

## Notches on The Stick

Johnson complained of Cowley that he wrote much of love without an experience of the tender passion. There was in the mind of his age, it seems an "obligation to amorous ditties," derived from Petrarch's success and the prestige he gave. "But the basis of all excellence is truth," pursues the relentless critic; "be that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover. In the same manner a falsest druidic note crept into the bucolics and pastorals of Pope and other writers of his generation, who wrote of nature, as some one has declared, 'with their backs to the window.' To what do we owe the enormous flood of 'druidism'—we use a phrase now in vogue, a convenient label—that has come upon the poetic world of today? Is it a literary fashion, a convenient affectation; or is the passion for solitary mountains and deep green woods more all-pervasive and commanding in its influence than ever before? Did Scott, indeed, pronounce a magic word, that cannot cease to be echoed? Did Wordsworth father a tradition that cannot die? Did Cowper transmit to this generation a longing 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' and are we determined, with Keats, to 'fade away into the forest dim.'"

To us the druidic muse, when her raptures are genuine, has an unflinching charm; nor can we suppose a good bucolic poem will ever go utterly out of fashion. Our primitive instincts assert themselves, what ever fashions may have temporary vogue. Nature, with such an interpreter as Wordsworth, is fair enough in herself, and may be a lover capable of satisfying affection; but mere picturing of hills and woods and streams is to us less interesting than the vivid presentation of human character and action. The scenes of highest grandeur and beauty derive their impressiveness largely from association with human deeds and destinies.

We cannot doubt the sincerity, as we cannot fail to perceive the beauty, of a poem now before us, entitled 'A Prelude,' by Francis Sherman. We are persuaded that he is not writing nature poetry to be in the fashion and humor a craze, but because to him the spring forces are a joy and a solace,—to him, 'there is a pleasure in the pathless wood, there is a rapture on the lonely shore,' that he finds delight in expressing. While yet the icicles hang at the eaves, and the snow is deep around us, it is a prophecy of June and all hidden raptures when we turn to lines like these:

"Watching the tremulous flicker of the green,  
Asim: the open quiet of the sky,  
I hear my ancient way-fellows convene  
In the grassy wood behind me. Where I lie  
They may not see me; for the grasses grow  
As though no feet save June's had wandered by;  
Yet I, who am well-hidden, surely know,  
As I have waited, they yearn for me.  
To lead them whither they are fain to go.

"O covering grasses! O unchanging trees!  
Is it not good to feel the odorous wind  
Come down upon you with such harmonies.  
Only the giant hills can ever find?  
O little! yes, are ye not glad to be?  
Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind

"That falls at noon-time over you and me!  
O gleam of birches lost among the firs,  
Let your high timber chime in silverly

"Across the half-imagined wind that stirs  
A muffled cry at music from the pines!  
Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers

"Is minor. For, behold, the loud sun shines,  
Till they sing maps are no longer gray,  
And it is overgrown their faint uncertain lines;

"Each violet takes a deeper hue to-day,  
And purple swell the cones hung overhead,  
Until the sound of their far feet who stray

"About the wood fades from me; and instead,  
I hear the robin singing—not as one  
That calls unto his mate uncomfortable—  
But as one sings a welcome to the Sun."

This soft lap of the world gives peace  
After the noisy jostling world of men. Not  
there—

"Not among men, or near men fashioned things  
In the old years found I this present ease,  
Though I have known the fellowship of kings

"And tarried long in splendid palaces,  
The worship of vast peoples has been mine  
The homage of uncounted pageantries.

"Sea offerings, and fruits of field and vine  
Have humble folk been proud to bring to me;  
And woven cloth of wonderful design

"Have lain untouched in far lands overseas,  
Till the rich traffickers beheld my sail.  
Long caravans have toiled on wearily—

"Harrassed yet watchful of their costly wares—  
Across wide sandy places, glad to bear  
Strange oils and perfumes strained in Indian vales,  
'Great gleaming rubies torn from some queen's  
hair,

Yellow, long-boarded coin and gold dust,  
Deeming that I should find their offering fair.  
—O fairness quick to fade! Ashes and rust  
And food for moths!"

Old losses seem repaired and there is a  
renewal of old joys, a feeling of the reality  
of life, when he has come back to nature:

"Awaiting here the strong word of the trees,  
My soul leans over to the wind's caress,

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causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Hood's Pills

"One with the flowers; far off he hears the sea's  
Rumor of large, unmeasured things"

Very finely expressed is the message  
which the poet passes on,—the message  
Earth has confided.

"In me why shouldst thou not find thy content?  
"Are not my days surpassing fair from dawn  
To sunset, and my nights fulfill'd with peace?  
Shall not my strength remain when thou art gone

"The way of all blown dust? Shall beauty cease  
Upon my face because thy face grows gray?  
Behold, thine hours, even now, fade and decrease,

"And thou hast got no wisdom; yet I say  
This thing there is to learn ere thou must go:  
Have no sad thoughts of me upon the way."

