

## Notches on The Stick

We were inclined at one time to censure Mr. Carman for his seeming indifference to his poetic children, whom he delayed to lodge and set in order. At the time when Mr. Lighthall's anthology appeared, his kinsman and competitor in the race for poetical repute, Mr. Roberts, was many volumned; while Mr. Carman, with equal popularity had given the public no book. Since that date, however, he has redeemed the time, and his scattered lyrics have been collected into some half a dozen tomes, under appropriate classifications. The latest, though not the best—"Ballads of Lost Haven," for spirit and beauty and general completeness, must be awarded that prize—is rich in passages which contain the very essence of his peculiar poetry. "By The Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies," takes us to the places of tombs, and the beloved or mighty shadows of the past. A Keats, Shelley, Blake, Stevenson, Brooks, George, Raphael or Verlaine rises before us. In all of these poems there are clinging lines that refuse to desert the memory, and not seldom comes the appealing pathos that touches the fountain of tears, as in the poem on Andrew Stratton. What praise is this!

I have seen and known and loved  
One who was too sure for sorrow,  
Too serenely wise for haste,  
Too compassionate for scorn,  
Fearless man and faithful comrade,  
One great heart whose beat was love.

More to me than kith or kin  
Was the silence of his speech;  
And the quiet of his eyes,  
Gathered from the lonely sweep  
Of the hyacinthine hills,  
Better to the falling spirit  
Than a river land in June:  
And to look for him at evening  
Was more joy than many friends.

Yet such are the darlings of our youth!  
The tribute to Keats has the place of honor  
in the volume, grave and tender in spirit:

By the Aurelian Wall,  
Where the long shadows of the centuries fall  
From Cains' Cestius' tomb,  
A weary mortal seeking rest found room  
For quiet burial.  
Leaving among his friends  
A book of lyrics.

And so his splendid name  
Spreads through the world like autumn—who  
knows when?—  
Till all the hillsides fl me.  
Grand Pre and Margaree  
Hear it upbrought from the unresting sea;  
And the small Gaspereau,  
Whose yellow leaves repeat it, seem to know  
A new felicity.

Finer and more strongly imaginatively  
still is "The White Gull," a centenary  
poem on the birth of Shelley. If we were  
surprised to find no trace here of the ear-  
liest of Carman's elegies, that on Matthew  
Arnold, we are equally so to find "The  
White Gull" was not assigned the post of  
honor and advantage in this volume. We  
are impatient that limits of space will not  
admit of liberal quotation. But we have  
never met a more poetic conception of  
"poor vision-haunted Shelley" than is here  
given.

Surely thou wert a lonely one,  
Gentle and wild;  
And the round sun delayed for thee  
In the red moorlands by the sea,  
When Tyrian autumn lured thee on,  
A wistful child.

To rove the tranquil, vacant year,  
From dale to dale;  
And the great Mother took thy face  
Between her hands for one long gaze,  
And bade thee follow without fear  
That endless trail.

And thy clear spirit, half forlorn,  
Seeking its own,  
Dwelt with thee the nomad tents of rain  
Marched with the gold-red ranks of grain  
Or ranged the frontiers of the morn,  
And was alone.

This poem in itself might be sufficient to  
mark Carman's eminence among the poets  
of Canada, for the loftier qualities that  
give prestige to the singer's art,  
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in men!  
happily characterizes such as Phillips  
Brooks, and the closing stanza of the  
poem on his burial has a significant thought.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,  
Thou d'ubbing world; and with not an eye dim  
Say, when they ask if, thou knowest a Saviour,  
"Brooks was His brother and we have known Him."  
So in the poem on Henry George, au-  
tently simple:

We are only a common people,  
And he was a man like us.  
But he loved his fellows before himself;  
And he did for me and you,  
To redeem the world anew  
From cruelty and greed—  
For love the only creed,  
For honor the only law.

