

Notches on The Stick

By the favor of a friend we have a handsomely printed volume, richly bound, entitled "Dreams After Sunset," embracing the latter and briefer poems, of that young and versatile genius,—little known till after his death,—Francis S. Saltus. These lyrics and sonnets disclose a luxurious, somewhat arabesque fancifulness, with an occasional penchant for the ghastly and gloomy, reminiscent of Poe, though not imitative of that singer's manner. Considerable imaginative power and rhythmical skill are evinced also, and the titles show a wide range of knowledge and experience very unusual in so young a man. He was an admirable Crichton in the versatility of his genius, and during his brief life he is said to have written "in many languages over five thousand poems." We cite as a convenient example the last poem in this volume, and the latest that was written by him.

Too Late.

Joy stood upon my threshold, mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair;
I bade her enter as she turned to go,
And she said, "No."
Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
And lit it with her torch;
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."
Fame, robed in spotless white, before me came;
I longed her kiss to claim;
I told her how her presence I revered.
She disappeared.
Love came to me at last—how pure, how sweet!
With roses at her feet!
I begged her all her bounty to bestow,—
She answered, "No."
Since then, Joy, Fortune, Love and Fame
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling on me everywhere,
But do not care.

This of his manner in the sonnet is a fair example:

Ansterlitz.

Unto the goal the impatient legions come!
Ulm haloes with success an army's night;
Far 'mid the mists and gloom of Austrian night,
Hear the advancing steed, the ominous drum!
Europe cowers shuddering, and strong kings are dumb!
A Caesar leads a nation to the fight,
And o'er the allied camps the flaming light
Of his great star strikes the rude masses numb!
Five hundred thundering cannon boom and glow,
A sun of victory on the keen steel slants,
There on the gore-strewn plains of pine and snow
Russ clutches Gaul in labyrinth of lance,
While o'er the hurrying hell of war and woe
Floats the Imperial blood-stained flag of France.

'Grand Pre: A sketch of the Acadian Occupation of the Shores of the Basin of Minas, The Home of Longfellow's 'Evangeline'; A Guide for Tourists; By the Only Descendant of the Exiled People Now living in the Land of His Forefathers, John Frederic Herbin, B. A., author of 'The Marshlands,' Wobville, N. S.; is the title in full of a neat brochure of 127 pages, in paper covers, with portrait and illustrations; from the publishing house of William Briggs, Toronto, 1898.

The aim and purpose of the work, as indicated in the title and introduction, are well fulfilled in the subsequent chapters, written succinctly in direct, lucid prose. The tourist may profitably add this carefully prepared, handbook to his equipment, for the topographical, historical and literary details relative to the district of Minas are laid down in a convenient and agreeable manner. Mr. Herbin is favorably known as a writer in verse, and one of his most characteristic sonnets from 'The Marshlands,' prefaces this volume:

The Returned Acadian.

Along my father's dykes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river-side,
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,
And every creek and river's mud had have lain,
Neglected long and shunned our dead have lain,
Here where a people's dearest hope had died,
Alone of all their children scattered wide,
I scan the sad memorials that remain.
The dykes wave with the grass, but not for me;
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls.
From these new homes upon the green hill-side,
Where speech is strange and a new people free,
No voice cries out in welcome; for these halls
Give food and shelter where I may not bide.

The work is comprised in twelve chapters, of which the first is devoted to the topography and scenery about Minas Basin. The second treats of the discovery of the country and its early settlement by the French, and also of the name, Acadie, and the Micmac Indians. Succeeding chapters treat of the geological formation of the country; the building of dykes; the settlement of Minas; the raid of the church; the cession of Port Royal to the English; the Treaty of Utrecht; the French Neutrals; the attack of Coulon on Noble at Grand Pre, the capitulation, and its subsequent recovery; the founding of Halifax; the deportation of the Acadians, their exile the English settlers at Minas, etc. The last chapter gives an account of the origin of 'Evangeline,' the poem, and gives hints

Liver Ills

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to visiting tourists as to what is best worth seeing. The author contemplates a new and improved edition.

