

## Notches on The Stick.

Ye who have the power of singing,  
Pour your song out full and free:  
Through the forest set it ringing,  
Let it swell from tree to tree.  
Not alone the few and flattered  
Can the poet's skill command;  
But the seeds of song are scattered  
Over all the German land.

—Uhlend.

There are names synonymous with perfect song; that go with strains that, often repeated, have won the public ear, and have become the guarantee of a broad and generous appreciation. 'So the names of several of our Canadian singers have gone abroad, and have become symbols of a certain leadership and distinction in the poetic field. Nevertheless, it is as true of our own youthful country, as of Germany, that the "seeds of song are scattered" widely, and that there are an unheralded number over all this Canadian land who have sung at least a few songs that are love's genuine birth, and not destitute of the art to charm the heart that is open to the native and genuine in literature. Recognizing this fact, one of the most thoughtful, as well as most gifted, of our brothers, has collected from various sources an anthology designed to exhibit the worth of some of our obscurer singers. When it will appear we know not yet; but when it does we are assured that *The Treasury of Canadian Verse*, compiled and edited by Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, will be a surprise and a gratification to many.

We have before us a beautifully bound copy of the second edition of "At Minas Basin, and other poems," which has been enriched by a number of new Sonnets and ballads, among which we may name "The Oracle's Kinship," "Partnership," "Use," "Blomidon," "The Carven Shores," "The Moonglade," "Sea-Wastes of Rose," "The Bit of Sky," "At Twilight," "Ideas," "Vision," "The Twin Flower," "The Aspen Poplar," "Lady Dorothea," "Reflections," "In Memoriam," "In the Night," "Ballad of the China," etc. In these pieces, as in those of the earlier volume, we find exquisite picturing of scenery, mingled with reverent and joyful appreciation, and many expressions of serious and noble reflections, mystical and religious, such as have won for their author the title of "The Browning of Canada." The following are excellent examples of his style;

### VI-tion.

Frost fixes on my slungish fount a feather  
And stays its forces to its own small place,  
Its dreams to dreams returning interlace  
Their little lights with filigree and feather.  
The pure in heart, He said, in any weather,  
Within God's windows look, and see His face,  
And heaven grows large with splendour of space;  
Vision of God doth hold the world together;  
Give draught of more effectual Hippocrene!  
My purblind spirit craves the purity  
Of guided lotus and burning lamp to see  
The unclouded energy that works serene,  
And know the embosomed calm of His control  
Doth glass the flowing vigor of my soul.

### Blomidon.

Whether o'erlaid with marble fount like snows,  
Or wrapt in dewy ones like silver hair,  
Or chiselled naked in the vital air—  
Full-summed strength in purposeful repose!  
The expectant stars lend on the ebb and flows,  
And the unresting waters wash and wear  
The deep-set bay of thy presence there,  
To force the secret thy calm lips enclose.  
O sleepless sentinel and from of old,  
I guess thy mystery deep and consecrate,  
Yet open to the loving heart and told—  
The shadow of God is laid upon thy sight,  
In His own mirror at thy feet, and straight  
Transfixes thee in vigil day and night!

### The Carven Shores.

How bold imagination and how strong  
That makes to rich with carven-words these  
shores!  
More gorgeous than the Oriental throng—  
What altar-pomps, and rough with beaten ores!  
These great events, once fluid as a song,  
Now gates uplift, e'en his æthereal doors!  
(His stay no tent is for-a-night along  
The murmuring floods and hoarse battle-roads,  
The wedge of frost, and beetle wave, and blast,  
With stroke of pencil-sun, and wash of rain,  
Outline unsearchable and shadow vast!  
And e'en ore, as moons grow or decline, plane,  
The whirl and speed of tidal lathe and  
Shaping chaotic mass to forms divine!

What generous heart does not rejoice  
that a decree of monstrous injustice is now  
to be reversed, in the return of Dreyfus to  
his native shore, the re-examination of his  
sad case, and the confutation of his enemies.  
The singers will now rejoice over him in  
that "poetic justice" is to be done, but  
none more truly than our Canadian poet,  
George Martin. We copy the following  
from the Montreal Witness.

## APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.  
Superseding Bitter Apple, Pin Cocchia,  
Pennyroyal, &c.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from  
EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and  
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or  
Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton,  
Eng.