And there once was a man of the people,  
Who sat in the people's chair,  
And bade the slaves go free;  
For he loved his fellows before himself.  
They took his life; but his word  
They could not take. It was heard  
Over the beautiful earth,  
A thunder and whisper of love.

## No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fash-  
ioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to  
pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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up to date in every respect.  
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druggists, 25c. C. V. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
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A few lines from "A Norse child's Re-  
quiem:"

Sleep soundly, little Thorlak,  
Where all thy peers have lain,  
A hero of no battle,  
A saint without a stain.

Content thee, not with pity;  
Be soled, not with tears;  
But when the white throats waken  
Through the revolving years,  
Hereafter be that peerless  
And dirging cadence, child,  
Thy threnody unaltered,  
Melodious and wild.

The poems commemorative of the be-  
loved and gifted young Goodridge B.  
Roberts, are full of tenderness and sweet  
fancifulness:

In the warm blue heart of the hills  
My beautiful, beautiful one  
Sleeps where he laid him down  
Before the journey was done.

All the long summer day  
The ghosts of noon draw nigh,  
And the tremulous aspens hear  
The footing of winds go by.

Down to the gates of the sea,  
Out of the gates of the west,  
Journeys the whispering river  
Before the place of his rest.

The road he loved to follow  
When June came by his door,  
Out through the dim blue haze  
Leads, but allures no more.

The strong red journeying sun,  
The pale and wandering rain,  
Will roam on the hills forever  
And find him never again.

Then twilight falls with the touch  
Of a hand that soothes and stills,  
And a swamp-robin sings into light  
The lone white star of the hills.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And a burden of sorrow and wrong  
Is lifted up from the earth  
And carried away in his song.

Alone in the dusk he sings,  
And the joy of another day  
Is folded in peace and borne  
On the drift of years away.

And there in the heart of the hills  
My beautiful weary one  
Sleeps where he laid him down;  
And the large sweet night is begun.

When we sit in noisy conventions, or  
participate in the strife of controversy,  
lines like these may come to us:

I must hear the roar of cities  
And the jargon of the schools,  
With no word of that one spirit  
Who was steadfast as the sun  
And kept silence with the stars.  
I must sit and hear the babble  
Of the wordling and the fool,  
Prating know-alls and reformers  
Busy to improve on man,  
With their chatter about God;  
Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,  
With their swift and grave regard,  
Falling on me with God's look.

We know no other of our author's books  
more apt to teach, more suggestive of  
noble thought and emotion, or in which a  
greater number of pregnant quotable pas-  
sages may be found.

Rudyard Kipling appears to increase  
more and more. His songs adapted to  
airs by such composers as De Koven, are  
publicly rendered under musical directors,  
to the most cultivated and fastidious au-  
diences. A friend of ours, and a tasteful  
poet, writes: "Kipling still holds us  
here. We think he is the greatest man in  
the world. Last week I got the new  
Scribner subscription, twelve-volume edi-  
tion of him, and since have been re-read-  
ing the tales I know by heart." What  
shall we say of him who thus conquers the  
world and puts criticism to silence, and  
whose virility and originality are un-  
questionable. We will simply say  
we should like such a lyric as "Man-  
dalay," for instance, much better  
if there were more lines like  
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner greener  
land,  
On the road to Mandalay,  
unspoiled by the disgusting ones that pre-  
cede them; more stanzas like the first, un-  
defaced by such phrases as "ear their  
paddles chunkin'," and such lines as  
And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China  
'cross the bay.

This is the apotheosis of the Cockney, and  
it is prevalent and popular today; but it is  
also the sacrifice of taste and beauty, and  
therefore we cannot believe that this can  
be enduring poetry.

Prof. Goldwin Smith holds his rank as a  
philosophical and historical writer, and a  
new edition soon to appear of his "Guesses  
at the Riddle of Existence" attests his

popularity. The title essay of the volume  
discusses the views of the late Prof. Henry  
Drummond in his "Ascent of Man," of Mr.  
Kidd in his "Social Evolution," and of  
Mr. Balfour in his "Foundations of Be-  
lief." Prof. Smith rarely fails in making  
his meaning clear, though he speaks with  
"enticing words of man's wisdom."