So! the Chinese queen will lop the necks of her illustrious subjects, freely as if they were thistle-tops; and a'l because they happen to differ from herself as to what is best for the public welfare. Verily, it is perilous to love one's country, or to meddle in the politics of China! Chang, Eng, and notables generally, may beware. Yes, we have doubted about some things, but, touching the question of death as the mode of capital punishment, we are abolitionist. We have, in our time, suffered English history—ay, and French, too. We have endured feverish revolts and indignations; have wished to strangle at least two Jameses, counting it better than that they should reign to set all the Turpins free. We have slept uneasily with Raleigh at the Gate-house, and with him grown, "aycke and weak," and dishevelled of hair, under the grisly shadow. With him, as with my Lord Russell, and the younger Sydney, we have laid our unworthy head upon the block and felt it roll into dust and ashes. We have with Roland and Antoinette undergone the guillotine, and have speculated morbidly upon the continuance of intelligence and sensibility after decapitation, till of all modes of inflicting death that has seemed one of the least merciful. We have a throb of pity for the first Charles, though he be of the viper brood, and a wielder of the axe; but an indignant shrug toward the Cromwell we believe in. It is only at Robespierre we can set our teeth; and we conquer our prejudice while he is despatched as a fit recompense to the corypheus of abominable butcheries. We cannot endure the bloody instinct of those Latin and Oriental races, who seem to have no appreciation of the value and sacredness of life. Who shall take life? Who can restore it when it has been unjustly taken? Why is Jack Ketch odious to the society that demands his service? Nay, when I think of all the brave and wise, the good and gifted, the beautiful and noble, who have been judicially murdered, the law under which they suffered seems a ghastly mockery; and there is no brutal wretch, who in the inflamed degradation of his spirit has murdered his fellow, at whose judicial death we do not so shrink as to make us fear that in us lies the possibilities of a Nero. We are convinced that something wiser may be than to doom him to axe or halter. We cannot in our calmer mood approve Judge Lynch; but the hot impulsive justice of the mob is not more disagreeable to our blood than the cool and tardy preceeding of the sheriff. We would render all judicial enormities obsolete by declining under any condition to force a human being to death. Do not draw me on your jury, gentlemen. When it comes to the extreme statute, we will say with the kindest heart that ever suffered,—"Neither do I condemn thee."

Our Northumbrian friend, having received a copy of Martin Butler's poems, writes from Pegswood in terms of appreciation: "I have a special liking for such volumes. Mr. Butler may not be the most 'cultured' poet in the world, or overflowing with that sweetness and light which so delighted the refined mind of the late Mathew Arnold, but he is a genuine one for all that. He speaks from the heart to the heart; and there is a sincerity, an earnestness, a pathos in all that he writes that make his book, despite all its drawbacks, one to be treasured and loved. And, do you know, that to a great extent my political sentiments are the same as his! Long may he

Our brother was rejoicing in his newly found acquaintance, our Squire of Herne-wood, and over the prospect of 'De Roberval' to be added to the Canadian neuk of his library. 'I am now looking toward every Canadian mail that comes in . . . I had also a copy of Morang's Midsummer Annual, 'Our Lady of the Sunshine' . . . It contains some charming items, particularly 'The Habitant's Summer,' by Dr. W. H. Drummond, and 'A Northern River,' by W. W. Campbell. And it is beautifully illustrated. But even Homer nods at times. If Mr. Grant Allen saw what is called a portrait

of him, on P. Co., I really believe he—would never smile again! . . . By the way, why are Canadians so angry with Rudyard for having denominated their Dominion 'Our Lady of the Snows'? Canada is a snowy country, isn't it, during nearly half the year? At all event, I had a lady-assistant once who had lived with her brother better than two years on a farm of their own in Manitoba, and another year of so in British Columbia, and she used to speak often about the severity of the winter where she was. The reason she returned home to England was that her brother got married, and two mistresses of the house was one too many. No, no, we English folk are not so foolish as to imagine that it is always winter in Canada; nor, on the other hand, will any amount of writing and preaching ever make us fancy it is always summer. But it is a land we love, for a'n' a' that." So let us not be too sensitive over the well-meant rhymes of Mr. Kipling.

