

Notches on The Stick

A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, indulges himself with the following exclamation: "Fancy any one really wanting to read the whole of 'Paradise Lost'!" [Macaulay not only read but remembered it.] It is safe to say that, outside of professional students [there is much dubious professionalism, now-a-days] and teachers of English literature, there are not fifty persons in the United States or England who have ever read all of 'Paradise Lost.' And small blame to them. For 'Paradise Lost,' like a majority of the long poems which the world possesses, is a work of fine single passages set amid a dreary waste of decasyllabic balderdash. It is next to impossible for any poet to be inspiring and magnificent throughout ten thousand lines. There is some truth in the above, but it is stated objectionably. It is an instance of the flippant assurance (always shallow,) with which the greatest names and most venerable are now being treated. It is not unfair to suspect that the writer of such a comment belongs to that multitude, he considers so numerous, who have never thoroughly read Milton's poetic masterpiece, and are presumably excusable [for the omission]. Books, like persons, are for fit company; and no person who is not a foolish pedant, will long pursue a study which cannot interest him. Maybe the author is not to be blamed, except for persisting in talk of what he does not understand; for when he attributes "balderdash" to 'Paradise Lost' it will then be clear to some that he neither understands nor reverences Milton.

The January "Everywhere" gives account of itself as follows: "It is the only paper in the world that makes constant and systematic effort to develop the whole human nature. . . . Everybody finds in it something for himself or herself. It is a journal for both sexes and all classes." "Everywhere" is unique; but to our fancy reason d'être is not that which has been suggested. It is to us the exponent of a distinctive individuality, namely, Will Carleton, and the organ of his popular style of verse, those fine and neat literary compartments to the contrary notwithstanding. Lacking his reputation and decided talent "Everywhere" might never have attained success. To be everywhere, and to do everything, is for a mortal more than a heroic undertaking; but perhaps our temporary fulfils it as well as anyone can.

We are favored with copies of the "Presbyterian College Journal," Montreal, for November, December, and January, which maintain our high idea, already expressed of college journalism in Canada. It unequal to "Acacia Victoriana" as it appeared in holiday dress, it measures well up in literary respects. The "Talks About Books," by Rev. Professor Campbell, may be commended for the easy frankness of their style, as well as for their thoughtful suggestiveness. He criticizes and commends with discrimination a recent book of Canadian verse, "Estabelle and other verse," by John Stewart Thomson, and cites one of his best stanzas, as follows:

"And every rustling morning found new nests;
tune;
New flowers' new leaves, danced to the wind's soft
On burgeoning boughs the birds their love-sweet
ed-breasts
Freed in the sunny Paradise of June;
The breeze came up with rumors and a tale
Of sweet joy sprouting in the meadow green,
And sky-blue violets winking in the wood,
Of various budding sights that it had seen;
Of trailing may flowers, fragrant, timid, pale;
And arbutus in a great striped hood."

The critic adds this comment: "Arbutus is, I suppose, a printer's error for arisaena, the arum or Indian turnip. The

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

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The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only to feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

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trailing mayflower or arbutus is over long before June even in my northern summer home, but let that pass." In the December number Mr. Arthur Weir has some good verses, entitled, "The Lord Hath Need of Thee."

A recent issue of the Toronto "Saturday Night" contained a humorously satirical article in the form of a story of medieval Brittany, entitled "The Chastel of Goarec." It scarcely required the name of the author in order to recognition, so broad is the literary earmark of John Hunter Duvau. It is well worthy the attention its readers have, we trust, given it.

Miss Corelli, in her "Romance of Two Worlds," makes her artist character affirm: "The only true criticism of high art is silence—silence as grand as truth itself." A grain of truth is here. There are moods when this is so; when the artist is in the act of manifestation, and the soul capable of receiving that manifestation is under its spell. But it would be folly to affirm that afterwards, and upon reflection, the only true and proper criticism is silence. There is no soul so great, but some other soul is fit to mark its limitations and errors, or to proclaim his excellencies, else there could be no written nor spoken criticism. Silence is in itself no mark of special appreciation; it is at once the resort of the wise and ignorant, and it may express contempt, as easily as awe or veneration.

PASTOR FELIX

CHOCOLATE OR CACAO.

How it Grows and the Methods of Preparing it for use.

The Mexicans call the beverage composed of the pounded seeds of the cacao tree chocolate.

The tree is a handsome one, twelve to sixteen high; the trunk upright, and about five feet long; the wood, light in weight and white in color; the bark, brownish.

