

Notches on The Stick

We know not who may be the writer of the editorial paragraphs, "Note and Comment," in "The Metropolitan," (Montreal) but we do not wish to know him by his self-selected title, "Old Fogey," which is not well applied. He does not mope or mow over the editor's desk, and, if he continues, his audience, if intelligent, will not be found nodding. He says: "It is in England that the works of Gilbert Parker are appreciated; it is in the United States that Roberts, a true poet, who sings at once with the note of strength and beauty finds his audience. It needs not merely a homogeneous population, but settled institutions, and a well-defined national type, before we can look for a native literature. Canada is passing through a formative stage. She has only awakened to the consciousness of self. She has hitherto been engaged in the struggle for material existence. She has been conquering the wilderness and bridging rivers, and laying a shining track across mountains and through forest, and evolving out of a primeval lawlessness and desolation a human society, crude and ungainly, but hopeful through the wholesome elements that compose it. The time will come, doubtless, when we shall have our own literature and our own writers, finding fame and fortune by throwing the spell of their genius over the scenes and events of our national history."

The following is a reprint of a poem by John McFarlane (John Arbory), one of the sweetest of Scottish American poets, resident at Montreal:

The Two Prayers.

'Twas morn'g into the kirk to pray'
'Twas the Maister the story tauld,
In the sudden time when the unco guid,
Had forrits grown an' bauld,
The ane was an up-sittin' body, atweel,
Wi' an unco conceit o' himself;
The ither a menseless taro'-ither chiel,
Wi' nae muckle guid to tell.
The up-sittin' body spak' lood an' lang,
As he he threipit the Lord fu' sair,
That he wans aye like ither men,
But had gowpens o' grace to spare.
But the menseless chiel wi' aheid doon huz,
Had little er nocht to say;
But he placed his sud on his heavin' breast,
An' his hert was sad an' wae.
An' the Lord aboon, whose heavenly ear
Can hear tho' the lins be dumb,
Had a smile o' peace for his errin' bairn,
That cam' as a bairn, suld rone.'
JOHN ARBORY, in the Scotsman.

The lineaments of Ibsen are well depicted in the following sketch by an acquaintance: "If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all, and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling his face hardens, color deepens, and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods."

The University of Pennsylvania possesses an unique treasure in the portrait of Wordsworth, painted in 1844 by Henry Inman, and which has been presented by George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia. It was originally in the possession of Henry Reed.

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one of the Professors of the University, for whom it was painted.

According to a paragraph in the Commercial, Bangor, the statue of the late Judge Hughes, which it was decided should be the form of public memorial to the well-known author of Tom Brown's School Days, will not be erected at Rugby until toward the end of the present year.

Mr. William B. Chisholm, in the Home Journal, New York, quotes from Mrs. Elizabeth B. Browning's letters: "The sin of Sphinxine literature I admit. Have I not struggled hard to renounce it? Do I not, day by day?" Upon which, Mr. Chisholm observes: "Poor Mrs. Browning! (but why 'poor'?) How has she the same 'Sphinxine sin' increased since her day of literature, till, like a mighty river, it threatens to engulf and was away everything! Yet observe that the complexity now attaches itself to the subject rather than the style. Who can help an obscure style, save by assiduous practice in simplicity, when an obscure style chances to be the natal curse?" Verily! We can endure this fault in Browning who is able to reward us for our pains with him; but what shall we say to the smaller fry who have been dominated by this fad, and seek to saddle it upon others? It is the modern method of originality, and will succeed, in most cases and in the long run, just as it deserves to do. Simplicity in poetry is ever in place, and will not yet be an outworn or an outlawed virtue.

Henry James says of Hamlin Garland: "Fiction as yet in the United States strikes me as most curious when most confined and most local; this is so much the case that, when it is even abjectly passive to surrounding conditions, I find it capable of yielding an interest that almost makes me dread undue enlargement. There are moments when we are tempted to say that there is nothing like saturation—to pronounce it a safer thing than talent. I find myself rejoicing, for example in Hamilton Garland, a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius. There are moods in which we seem to see the painter, of whatever sort, so to speak, the soaked sponge of his air and time; and of Mr. Hamlin Garland—as to whom I hasten to parenthesize that there are many other things to remember, things for which I most impatiently wait the first occasion—I express his price, to my own taste, with all honor I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin."