## One Dose

Tells the story. When your head  
aches, and you feel bilious, consti-  
pated, and out of tune, with your  
stomach sour and no appetite, just  
buy a package of

## Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills.  
You will be surprised at how easily  
they will do their work, cure your  
headache and biliousness, rouse the  
liver and make you feel happy again.  
25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

### Dreyfus's Farewell to Exile.

Lone island of horror and pain,  
Sad prison of hope and despair,  
They have broken the infamous chain  
Whose clanking has whitened my hair.

Have they dragged from its covert the wrong  
That doomed me to exile and shame?  
Have they humbled the necks of the strong,  
Whose ca'mny blackened my name?

I have walked in the shadow of death,  
I have lain 'neath the stars in a tomb,  
Inhaling with every breath  
The fever pervading its gloom.

To freedom and honor restored,  
To country and kindred—O God  
In my heart I have hidden the sword  
On which in their malice they trod.

I have counted the pitiless days,  
Stretching out to a desert of years:  
At last, O at last, shall I gaze  
On her who awaits me in tears?

On her whose devotion has kept  
My soul from revolt against life,  
Who has pled for me, prayed for me, wept,  
My more than an angel—my wife.

Farewell to the desolate isle,  
To exile, my couch and my cell,  
Never cheered by the light of a smile,  
Thou dismal Gehenna, farewell.

—George Martin.

We notice, in the same paper, a para-  
graph to the effect that the poet's grand-  
daughter, Miss Ethel Martin, celebrated in  
one of the finest of his poems, has passed  
the intermediate examinations of the  
Dominion College of Music, Mrs. Jacques,  
of Cadieux street, being her preceptor.

One, having been challenged as to his  
opinion of Rudyard Kipling, responded: 'I  
admit his great excellence as a writer, and  
admire many things he has written, but I  
am not abandoned to any adoration of him.  
The temple floor where his image is set  
up is too thickly covered with worshippers  
to leave any room for me; so I retire to  
the enjoyment of the things I like, whether  
any else presumes upon their merit or not.'  
A writer in the Saturday Review asks:  
'What will be Mr. Kipling's position when  
this fit of popular materialism has played  
itself out? We are always sure of one  
thing; the very adorners of to-day will be  
the first to turn upon their image to pelt  
it with stones. Public taste will change,  
but Mr. Kipling is far too deeply scored  
with the characteristics of his talent to  
change with it. Within certain flexible  
limits we know what he will give us. At  
present everything tends to the glorification  
of his strength and to the minimizing of  
his weakness. Borne along on the crest  
of the wave of public satisfaction, he  
seems to have no defects at all. But he is  
not that faultless monster which the world  
never saw, the author equally equipped on  
all sides. If the fickle public should turn  
round and demand philosophical reflection  
from its poets, or tender sentiment, or the  
symbolism of aerial melancholy, there  
will be no "Recluse" and no "In Mem-  
oriam" and no "Kubla Khan" to be ex-  
pected from Mr. Kipling. In these and  
other provinces, much lesser men, with the  
public at their back, will go far beyond  
him. There are the reflections which  
make us tremble for Kipling in the giddy  
altitude of his triumphs today. He is in dan-  
ger of assuming the god's, of considering  
himself above all fear of reverses, of being  
persuaded by the incense burned before  
him that he is an impeccable artist. We  
would, if we could, with his own interest  
solely before us, recall him to a sense of  
his mortality, 'lest he forget' that there  
are other men than he in the world and  
other manners.'

Rev. B. W. Lockhart writes us from the  
shores of Lake Como as follows:

"I have seen, as you may suppose, a  
great many pictures, and I can truly say,  
though it be to my own shame, that few of  
them gave me much pleasure, and many of  
them wore a weariness to the back of my  
neck. Pictures of Titian, which I had read  
about, did not find me in my emotional  
depths. And I have come to the conclusion  
that just as there is very great poetry in  
the world, . . . so there is very little great  
painting; very few pictures which contain a  
great soul in an noble body,—pictures with  
the inner effulgence, the exquisiteness and  
the perfect technique which fill you with a  
sense of delight and peace. Some of Raphael's  
did this, some of Paul Veronese, Cor-  
regio, etc., also some sculptures of the an-  
cients and of Michael Angelo. Angelo's  
famous statue of Moses was to me truly  
sublime; his tomb of Lorenzo and Julius

di Medici equally so. But the attempts to  
paint Christ are all failures, it seems to me  
—although they fail in different degrees.  
And they fail because they make the face  
of Christ too soft, too beautiful, too femi-  
nine,—too passive and inflexible, a com-  
bination of mystic, zealot and dreamer,—  
while the attempts at the portraiture of  
Deity are sad things.

