

Notches on The Stick

Cy. Warman, the Engineer Poet, has a poem to which the railway supplies the imagery which is in its way, as unique as "The night Express" of Carman, or Lampman's fine sonnet. It is briefer and simpler than Carman, and more evidently the birth of emotion and vital experience. A writer in the Montreal Herald contrasts it with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and asserts—"The thought, the motif, the very treatment is precisely the same as Tennyson's. The only difference is the figure—in the one case the ship, in the other the locomotive. If Mr. Warman's lines lack the studiously assonant melody of the Tennysonian verse, they have their own characteristic homeliness and simplicity which brings their sentiment home to hearts of thousands who would not appreciate the more delicate atmosphere of "Crossing the Bar." They are lines the American people are not likely to let die." So much in praise of the author of "Sweet Marie."

Will the Lights be White?

Oh when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown, at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light (rep track) crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light "Let her go."

Across the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome,
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight,
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

A poem appears in "The Lakeside Magazine," the organ of the Ontario Chautauque, at Catawba, on Lake Erie, to which the following letter is an explanation:

Toronto, March 8, 1898.

Rev. J. J. N. Braithwaite:
Dear Sir:—In the March number of the Lakeside Magazine, Rev. C. A. Vincent mentions an incident illustrating Gladstone's magnanimity, namely, the old statesman's generous words about the maiden speech of the son of Chamberlain, who had been for a considerable time the most bitter and vindictive political enemy of Gladstone. I enclose you some lines I wrote on the incident, shortly after it was reported in the press. With kind regards,
Yours truly,
J. W. Bengough.

The poem appeared in the author's book, "Matley Grave and Gay," published at Toronto in 1895, with illustrations by the author:

Gladstone's Revenge.

The greatest moment in a great career!
A crowded chamber anxious and intent,
The focus of an anxious listening world,
Awaited Gladstone's speech.

The Old Man rose, but seemed no longer old;
Upon that mountain top, on a good cause,
He stood transfixed like a cloak
His years dropped from his shoulders,
And his form erect, alert, in glorious second youth,
Astounded all who looked; and youthful power
Shone in his eyes, and sounded in his voice,
As deep and rich it bore the rapid words
From his full soul—his matchless plea
For Justice, Union, Peace!

Not many hearts were proof against that plea,
But there was one, reflected in a face
Of cynic aspect, surly, grim and hard,
That no word touched,—the heart of Chamberlain.

This man, once Gladstone's friend and follower,
Had now become the champion of his foes,
Outstripping every natural enemy
In fierce, malignant hate.

And now, indifferent to the orator,
He sat conversing with his stripling son,
Whose maiden speech as member of the House
Had just been made. And as the Grand Old Man
Poured forth his heart, no word seemed like to
pierce,
That grim indifference.

Then suddenly he raised his head and glared
Upon the speaker, from whose lips there fell
The young man's name. What would this critic
say?
What scorching phrase was coming? What keen
thrust?

Would this past-master of invective deal
To wound the father's feelings through the son?
All's fair in war and politics, and he
Who never spared the old gray head his scorn
Now braced himself to bear retaliation.

Hark! In an earnest, deep-toned voice,
With gracious bow, the speaker simply said,—
"The young man's speech was one that must have
been
Dear and refreshing to a father's heart."
The listener was crushed!

He stared and instant in confused amazement,
Then flushed and bowed, and covered up his face
To hide remorseful tears!
All's fair in war and politics; but ah!
The bitterest taunt, the keenest stroke of wit,
Could not have broken an opponent's heart
As did that Christ-like blow!

The lines strike a medium between verse

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and prose, but they render the incident effectively.

Frederic Harrison speaks excellently on "Melody in Style," in his address before the Bodley Society, of Oxford, England: Of melody in style I have said nothing: nor indeed can anything practical be said. It is a thing infinitely subtle, inexplicable, and rare. If your ear does not hear the false note, the tautophony or the cacophony in the written sentence, as you read it or frame it silently to yourself, and hear it thus insidiously long before your eye can pick it fourth out of the written words, nay, even when the eye fails to localize it by analysis at all—then you have an no-born sense of the melody of words, and be quite sure that you can never acquire it. One living Englishman has it in the highest form; for the melody of Ruskin's prose may be matched with that of Milton and Shelley. I hardly know any other English prose which retains the ring of that ethereal music—echoes of which are more often heard in our poetry than in our prose. Nay, since it is beyond our reach, wholly incommunicable, defiant of analysis and rule, it may be more wise to say no more.

