

Notches on The Stick

We have in our late literary browsing come upon a lesser landmark of Canadian song, almost lost from sight, if not removed out of its place. We question if many copies of "Dreamland and Other Poems," [Charles Mair, Author of "Tecumseh, A Drama," by which he is best known,] can be found in the book-stores of the Dominion; the copy before us having come out of a collection of second-hand stock in Toronto. "Dreamland" is an appropriate descriptive word, for a sort of "summer-of-all-saints" atmosphere broods in the spirit of these rhymes, and one feels that he who wrote them is a follower and lover of nature in her serene moods. He loves the twilight world, and walks in paths that stars and fire-flies haunt:

"How dreamy-dark it is!
Men yearn for weariness, and hoard their gains,
While careful housewives drown the kitchen fires
Then slip to bed and snore away their pains
And bury for a while all low desires.
The plodding oxen, dragging creaking wains
O'er bosky roads, their ancient horns entwined,
Lick their huge loles, and think of bedded stalls,
And munching of sweet corn. The licentious swine
Huddled in routed turf, neglect the calls
And pinches of their young, and hide their dugs,
Swell'd with lazy milk, whilst timid sheep,
Far from their winter-folds of knotty fir,
Dream of lean wolves and blasting in their sleep.

"This is the hour
When fire-flies flit about each lolly crag,
And down the valleys sail on lucid wing,
Luring their spouses to the love decked bower
I see them glimmer where the waters lag
By winding bays, and to the willows sing;
And far away, where stands the forest dim,
Huge-built of old, their tremulous lights are seen.
High overhead they gleam like trailing stars,
Then sink adown until their emerald sheen
Dies in the darkness like an evening hymn—
Anon to float again in glorious bars
Of streaming rapids, such as man may hear
When the soul casts its slough of mortal fear,
And now they make rich spangles in the grass,
Gilding the night-dew on the tender blade;
Then hover o'er the meadow-pools to gaze
On their bright forms shined in the dreamy glass.
Which earth, and air, and bounteous rain have made.
One moment and the thicket is ablaze
With twinkling lamps which swing from bough to bough;
Another, and like sylphids they descend
To cheer the brook-side where the bell flowers grow!

He does not, however, confine himself wholly to the druidic muse but cultivates subjects of more human interest. The following is full of grace and tenderness:

Alice.
"Oh, where is the spring, mother dear,
And when wilt it come back again?
For this sad snow fills me with fear,
And I long for the soft-falling rain.
And I long for the glad green leaves,
And the sweet little birds on the wing,
And the swallows, which chirp round the eaves—
Oh, Mother, lets go seek the spring."
And then the fond mother did chide,
Leaning over her sick one's brow,
For her sad swift tears could she hide,
Nor her sighs could she still, I trow.
For the drooping child still cried, "Come!
To the sweet spring mead let us pass,
For I long for the wild bee's hum,
And the grasshopper's chirp in the grass."
"No! The rough winds are blowing my child,
And the sad snow falls far and wide,
And the bleak woods are leafless and wild,
And sigh on the gloomy hill-side.
And all the eave-cabins are still,
And the linnets in other lanes sing,
And the thrush and the lone whippoorwill—
Let us wait yet awhile for the spring."
"Oh no, let us seek it, I pray,
While yet I have strength, mother dear,
To roam o'er the hills far away,
And find the sweet bud of the year.
For I dream of the rivulet's brink,
And I sigh at the sad thoughts they bring,
When of all the sweet blossoms I think
Which gleam far away in the spring."
But the death-flakes began to fall,
And the soft cheeks grew white as snow,
And the eye-lids closed round like a pall
On the little round orb below,
'Twas winter within and without,
For the fond little spirit took wing,
Nor could the bereaved mother doubt
That her soul was away with the spring!

There are passages in this book, as well as in "Tecumseh," that show an extraordinary sympathy with the wild creatures of the woods, and an intimate and loving eye to watch them in their haunts. Take the following from the poem entitled "August":—

"Ah, there are busy forms which, all unsought,
Find yet a relish in thy scanty store,
And, for that blooms are scarce, therefore the bee
Wades knee-deep in the purple thistle tops,
And shares their sweetness with the hungry wasp.
Therefore the butterfly comes sailing down,
And, heedless lighting on a hummer's back,
Soon tucks aloft in sudden strange alarm.
Whilst bee and wasp quick scurry out of sight,
And leave their treasure to the plodding ant.
The beetle in the tree-top sits and sings
His brassy tune with increase to the end,
And one may peep and peer amongst the leaves,
And see him not though still he sits aloft,
And winds his reedy horn into the noon.
How many a web is head in thickets dim,
Where little birds sit, passive, on the spray,
And muse mayhap on the delights of Spring;
And many a chitunk whistles out its fear,
And jerks and darts along the paneled rails,
Then stops, and watches with unwinking eyes
Where you do stand, as motionless as death;
But should you wag a finger through the air,
Or move a tiptoe o'er the crispy sod,
'Twill snudge away beneath the balsam brush,
Quick lost and safe among the reddened spray.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Examples might be given, had we space, from the pieces entitled "Summer," "Wood Notes," "Winter," "To A Morning Cloud," and "Prologue to Tecumseh."