"I saw the little church in the Appian  
Way, which commemorates the Quo Vadis  
legend. During the Neronian persecu-  
tion Peter was flying from Rome along the  
Appian Way. As he hurried Christ ap-  
peared to him going up to Rome. Peter,  
surprised, said: 'Domine quo Vadis,'  
[Lord, whither goest thou?] Christ re-  
plied: 'To Rome, to be crucified a second  
time! Then he vanished. Peter, ad-  
monished of his duty, turned back to the  
city and died for the faith. The church of  
the Quo Vadis was built on this spot to  
commemorate that event. I saw the Mam-  
merine prison where Paul was imprisoned  
and Jugurtha was strangled. Very in-  
teresting were the Catacombs. Florence  
is the most beautiful city in its situation I  
ever saw,—so beautiful it almost palls on  
you, after a while. But Venice is most  
unique. The Cathedral of Milan is the  
most beautiful architectural work I have  
seen. It is all marble, and it is tremen-  
dous, colossal, sublime, beautiful, as a  
whole and in every part. Read Tenny-  
son's poem on it.

"Last night, an hour before sunset, we  
sailed from Como, and traversed the lake  
about half its length to Bellagio, where  
we now are. Lake Como is the most  
beautiful I ever saw. Its beauty is in its  
precipitous hills, which rise sheer from the  
shore on all sides. But Italy is every-  
where a beautiful country, and cultivated  
even to the tops of the hills. But the face  
of this cultivated and beautiful land is not  
dotted with beautiful and comfortable  
homes, as with us, in which the people who  
work live. The Anglo Saxon, the farm-  
stead, the independent farmer, do not exist  
here. The land is nearly all rented, and  
supports the State, the church the land-  
owner, the renter, and the peasant.  
Thank God we were born in America! If  
our citizens could realize the burden of  
taxation borne here, they would go slow in  
heaping burdens of taxes on themselves by  
costly wars, and ambitious dreams of  
empire and glory.

"In Florence I saw the house—Casa  
Guido;—where the Brownings lived and  
Mrs. Browning died. On the exterior  
wall, visible to the passer-by is this in-  
scription:

Here Wrote and Died Elizabeth Browning.

Who reconciled in her woman heart Science  
with the gift and spirit of poetry, and  
of her verse forged a golden chain  
between Italy and England.  
This memorial is placed by  
grateful Florence.  
1881

Another very interesting grave at Florence  
is that of Theodore Parker. He went to  
Europe after health and found death. This  
is the inscription:

### Theodore Parker.

The great American Preacher,  
Born at Lexington, Mass.,  
United States of America,  
Aug. 24, 1816;  
Died at Florence, Italy,  
May 10, 1860.

His name is engraved in  
marble, his virtues in the hearts  
Of those he helped to free from  
Slavery and superstition.

This will do for mortuary things. But  
I could not help feeling more deeply affect-  
ed by these memorials of my own people  
and religion than by the relics of the Doges  
of Venice or Emperors of Rome. You  
cannot feel quite the same about a man who  
does not speak your mother tongue.  
There will be one speech when there is  
one flock."

The proud, once in authority and with  
power, conspired against the innocent, to  
despoil him to blight his heart and to blast  
his name, to break all his bands and  
ties and put him alive within the tomb.  
And when they seemed to have suc-  
ceeded they said one to another,  
—"Who can hinder us or stay the  
work of our hands? What will it matter if  
the just man's cause is taken away, and the  
innocent suffers for the guilty? Shall it not  
be according to our will?" And it would  
have been,—but—

There was all the while a God in Heaven;  
There was a heroic and loving woman in Paris;  
There was an uncorrupt and conscience-smitten  
soldier;  
There was a brave writer whose mission it had long  
been to champion the miserable and the op-  
pressed;  
There were yet just judges in the land,  
There was a sense of justice in the heart of the  
world.

