

Notches on The Stick

A happy chance put into our hands a copy of "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," just before we went up river to a summer encampment on the banks of the Mat-tawamkeag. The dusky old hemlocks that overlook that stream, and the flowers that star the grassy paths of approach to the grove were brightened by the arch of tender fancies of "Seranus;" [Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, of Toronto, author of "Crowded Out and Other Sketches," "The Birthday Book," etc.], for we found her choice book a means of generous entertainment. Afterwards, when on the shore at North port, we sought to supplement the charm we found it had not become *passé*. But it perplexes us to conjecture why she should be called "a Canadian Longfellow" except it be upon the superstition that everything and everybody must be sur-named after some forgone master, and that in this day it does not matter whether the label has any definite relation to the substance or not. Surely the graceful piquancy of her "Down the River," could never suggest Longfellow to herself, while "Vie De Boheme" would easily recall the dramatic lyrics of Browning, with whose spirit our authoress, we venture to say, has real fellowship. "Down the River,"—which, with all due regard to the fine "Monody" on Isabella Valancy Crawford "November," "The Post's Sunday," "September," and "October," is the brightest gem of the cabinet,—is a poetical record of a trip down the St. Lawrence, given in the lyrical measures of the Tro-chæus, to which the author adds a spirit and an aroma of her own.

Well, well, well, I see it all;
Presbytere and polaris tall,
Wayside Cross and lichen'd wall,
Dark-eyed gamin brown and fat,
Cheerful cure fond of chat,
Sparkling spires among the hills,
Waterfalls and roadside rills,
Blueberries in birch canoes
Fought by boys in wooden shoes,
Cones of berries red and sweet
Brought by girls in bare brown feet,
And beyond it all, the pride
Of the lofty Laurentide
Mountain range so misty blue,
All the glorious, peerless view
Of the river flowing down
Past Cape Diamond's jewell'd Crown;
Past each sleepy little town
While against the hillside brown,
Past Ste. Anne's where you may see
Relics of a feisty
Long since dead in wiser places,
Planned by cautious, colder races;
Past the Isle of Bacchus, where
All the past is in the air,
And in song and shoe we deem
La belle France to be supreme.

Two joyous companions, man and maid-en, lovers it maybe, surrender themselves to the charms of nature; they glide down the lake-shores and along with the stream, touching here and there at The Thousand Isles, dreaming of Dryad, Satyr, Persephone and Theocritus; visiting Ottawa; Gatineau Point, Chateau Popineau, Ste. Therese, St. Remi, Petite Ste. Rosalie, Cap Sante, Cote Beaulieu, St. Barthelemy, St. Jean Baptiste, Ste. Rose, St. Hilire, and Ste. Scholastique and other points. A musical ear, a quick observant eye, a generous appreciation of character and a ready hand in the delineation of its oddities and characteristic types, are indicated by the verses. Benedict Brosse, Catharine Plouffe, and Father Couture, Cure of Petite Ste. Rosalie, live in our imagination after we have closed the book.

Father Couture loves a fricasee,
Serr'd with a sip of home-made wine,
He is the cure, so jolly and free,
And lives in Petite Ste. Rosalie.
"Victoria Regina," "In the Queen's Park,
May 24, 1887," "England," "On Durdham Down," "Tintern Abbey," "To Maurice Thompson," "The Ball and the Star," "The Dying Year," "December" and other pieces, add their charm to the volume.

From Mr. Morgan's book of Canadian Biography we learn that Mrs. Harrison is a native of Toronto, and is at this date something over thirty years of age. She is daughter of the late John Byron Riley, and was married to Mr. J. J. W. Harrison, organist of St. Simon's church, Toronto, and an accomplished musician. Her first writing in the press dates from her sixteenth year, since which time she has become well known in Canada and in England, as well as in the United States. She has been a contributor to "The Strand," "Temple Bar," "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Cosmopolitan," "The New England Magazine," etc., and as a song writer and musical composer has been highly successful. She was one of the first, as she is one of our best, exponents of French Canadian life, and scenery, having "done for the habitant of Lower Canada much the same service as George W. Cable has done for the Creoles of Louisiana." Her productions have met with favor at the hands of critical writers.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

The Marquis of Dufferin writes of her work: "It gives me pleasure to think that Canada should possess such an author." Characteristic examples of her verse may be found in Sedman's "Victorian Anthology," and Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion."