We who know the places of our youth,  
now deserted and desolate,—the closed  
halls and chambers we once frequented,  
with those who have departed—will know  
the meaning of lines like these:

"Great houses loom up swiftly, out of the gray,  
Knocking at last, the gradual echoes stir  
The hangings of unhaunted passages;  
Until the knows only for her

Has this house hoarded up its silences  
Since the beginning of the early years,  
And that this night her soul shall dwell at ease  
And grow forgetful of its ancient fears  
In some long-kept, unvisited room."

The reader will enjoy this picture of  
woodland seclusion:

"For the pines whisper, lest it may forget,  
Of the near pool; and how the shadow lies  
On it forever; and of its edges, set

"With maidenhair; and how, in guardian-wise,  
The alder trees bend over, until one  
Forgets the color of the unseen skies

"And loses, all remembrance of the sun,  
No echo there of the sea's loss and pain;  
Nor sound of little rivers, even, that run

"Where with the wind the hollow reeds complain;  
Nor the soft stir of marsh-waters, when dawn  
Comes in with quiet covering of rain:

"Only, all day, the shadow of peace upon  
The pool's gray breast; and with the fall of even,  
The noiseless gleam of scattered stars—withdrawn  
From the unfathomed treasures of heaven."

Mr. Sherman is native and resident of  
Fredericton, N. B., as many readers of  
PROGRESS will remember. His poems,  
"Matins," "In Memorabilia Mortis," etc.,  
have been the subject of comment in these  
columns.

"Men resort in field or town,  
But the poet dwells alone.

or at least he attempts it. Joaquin Miller  
has had some spells at it. Henry David  
Thoreau was a first-class druid, and Wal-  
den a veritable hermitage. He is now  
paralleled by Sadie E. Anderson and her  
poetic cell "Hesperidion," on the Santa  
Cruz mountains, in California. There  
she lives, winter and summer, in her rough  
cabin of split redwood, in lovely loneliness;  
there she cultivates the muse and raises  
chickens and scents the tax-collector.

Young, beautiful, accomplished, a gradu-  
ate of the University of California, she  
has made what most will regard a singular  
choice; but she finds it satisfactory to her-  
self, which is the main consideration.

She is said to be quite feminine, notwith-  
standing, in her tastes and disposition,  
and is not natively averse to society, but  
loves better to listen to the stories that  
the trees, the birds and the brooks tell  
her."

Miss Anderson's home is a two-roomed  
shanty built on a wilderness peak over-  
looking a wide domain. The magnificence  
of nature is hers. From the door of her  
cabin she can look away through or over  
the forest, upon the twinkling waves of  
the Pacific, and can see the ships sailing  
into Monterey. Here she sings of the  
forest and of the shore, and sends out

"Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's  
natural.

If perfectly well, this is  
probably the case.

But many are suffering  
from frequent colds, nervous  
debility, pallor, and a hun-  
dred aches and pains, simply  
because they are not fleshy  
enough.

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phites strengthens the diges-  
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nerves, and makes rich, red  
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song and sonnet as the spirit moves her.  
The following will show she has some  
talent as a rhymer:

Mission, Santa Cruz.  
How swiftly here oblivion sets her seal;  
What has the vanish'd century left of seal,  
The Spanish rose-tree and the Spanish speech,  
The music and the roses of Castile?

A newer generation comes to kneel  
Where crumbling walls and broken tiles of red  
Become the dust above forgotten dead,  
The unregarded dust beneath the wheel.  
The call to vespers hath a different tone;  
Even the mission bells were cast anew,  
And alien echoes mingled with their own

From crowded streets, where once the wild-flowers  
grew:  
New speech, new shrines, new hopes and cares and  
fears,  
To usher in another hundred years.

In Monterey Bay, there annually rises,  
with the winter's tide, the hull of an old  
schooner, which has become the subject of  
a song:

Under the Sands.  
The sunshine falls upon a golden strand  
Beside a sea that stretches far away,  
Where all the summer long, in careless play,  
The peaceful waves come rippling o'er the sand,  
So, calm, so still, we cannot understand  
That ever sailors' wives should sit and weep.  
That ever they should wake while others sleep,  
Because of tempests upon sea or land.

Ah! wait! I'll winter waves assail the shore,  
And beat away this level floor of gold;  
For where 'twas wrecked and buried years before  
A ghost-like ship shall lift its timbers of old.  
O sorrow of the heart, thou liest as deep!  
Heaven grant no storm of time may break thy sleep

The vessels, that in the distance come  
and go, are a special inspiration to her:

Watching the Ships.  
How strange it seems, walled in, secluded so,  
So sheltered from the noisy world's unrest,  
Looking thro' feathery treetops to the west,  
To see you stately strangers come and go;  
Great ships of traffic, born from far we know,  
Followed and waited by the self-same breeze  
That lightly tossed some crested billow's snow  
Three thousand miles away, in foreign seas.