We have to regret the sudden death of Rev. Alden F. Chase, D. D., one of the foremost educators of Maine, and President of the Maine Conference Seminary at Readfield. Dr. Chase was a man of liberal education, of refined tastes, of positive characteristics, and an energetic and aggressive type of mind. He was at once a lover of books, of men, and nature, and a writer of excellent things in prose and verse. He was a most hospitable and companionable man; and at his own fireside it was a delight to meet with him. Many a pleasant and profitable hour have we passed in his society and that of his accomplished wife and bright young family and it is a sorrow that here we may not meet him any more. Not many months ago they were called to mourn the loss of a son, just entered upon life's work. Grief and excessive labor had undermined his health and he, who seemed so full of abounding activity and vigor, rests suddenly from all his toils. He has left an enduring mark on the institutions he has served, and on many young men and women he has benefited, and by whom he will be long and gratefully remembered.

We recall a poem written by the poet of rustic and rural life in Central Maine, David Barker. The subject was a woman of the Penobscot tribe of Indians whose name was Molly Polassis, but was popularly known by the sweeter sobriquet of which her proper cognomen gives the suggestion. Of her the author of the "Mothers of Maine" tells us that she "was a familiar figure throughout the State for an entire century. She claimed to be 120 years old at her death. In advanced life she became very corpulent weighing nearly 300 pounds. Her tribe often camped in the vicinity of Fryeburg, where Molly and the other women became famous for their baskets and cheese drawers. Molly was much sought after as a fortune-teller. She also taught children to dance, the girls delighting to be called minance and the boys skenosis. As she became feeble with age she was an object of veneration in Bangor, where she was always known as Molasses. Gen. Samuel Veazie instructed his conductors on the Oldtown road: 'Let old Molly ride free.' Benevolent individuals did not think of passing her without depositing in her hand the piece of silver she had learned to expect, and which she thankfully received. She was urged to have her picture taken, but never could be induced to do so, having a superstition that it would be the signal for her death. The picture now owned by the Tarratine club of Bangor is that of her daughter, Sally Polassis." Her memory will linger as that of a representative "dusky mother" of the State of Maine.

To "Moll Molasses."
You say through joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
The Spirit Power—the Wise and Blessed Giver
Has lengthened out your life a hundred years
Upon the banks of old Penobscot river.



Cures Coughs, Colds, Lung and Bronchial Affections that other remedies won't touch.
Mr. THOS. J. SMITH, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled in my lungs and in my throat, so that I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I used one and a half bottles of Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me."
25c. a bottle or five for \$1.00.

You say in childhood's hours you used to trudge
Around the 'Point' full many years before—
A good title came to crazy, rhymin' Budge—
A name to live in song if not in story.

You say your maiden feet once used to range
Around your cabin, which you tell me stood hard
Upon the spot where stood the old "Exchange"—
A noted tavern kept by Abram Woodard.

You say, long moons ago, your snup found
That hunting with the pale face was a burden,
And so he left this lower hunting ground
And found a better on the banks of Jordan.

Look, Moll! your snup's coming o'er the tide—
I see him from his light canoe a landing—
I see him now a-hurrying to your side—
I see him in our very presence standing.

He says: "Tell Moll, my wigwag in the wood
For her and our papposes ready ever,—
Tell Moll her snup feel so very good
When they leave earth and paddle cross the river.

I write these rhymes, poor Moll, for you to sell—
Go, sell them quick, to any saint or sinner—
And not to save one soul from heaven or hell,
But just to buy your weary form a dinner.

We may not meet again upon life's shore,
But when my spirit o'er Jordan passes,
I'll merely look for one that's gone before,
And then I'll look for you, old "Moll Molasses."