The leaves are lanceolate, oblong, bright green, quite entire; the flowers are small, reddish and odorless. The fruit is smooth, of a yellow or red tinge, and about three inches in diameter; the rind is fleshy, about half an inch in thickness, flesh colored; within the pulp is white, of the consistency of butter, separating from the rind when ripe, and adhering only to it by filaments, which penetrate it and reach to the seeds. Hence it is known when the seeds are ripe by the rattling of the capsule when it is shaken. The pulp has a sweet and not unpleasant taste, with a slight acidity. It is sucked and eaten raw by the natives. The seeds are about twenty-five in number; when fresh they are of a flesh color; gathered before they are quite ripe, they preserve them in sugar, and thus they are very grateful to the palate. They quickly lose their vegetation if taken out of the capsule, but kept in it they preserve that power for a long time. The tree bears leaves, flowers and fruit all the year through; but the usual seasons for gathering the fruit are June and December. In two years it is about three feet high, and spreads its branches, not more than five of which are suffered to remain; in three years it begins to bear fruit. A tree yields from two to three pounds of seeds annually. The seeds are nourishing and agreeable to most people, and are generally used in South America and in the West India Islands.

The seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico, in the time of the Aztec kings, and this use of them is still partially continued, the smaller seeds being employed for the purpose. The lowest

denomination of coin money current in Mexico is of the value of about twelve cents; and as there must arise many pretty transactions of business to a lower amount the convenience of these seeds, six of which are reckoned as the value of one cent, must needs be very great.

Cacao is principally used after having been made into cakes, to which the name of chocolate is given. The method anciently employed by the Indians in making these cakes was simply to roast the seeds in earthen pots, and after clearing them from the husks, which by reason of the heat employed could be easily removed, the raked seeds were bruised between two stones and made up with the hands into cakes. The process at present used by Europeans does not differ greatly from that just described; more care is taken in grinding the seeds after they are roasted, so as to convert them into a paste which is perfectly smooth, and some flavoring ingredients are added, according to the taste of the people who are to consume the chocolate. Cloves and cinnamon are much used for this purpose by the Spaniards; other aromatics, and even perfumes, such as musk and ambergris, have some times been added; but the principal flavoring ingredient used with cacao is vanilla.

EDISON THE INVENTOR.

The Disadvantages Under Which Edison Began His Great Career.

The great electrical inventor of the century, Thomas A. Edison, began his scientific career in a freight-car, in which he a boy of twelve, conducted chemical experiments. Says the New York Tribune:

When one recalls the more important of Mr. Edison's inventions,—the printing telegraph for stock quotations, the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy, the incandescent lamp, the subdivision of currents (within a year of the oracular prediction by British scientists that it could not be done), his carbon transmitter for telephones, the megaphone, phonograph, the magnetic separator and kitescope,—it is hard to realize that he is only fifty years old.

That magnificent laboratory in which he spends so many happy hours, with his coat off, out at West Orange, is a very different workshop from the freight car in which he once conducted chemical experiments. But he works with the same enthusiasm and unremitting assiduity now as then. He retains his youthful love of fun, too, and enjoys a joke more than a square meal. In fact, the unostentatious way in which he eats a workman's dinner on a busy day, without leaving his laboratory, is but a single illustration of the simplicity of taste which is so common a trait of genius.

A Generous Duchess.

It is generally agreed that the dominant note of the character of the late Duchess of Teck was her amiability, but that term does inadequate justice to the heart from which it sprung. She was charity itself, and a wonderful organizer of charitable relief on a large scale. It is said that she gave out of her own pocket a good fifth of the annual amount granted to her by Parliament, and a story, vouched for by the St. James's Budget, shows that she knew how to give on a small scale; to be generous in mind as well as with money. There were to be some festivities at White Lodge, the Richmond residence of the duchesses, and an invitation was sent to the secretary of a charity in which the duchess was interested. By a later post the young lady received a letter from a friend, asking her to a tennis party which was to be held the same day. Next morning both invitations were acknowledged, but the replies were carelessly put in the wrong envelopes. The duchess opened the letter in which the writer declared to her friend that she was very sorry she could not come to tennis, because 'Stout Mary' had asked her to White Lodge, and she was bound to go. The day duly arrived, and the frank young lady was warmly welcomed by the duchess.

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CURES
ITCHING PILLS, ECZEMA,
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D. S. Doan, of Clinton, says: "DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum when all else has failed; believe what I say and try it. Don't go on suffering for years as I did."

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OINTMENT

I suffered with piles for years. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. Mrs. Jno. Gault, Fargo.

Mrs. F. Pearson, Inglewood, Ont., says: "My baby, five months old, had eczema very badly on his face and head. I procured two boxes of the Ointment and when they had been used all signs of the disease had disappeared."

DR. CHASE'S
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"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"



This is a title which Miss Canada didn't seem to care for, but it exactly fits our wash-lady who u ss

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Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

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who afterward took her aside and laughingly said:

"My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posing your letters, and never forget that you do not know who will read what you write. Don't apologize. I have forgiven you."

A Lumberman's Life.

CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO INGLE-
MENT WEATHER.