So, hither and thither, just beyond our own,  
Great souls, like stately ships, as fair to view.  
So near, yet ever to remain unknown,  
Our ports of daily life are passing through;  
And we, in peaceful shelter so truly pray,  
'Fair ships, brave souls! God speed thee on thy way.

These are well-constructed sonnets,  
easy, quiet, graceful, musical, gently pic-  
turesque; not, however, the daring, ad-  
venturous, style of verse we should expect  
from one who has cast her conventional-  
isms of life behind her.

Thus, with her chickens, the wild birds  
and the beasts that roam the forests day  
and night, she lives in amity and content;  
fearless of ill as the mythical Irish lady,  
who robed and jewelled, rode abroad trust-  
ing the honor of Erin's sons. "Why do I  
live so far out of the world?" she asks, echo-  
ing the question of the curious. "Because  
I love nature, I love the grand trees. . . .  
I like either pure city or pure country—  
pure country preferred. I have not been  
in San Francisco for five years, but I want  
to go up again one of these days. A lead-  
ing publisher there has offered to get out  
a volume of my verse. He advises me,  
however, to wait until I have written a  
little more." There is no lackadaisicalness  
or pining sentimentalism about her, with  
all her love of solitude. If she ever dallies  
with "divinest melancholy" it does not in-  
fect her. She is brisk, and has an inter-  
esting fund of dry humor. She takes  
pleasure with her brood of chickens, and  
they occupy much of her thought and time.

"My hens are all educated", she de-  
clares. "One comes in every day and  
lays an egg on the table. She will go to  
my work basket and get the darning egg  
out with her bill, and then get some scraps  
of cloth and paper or whatever is handy,  
and build a nest around it. She likes the  
colored part of The Examiner best. I  
suppose it must be on account of the colors.  
When her egg is laid off she goes with a  
merry and satisfied cackle. There is an  
awful lot of work about raising chickens.  
It takes nearly all my time. Still you can  
always sell a chicken, while you cannot  
always a sonnet."

Where does she find her market?  
These mountains are a haunt of summer  
tourists, and of campers who spread their  
tents under the trees. To them the post-  
office furnishes eggs, and sometimes a broil,  
and in this way realizes a neat little income  
—enough for her support. Their presence  
is, however, not altogether agreeable, and  
she is glad when their stay is over and she  
is left alone. But one would think she  
must have the blessing of solitude in excess,  
and would be glad to see a human face,  
and "hear the sweet music of speech", that  
Selkirk was supposed to sigh for. Certain-  
ly few can be found who would deliber-  
ately choose a lot like hers.

PASTOR FELIX.

SURPRISED THE GAOLER.

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used many remedies, but relief was only  
temporary. Reading of the cures made  
by South American Rheumatic Cure we  
procured a bottle and tried it. Half the  
bottle brought great relief and four bot-  
tles completely cured her. Its effects are  
truly wonderful."

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Care of the Eyes.

For eyes that have much to do, and on which a strain is put, darkness is the best possible remedy, and merely to close them for a few minutes at a time produces a rested feeling, which shows itself in their renewed brightness. Bathing tired eyes in warm water and then closing them for some time, is an excellent daily practice. Nothing, however, but hot water should be allowed to touch the eyes except by direction of an oculist. The eyeball should be a clear bluish white color. If it has red streaks in it there is trouble somewhere. If it is dull and yellow in color, that also is an indication of disease, and in most

cases the seat of the trouble is not in the eye itself—the stomach, which is accountable for most things, is generally accountable for the bright or lack luster condition of the eyes. To make dull eyes shine, therefore, the best thing is an anti-dyspeptic medicine.

"A Man's a Man for a' That,"

Even if he has corns on both feet. But he as a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at once.

An Imperial Collection.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has collected the photographs of all the pretty women she has seen during the last twenty years. To each picture is attached a statement of the name, age, and condition of the subject, with date and place of the taking of the photograph.

Don't carry a cough. Carry a bottle of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

His Salary.

The Washington Post tells of a bright boy, one of the pages in the Senate at Washington, who was at one of the Senate entrances when a lady approached with a visiting-card in her hand.

'Will you hand this to Senator Blank?' she said.

'I cannot,' replied the boy; 'all cards must be taken to the east lobby.'

The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket-book she found a twenty-five cent piece.

With it in her hand she went back to the boy. 'Here my lad,' she said, in a coaxing tone, 'here is a quarter to take my card in.'

'Madam,' said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, 'I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out.'

He Lives on Herbs and Eggs.

The great romancer, Jules Verne, is nearly 70 years of age, but enjoys robust health and spirits, living on a diet of eggs and herbs in Amiens France. He has written six books more than he is years old. His habit is to rise early and write till 11 o'clock. After lunch on he goes to a library, where he reads all the newspapers. He declares that the hardest work he ever does is the reading up of travels in order to write his wonderful stories, for strange to say, he has himself traveled but little. The writing of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' was begun at the instigation of George Sind. His books have been translated into many languages, including Japanese and Arabic.

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