Among the biographies of Gladstone in  
England, that entitled "Gladstone the  
Man," by D. Williamson, it is said leads  
in popularity. PASTOR FELIX.

### HOW BIG GUNS ARE MADE.

Assembling the Huge Forgings at the Wash-  
ington Gun Foundry.

The guns are made of what is called  
forged steel. The steel is made by pri-  
vate firms, principally at the famous Beth-  
lehem works in Pennsylvania, and is sent  
to the gun-foundry in the shape of large  
tubes, and in other shapes called jackets  
and hoops. These steel pieces, after  
being finished are put together and made  
into guns. The jacket of a gun is about  
half the length of the tube, and itself is  
really a large tube. The inner tube,  
when it arrives, is put into a lathe, and has  
the hole bored out to nearly the size it  
will be when finished; then it is turned  
down inside for about half its length from  
the rear or breech end to its proper size.

"Turned down" means that the metal is  
cut off with a steel cutter. The jacket  
also is bored out smoothly and the hole  
carefully measured. The diameter of this  
hole, or bore, in the jacket is a little  
smaller (some hundredths of an  
inch) than the outside of the  
tube after being turned down. Overhead  
in the shop are big cranes, which travel  
back and forth on tracks, and which can  
easily lift and carry heavy weights. The  
largest crane is called the 110 ton crane,  
but it will lift a weight even greater.

Near the centre of the gun-shop is a large  
pit in which there are furnaces. After the  
tube has been bored out and turned down  
outside, it is carried by a crane and lower-  
ed into the pit near the furnaces, so that  
it stands on its muzzle end, the breech end  
being up in the air. The jacket is also  
lifted and lowered into a furnace and heat-  
ed. This furnace has a top, or cover,  
which lifts off, and which is put on after  
the jacket has been lowered into it. Hot  
air is forced into this furnace, which heats  
the jacket till it expands so that the size  
of its bore becomes greater in diameter  
than the size of the tube it is to inclose.  
When all is ready, the cover is lifted from  
the furnace, the crane hooks on to the  
jacket, lifts it out of the furnace, and  
swings it over the tube. The jacket is  
then quickly measured, and care-  
fully lowered over the tube, which is stand-  
ing on its end. A stream of cold water is  
then admitted into the lower end of the  
tube. This water rises nearly to the top  
of the tube, and helps to cool both tube  
and jacket, now fitted together. As the  
jacket cools it shrinks to its proper size,  
and so squeezes and holds the tube tight  
within. When both are cold, the partly  
made gun is lifted out of the pit, put into  
another lathe, and turned down outside so  
as to be ready to have the hoops put on.

These hoops, which have been bored out  
to the proper size, are heated and shrunk  
on over the gun just as the jacket was  
shrunk on over the tube. The whole gun  
is made, or built up in this manner. After  
all the hoops are on, the gun is bored out  
again to final size, put into a rifling  
machine, and rifled; that is, it has  
grooves cut inside of the bore through-  
out its length. These grooves com-  
mence at the muzzle, and gradually curve  
till they reach the end of the bore. They  
are cut by what is called a rifling bar,  
which is a long shaft with cutters at one  
end. The gun remains steady, while the  
bar enters into the gun at the muzzle, and  
turns at the same time, thus cutting what  
are called spiral grooves throughout the  
length of the bore of the gun. This rifling  
is done so as to give the shot or shell, when  
the gun is fired, a twirling or rotary mo-  
tion, which prevents it from tumbling end  
over end, and causes it to keep pointed in  
the right direction. The shot or shell (pro-  
jectile) is long, and has a copper band  
fitted on its rear end. When the gun is  
fired, this copper band, being softer than  
the steel of the gun, enters into the grooves  
is turned by them, and gives the pro-  
jectile a spinning motion during its flight.