Mr. Morris Phillips describes the Anglo-Jewish novelist and critic, Israel Zangwill after having heard him at the Lyceum Theatre, in New York, his subject being "The Drama as a Fine Art." "He wore a black cloth coat of Prince Albert cut, but what would Pool say to an outside breast pocket in a Prince Albert coat with a corner of white mouchoir peeping out? Zangwill is awkward, uneasy, ungraceful. He will button his coat and unbutton it again, without any visible cause or reason. His hands give him a great deal of trouble; he seldom uses them for gesticulation and never to lend force or meaning to his text. He thrusts a finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, as if he were searching for a match or a sixpence; then both hands are buried in both waistcoat pockets; when they emerge they will be both placed on his hips, or they will tug at his neck-tie etc. . . . Zangwill, when he utters a beautiful epigram, or when he says something very funny, seems almost ashamed, of it; he looks down to the floor. . . . Zangwill's enunciation is good. . . . His pronunciation is that of a scholarly, cultivated Englishman. Of course, some words he bites off at the end and shortens by one syllable.—such words as necessary, secretary and literary; all cultivated Englishmen do that; but for the rest there is nothing local in the author's tongue. . . . Zangwill is shrewd; he knows what he is about. He is the best abused and the best advertised man in town."

John MacFarlane of Montreal is one of the most tasteful writers of Doric verses. Though he uses Scotticisms his lines read well if without them, for he has the true musical gifts and turns his English stanzas equally well. Here in one of his latest pieces, a deserved tribute to a celebrated modern Scottish minstrel.

Henry Scott Riddell.
Author of "Scotland Yet," "The Crook and Plaid," "The Wild Glen Sae Green," etc.
Oh! green today be Teviot's banks,
And sweet be Teviot's flowing,
With Tweed and Ettrick soft in tune
Where heatherbells are blowing!
For him who sang in shepherd strain,
And accents strong and tender,
And Scotland's hills and heathy dells,
And Scotland's sons that 'fend her.

The sun that shines on Teviothead
The brighter for his singing,
The plover pipes a wailer plaint
Along the moorlands winging;
And clear and still at gloaming fa'
When dewa begets the mountain,
The star of eve his name endears,
Above the lonely fountain.
Fresh as the laverock's lilt that rains
From breezy skies above it,
His lyric muse is shrined and crown'd
In simple hearts that love it;
And far and near in strath and glen,
Where fleecy flocks are straying,
In quiet love his mem'ry keeps,
Undimmed of Time's decaying.
—John Macfarlane.
(—John Arbory.)

Dr. Thomas Hall Pearne, in his reminiscences of ministerial life in Oregon, compares the Indian names of the Pacific coast with those of the Atlantic coast, and awards the palm to the first mentioned for euphony." The Indian words on the Pacific are far more soft and liquid than the Indian names on the Atlantic; and they are also equally significant. Onondaga; Niagara, as pronounced in the days of the Revolutionary fathers; Cataragus—Seneca words—are harsh and guttural, as contrasted with the Oregon Indian words; as, Umattilla, Multnomah, or the broad open valley; Willamette, or the long and crooked river; Yaquina, Yakimah, Coquille, Molalla, Yamhill, Spokane, Walla Walla; Waietpu, pronounced Wai-let-pu." It may be correct, and some of our Indian names in Eastern America are harsh, and to a pale face almost unpronounceable; but the Micmac names of Acadia are as full of liquid syllables as are any on the Pacific coast. The reader will recall certain rhymes, familiar to many, in which some of these Indian names are

S.H.&M.
This is Brush Edge
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BIAS BRUSH EDGE
The ONLY Skirt Binding with an Indestructible Wearing Edge, a Rich and Elegant Facing and a Natural Curve conforming perfectly to the shape of the skirt.
S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard of the genuine.
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woven; and more melodious than Mabou, Sissiboo, Piziquid, Musquodoboit, Catalone and Aspotogan, cannot be found in the wide world.

Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett writes: "We were very much grieved last Saturday by receiving a telegram announcing the death of our dear friend, Dr. George Gary Bush, with whom I tramped through Switzerland some years ago. He died at Malden, Mass. He has been poorly ever since he came North last spring; since April especially so. He was able to write me in September, but was taken very ill about October 10th, and died on the 16th. He had been a sufferer from Bright's Disease for years. It has been a real blow to us all. We cannot realize that he has gone. We were together all the while we were in Europe; and he and I took our Swiss and Italian tours together, while Mrs. L. and Fannie remained at Heidelberg. Our last letter to him his wife read for him the day before he died, and he said, 'y s, yes,—good-by—good by.'" Dr. Bush has done honorable work in the lines of education and authorship.
PASTOR FELIX.

A DIAMOND MINE. Worked for the Benefit of All Economical Homes.