Therefore it soon became better to be

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of he-  
deafness and noises the Head by Dr. Nichol-  
son's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his  
Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the  
Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Depart-  
ment O. Q. The Institute, "Longcott," Gunners  
bury, London, W., England.

the victim than the villain. Therefore the  
buried has come back from the tomb, and  
the wronged with calm face and silent lips,  
has come to the confusion of his enemies:  
Therefore every man in arms may well  
ponder what it is to be a soldier.

"A man may not defenceless be,  
A though no sword he bears;  
The sword but honours when he  
Doth honor it who wears.

But there are weapons other quite,  
With which God girds him round,  
That give him overpowering might,  
Though he in chains be bound."

Yet as of old, the Lord (God Omnipotent  
reigneth!  
PASTOR FELIX.

### PANAMA HATS IN NEW FAVOR.

Found by Invaders of Cuba and Porto Rico  
to be an Ideal Head Covering.

Panama hats have come into increased  
vogue since the war with Spain. Last  
fall, when the army began returning from  
Cuba and Porto Rico. Panama hats ap-  
peared in town in noticeable numbers.  
For a long while these hats hadn't been  
worn much in New York, and their return  
was a matter of comment. The men of  
the army and navy and the newspaper  
correspondents, in their rambles about  
the Cuban and Porto Rican towns found  
Panama hats selling for a few Spanish  
dollars and they at once bought them.  
Afloat or ashore they found these soft  
straws the lightest, coolest and most com-  
fortable headgear for the tropics. The  
hats could be rolled up and stuck into a  
saddle bag when not wanted, and when  
dirty they could be washed and cleaned  
until they were like new. A Porto Rican  
hat dealer in Ponce did a big business in  
Panama. He had a hat of very good qual-  
ity which he sold for six pesos or Spanish  
dollars. As American Gold was worth  
double the Spanish silver, the Americans  
got their Panama hats for \$3.

Nearly all these Panamas finally reached  
the States and they appeared in some  
towns where Panamas were only a name.  
Their utility as a hot weather hat at once  
created a demand for them, and hatters  
who hadn't them in stock for years sent to  
their importers for them. This season the  
call for low priced Panamas has been re-  
markable. Several of the big hatters have  
made a specialty of them. One downtown  
dealer imported a lot of 200 from Brazil a  
week ago and put them all on sale at \$6  
each. Among them were some which ordi-  
narily would bring \$10 and \$15. An-  
other downtown dealer has been selling a  
great many \$5 Panamas. In his window  
he has a \$200 Panama which was sent here  
from Cuba last fall by a planter bankrupt-  
ed by the war. One can buy a Panama hat  
now for \$5 or \$6 which at one time sold  
for several times as much.

Thirty years ago these hats from the  
tropics were quite the go in New York,  
and many very expensive ones were sold,  
but after the police came out one summer  
wearing an imitation Panama hat, they be-  
came unpopular with the un-uniformed  
citizen.

The Panama is named from the town  
from which it comes, not where it is made.  
In Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil and other  
parts of Central and South America these  
hats are made from a straw obtained from  
the Carludovica palmata, called by the  
natives jipijapa or portorico. The leaves  
of the plant which resembles a palm, are  
gathered before they unfold, and, after the  
ribs and coarser veins have been removed,  
are cut into shreds. They are exposed to  
the sun for a day, and then tied in a knot  
and immersed in boiling water until they  
become white. They are then bleached in  
the shade for several days. The straw is  
distributed about the country to be plaited  
and made into hats by the natives. Whole  
colonies of Indians are engaged in this  
work. The men, women and children plait  
the straw upon a block of wood, which they  
hold between their knees, finishing an  
ordinary hat in two or three days. In  
making the finer hats the straw is selected  
with great care, and the plaiting occupies  
several months. Hats like the \$200 hat  
are made under water.

Men who play golf, sail, row and play  
tennis find the Panama an ideal hat for the  
country, and this place it is taking the  
place of the cloth hat, which has been so  
much in vogue among athletic Americans.  
Any one who once wears a Panama in the  
country in summer never wants any other.

### Worse Than a Dentist.

There is in Toledo a young grocery  
clerk who would like to meet the inventor  
of the self-coiling string-holder. That man  
is responsible, says the Blade, for the  
grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit, years ago,  
of biting off the string instead of breaking  
it, after tying bundles. Naturally his  
teeth protested against the practice. At  
length they gave up and wore out.