The 'Outlook' says that Prof. C. D. Roberts, in his 'History of Canada,' has striven to show, stage by stage, the making of a nation in British North America, in whose progress some of the greatest problems of history have been pressed to a solution; and on whose further development our future as an empire may in no small measure depend. For this task Mr. Roberts has exceptional qualifications, his knowledge of Canada's records, old and new, is at once wide and thorough. He is master of an admirable style, clear, cultured, free from artifice, but often instinct with the poet's touch. Above all he loves his country fervently.

We are favored with a copy of a lecture on John G. Whittier, by the well known poet professor, Benjamin F. Leggett, of Ward, Pennsylvania. It is sympathetic in its treatment of the Quaker Bard,—as might be expected from a man of poetic gifts and gentleness of heart, as well as of Quaker lineage,—and is on the whole an excellent delineation of the great poet's character; whose memory is destined to be for ages to come sweet as ointment poured forth.

Augustine Berrell, in 'Literature,' says: "Living authors, though they despise the critics, still clamor to be criticised; but from the critic's point of view it is hard to forget that the only English critics who have any reputation chiefly concerned themselves with authors who were no longer living" when they (these critics) wrote. Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Bagehot, Arnold, were great critics who did not worry overmuch about their contempo-

raries. Indeed, one wonders whether it would be possible to fill even a thin volume with criticisms of authors written by their coevals which would be worth reading. I doubt it."

We present the following from the pen of a lady who has from time to time been mentioned in these columns,—Mrs. H. M. Bryson, of Memphis, Indiana.

Uprisen From the Spanish Main.

With pictures painted by the wind
On the blue canvas of the sky,
With vapors from four quarters blown,
My wide unpillared gallery
Is decked, and sculpture quaint and rare
Is mine, by ghostly fingers wrought.
Who give the waste and wandering air,
The empty, vague and formless air,
The semblance of my passing thought.

My fairy ships from Ports Divine
That anchored lay, in Sunset Bay
Upon the far horizon line,
Spread their white wings, and far away
Below the blue rim of the West
They sail; and where my Argosy
At anchor swung on ocean's breast,
Rocked lightly on its heaving breast,
A towered citadel I see.

On a bold seaward-leaning steep,
Broad-based in the unathomed blue,
Barbican, basement arid keep
My ghostly masons give to view.
In deep embrasures starry gleams,
Above each turret, crescents twain;—
It is the Castle of my Dreams!
O joy! The Castle of my Dreams,
Uprisen from the Spanish Main!

Upon the parapet I see
My heart's dear lady, pacing slow;
Her gemmy mantle flutters free.
Upon her fingers tapering snow
In circlet bright a ruby gleams;
She waves a beckoning hand to me.
Oh, Lady of my early Dreams!
Fair Chateaufaine of Castle Dreams!
I come to thee! I come to thee.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, it is said has ingratiated himself with the Indians, and has become a favorite with them. He passes some portion of each summer in their company, in the northwest, "enjoying the free life in the open air and gathering material for his fiction." Many of the chiefs have bestowed upon him substantial tokens of their regard.

The "Boston Academy," edited by Rev. Alfred Wright, D. D., is the organ of the Boston School of Correspondence; the object of which is the assistance of young clerics who are unable to obtain university education, but who are desirous of advancement in philosophy, literature, aesthetics criticism, in language, theology, and Bible Greek. The scheme is found to be a helpful one, and this journal sets forth its excellence.

PASTOR FELIX.

SAVED HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

A Woman Becomes Temporarily a Bull Fighter to Excellent Purpose.

A woman's presence of mind and quick and determined action in the face of peril saved her husband from death at the Cornish farm on the river road below Kenwood says the Albany Express.

A prize bull, one of the finest of the celebrated Cornish stock, registered as King Coffee VI., an animal of excellent blood, but untamed qualities, came near causing its keeper's death.

James Kievet, who has charge of the Cornish stock, has only held his position a few days, and therefore was not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the animals. Yesterday he took King Coffee VI out for exercise. The bull had a ring in his nose, and attached to the ring was a pole to lead him. After giving the animal several runs up and down the large barnyard, Keeper Kievet returned to its stall and incautiously removed the stick before he had chained the bull. As soon as the stick was removed the bull reared and made a plunge for Kievet, landing his forefoot on him so as to throw him to the floor of the stall. The animal then gored the man as he lay on the floor, inflicting several gashes in the groin.

Mrs. Kievet happened to be in the barnyard, and hearing her husband's screams, rushed into the barn, seized a pitchfork,

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SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

and began furiously to prod the bull. The brave woman finally drove the animal into a corner. She then seized her husband and dragged him him from the barn. Just then another farm hand came upon the scene. He locked the door of the barn and then carried the injured man to the farm-house.