Before we knew John Hay as ambassador, or historian, or Secretary of State, or even as the private Secretary of Lincoln, we knew and enjoyed him as the author of "Little Breeches," and "Jim Bludso," or later, such verses as "The Monks of Basle," and "The Prairie." We are interested now to learn of his daughter, Miss Helen Hay, as following in her father's earlier footsteps, by the publication of a little volume modestly entitled, "Some Verses," which she had previously contributed to the magazines.

Israel Zangwill, the Jewish novelist is now in this country, and is announced to deliver the first lecture of his American tour at the Lyceum Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 11, at half past three o'clock. His subject is to be, "The Drama as a Fine Art." A Briton rarely sees his real audience till he has stood before his American admirers. We might write, and per contra.

The lyric pen of Anna Boynton Averill sheds tears with ink, and not only pleases a refined taste, but touches the commonheart. Witness the following from The Portland Transcript:

At Last.

The wind blows where it listeth,
And borne on its wings we roam
The restless seas of the changing world,
But to-night it bears us home.
We were wrecked in the waste of waters,
We were whirled in the storms like foam,
We were beaten and tossed from the shores of rest
But to-night we are nearing home.
The wind blows where it listeth,
But at last in the autumn gloom,
The dark west glows with the evening star
And the harbor lights of home.

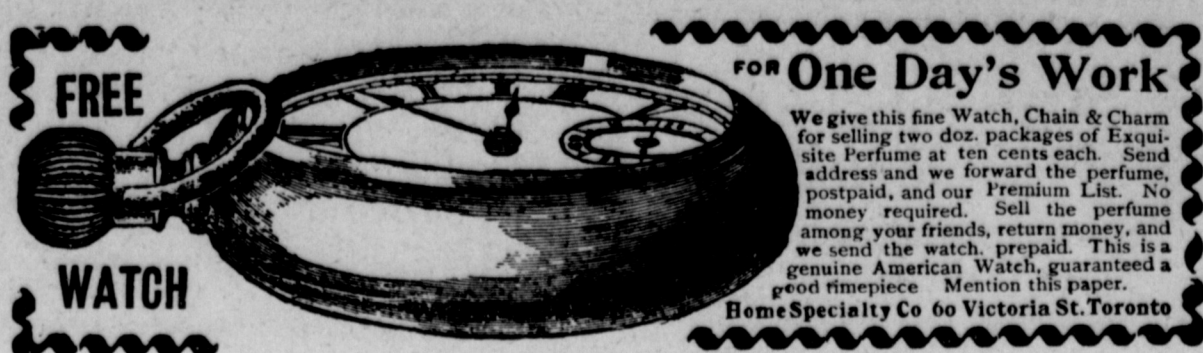
Among the recent publications of Houghton, Mifflin and Co. are a new novel, by Arlo Bates, entitled "The Puritans," in which it is asserted, the author "reaches a higher level than in any he has before written; 'A Great Love,' by Clara, Louise Burnham; 'Prisoners of Hope,' by Mary Johnson; and the 'Cambridge Tennyson,' the most compact and useful one volume edition of the poet ever yet issued. It has a biographical sketch with notes, by William J. Rolfe.

That Americans attend to old-world affairs seems evidenced by the fact that upwards of two thousand copies of the two large and expensive volumes of Busch's "Memoir of Bismark," were sold in the United States before the day of issue.

"Rose a Charlotte," by Miss Marshall Saunders, is meeting with a flattering reception from the public. She is now engaged on a religious novel, and has already had applications from several houses for her next book. She is a writer of unusual industry, and of high moral and religious aim.