George Washington, in his best estate,  
could not, says 'a victim,' have been more  
truthful than the author of the following  
sign on a farm-house window: "Summer  
Boarders Taken In."

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class grocers.

## An Afflicted Mother.

NURSING HER DYING CHILD HER  
HEALTH GAVE WAY.

Anemia, Followed by Neuralgic Pains  
Racked Her System—Her Friends Fear-  
ed That She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Diehl, who  
live about one and a half miles from  
Bridgewater are highly esteemed by a large  
circle of friends. Mrs. Diehl has passed  
through a trying illness, the particulars of  
which she recently gave a reporter of the  
Enterprise, as follows:—"In the spring  
of 1896 my health gave way. In addition  
to my ordinary household duties I had the  
constant care day and night of a sick child.  
In the hope of saving my little one, it did  
not occur to me that overwork, loss of  
sleep and anxiety were exhausting my  
strength. Finally my child passed away,  
and then I realized my physical condition.  
Shortly after I was attacked with neural-  
gic pains in the shoulder which shifted to  
my right side after three weeks and settled  
there. The pain in my side grew worse  
and after a few days I became unable to  
leave my bed. In addition to my bodily  
trouble I became melancholy and was  
very much reduced in flesh. My  
friends regaled my condition as danger-  
ous. I remained in bed several weeks; to  
me it seemed like ages. It is impossible to  
describe the agonies I suffered during that  
time. A skillful physician was in constant  
attendance upon me. He said mine was  
the worse case of anaemia and general  
neuralgia he had ever seen. After some  
weeks he succeeded in getting me out of  
bed and after a few more weeks I was able  
to do some light household work. But I  
was only a shadow of my former self: my  
appetite was very poor and that madden-  
ing pain still clung to my side and also  
spread to the region of the heart and  
lungs, darting through and about them like  
lances cutting the flesh. Every few days I  
had to apply croton oil and fly blisters to  
my chest, and had a bad cough. My  
friends gave up, thinking I had consump-  
tion. I, too, really thought my end was  
near, fearing mostly that the pain about  
my heart might take me off any day.  
During all my illness I had never thought  
of any medicine other than my doctor pre-  
scribed. It happened, however, that in  
glancing over the Enterprise one  
day my eye fell upon the statement  
of a cure made by Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills. The case resembled mine in some  
respects. I read and re-read the article.  
It haunted me for several days notwith-  
standing I tried to dismiss it from my  
mind. At last I asked the doctor whether  
he thought these pills would help me.  
He looked at me a moment and then re-  
marked 'well, perhaps you had better try  
them. I believe they do work wonders in  
some cases and if they do not cure you  
they will certainly do no harm.' That re-  
mark opened to me the door of life, for  
had he said 'no' I should not have used  
the pills. When I had used two boxes  
I began to feel better, my appetite im-  
proved and there were less of these pains about  
the heart and chest. The cough too was  
less severe. I kept on till six boxes more  
were taken and to make a long story short,  
I was myself again, appetite good, spirits  
buoyant pain gone and I could do my own  
work with comfort. I have been well ever  
since and have no doubt that Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills saved my life, and restored me  
to my family. I am ever ready to speak  
their praises and in my heart am ever in-  
voking God's blessing upon their dis-  
coverer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial  
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Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.  
Do not be persuaded to take some sub-  
stitute.

### A Negro Marriage.

'Andrew does you lub dis yer woman?'

'I duz so,' was the reply.

'Will you promise to stick close froo  
time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all oders an'  
cleabin' to her for eber an' eber an' amen?'

'I will dat.'

'Will you lub, honer, an' 'bey—?'

'Hold on dar' Ole Jack!' interrupted  
the groom, with no little show of indigna-  
tion; 'aint no use of talkin' to dis nigger  
'bout beyin' de wimen-folks—enny 'cept  
ole miss!'

