

Notches on The Stick

The latest contribution of the busy pen of Dr. John D. Ross, to the Burns cult is "The Burns Almanac" a book of some 150 pages, printed on thick white paper, bound in scarlet cloth, and issued by the Raeburn Book Company, 185 Grand St., New York. The Almanac proper contains a long list of events connected with the poet's life and works, or with characters mentioned in his works, or writers who have contributed to Caledonian literature, arranged under their respective dates. It is a work of industry, and must find its place among the literary curios of the time. In the appendix we have: A record of the Burns Family; A list of prices obtainable in 1898 for a First Edition of his poems; a list of subscribers for the First Edition; Seven Epochs in his Life—Alloway—Mount Oliphant—Lochlea—Mossgiel—Edinburgh—Ellisland—Dumfries; a Chronological Table of his life and works, from the Globe edition of his poems; lists of Burns clubs in America, of statues and busts of the poet throughout the world, and of the books to which the poet was known to have been a subscriber; A Century of Burns Biography, by William Wallace; "The Story of Clarinda;" "Burns in Westminster Abbey;" "Misconceptions Regarding Burns;" from an address by John D. Ross; "Flowers Mentioned by Burns," with a list of quotations; and an account of the funeral of the Poet. Several pages are left at the close for manuscript notes, and the reader is by the editor requested to jot thereon any items that come to his knowledge and send the memorandum to the editor for the greater completeness of a possible new edition. The book contains portraits of Burns and one of "Bonnie Jean," and is dedicated to Hon. Charles H. Collins of Hillsboro, Ohio.

By way of introduction there is a Note from the Editor, and following that a quotation from a letter of Burns to Gavin Hamilton, and some original lines by Hunter MacCulloch.

Edinburgh, Dec. 7, 1786.

"I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events of the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacs, along with Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge."

That far-off day in Edinburgh town
When Burns first tasted fame,
His fancy saw his coming crown,
And saw his famous name;
For was he not an upward track
With "Bunyan's" acorn to shine;
And in "Poor Robin's Almanac"
To get a birthday line—
Forthwith, that day.

Now has he worn his fabled crown
For a hundred years or more;
With all the world for Edinburgh town,
To hearken and adore;
None now more "eminent" than he,
On his master-singer's throne,
Among the world's best company;
With an Almanac his own—
Here with, that day.

The articles of mark are that of William Wallace, who traces the biography of Burns through the vicissitudes and developments of a century, and the account of the unveiling of the bust in marble of the Poet in Poet's corner, Westminster Abbey, on the 7th. March, 1885, by the Earl of Rosebery, with addresses by his Lordship, Preceptor Wilson, and Dean Bradley.

The Westminster memorial was executed by the sculptor, Sir John Steell, and was paid for out of the contributions of admirers of the Poet in all parts of the world. At the unveiling of the statue, by Lord Houghton, at Glasgow, it was suggested that the time had fully come when a work of art of a similar kind should be reared to the Scottish bard in Britain's venerable Pantheon. "The suggestion," said Preceptor Wilson, in his address of presentation, "met with enthusiastic approval, and steps were taken there and then to raise subscriptions. It was felt that if the movement was to be not only national, but I might say universal, the amount of individual subscription should be limited to not more than a shilling, the same sum that reared the statue in George Square, New Glasgow. To-day you will see the realization of this idea. I need not dwell on the vast labor connected with a monument so unique, for I presume there is no monumental bust in the Abbey that has been raised by the shillings and pence of so many admirers. Princes and peasants gave

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chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. No. 26. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

their contributions, and I may add that these contributions came from all parts of the earth. Switzerland, Benegal, New Zealand, Nova Scotia, Canada, United States of America (north and south), South Africa, London, Birmingham, Bradford, Halifax, Leicester, Liverpool, Norwich, Belfast, Limerick, Londonderry, and from nearly every town in Scotland. All the Scotch members of The House of Commons gave their shillings: more was offered, but more could not be received. Some twenty-two members of the House of Lords gave their shillings, and at the head of the list was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In short, we have in our list some 20,000 contributors."