"Read Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, if you care to know what is pure English. I need hardly tell you to read another and a greater Book. The Book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form—except for scientific precision, practical affairs, and philosophic analysis. It would be ridiculous to write an essay on metaphysics, a political article, or a novel in the language of the Bible. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to write anything at all in the language of the Bible. But if you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, not prose, mark learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue."

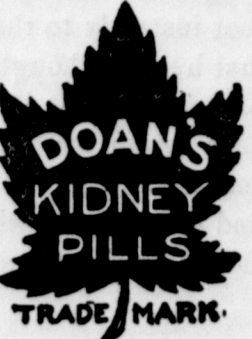
Keen as the public appetite may be for war-news and war literature,—and the demand for the latter the magazines are now bent upon supplying,—fiction, at least of exciting order, is not neglected. Among the youth, according to the report of the Bangor librarians, authors as Optic, Henty, and Alger are in steady and good demand. "Gilbert Parker's stories are widely read; the 'Seats of the Mighty,' although published several years ago, is still popular. His other stories are likewise read a great deal." Cheaper editions of "Quo Vadis" lessens the demand for that work upon the public libraries.

A writer in the Youth's Companion, for July 21st describing the scene at the burial of Surgeon Gibbs, and his three comrades at Guantanamo, Cuba, misquotes a passage from that familiar poem, "The Burial of St. John Moore," which he declares, "two generations have learned by heart." In his subsequent remarks he gives emphasis to the misquoted, or rather supplied word as follows: "It was the same national 'foe' whose 'sullen' firing had slain four brave American marines, and threat-

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell:—If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet. If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty. If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth. If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

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ened again the lives of the men who buried them." The proper rendering of the passage is—

"But half a heavy task was done, When the clock struck the hour for retiring; And we heard the distant and random gun That the foe was sullenly firing."

The superiority in poetic truth and effectiveness of the word "sullenly," as descriptive of that desultory, distant firing, at the dead hour of the night, expressive of the resentment of the foe, may be readily seen. Wolfe's poem may be applied in some general way to the modern incident, but not so as the worker supposes, who evidently quoted from an important recollection.

We are taken to task by our English friend and critic, Thomas Hutchinson, and, as we acknowledge, with justice. Referring to some of our sketches, he says: "I do not know whether these are a new feature or not in your literary work, but at any rate, . . . I am carefully preserving them. There is only one paragraph in your 'Autumnal Notes' that I don't care about—that containing the remark of 'bold sixteen.' I don't set up to be an omniscient critic, still I do think that in such essays as you write, slang—even quoted slang—should be conspicuously absent. The descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is so easy. John Bright once held the House of Commons breathless with a peroration in which he spoke of the Angel of Death beating his wings above them: as he was afterwards told, had he said flapping (as many of the members unconsciously expected him to do) the effect would have been a perfect roar of ridiculing laughter. But John Bright was an orator, and could play upon the heartstrings of his audience—you. . . Never, never, never, in your essays countenance slangy expressions. . . Don't think me pedantic, for I am rather given to slang, myself; but I don't like to see it in wrong places. You bet I don't!" . . . He sends an Acrostic Sonnet, with this comment: "I am glad you have taken up with Browning—to my mind the poet of faith (Tennyson despite the melodiousness of his numbers, that of uncertainty) in a glorious hereafter."

Robert Browning, Dec. 1889.

Robbed in the beauty of a blameless life,
Our Poet sleeps whose name Time will reverse;
Blest in the love of all he held most dear
Bene he was called to join his poet-wife.

Remembering eye God's will with good is rife,
The thought of death to him gave doubt nor fear,
But faith answering; wherefore sob or tear?
Removed is he from earthly care and strife.

O human hearts the workings well he knew,
Was conversant with their most secret throes,
Nor cared to hear his sons in minor mood;
In human hearts his message echoes true:—
Not dissolution comes at life's close;
Great though the change, greater the after-god.

Philip Bourke Marston has a poem on "The Old Churchyard of Bonchurch," in which he describes it as leaning "to the sea with its dead," and questions,—

Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing spring?

A poet lies in that old churchyard, of which a poet writes. It is John Sterling, the friend of Tennyson, and of Carlyle, who wrote his biography. He died at the Hillside Boarding House, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, and was laid at rest in that picturesque old churchyard, "now almost a suburb of Ventnor." An inscription is to be placed on the building where his beautiful life was ended; and, it is said, "his simple grave is always sought by the literary pilgrims."