'Silence dar, you owdumptions nigger!'  
roared the wrathful preacher. 'What fur  
you go fur spilin' de gravity of de 'casion.  
Now, don't you go fur to open your black

mout until the time fur you to speak.  
Will you promise to lub, honer, an' 'bey  
(Andrew still shaking his head ominously  
at the obnoxious word) dis yer nigger  
Susy, furnishin' her wid all tings needed  
ur comfort an' happiness, an' protectin'  
from sufferin', an' makin' smove de path of  
all her proceedin' days to come?'

'I suppose I mus' say yes to dat,' said  
Andrew, meekly.

'Den I pronounce dese yer two couples  
to be man an' wife, an' whom I has put  
asunder let no man go fur to join together.'

### A WAR TIME LUXURY.

The Despised Hardtack is the Mainstay and  
Solace of the Army.

While some of the 'old boys' were talk-  
ing over the stirring times when they play-  
ed so prominent a part, the colonel took a  
hand, with hardtack as his subject, says  
the Detroit Free Press.

'I never saw a company of volunteers  
go out yet,' he said, 'that they did not  
kick good and plenty against the army  
cracker. It was so when I was a lieutenant  
with a lot of raw recruits. There was next  
thing to mutiny. They vowed that hard-  
tack had less taste than air, water, sponge  
or cork. They designated it as solidified  
nothing, brittle in a desert heat. The  
government was inveighed against as the  
worst kind of a provider and the growlers  
would punish each other by telling what  
good things they used to get at home. I  
have heard a groan from a hundred throats  
when some fellow would yell 'pie' just as a  
taunt and self-relief.

'On the first expedition entrusted to the  
boys I managed to have bread issued for  
them, and they were tickled beyond ex-  
pression. Before the end of the second  
day the bread was sour. The next day it  
was far worse, and simply defied anything  
better than a starving appetite. Before  
we got back to camp they were fairly cry-  
ing for hardtack as children do for ginger-  
bread when on a picnic excursion. Later  
we had a worse and more convincing ex-  
periment. Our army was making a forced  
march, and ran out of regular rations.  
Flour was issued instead of crackers.  
Occasionally orders to advance came be-  
fore we had time to prepare any sort of  
bread, and away we'd go carrying our  
allowance of flour. When caught in a  
rainstorm the flour would be changed to  
paste, and when we tried to cook it in  
this form it was about as digestible as  
grape and canister. We had half-baked  
dough that would send an alligator to the  
hospital, flapjacks that reached the stomach  
with a dull thud and rolls that justified  
their name only in the subsequent effect  
produced upon the eater. When we struck  
a point where hardtack could be issued the  
boys cheered as lustily as though they had  
won a hard battle.

'We men who have been through it know  
that this same despised hard tack is the  
mainstay and comes to be the solace of the  
army. It is as good cold as hot. Three  
years made no more impression upon it  
than do three days. It is as good wet as  
dry, if not better. It crumbled till you  
have to eat it with a spoon or by the hand-  
ful it is just as palatable as when it is in-  
tact. The man that invented hardtack  
did a whole lot to fight the battles of the  
world.'

Master: 'Late again, Sandy? Can't  
you manage to get here in time?'

Sandy (with a doleful head-shake): 'I  
canna sleep o' nights, sir an' so I'm loth to  
get up in the mornin'.'

Master: 'Eh, man sleeplessness! Why  
don't you consult a doctor and get at the  
cause?'

Sandy: 'I get at the cause weel enouch  
but it'll no shut up. It's six weeks auld,  
an' an awfu' yellor.'

Bloobumper: 'You went fishing with  
Miss Kedwick yesterday, didn't you?'

Spatts: 'Yes.'

'Catch anything?'

'Well, we came back engaged, but I  
don't know whether I caught her or she  
caught me.'



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remedy known for the relief and  
cure of DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY,  
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