In regard to the sculptor, he said that as "Burns was so distinctly a Scottish poet," and as the memorial was to be a gift of Scotland to the British national shrine, that the case required it should be executed by a Scottish artist. In the veteran artist, Sir John Steell, of the Royal Scottish Academy . . . we found a man after our own heart, an enthusiastic admirer of the Poet, and who executed some years ago the Burns statue in New York, which has been since repeated on behalf of Dundee, London and Dunedin (New Zealand)." In regard to the place it occupies Mr. Wilson observes: "The site so graciously granted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster is, we think, the most appropriate that could have been chosen . . . The bust has been erected on a stone screen in the centre of which is the splendid statue of Shakespeare . . . To the right of Shakespeare stands the statue of Thomas Campbell . . . To the left of Shakespeare is the monument to the poet Thompson, . . . and on a level with the bust of Burns is the monumental bust and tablet to the memory of Robert Southey . . . In conclusion, let me add how appropriate it is that this monumental bust of our Scottish national poet should be placed in this glorious temple, the pride of our country, consecrated to Almighty God, and where the song of the angels has so often been sung 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men;' paraphrased by Burns, in his ever-to-be-remembered 'woodnotes wild—'

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brethren be, and a' that."

The address by Lord Rosebery, which followed that of Preceptor Wilson, was brief, and not memorable for any striking utterance. That by Dean Bradley was full of excellent thoughts feelingly uttered. In regard to the tardiness of the memorial, or what might seem such, he said: "It's all but 90 years have passed since your poet's death, we may remember that for a century and a half the dust of Chaucer lay unmarked and unhonored by any monument. Nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakespeare found a place upon our walls. Even Milton's name was for more than two generations unnoticed, except for a passing reference in the inscription to a forgotten poet. And of Burns, as his great brother poets, no verdict of posterity will reverse our judgment. The three generations that have passed since the death of the Ayrshire peasant saddened Scotland and smote the heart of England, with the thought 'of mighty poets in their misery dead,' have only increased the interest to mankind in the man, have only raised the deliberate estimate of his marvellous genius. In his well-known words—

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Of Dean Stanley's appreciative estimate of Burns he said: "I may remind you to-day that it was not Scotchman, but an Englishman, a Dean of Westminster, who, while really sensitive to all that we deplore in the Poet's works or character, yet did not shrink from recognizing even a religious power in the 'tender pathos' and 'wise humor,' the 'sagacious penetration' of Robert Burns. Nay more, he did not shrink from placing him in virtue not of one or two, but of many of his poems, among 'the universal teachers of all churches.' In one he recognized, 'if not the theology of Calvin, yet certainly that of the Sermon on the Mount;' in another 'the most comprehensive and pathetic of prayers for a Christian household;' in a third 'the most profound and pastoral of advice to youth.' It was not a Scot, but a Dean of Westminster, who did not even flinch from the withering satire with which your poet assailed much of the religious teaching of his day, 'those keen sarcasms which pierce through the hallow cant and harrowing pretensions of every Church with a work which cuts too sharply, but not too deeply. Nay more, he went so far as to draw a parallel between the devout tinker of Bedford, the author of the Pilgrims Progress, and one so unlike him as the peasant poet of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' And we my Lord, as we shall stand for a moment in silence by a bust which may recall, we trust, to far-off ages, if not the 'large dark eye, which glowed,' as the greatest of his countrymen said, 'literally glowed when he spoke with feeling and interest,' yet, at least, the massive countenance with strength and shrewdness in every lineament, we may ask that the poet's best legacies to his race, all that is good and beautiful and noble in his poems may long invigorate and enrich and delight mankind in every corner of the world where his tongue is spoken,—that all that is misleading or lowering may die out of men's hearts. And as for himself, with all his splendid gifts, his great qualities, his indisputable virtues, his indisputable frailties and faults let us be content,—in the words of a poet who was dear to him in his youth and whose monument will lie not far from his own—let us be content to leave them—

In their dread abode,
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of their Father and their God."