He Falls An Easy Victim to Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles—A Twenty Year's Sufferer Tells How He Found Release.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

Mr. Wm. Murray, of Corniersville, N. B., is an old and respected farmer, and a pioneer settler of the thriving little village he now makes his home. While Mr. Murray was yet a young man, he, together with his father and brother, founded one of the best mill properties to be seen in those early days. The mills consisted of a sawmill and gristmill, and were operated and managed by the two brothers. Labor saving appliances being then comparatively unknown, the young men were exposed to dangers and difficulties almost unknown to the present generation. One of the greatest evils in connection with the business was exposure to wet and cold, which, though unheeded at the time, have crippled its victim with rheumatism. In a late conversation regarding his disease, Mr. Murray told the following story of his long misery and final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"For over twenty years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. I attribute the cause of the disease to the time when as a young man I worked at our mills. In the winter we would haul logs on the pond where the alternate thaws and frosts of early spring would imbue them in the ice and slush. When the time came for starting up the mill I would go out on the pond sometimes in water up to my knees and work away from morning till night chopping logs out of the slush and ice. I was generally wet from head to foot, and every second night of the week I would, without changing my clothes, stay up and run the mill till daybreak. So you see I was for two days at a time in a suit of partially wet clothes, and this would last till the ice had melted in the pond. After a few years rheumatism fastened itself upon me as a reward for this indiscretion, and ever increasing in its malignity it at last became so bad that for weeks in succession I could only go about with the aid of crutches. At other times I was able to hobble about the house by the aid of two canes, and again at other times it would ease off a little and I was able to do a little work, but could never stand it for more than a couple of hours at a time. The least bit of walking in damp weather would overcome me and I remember one stormy night when I tried to walk from Cocagne Bridge to my home, a distance of five miles, that I had to sit down by the roadside six times to ease the terrible pain that had seized my legs. During all those years of agony I think I tried all the patent medicines I could get a hold of, but they did me no good at all. I consulted doctors, but my sufferings remained undiminished. In the fall of 1895 I went to a doctor in Buctouche to see if there were any means by which I might at least be eased of my suffering. The doctor said frankly, 'Mr. Murray you cannot be cured, nothing can cure you.' I was not satisfied and then I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured half a dozen boxes, and began taking them at once. I soon felt a change for the better and after my supply had been finished I got another half dozen boxes and continued taking them according to directions. That dozen boxes was all I took and you see me now. I am alive and smart and can do any kind of work. I did my farming this spring and could follow the plough for days without feeling any rheumatic pains. Yes Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a world of good and I strongly recommend them for the cure of rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box."

Cognition.

The gentlemen of the bar, who not infrequently have to take rebukes from the bench, greatly enjoy a chance to make a legitimate retort against the court. The story is told that a certain judge who, during the plea of a rather prosy lawyer, could not refrain from gently nodding his head in sleep, was caught at this by the lawyer, who looked significantly at him.

"Perhaps," said the judge testily and prevaricatingly, "the counsel thinks the court was asleep, but he may be assured that the court was merely cogitating."

The lawyer talked on. Presently the judge, again overcome by his somnolency, nodded off and aroused himself with a little sudden snoring noise.

"If it please your honor," said the lawyer, "I will suspend my plea until the court shall have ceased to cogitate audibly."

"You may go on," said the judge; and he did not fall asleep again.

They Deceive They are Satisfied.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

Gentlemen,

I have much pleasure in telling you that I was cured of severe Bronchitis after using one bottle only of your *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine*. I was coughing very much I was oppressed and felt a great uneasiness in my chest which made me fear inflammation of the lungs. Now, I am well enough and attribute this to your remedy. For a few months, I have been selling your *Morin's Wine* and every person who has taken it so far declares he is perfectly satisfied with its good effects.

Yours truly,

E. J. L. LAFRANCE.

Quebec.

A Shrewd Parent.

"You have been very generous in buying Mabel new gowns," remarked Mrs. Cumrox.

"Yes," was the reply, "I don't like that man who pays her so much attention."

"I don't see what that has to do with it." "I desire to give him something to think about when I ask him if he can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

Has Strongly Influenced the Commons.

It is a fact worthy of record that at least fifty members of the House of Commons are able personally to bear united and convincing testimony to the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in case of cold in the head or catarrh in its several different shapes. These columns have recorded the testimony of members representing constituencies in every corner of the Dominion. At this writing we have before us the words of Mr. Arthur A. Bruneau, M. P., of Richelieu, Que., and Hugo H. Ross, M. P., of Dandara, who join with their other members in telling what this remedy has done for them in cases of catarrhal trouble. At the present time, when so many are suffering from influenza in the head it is a friend indeed.

A Noble Hearted Boy.

Little Willie—"Pa, I want a nickel to give to a poor ragged boy outside."

"Pa—Certainly Willie, and I am glad my boy thinks kindly of the poor and unfortunate."

Little Willie—Here's your nickel, Pa, now pound the stuff n' out of Johnnie for me, as you promised to do."

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