schools to mere savagery. The race, these representative Maoris declare, is lower both in morals and in vitality than it has ever yet been, and threatens to perish. Yet physically and intellectually the Maori is—or was—the finest colored race in the southern hemisphere.

Mrs. Hunter—I've been downtown all the afternoon and feel awfully tired. Mr. Hunter—Undoubtedly my dear you do look rather shop worn.

Hewitt—So you are back from Europe. Do you enjoy those trips across the ocean? Jewett—No; something always comes up to mar my pleasure.

'False-hearted beauty,' he sobbingly shrieked. 'I shall never love again!' 'No?' asked the heartless one. 'No, I shall start in now and try to save money.'

'Please cut my hair,' said Lyndon, to the man in the barber's shop. 'And I want it cut just like papa's, with a nice little round hole on top!'

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BROS.
ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE
Meriden Britannia Co.
THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

THE MOST PROMPT, Pleasant and Perfect Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price - 25c. and 50c.

Progress begs to inform its patrons and the public generally that the "Progress" Job Printing Department is now in a position to turn out work of a very high order.

Our outfit is one of the most complete in the City.

A trial order will show what we can do.