We are pleased to revive traditions of Joseph Rodman Drake, the friend and literary collaborator of Fitz Greene Hall, and the author of "The Culprit Fay," and that ringing patriotic poem, "The American Flag." A poet of no mean accomplishment and of brilliant promise, and a person of great physical as well as spiritual beauty, he passed to the unseen in the morning of his life. His brother muse mourned him sincerely:

"Tears fell when thou wert dying
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep."

It is to be feared that tears do not flow very freely there, now,—but what matter? He was once of the stream beside which he loved to lie in his dreaming days, and which he called, "My own romantic Bronx."

"A face more pleasant than the face of men,
Thy waves are old companions."

Near this loved scene his grave is made. He lies buried "in a curious and neglected little cemetery in Morrisania, in the borough of the Bronx. The visitor from Manhattan should take a Southern Boulevard car at Earl M. Bridge and get off at Hunt's Point road. Going along this road, and keeping to his left, the pilgrim would find himself in a beautiful and well kept rural avenue, overarched with magnificent shade trees, and lined on either side with massive stone fences inclosing splendid estates. After going along this lovely sylvan thoroughfare in a leisurely manner for about twenty minutes, a sharp turn in the road to the left will apprise the visitor that he is within a stone's throw of the patriotic young poet's grave. Skirting the roadside one hundred and fifty feet away he will notice a clump of thickly-clustered trees of perhaps an acre in extent. In the heart of this copse the ancient burying-ground lies. But so densely huddled are the trees, and so wild and tangled is the vegetation with which it is over-run, that the wayfarer would be likely to pass it by oblivious of its character. The stone steps which once invited entrance to the graveyard are falling into ruin. The old wooden gate is still intact, and swings outward on its rusty iron hinges; but a formidable barrier of prickly vines and scrubby undergrowth on the other side repels the intruder. No gateway, however, is now necessary. A narrow path leads from Hunt's Point road, up a slight incline, direct to Drake's tomb. And as the pilgrim pushes aside the bushes and brambles that beset him, and clambers up, the first monument that greets his sight will be that of the author of "The American Flag." This would have suited his fancy who sang:—

A well-remember'd form in each old tree, I shall see
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy."

Mr. Morris Phillips, of the New York Home Journal, who has a happy manner with the pen, and mingles description and reminiscence very entertainingly, writes of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, in his recent article on "Newport Thoughts and Things." We chance to live in Hamlin's old home town, where he is still fondly remembered, and where his former residence and law-office are pointed out to the summer visitor. Hamlin was a man of the people, and very popular in Maine, where he was regarded in much the same spirit as was once Hon. Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia. Thus Mr. Phillips: "I remember that I was assisting in a subordinate and small way, one night, in the management of some benefit performance at that the-

atre (Niblo's Garden). If memory serves me, Madame Anna Bishop, on that occasion, appeared as Arline, in Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl.' Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's first vice-president, was in town, and it was my aim to secure his presence at the theatre. I asked Mr. Stewart for his box for the use of the vice-president, and he gave his consent immediately and graciously; he was a courtly man. I had the box draped with American flags (it was war time then, too), and it was suggested that Madame Bishop sing George P. Morris' song, 'The Flag of Our Union.' This is the refrain:

The union of lakes and the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever;
The union of hearts and the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever,
The flag of our union forever.

The vice president stood up in his box (he was a large man) and greeted Madame Bishop and the flag she waved with great enthusiasm. Mr. Hamlin imagined that he was indebted to me in some way, for when he returned to Washington, he sent me a package of valuable books, which were published at great expense by the government. . . I prize these books highly, both for their intrinsic value and for the esteem in which I hold the memory of Hannibal Hamlin."