Because no lyric of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has obtained the currency of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," it need not be supposed that no subsequent gift of her pen is of the like high tone and heroic quality.

She has not made her verse a superfluity nor has her art been trivial; but with virile and compressed power she has put into small compass the rich result of a noble life, in such a way as not only to charm the spirit, but to rouse and inspire. Her latest volume, "From 'Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New," is receiving its deserts in the uniform approbation of press and public. "She has used," says one writer, "her 'winged vengeance, with finger uplifted toward the truth, like a prophet; she has used her scorn and her resonant rhythms to encourage the soldier and the saint. So prominent her fearless songs and poems have been that now, when she adds to those familiar battle-pieces (battle of nations and of souls) such poems as 'A Vision of Palm Sunday,' 'In Rome, 1877,' and the poem in memory of Lowell, we find the same high plane of fine feeling, imagination and soul-passion."

It may not be so generally known as it should be that in the year 1902, as says the Montreal Gazette, "the long lease under which the Dominion Government has held the Plains of Abraham will expire and the property revert to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of Quebec." The question arises what is to become of one of the most important of English battle-grounds, the death-scene of, we had almost said, two, national heroes? If one should own a God's acre wherein rested dust that should be most sacred to himself would it not be beyond the reach of the market and the auctioneer? Assuredly, some generous heart says, if I owned it. But assuredly anything held as private property may, under some circumstances and by some persons, be sold. Wolfe's battlefield may yet be staked off into house lots, unless Canada, Britain, and the United States—for they have a stake there—awaken in time. One of Canada's best known literary men,—poet, romancer, archaeologist,—writing from his home in Prince Edward's Island, says:

"The protest which a Committee of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has found necessary to make against an alleged intention to alienate the Plains of Abraham from the use of the public is exciting a widespread interest throughout Canada, and when it reaches Great Britain France and the United States, when the bare statement of a desire to make money out of one of the grandest reminiscences of the past is told without being softened by

extenuating circumstances, it will arouse disgust.

"The distinguished historians, Parkman, Casgrain, Bancroft, Warburton, Smith, Hawkins, Garneau, Ferland, Beaton, Miles, LeMoine and others have derived inspiration from the genius loci, and thousands of visitors have felt a patriotic glow while standing on the plateau of Abraham so identified with the city of Quebec and where imaginative minds have fancied they saw the shades of Wolfe and Montcalm and of the brave of two races who mingled their blood on the soil and equally shared the glory. It seems determined that no such opportunities shall exist in the future. As well obliterate Quebec itself as obliterate or render unrecognizable this famed site. The historic city deprived of its battleground would be as a temple with the holy of holies eliminated, the divinity looted. After the battle on that murky September morning of fifty-nine, this battleground became sanctified by the fierce baptism of war. Every Frenchman and Briton shared in the fame that had caused it to become part of the archives of two Empires, a share that though but an impalpable feeling of pride and glory, is valid and to be preserved intact. In a matter so important to the city's interests, the public spirited citizens will strengthen the hands of the Society's committee,—it only on the meaner plane of the money visitors bring. If correctly reported, the proposed intention reminds in its contempt for national glory of Communists pulling down the Arc de Triomphe at Paris,—although we do not hear that the Communists sold it."

The writer of the above suggests the renewal of the lease on the same terms. A counter suggestion is its purchase by the Government of Canada for a sum that shall not be exorbitant; and which will recognize that in a certain important sense the plateau is national property already, and should be as sacred from mercenary invasion as the heavens themselves.

To John Imrie.

Guid brother o' the Scottish heart and tongue
Sae fraught wi' Burns' and Ramsay's tuneful lore.

I mark the home-felt songs that ye hae sung,
Sweetening wi' music our Canadian shore.

A loving song to me is ever sweet,
Of home, or wife, or little children dear;
When Scotia's lays soft native lips repeat
How rich the Doric accent of mine ear!