We observe among the notices of Lawson, Wolfe & Co., some books for the fall trade that promise to be unusually attractive. Among them is "A Sister to Evangeline," by Charles G. D. Roberts. This is the second in the promised trilogy, of which "The Forge in the Forest" was the first.—Other books advertised are: "Yale Studies in English;" "Rama, The Mystic," by Rubie Carpenter; "The Santiago Campaign," by Gen. Wheeler; "Songs of Good Fighting," by E. R. White; "Christmas Carols;" "The Iron Star," a book, by Henry Clews; and "Cartagena: or the Lost Brigade," by Charles W. Hall, a story of the British and Spanish war of 1740. The same firm announce, "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," by Theodore Harding Rand; though this, as we understand, is not to appear till March, 1899.

"A New Yule Nocturne," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, is spoken of as "one of the best contributions" to Scribners for October. PASTOR FELIX.



WEDDING GOWNS FOR RENT.

Curious Shop Supplies the East Side With Nuptial Finery.

This is the alluring sign on the outside of a little shop in New York which attracts the attention of young women of the east side whose blissful anticipations of marriage are somewhat alloyed by their inability to provide themselves with the bridal finery which is the desire of every feminine heart, irrespective of outward rank or condition, says the New York Press. Doubtless there may be just as much sentiment and sacredness in a marriage ceremony wherein the bride wears a dull-colored gown that has seen service under other circumstances as if she wore shimmering folds of satin, but the satin gown will be a coveted object none the less, even when known to be unattainable. The proprietor of the shop in Market street does not pose as a philanthropist, but she supplies a demand not otherwise provided for. Shrewly guessing that satin only would be far enough beyond the reach of the average east side bride to tempt her to hire a dress for a wedding, she keeps no other kind on hand. The satin, however, is of various grades and prices and the gowns vary in elegance of style. "You want a wedding dress?" she observes as an embarrassed young woman makes known her business. "Yes, I have 'em. What kind do you want? You want a new one, never worn before—and nice? That will cost you \$12. Too much? Why, the dress is elegant, full and long, and beautiful lace on it. Yes, I supply a veil with that and these beautiful flowers," taking a cluster of artificial orange blossoms from the case. "Of course, if you want something not so elegant, I give you a nice dress for \$10 or maybe \$8." "New?" "Yes, clean and nice." "How much for one that's been worn?" "Oh, \$5 or \$6. Not dirty, either; just a little about the bottom. I got one only worn three times, by nice young society ladies, too." If the bride-to-be is anxious to make an impression on her acquaintances with the splendour of her bridal finery she has the dress sent home several days before the wedding and displays it as the chef-d'oeuvre of her limited trousseau. There are those who may guess that it is only a temporary possession of the bride, but any suggestion to that effect is indignantly spurned. The owner of the wedding dress never loses sight of it unless she has ample guarantee of the responsibility of the parties hiring it, and when the ceremony is over she is on hand to take care of it, and the bride has no further worry about it. Once in a while the gayety at a wedding where there is a hired gown becomes somewhat boisterous, and in the confusion there may be spots or even rents that mar the pristine freshness of the garment, for every one of which madame demands extra compensation; and if she doesn't get it there is a bridal couple in the police court the next day, but she usually does.

GOWNS FOR KLONDIKE BELLES.

Sell: Silks, Flimsy Laces and Lingerie at Fabulous Prices.

A solid little fortune with shimmering silks, filmy laces and dainty lingerie for its basis, the result of thirty days spent in Dawson last summer, is the modest boast of Mrs. Nellie Humphrey, a pretty, black-eyed young woman who has been in Seattle preparing for another trip into the metropolis of the far north.