A diamond mine! Where? Right here in our own Canada, and worked for the benefit of all economical homes.
The variety of diamonds in this mine is wonderful, and the supply is practically inexhaustible. All the latest colors are represented in these diamonds; they are of the first water, and under the most severe tests they are always found reliable, true and genuine.
These diamonds are known as Diamond Dyes, celebrated all the world over for their brilliancy, purity and durability. These Diamond Dyes possess marvellous and astonishing powers. When used according to directions that accompany each one they give new life and beauty to all faded, dingy and dead-looking garments. Each of these Diamond Dyes gives a return to the user in money value of from ten to twenty times their cost.
Have you tried any of these Diamonds—Diamond Dyes? If not, then look up some old faded dress that you have laid aside, or some jacket, blouse, ribbons or hose, and give these wonderful diamonds a trial. They will surprise you with the magnificence of their work.
Now, just a word of warning if you are a novice in the work of dyeing. Beware of adulterated packages and soap grease dyes that bring only trouble, disappointment and vexation of spirit, as well as complete ruin to your materials.
The Light of the Sea.
A Dutch investigator, Beyarinc, has lately made a special study of the little organisms called photo-bacteria, to which, in a large degree, the phosphorescence of the ocean is due. He has been unable to discover that the luminosity of these singular creatures plays an important part in their

vitality. It appears to depend chiefly upon the food they are able to obtain. When they have plenty of carbon they shine brilliantly, and the ocean service glows with their mysterious light. When fed with sugar or glycerine their phosphorescent power is increased.

New Hope for the Dyspeptic.
Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the Dyspeptic's heaven of rest and cure. They contain no injurious drug or narcotic, won't hurt the most delicate and sensitive stomach, aid digestion, stop fermentation of the food, good for the blood, good for the nerves, good for the brain, make flesh increase, cure the stomach. 35 cents.

A Fastidious Footman
Recent proceedings in bankruptcy have apparently been attentively watched by at least one intelligent footman. He has quite made up his mind that it is advisable to keep clear of the service of 'guinea pigs.' In a letter to a West End registry office requesting to be put down for a vacancy, Jeames says: 'Having been accustomed to be with noblemen, I should like to get into the service of one, if possible, but not a professional company director, as a future reference from such might conduce to my detriment.' It is to be hoped that this fastidious man of plish will be salted.—Westminster Gazette.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark for home use. Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

The Real Author of "Dixie."
Neill Bryant and Colonel John F. Kilkeny of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had been friends ever since their boyhood, and whenever they meet the reminiscences that are called up are replete with the flavor of the high-rolling days when Neill was a star member of the celebrated Bryant combination, so many years America's most popular minstrels. 'It makes me very tired,' said Mr. Bryant, 'to read all this stuff in the papers about Will S. Hayes being the author of 'Dixie,' when everybody except the most besotted ignoramus in the land knows that my old colleague, Dan Emmett, wrote, and was the first man to sing it when he was performing with Bryant's minstrels. Dan Emmett, is alive yet, out in an Ohio town but the old boy has retired from the stage. It is a stupid thing to try to put the authorship of the stirring Confederate battle song on Hayes or anybody else, when there are scores of people living who can substantiate the statement I have made as to the real author.'—Washington Post.

Sure to Get Mended.
'It is strange that I can't get my wife to mend my clothes,' remarked Mr. Bride, in a tone of disgust. 'I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it.'
'You asked her?' said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.
'Yes. What else should I do?'
'You haven't been married very long, so perhaps you'll take a tip from me,' answered Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air. 'Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal.'
'Why, what do you mean?'
'Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag-bag, Mrs. Norris?' I demand in a stern voice.

'What do you want the rag-bag for?' she says, suspiciously.
'I want to throw this shirt away; it's all worn out,' I reply.
'Let me see,' she demands.
'But I put the garment behind my back. 'No my dear, I answer. 'There's no use in your attempting to do any thing with it.'
'Let me see it,' she reiterates.
'But it's all worn out, I tell you.'
'Now, John give me that shirt!' she says, in her most peremptory tone.
'I hand over the garment.
'Why John Norris,' she cries, with womanly triumph, 'this is perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—'
'And then she mends it.'

A Frenchman applied to a local official for a passport to visit Klatterwingschen, in Switzerland.
The functionary, who was not a fellow of any geographical society, struggled in vain for a few minutes with the spelling of the place's name. Then, unwilling to confess his difficulty, he blandly asked—
'Wouldn't you as lief visit some other town?'

Nature makes the cures after all.
Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.
Things get started in the wrong direction.
Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.
Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.
It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.
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