Dear to me long has MacLachlan's lyre;
Macfarlane's strain of phantasy is dear;
Oft Wanklyn's pensive muse awakes my fire,
Or brings the sudden sympathetic tear.

I ca' them friends, as friends I feel they are;
And now beneath my roof shall henceforth be
Thy honest, simple muse—a welcome lar'—
Imrie, I rax a brother's hand to thee!

Dr. W. B. DeMille died at Halifax, at the home of his mother, South Park St. on Dec. 10th. Dr. DeMille is a brother of Prof. A. B. DeMille, of Kings Colleges Windsor, and son of the well-known author, Prof. DeMille, late of Dalhousie College. PASTOR FELLA.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand It, but the Prince of Monaco Knew.

The Prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. A short time ago he delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, in which he told this incident:

One afternoon, while in the Bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his fourteen sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination, a steamer's lights came into view. It was soon evident that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination, for she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy, slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she, too, bore down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the Prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the Prince's steamer was moving

ASTHMA CURED.

Mrs. McTaggart, of Toronto, Suffered for Twelve Years, but was Cured by Three Bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound.

It is a recognized fact among those suffering from asthma that the longer they use the temporary relief Asthma remedies which require to be burned in, the worse they become, until it becomes almost entirely impossible to get any relief. Mrs. McTaggart, of 80 Vananley street, Toronto, was troubled with asthma for twelve years, and during the past year, she did not have a single sleep. She spent hundreds of dollars with doctors, but they could not afford her permanent relief. After taking the first bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound, she began to sleep well, and after taking the third bottle she has not felt the slightest symptoms of her trouble. Clarke's Kola Compound is the only positively guaranteed cure for asthma, and has been successfully used in the Home for Invalids at Toronto and Kamloops B. C. Three bottles are guaranteed to cure a case of asthma. Sold by all druggists at \$2 per bottle; three bottles with cure guaranteed for \$5. The Griffiths & Macpherson Co. sole Canadian importers, 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C.



THE KOLA PLANT.

HAY FEVER

Clarke's Kola Compound is guaranteed to cure. All druggists sell it.

up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the Oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could. The swell was very heavy, and the Prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessels, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.

But the incident gave the Prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much-travelled ocean routes.

Ingenuous Speculation.

The German mania for collecting pictorial post-cards has just been the means of putting a small fortune into the pocket of a clever speculator named Joseph Arminius, formerly of Cologne, but now of Jerusalem.

Herr Arminius advertised in the German papers, offering, in return for a remittance of two marks, to send five of these picture cards, posted respectively at Venice, Constantinople, J. Fla. Jerusalem, and Cairo, on the day of the Emperor Wilhelm's visit.

The ingenious advertiser received no fewer than 160,000 subscriptions, for which he had to dispatch 800,000 cards, and after paying all expenses he has pocketed 190,000 marks, or £9,500, by this rapid speculation.

This writing of the post-cards was done at a school in Jerusalem, taking the form of a lesson in dictation to the children.

Do! Starve Yourself

To cure Dyspepsia. Eat heartily, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. They assist Nature in performing her functions and in an imperceptible time disease and suffering vanish and the old time good health, comfort and youthful buoyancy reign, and life pits on a new and hopeful phase. 35 cents.

Thoughtful.

A: 'My wife is such a thoughtful woman.
B: 'So's mine. You couldn't imagine all the things she thinks about me if I happen to be detained in town.'

Between Friends.

Helen: 'Young Southleigh proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.'
Mattie: 'I'm sure he did.'

Mr. Green (to Johnny, who has been hidden behind the screen): 'There, I've given you sixpence not to tell that I've kissed your sister!'

Johnny: 'Yes, but I saw you put your arm round her waist a-cuddlin' of her. It's worth another sixpence not to split on that.'

'Look at me' exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly, 'I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of you patients put together.' 'Well, that's nothing,' retorted the physician. 'I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together.'—Life.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of

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It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

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