He bought false teeth. Before he fairly  
got acquainted with them, so to speak, the  
patent string-holder was established in  
the store. Then, as fate would have it, a  
young woman whom he secretly admired  
came in to buy five pounds of sugar.

With the activity of an anxious lover he  
made up the package and tied it. Then,

according to his old custom, he bent for-  
ward and severed the string with his teeth.  
But he forgot the holder, and he did  
not realize that the end of the cord had  
wedged itself between two of his new  
teeth—until, as the spring rolled up the  
slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his  
mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the  
end of the string.

### TOBOGGANING WITH AN ELEPHANT.

It was an Exciting, Pastime and the  
Elephant got Weary.

Elephants are so clever, and so often  
the winners in an encounter with man, that  
it is a pleasure to copy a story from  
'Chums' concerning one that was fairly  
outwitted. This was an African ele-  
phant—taller, lighter and nimbler than  
Asiatic. Like most elephants when roused  
he was equal to almost any gymnastic feat.  
This is the story:

An English sportsman, 'out after ele-  
phants,' had wounded a magnificent spec-  
imen. Unfortunately for him, the wound  
was slight, and the animal, greatly infuri-  
ated, turned and charged him.

He would have been overtaken if he had  
not thought of a really ingenious expedi-  
ent. He knew that elephants never run,  
or even walk, down a steep incline, but  
always crouch, gather their feet together,  
lean well back and slide down. Just as  
the ferocious animal had got within a few  
yards of him, therefore, the wily hunter  
suddenly doubled and ran down the hill  
again!

Quick as a flash the elephant turned and  
gathered itself together, and trumpeting  
with baffled rage, slid down after its vic-  
tim. The hunter had just time to spring  
out of the way as the great beast came  
tobogganing after him, smashing trees and  
shrubs, and carrying everything before it  
like an avalanche.

Then once more the hunter dashed to  
the top of the hill, while the elephant, un-  
able to stop itself, went careering down to  
the very foot, where, apparently under-  
standing that it had been out-witted, and  
feeling sore and disappointed, it rose to its  
full height and walked wearily back to its  
native woods.

### TRUE POLITENESS.

When the use of a Knife and Fork Seemed  
out of Place.

Printed rules cannot teach courtesy.  
What writer on etiquette would tolerate  
for an instant the idea of eating chicken  
with one's fingers? Yet an incident told  
in the 'Life of Henry A. Wise' shows that  
on occasions it may be unmannerly to use  
a fork.

After Mr. Wise's record in Congress,  
had made him an eminent figure in the  
country, it happened that one day he paid  
a visit to the Crocketts, a family of his  
constituents, who lived in simple fashion  
upon a little island off the Virginian coast.  
All the members of the family except Tom,  
a small boy, were at church, and Mr.  
Wise refused him the exciting privilege of  
running to inform his parents of the unex-  
pected arrival of their distinguished guest.

"If your folks knew I were here," said he,  
'they would either leave the meeting or  
could not enjoy it.'

In due time the parents returned, em-  
barrassed by the honor of receiving a visit  
from Mr. Wise. They were both painfully  
ill at ease, and at dinner Mrs. Crockett  
grew so flustered that she could scarcely  
pour the coffee.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the sym-  
pathetic Tom, the cloud of fear and anxiety  
passed from her face. Looking round, he  
saw Mr. Wise munching one end of a large  
chicken-bone.

After dinner the boy found means to  
draw Mr. Wise apart, and immediately put  
the burning question:

'Mr. Wise, why did you take that piece  
of bled chicken in your fingers and bite  
mouthfuls of it, instead of using your  
knife and fork? My mar, she makes me  
use a knife and fork. You ought to know  
what's right. Now, is mar wrong or is it  
you?'

"No, my boy," answered Mr. Wise,  
'your mother's all right, but I had my rea-  
son for eating in that way. Did you no-  
tice how embarrassed your mother seemed to  
be?'

'She was skeered nighly to death,' as-  
sented Tom.

'Well it was the way I ate that chicken  
that made your mother feel at ease in my  
presence. She felt that there was one  
thing she could teach me, if she was an islan-  
der and that was table manners. The mo-  
ment she felt above me in this respect her  
fear left her.'

