

Notches on The Stick

The recent death of Lady Millais revives in the public mind a singular episode in the life of her second husband, the great artist, and that of John Ruskin, an episode involved in mystery, which it may be will never be made clearer. A young woman of extraordinary charm and great personal beauty, Ruskin had married Miss Gray, before she was twenty years of age; and there seems every reason for believing it, on his part at least, a marriage of affection. Millais, a rising painter, the leader of that school known as Pre-Raphaelite, who acknowledged Ruskin, as his teacher, came to Brantwood, the latter's residence, for the avowed purpose of painting Mrs. Ruskin's portrait. While thus engaged, the painter seems to have become enamored, with gazing so much on his beautiful subject; and she seems to have been equally affected by the magnificent face and figure of the artist, who in this respect, also, had been highly endowed of nature. The singular thing about the matter is that Ruskin, finding her affections thus alienated from himself and centered on his guest, quietly acquiesced, to the extent of silence and compliance in procuring a divorce. About a year later the painter and the divorced wife appeared in church and were united, Ruskin himself being present. The motive of parts of this strange transaction, as we have said, may not be understood, but it is quite evident that it shadowed the subsequent life of the great author, and it may have had something to do with the partial insanity by which he has been kept in solitude at Brantwood. It is generally understood among those most intimate that there are palliating circumstances connected with what would ordinarily be considered a social offence, with a stigma attached. Queen Victoria, whose feelings in regard to marital honor, are sensitive in the extreme, was induced on this occasion to relax her judgment. When Sir John Millais was dying Her Majesty sent to him the Princess Louise, inquiring if there was any favor she might grant. He called for a writing tablet and wrote these words: "I should like the Queen to see my wife." Accordingly when the wife of the painter was a widow, the Queen, to the honor of her truly royal nature, accorded to her sister in grief a most tender and sympathetic interview. Lady Millais died of the same disease as that which carried off her husband—cancer of the throat.

If we mistake not, Bliss Carman has published nothing which will give him a surer title to the name, poet, or which will secure him a warmer, more appreciative audience among all readers of verse, than his "Ballads of Lost Haven: A Book of the sea, with the genuine Hebridean or Viking flavor, with a ring in them not surpassed by Kipling, and with finer color and less broken music. The sea-life of the Bay of Fundy, and most of the local peculiarities of our Maritime Canadian coast, are finely depicted there; nor do we lack an infusion of that idealizing romancing spirit for which Mr. Carman is famous. We read and copied and recopied for our friends, his ballad of "The Master of the Soud," long before it appeared in this volume, and we do not see how the scene depicted can be given more truly or vividly, nor how the trumpet of the sea can be blown to wilder stronger music. The lilt of "A sailor's wedding" is also quite bewitching:

"There is a Norland laddie who sails the round sea-rim,
And Malyon of the mountains is all the world to him.
The Master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the line,
He smoothes her with canvas along the crumbling brine."

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He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;
And he will brook no ginsay who goes to meet his bride,
But their will is the wind's will who traffic with the tide.
Make home my bonnie schooner! The sun goes down to light
The gusty crimson wind-hails against the wedding night.
She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.
The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain;
And in the Arctide country the spring comes back again.

The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyon's room;
And out at sea the Snowflake is driving through the gloom.
The white caps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.
The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below,
And down the world's wide border they perish as they go.
They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.
The sheet the flying schooner in oam from stem to stern,
Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clue to ear'n.
And where the move uneasy, chill is the light and pale;
They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before the gale."

The New York Post says of this book: "We called attention, long since, to the prominence rapidly being assumed by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman and Mr. Campbell among the writers of this continent, and the little book called 'Ballads of Lost Haven,' has in some degree restored to Mr. Carman the leadership which he seems to have risked by dallying too long amid Bohemian bowers. It is a hundred pages of salt sea, without a trace of Kipling, and yet having a sea flavor as unmistakable as his, and with a finer touch—with less of repetition, less of mere technicality, and a more varied human interest. It has, withal, a quality of grace which is surely legitimate, when we consider that the sea itself, which is the strongest thing on this planet, is also the most graceful."

The New York Home Journal, in speaking of some literary lawyers, refers to Richard D. Blackmore, who had been for eight years a counsellor-at-law, when, in 1860, 'Lorna Doone' first charmed its world of readers. Far enough from the dusty purlieu of a court of law, are the Devonshire wilds into which the romancer takes us; but Lorna Doone is not the only delightful book its author has written. Rider Haggard is also spoken of, who, in choosing the bar for a profession, did but follow the footsteps of his father and two elder brothers. In recent years his small practice in the probate court seems to have been barely sufficient to supply plot and inspiration for 'Mr. Meeten's Will.' We could more readily relegate him entirely to the law than our favorite author mentioned above. We are told, also, that Anthony Hope Hawkins followed the law fitfully from 1887 to 1894, when he awoke to find his 'Prisoner of Zenda' had made him famous; and that Stanley Weyman haunted courts for nine years before he discovered his talent for historical romance. If the barrens of the law sent them by reaction into their green romantic pastures we have reason for thanksgiving. We are assured that to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, the bar has never been a serious vocation; that Sydney Grundy, the playwright, had seven years of practice in Manchester; and that Mr. Hesman Merrivale was called to the bar in 1864, and had a fair practice.