GRANT IN THE WILDERNESS.

A Wounded Soldier's Close Study of the Great Commander.

"Oh, it was an intensely interesting study—my study of Grant at close range in the Wilderness!"

The speaker was the Rev. Theodore Gerrish, a Maine veteran of the Civil War. "Ah! I can never forget that terrible day in 1864, when was fought the first of the two days' bloody battles of the Wilderness," continued Mr. Gerrish. "I at the time lay wounded under a tree, close to Grant's headquarters in the field, and hour after hour watched Grant.

"While serving as a private in my regiment, I was severely, though not dangerously wounded, and, like a great number of others, was taken to the rear. I was placed under a small tree, and, as it happened, within a few rods of the spot where the leader of that mighty host of Union warriors was conducting the battle. In fact, I was so near to Grant that I could see every motion he made, and critically study him in the momentous, fearfully responsible role he was playing.

"And such a study!
"Why, it is not hyperbole to state that it was worth all the pain and disability I endured then and thereafter from the effects of my wounds.

"There stood the 'silent man of destiny' in front of his little tent; in his plain and unpretentious, holding in his hands not only the fate of his vast army, but the life of our nation as 'one and inseparable,' yet as cool and self-possessed as if he were merely reviewing a brigade of militia on training day. All about him was wild excitement and seeming chaos. In front of him, and for miles in extent, the unceasing roar of artillery mingling and alternating with the shouts of musketry, the bugle calls, the rattle of the contending troops, now nearer and more terrible, now seeming farther away; and the crashing of a shell in dangerous nearness, causing a temporary scare in the vicinity of its fall.

"Everybody was agitated, except him who had most cause for travail.

"Staff officers would gallop up every few minutes, to each of whom he would give a brief written order for transmission to some brigade or division commander, perhaps involving the fate of thousands of brave men. Orderlies were dashing hither and yon. General Meade, on his alert charger, was so nervous that he could not long remain in his saddle, but would dismount and pace the ground a while, remount and sit a short time, then off and walk as before, his handsome face wearing a worn and troubled look; and yet, through these long and terrible hours Grant never once lost his head, but kept constantly in his mind's eye all the details and intricacies of that stupendous plan which devolved on him alone to carry out—the solution of that mighty problem, the key to which lay in his right hand, which held the fatal pencil.

"Yes, Grant knew precisely what he was about, and he knew, moreover, that a cool head and well balanced mind were all-essential to the great work in hand.

"The lesson of that day's study of Grant was, that he was one of the most wonderful men this century has produced."

Well Met.

Years ago a little periodical was published in England entitled "Captain Rock in London, or the Chieftain's Weekly Gazette." Naturally it was full of Irish ideas, and so not entirely agreeable to the existing government. One morning, while it was in full swing, two gentlemen met accidentally in London's Green Park. One of them was the editor of the seditious paper, and the other an Englishman who seemed to be greatly interested in public affairs. They drifted into talk on Ireland, and at it conclusion the stranger presented his gold snuff-box to the editor.

"Take this, my friend," said he, "as a

little memorial of the most useful and instructive conversation I have ever had on Irish affairs; you will not value it the less when I tell you I am the prince regent." "Will you royal highness," said the Irishman, "permit me, in tendering my grateful thanks, to name myself, for I fear your royal highness has heard of me before."

"By all means," said the prince, a good deal amused at the assurance of the intrepid Irishman. "Tell me who you are." "May it please your royal highness, I am Captain Rock."

And in those days the captain's name was equivalent to that of a dynamiter. Needless to say that the new acquaintances parted with no talk of a future meeting.

Twelve Business Maxims.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives twelve maxims which he has tested through years of business experience, and which he recommends as tending to ensure success:

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember that difficulties are only made to overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort.
7. Never put your hand out farther than you can draw it back.
8. At times be bold; always prudent.
9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

The Difference.

"What?" said the Judge, "you expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flat-irons at him, and he only threw one at you?"

"Yes, that's all right, Judge, said the irate woman; "but, then, the one he threw hit me."—Tit-Bits.

Mistaken Souls.

First Klondiker (turning his other side to the fire)—Well, I wonder what's the news down in the States.

Second Klondiker (piling more logs on the fire)—News? There ain't any. Everybody's waitin' to hear from us!"



A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Languor, Distress after Eating, etc.

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