Our accomplished and agreeable friend, Louis M. Eshemus, having cultivated the dolce far niente in Hampden, and having attained "fresh fields and pastures new," sends back his musical regrets. Artist, poet, and musician, and long-inured Bohemian, the wild world has been made his familiar. He is apt to describe an African or Arizonian sand storm, as a snow squall in the White Mountains. A Parisian cafe, or an Italian duomo, or a Chinese quarter, the memory of these rushes in swift discourse,—in all such things he is au fait. The loss of a Blake, a Poe, a Verlaine, a Salus, causes him to be eloquent. He lingered about our fields, under our apple trees, sat in the maple shade upon our stone wall, haunted our coves, cliffs and beaches, put our loneliest nooks and loveliest maidens upon his canvases, and then departed. From our neighboring town of Winterport he sends,—and we share it with our readers—

A Memory of Yesterday.

This is a dull and heavy day—
The fog-clouds will not lift nor move.
The air is hot—no birdings play;
And quiet is the hollow grove.
I sit me in the clover-field: before me lies
Penobscot, stretching here into a bay;
Beyond are house-topped hills, dim 'neath the dull grey skies.

The crickets chirp, and bees resound
Their buzzing song; at moments blows
A gentle wind—while on the ground
Ants thrud their way through wild-flower rows.
And golden daisies peep near me—and, o'er my head,
A many-limbed oak doth find his bound;
And round me lie cut grasses, sleek as silken thread.

I see the wide stretch of the river:
A mile from shore to wooded shore.
I see the clover-flowers quiver,
As now a breeze springs from Noon's door.
And then I dream of happy days, but two days gone,
Spent where a poet dwells in joy forever—
For he hath wife and children, so he be not lone.

In Hampten Corner he doth dwell:
Fair elms enchant his eyes each day;
In orchard seated, near a well,
He loves to read some poet's lay;
Or wanders o'er the hills—and sees a blue broad band
Below, by willow-trees off hid away—
And knows 'tis deep Penobscot coursing through the land.

He loves the river cliffs, from where
He sees high Orrington shine in glow,
And dreams of Norumbega there;
And sees the house built long ago,
That braved the British cannons through our early war.
But most he loves his little room all fair:
To thought so sacred, to his precious books, his Lar!

Those days still fragrant in my mind;
Those hours still throng my lonely thought:
When we had fled the angry wind;
Or read some song with feeling fraught.
When on Penobscot's windy wharf he read deep lays

To me; and when in memory we would find
Sweet thoughts of long dead poets whom we loved all days.

Nor can I ever forget the laughter
Of small Corriana, and Bonnie Snow—
When chasing them o'er fields and after:
With my arm, all to and fro
I cradled them; nor from my mind can I efface
Mary and Jessie—one in maiden glow,
The other budding into beautiful maiden-grace!

The river rushes to the sea;
'Tis midway to fair eventide.
And now the rain falls down on tree—
The grey skies will not long abide.
But 'neath this oak fond shelter from the rain I found.

Alone I am; with no boon company—
Yet sweet in bond with life on tree and on the ground.

Yet while the rain all gently falls—
And I am lonely on the shore—
My memory lives; and now recalls
Those days to keep forevermore;
Sweet Mary, Jessie, Snow, Corinne; those children fair;

And all his own; and, in the woodland-halls
Of my strange soul, he, poet, ever will be there!
L. M. E.

Aug. 19, 1898.
The house referred to as having "braved the British cannon" is at Orrington. It



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP
is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. **SURPRISE.**

is large and squarely built, and stands on the high bank above the river, a familiar landmark. The Loud family, who inhabit it, had preserved, and used to exhibit, the cannon ball which was shot through the wide hall that extends from the back to the front of the building, from the gun of a British cruiser that came up the river during the war of 1812. It is one of the oldest residences in this part of the country.

We have heard of a book which, could we see without the trouble of purchase, we might examine at last curiously, for the title's sake. "The Non-religion of the Future" (M. Guyan) we have reason to suspect is a chimera of the present. Whether for good or ill, unless we except the select few represented by M. Guyan, mankind is, in the phrase of Sabatier, incurably religious. If therefore, when we have a terrible notion of God, will it not be kind, on the part of these men to leave us in undisturbed possession than, dispossessed, to drive us to the invention of a bated deity, such perchance as the infidel worships—himself? A reviewer remarks: "The religious man, whatever the phase of his religious life, will not take the book seriously. Its labored arguments, occupying over five hundred pages, appear to us to be sufficiently refuted by the bon mot quoted in a note: 'You are occupied with religion. There is, then, some such thing. So much the better for those who cannot do without it.' Talk of the ethereal man, who is to float like a feather, whose whole body is an eye, and to whom the dew is nutritious substance; for he will be here in advance of 'The Non-religion of the Future.'"