A critic in the Montreal Herald cites William Wilfred Campbell's poem on Gladstone, published in the London Westminster Gazette, but thinks it not up to his best mark, and unequal to his subject. Many of the lines in the twelve carelessly written and incoherent stanzas descend dangerously near bathos. Never do they reach that artistic precision of expression, that loftiness, which the elegiac, of all verse, demands. Yet, Mr. Campbell's former successes warrant the attempt. Let him try it again, and succeed.

Dove cottage, at Grasmere, a former home of Wordsworth, and the depository of what is called "an unrivalled stock of Wordsworthian portraits, sketches, engravings, letters, manuscripts, and editions," has been made a gift to the nation. The donor is Professor knight, of St. Andrews University, the former owner.

"In Kedar's Tents" will have timely interest for readers who have an eye on the war with Spain, and the internal political movements of the Peninsula. Not only are the scenes of the story laid in Spain, but the hero himself is involved in the court intrigues and in the uprising of the Carlists which took place there some fifty years ago. Merriman is a hopeful rival of



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Crawford in the field of Cosmopolitan romance.

Rudyard Kipling's new English home is at Rottingdean, a quiet little Sussex village near the sea. It is called "The Elma," and is surrounded by beautiful elms and ilex trees. Here he leads an active life in more than one way, for he is said to ride three hours every morning and to walk from five to six miles later in the day. Mr. Kipling's uncle, the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, had a permanent country home at Rottingdean, and at the school in that village the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Manning, the first Lord Lytton (the novelist), and General Boulanger were pupils.

Lord Bacon'sfield, whose tomb and statue in Westminster Abbey, are so near his great political rival, Gladstone, has till this day had no adequate biography. It is rumored that John Oliver Hobbes has been commissioned to write such a book. He will have the task of delineating a picturesque character and a brilliant career.

Public libraries have been established in many of the towns of Maine. Substantial and ornamental structures have been gifts by citizens to the towns of Calais, Eastport, Dover and Bucksport. The Pine Cone club of Eastport, recently raised the neat sum of \$56.00 to be expended in books for the library in that town. Every home also, should have a collection of good and favorite books. PASTOR FELIX.

\$110,000 for a Single Pearl

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was £110,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It was originally in the possession of an Arabian merchant, and Monsieur Tavernier travelled from Paris to Catifa with the express intention of purchasing the pearl.

Although he went prepared to pay any sum between £1,000 and £100,000, he concluded that he would be able to obtain it for about £25,000. His first offer was £10,000, but after the deal had remained open for a few days this had risen to £75,000. Finally, the transaction was closed with £110,000, and pearl experts state that it is a clear bargain at that price. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known, and its lustre is said to be unrivalled. It is exactly two inches in length and oval-shaped.

Stories From India

Lord Roberts, in his book, tells a good story of a native Indian servant who had been told to prepare a bath at a certain hour. Meanwhile a fierce attack was delivered by the enemy, and in the thick of it the servant, who had made his way through the storm of bullets, suddenly appeared among the head-quarters staff. "Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready." An almost better story comes from the Mal-

akand, in Chitral, of a subaltern who was awakened one morning by a brother subaltern's servant pulling at his foot. "Sahib," whispered the servant, anticipating wrath—"sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, and he has not gone to bed till seven!"

The Most Modest Man in London.

An English man of letters of Mr. James Payn's acquaintance was slightly Bohemian, and popular with his own sex, but modest and retiring in the presence of the other, whom nevertheless he greatly respected. He wrote for several periodicals, among them an American magazine. He had been connected with it for years, and though they had no personal acquaintance, with one another, the editor and he had become friends. Independently of his contributions, he often corresponded with him, telling the latest anecdotes of the club smoking-room all harmless enough, but some of them certainly not suitable for publication. On one occasion he sent him a very amusing story, which has since become a classic, but, it must be confessed, not a drawing room classic. Then he got a letter from the publishers of the magazine which almost cost him his life—"Dear Mr. So-and-so—We think it right to inform you with respect to any private communications you may have in future to make to our editor, that she is a lady." This was all through indicating her christian name by an initial only. She been compelled to appeal to her proprietors for protection against the most modest man in London.

A Tart Inscription.

Great Barrington's free public library appears to be under obligations to one of her summer residents in the person of Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn. It has received a copy of the Bible with the following inscription on the fly-leaf, signed by Judge Gaynor: "I have visited many libraries which lacked many books, but only one library which lacked The Book and to that one I send this."

Italians and Military Service.

Out of every 100 young men called for military service in Italy in 1895, 52 were refused for physical unfitness or other reasons.

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