Our accustomed familiarity with our readers must be our excuse for the insertion of the following familiarities in rhyme, sent us by one well-known and highly esteemed:

A Christmas Carol.

I know a man of rarest worth, whose face I've never seen,
Who fits about from place to place where I have never been;
His voice is often at my ear, I hear it day by day,
Although the man I speak of is three hundred miles away.
Now ye who read the mystic scroll of human hearts pray tell
What sort of marvel this may be—the man I know so well!
In vain your search, if you should think to find his name engraved
On tablets that record how much a miser-mole has saved;
Nor will you find it written large, a ruler of the land;
Nor prince, nor king, nor conqueror, born only to command.
And yet he rules a special state; his subjects not a few,
Pay homage to his gentle sway—a people leal and true.
He sails across enchanted seas in search of fairy-lands,
Where beauty reigns supreme, and where Joy treads the golden sands;

He treads the halls of castles built high in azure air,
And hears divinest minstrelsy reechoed ever there.
The wind is loose upon the hills, frost-needles sting and smart,
But whispers, now familiar-grown, make summer in my heart;
I saunter through the crowded street, I listen and rejoice,
For in the Christmas bells I hear the music of his voice.
Long, long may he survive to weave his necromantic spell,—
This man whose face I've never seen—the man I know so well!

G. M.

Among recent Canadian books are the following: 'Humors of '37, Grave, Gay and Grim, Rebellion Times in the Canadas,' by Robina and Kathleen M. L'zars, authors of 'In the days of Canada Company,' with folding map, post 8vo, cloth 8/0 pp \$1.25 Toronto Canada. The book aims to present a series of vivid pictures of the inner, personal life, the motive and action and the humor, the incongruities, the pathos, and tragedy of the times, as they stand revealed from the perspective of the present. Criticism accords this work considerable literary value.—'Across the Sub Arctics of Canada: A journey of 3,200 miles, by canoe and snowshoe, through the barren lands, by J. W. Tyrrell C. E., with illustrations from photographs and from drawings by Arthur Heming, Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50 Toronto, 1897.—'Haliburton: A centenary chaplet' A Tribute to the memory of Thomas C. Haliburton, author of 'Sam Slick,' etc., contributed articles by B. G. Hamilton, F. Blake Crofton, H. P. Scott, and J. P. Anderson, with illustrations, post 8vo, cloth \$1.25, Toronto 1897.—'Canadian men and women of the time.' A biographical Dictionary of prominent and eminent persons belonging to the Dominion of Canada. Edited by Henry James Morgan, author of 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' 'Biographies of celebrated Canadians,' 'Editor of Dominion Annual Register,' etc. 8vo, cloth, \$2.00, Toronto 1897. This is a work which for several years has engaged the author, and will be found of high interest and usefulness.

Two recent story-books by Prof. Charles C. D. Roberts are highly commended by the American press. Of his 'Raid from Beausejour,' and 'How the Carter boys Lifted the Mortgage'—two stories of life in Nova Scotia under the same cover—The Outlook says: It tells for young readers a fascinating chapter of Canadian life in graphic language and with the aid of fiction (Illustrated 12m, 230 pages cloth \$1.00) Of 'Rourke Dare's Shad Boat' The Independent says: 'Mr. Roberts writes with enthusiasm, and puts the sea winds and marsh fragrance into his style,' and, according to The Watchman, 'The book bristles with exciting adventure, and steers the voyager into the deep waters of wholesome thought and purpose. It is also described as a breezy, wholesome ale of out door life along the Bay of Fundy.' Illustrated, 12m, 145 pp. cloth 75c.

To all the literary lovers of PROGRESS, a Happy New Year—of which this is the first boisterous day,—and plenty of good books, and the frequent mood of enjoyment.

PASTOR FELIX.



ONE ENJOYS

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A CERTIFICATE OF MERIT.

Science Siftings Awards This Honor to Galley Brand Whisky.

A recent number of Science Siftings published in London has an interesting article upon Galley brand of whisky which is being introduced upon this market by William McIntyre, successor to McIntyre & Townsend, who is the agent for the province. The article is instructive to all who use whisky as well as to those who believe that all liquor, if sold, should be of the highest quality. To quote from 'Science Siftings':

"Daily we hear of brands of whisky with designations which have not previously come under our notice. Some of them prove on investigation to be exceedingly true spirit, daintily wrapped to attract the unwary who are to be caught by such devices; often, however, the brand appertains to some old distillery which has suddenly awakened to the fact that business cannot be successfully continued on the lines of a generation ago but that push is necessary if a first place in the market is to be attained. And some of these old brands are commendable enough. One has been brought prominently to our notice of late, and is our excuse—if excuse be needed—for returning again to the subject of alcohol in this form.