It was the quick wit, business sagacity, and last but not least, the pluck of Mrs. Humphrey that enabled the fair sex of Dawson to revel again after months of deprivation in the frills and fancies of dress so dear to the feminine heart. That masculine pocket-books were quick to open in response to such demands was evidenced by the way in which Mrs. Humphrey's stock in trade disappeared. It melted away as did the snows in the arctic sunshine. Mrs. Humphrey says she is really ashamed to tell what her goods brought her—that it would be ridiculous. But it is a fact that her entire capital risked on the one lucky venture did not exceed \$2,000. She sailed from Seattle last Wednesday with a far larger stock of the finest goods of the kind mentioned. Her faith in the gold fields is evidenced by the fact that she says she will stay at Dawson but four months, and intends to bring back to Seattle just \$65,000. Dawson's belles simply went crazy over Mrs. Humphrey's stock, and asked the price of nothing. Here is the way the latter tells about it: The prices I got for some of my goods,

were simply shameful; so exorbitant that I can't bear to tell of them. But what else could you expect when flatirons were selling for \$65 a pair, brooms for \$16 each, and moose steak cut as thin as a bridal veil for \$2 an invisible pound? I was almost forced to sell the very clothes off my back. One old habit I had almost worn out sold for \$200. Several hats brought as high as \$125 each. Ladies shoes I sold for \$50 a pair.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ONE WAY TO COLLECT BILLS.

How a Good Looking Young Woman May be Utilized to Advantage.

'Speaking of collecting bills,' said the man from the West, 'we have a most effective method in Chicago. There, instead of young men, they employ young women. I tried it myself, and it worked like magic. A fellow by the name of Green owed me a small bill, a matter, I think, of \$17 or so. It seemed impossible to make him pay it, so I engaged the services of a pretty and stylish girl. I sent her around to his office. He was out. She called again. He was still out, but, nothing daunted, she made the third and the fourth call. The fourth time he was in, but he firmly refused to pay the bill.

'Look here, Mr. Green,' said the girl, 'I will make a proposition to you. If you will pay five cents a day on this bill I will call each day and collect that amount until you have paid it in full.'

'But Green was a hard party. He again refused, and the girl left the office apparently crestfallen. The next day she did call at his house. The door was opened by the servant.

'Is Mr. Green in?' asked the young woman.

'No, ma'am.'

'The girl left, but it seems that the servant duly reported the call of the pretty and stylish young woman who was so anxious to see Mr. Green to his wife. The next day when the young woman again called the wife hung over the banisters, taking a peep at the caller on her own account. The young woman asked if Mr. Green was in.

'No, ma'am,' answered the servant, 'but his wife is.' The wife has told her to say this, of course.

'His wife?' stammered the girl. 'Why, has Mr. Green a wife?'

'The wife, hanging over the banisters, heard this. She turned pale and gasped for air, while the girl, seemingly very much confused and distressed at her discovery, went on down the steps into the street. It is impossible to say just what happened at that house that night, whether pokers and curling tongues were hurled, or the furniture torn from its foundations and flung madly about, or the roof raised skyward; but one thing I do know—the next day Green promptly paid the \$17. And the girl didn't call at his office for it either. He came around and banded me the money himself, and he seemed to think he was getting off pretty easy at that.'

SCROFULA.

"My little boy, aged 7 years and 15 months, was a victim of Scrofula on the face, which all the doctors said was incurable. To tell the truth he was so bad that I could not bear to look at him. At last I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before it was half used he was gaining, and by the time he had three bottles used he was completely cured. I cannot say too much in recommendation of B.B.B. to all who suffer as he did." JOSEPH P. LABELLE, Manitowish P.O., Que.

There can be no question about it. Burdock Blood Bitters has me equal for the cure of Sores and Ulcers of the most chronic and malignant nature. Through its powerful blood purifying properties, it gets at the source of disease and completely eradicates it from the system.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Pneumonia

This dreaded disease is often the result of a simple cold, which being neglected, rapidly develops into Pneumonia. It is especially prevalent at this time of the year and should be guarded against by immediately applying BENSON'S Plasters to the chest.

In all Throat, Lung and Chest affections, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc., BENSON'S afford immediate relief and sure cure. Accept no substitute; such are worthless and allow serious results to occur. Get the Genuine. All Druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.