Mrs. Percia V. White gives us another of her dainty little flower poems. We must not break the series by any omission:

The Clover Housewives.

The merry wives in Clover land
Are flying round in glee,
For they've received a message from
That gay brigand, the Bee.
"Now load your three-leaved table down
With sweets in colors three,
For I'm very fond of honey!" quoth
That gay brigand, the Bee.
"And I will find the pollen hoards
Of the miser of clover lee,
And fling his gold among you!" cried
That gay brigand, the Bee.
So they're loading down their tables small
With sweets in colors three—
In red and white and gold—to please
That gay brigand, the Bee.

There is one street in Brunswick, Maine, of unusual interest to the intelligent visitor. There are homesteads that should be preserved by the nation, as pilgrim haunts and the repositories of relics,—especially that in which Mrs. Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that in which Longfellow wrote his "Outre Mer." There also are the homes in which T. S. C. Abbot wrote his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," Prof. Cleveland his "Mineralogy," and Prof. Upham his "Moral and Mental Philosophy."

A revival of George Eliot is said to be gathering way. Several editions with special notes and edition are announced by publishers in England and America. Not long since Lougman brought out a new edition of "Silas Marner," with introduction and notes by Robert Herrick. We are not surprised that renewed interest should be found in such noble books as were given to the world by Marian Evans. The public has hardly begun to know their greatness. "Speaking of literary revivals," remarks the "Home Journal" the publisher and editor of a new and complete edition of N. P. Willis will make money. Why will not his friend and the Journal's editor, Mr. Morris Phillips, undertake it?

"Down Darley Lane," by Woodward Cloud, is to be published sometime in the autumn by Century Company. The verses are in the same vein as the ballads of Cowper and Goldsmith, and so appeal to the young as well as the old.

We observe the announcement of 'New York Nocturnes and Other Poems,' by Charles G. D. Robert Lamson Wolfe & Co.
PASTOR FELIX.

CHURCH COURTS.

May Differ and Split Hairs on Doctrinal Points, but may Join Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Vicies of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent civilians as Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbyterian; Bishop Sweatman, and other prominent leaders in the Church courts, who have over their own signatures testified of its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you.

Planned by the Cook.

The famous Cardinal Fesch, a man of high honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical dignitaries to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbot of considerable size appeared upon the scene as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. Now the Cardinal felt that to serve both would appear ridiculous, but, notwithstanding, he was exceedingly anxious to have the credit of both. In his embarrassment, therefore, he took his chef into his confidence.

"Oh, do not be troubled, your Eminence," said that worthy, "both shall duly appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their undoubted right."

The dinner was served. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, gastronomic—it was the critical moment in the banquet! The butler advanced; two attendants raised the monster and carried him off to cut him up; but one lost his equilibrium—the result being that the attendants and the turbot rolled together on the floor.

At this sad sight the assembled guests became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the convale. To the expectant magnates it was a moment of disappointment unutterable.

But the butler suddenly turned to the attendants.

"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other fish appeared a few moments afterwards, and the good humor of the whole company was effectively renewed.

In legant.

The subject of a young lady's essay, who was graduated from a high school in an Ohio town, was 'Hawthorne,' and in her essay she said, 'At the age of thirty nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse.'

The day after the commencement one of the village maidens called on Miss E., and in talking the affair over, remarked:

"Wasn't it awful that Maude should say such a thing in her essay?"
Miss E. inquired to what she alluded.

"Why," she said at the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse. Why didn't she say to his father-in-law's?"

Weak Kidneys.

Always Cured by Doan's
Kidney Pills.

Mr. I. Patterson, Croft St., Amherst, N.S., makes the following statement: "Having been troubled for some time with distressing backaches and weak kidneys, I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They acted promptly and effectively in removing the trouble with which I was afflicted, and restored me to my old-time form. It is a pleasure for me to recommend them to others."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the most effective remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all kinds of Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Price 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Remember the name, "Doan's," and refuse all others.

BUY
**Coleman's
Salt**
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.