Alcohol is not a food in the usual acceptance of the term, it produces vital force and heat, as do fats and starchy foods. In the system, alcohol is burnt by oxygen which would otherwise be engaged in consuming the tissues of the organism itself. These are thus spared destruction in a degree governed by the diversion of the energy of the oxygen. Moderate doses are essential. It is too obvious almost to need suggesting that alcoholic excess leads to infinitely worse results than, say, the excessive use of carbohydrates. Our point, however, is merely that alcohol in moderation will aid the system in the way we have intimated; and when taken into a healthy stomach, it will also excite the secretion of the digestive fluid, while stimulating the intestines to actively complete the assimilatory act: Thus at the same time conserving the body and aiding to construct new tissue.

"But the alcohol imbibed must be of good quality. In the case of whisky, for instance, no foreign alcohol may be added, and all the crudeness inherent in new spirit must have been softened down by proper aging. Adulteration by water is of no very great moment, except so far as it raises the cost of the article. A bottle of whisky, as we have shown, should contain a definite quantity of alcohol; and if this be reduced by watering, the purchaser is buying the produce of the pump instead of what he bargains for. Usually, also, what the man on the pavement wants to know is, how much fusel oil his whisky contains. He may be sure that all whisky, from the highest to the lowest grade, does embody some of it.

"Fusel oil is not, however, so apprehensively regarded as of old by the scientific world. It is also recognized that its disappearance is not due to any method of maturing but to the niceties of distillation. The mellowing changes that take place in whisky as it ages are owing to entirely different causes—to alternation in the creosotic or pyro compounds. The rough data we have now given with the criticism that will follow, should enable even the lay reader to comprehend the figures of our analysis. It is that of a Scotch whisky designated "Galley Brand," and it is exceedingly well known, we learn, among our colonial and Indian friends. Here are the figures of the percentage composition:

Alcohol (by weight)	40.01
Amyl Alcohol (fusel oil)	0.47
Trical acid	4.2
Valic acid	2.0
Total Ex tract	0.109
Ash	trace

"Firstly we see from the above that the strength of the liquor is well over the min-

imum; a point, as we have said, in favor of the consumer. We also observe that the fusel oil is as low as the average of really good whisky. The flavour of the spirit is very pleasing, which is evidence that it is mature, to corroborate which fact other tokens are not wanting. The color is dainty; and such aroma as a whisky can have is there also, and is very acceptable evidence of careful distillation.

"We have in 'Galley Brand Old Highland Whisky,' to give the full title, a stimulant which in proper dilution and quantities cannot fail to prove wholesome. Messrs Andrew McNab and Company, Ltd., its proprietors are—and we feel sure our readers will agree—eminently entitled to possess the Science Siftings Certificate of merit, and it has, therefore, been awarded to them."

EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

Their Lives are not Always Free From Responsibility.

The education of European princes is revealed in their holiday pleasures. Most of them are trained for military life, and their summers are occupied with army reviews and manoeuvres. Whenever they visit one another, they are entertained with cavalry drills and infantry tactics and with sham battles. Not one of the great sovereigns has ever been under fire in real warfare. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary took an active part in the campaign against France, Italy and Prussia, from a safe distance. The King of Italy commanded a division in 1866 at the battle of Custoza, but only to cover the retreat of the Italian army. The tsar and the Emperor of Germany have never seen war.

Princes are sportsmen as well as soldiers. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary, when he entertains his good ally and friend, the German Emperor, not only orders a military review and a series of banquets and fetes, but he also arranges an old-fashioned hunting excursion in the forest. He is the keenest sportsman in the European royal circle, and enjoys hard riding and the genuine pleasures of the chase.

The other sovereigns prefer milder sport. The German Emperor is a good shot, and quickly fills his bag when he is heading a hunting party. The Emperor of Russia is at home in the saddle, but he is not an expert with the gun. The King of Italy also is a good sportsman. Nearly all the English princes shoot well, and have abundant sport for small game on the Scottish moors.

The German Emperor and the Prince of Wales are enthusiastic yachtsmen, and their cutters are among the fastest in Europe. The King of the Belgians enjoys sea life, and takes long summer cruises on his steam-yacht off the coasts of Spain and Norway. The Russian Emperor shares the same taste. The King of Norway and Sweden is rarely off his yacht during the summer. The King of Greece is also a yachtsman, but he is seldom afloat in the Aegean and the Mediterranean. The King of Norway and Sweden is the only European sovereign with strong artistic and bookish tastes. He is fond of reading, is something of a musician, and is an artist with considerable talent for sketching.

Princes are trained for military campaigns which seldom occur, and they are also educated for court functions which never end. They are great social personages, who understand all the niceties of etiquette, and are able to speak several foreign languages. There is not a European sovereign who cannot converse fluently with royal visitors in their own tongue.

A prince who was without training in modern languages would be out of place in a European court.

