

Notches on The Stick

An interesting and significant incident of the Czar of Russia's recent return from Livadia, on the Black Sea, to St. Petersburg was his interview with Count Tolstoi. Arrived at Tula, in the central part of his dominions while the residence of the Court is located, his Majesty sent a request to his illustrious subject that he would meet him at the railway station. Presently Tolstoi appeared, dressed in his peasant's garb, with all a philosopher's self-possession and a civilian's simplicity of manner. The Czar received him with much cordiality, and having kissed him upon the lips and upon both cheeks, his salute was returned in due form by the Count. The Czar then desired an expression of his views on the imperial proposal for limitation of armaments. The Count with his accustomed frankness assured his majesty that only when he should himself set the example, could he have perfect confidence in his sincerity or the practicability of his scheme. The Czar expatiated on the international hindrance, and the necessity of mutual co-operation and aid of the great Powers, Czar, might be able to arrive at some definite results. The Czar then requested that the great writer employ his genius to promote the work of peace, and solve the complicated questions; when the count replied "that the Czar might count upon his co-operation, for he was already engaged on a work dealing with the question in point, which would soon see the light." It is a well known fact Tolstoi is in sympathy with the religious scruples of that band of Russian exile the Doukhobors, who recently entered Canada and the company which arrived at Halifax, on Jan. 27th was under the conduct of Sergius Tolstoi, the great writer's son.

The Jewish novelist, Israel Zangwill, is still on this side the ocean, and continues to attract attention. The Bognham gives an instance of the curiosity with which he is regarded: "Mr. Zangwill was passing up Fifth Avenue one Sunday afternoon recently, and his striking appearance made him the cynosure of many eyes. It seemed to us that there could be no mistaking his identity. But imagine our amusement upon overhearing the information conveyed by a self-complacent looking young woman to her companion, who was evidently curious but baffled. 'Why, dear, don't you know,' said the knowing one, 'it's a Filipino!'"

Hon. J. W. Longley, whose book entitled, "Love," has provoked so much various comment in the newspapers, has a lecture on the same general topic, which he recently delivered before the Haliburton Club at Windsor, N. S. The book is one of unquestionable talent, whatever exception may need to be taken, and contains many expressions of thought of an elevating and beautiful character.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is now engaged upon a sequel to his "Sentimental Tommy," of which, it is said, he has written something more than half. It is not yet decided what title it is finally to receive, though provisionally he calls it "The Celebrated Tommy." Scribner's Magazine will publish it in 1900.

A new volume of verse by Duncan Campbell Scott, author of "The Magic House," has recently been published. It is entitled, "Sabro and the Angel." A friend describes it as "a volume of 60 pages, of poetry, finely finished, in a new vein far him,—not so free and objective as his other work, but suffused with poetic feeling." Our correspondent entertains the opinion of Canadian poetry in general, that it "has too little thought, and too largely lacks a message."

We read a curious story of a dog that keeps guard in front of Edgar Poe's grave and which for years lies stationed himself there and refused to depart. Who ever comes to the resting place of the Author of "The Raven," will find a willing guide in "Sailor," as he is called to the shaft of marble which bears the name of the poet, and an excellent meditation likeness. But woe to them, if they fail to keep at a proper distance nor heed the warning growl and show of teeth, when

they approach to touch the stone. The poet's grave was made in the Westminster churchyard, at Baltimore.

Ex Queen Natalie, of Serbia is one of the most beautiful woman in Europe, but her most perfect physical charm is her exquisitely moulded neck "which is said to resemble that of the Venus of Milo." It is reported, with whatever of truth, that she protects this feature of her beauty against times ravage by a simple and wholesome expedient, like that predicted by the milk maids of old days; that is,—"every morning she takes a brisk walk in the grounds of her palace near Belgrade, with a heavy pitcher on her head. This not only improves the neck, but gives an erect and graceful carriage. The custom is not original, for it has been in common practice among the women of the poorer classes in Queen Natalie's country from the earliest ages."

George Julian Zolnay's fine bust of Edgar Allan Poe is nearly completed, and will be placed in the new library of the University of Virginia. Poe is made to assume his characteristic melancholy attitude and expression; and it is declared by one who knew Poe in his later years to be a remarkable reproduction of his face at or near the time of his death. This memorial will be placed in the rotunda of the building.

The Macmillan's will publish in the early spring, "The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson," the volume to be edited by Arthur Christopher Benson, the poet, and the Archbishop's son. The volume will contain several portraits and illustrations. "The biography will necessarily embrace not only the history of the Anglican church during the archbishop's life, but also much of the inner history of public movements, and his relations with the brilliant men who have guided the affairs of England during the past half century." Professor Benson has published also "Memories of Arthur Hamilton," and a "Life of Archbishop Laud."

Our Heroic Past,
When our heroic past is told,
And many a deed of valor wins acclaim;
When hearts throb faster, and young eyes flame
With noble light, see from its staff unrolled
Our England's Red Cross Banner, told on gold;
When we exult in Brock or Parker's fame,
The men of Canada need feel no shame
At what their sires achieved in days of old.
They well may boast of battles who have stood
In the beleaguered field; who bravely fought,
Plucking red honors from War's thorny spray;
Up in Niagara's field of strife and blood,
At Queenston where the prize was dearly bought
At glorious Lundy's Lane, at Chateaugay.

Notes: A Twedish translation of Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" has been made.—Little Brown & Co. will soon issue a new edition of Lilian Whiting's "From Dreamland Sent," with additional poems. That royal victim of assassination, the Empress of Austria, is to figure in fiction; as the Dutch novelist Louise Stratum intends to introduce her as the heroine of a book she is writing.—Thomas T. Crowell will publish Isabel F. Hapgood's translation of the book entitled, "How Count Tolstoi lives and Works."

Mr. Edward Edwards, St. John, N. B. a correspondent to the Advance, Hantsport, N. S., writes: "Mr. H. L. Spencer of this city, is noticed at considerable length in 'Canada: An Encyclopedia of the Country,' edited by S. [John] Castell Hopkins; 'The Poets of Canada' ['Treasury of Canadian Verse,'] edited by Prof. Theodore H. Rand; and the 'Literary History of Canada,' edited by Lawrence J. Burpee of the Department of Justice. The latter will be published in London."

The Home Journal announces that Dr. Watson, better known as "Ian MacLaren" will sail for America on Wednesday Feb. 8. He will first visit friends in New Haven, where he will preach on the 19th, and afterwards lecture in New York, Brooklyn, and other where throughout the country.

We have received a copy of a very beautiful prize poem on the death of Robert Burns, by Robert R. id, ("Rob Wainlock") of Montreal. It treats the subject with a newness and a pathos uncommon to the poets who now-a-days deal with the somewhat hackneyed subject. We hope at some future date to give it to the readers of this department of PROGRESS.

PASTOR FELIX.

Shaving set to music.

The proprietor of a certain barber's shop in New York has fixed up in his establishment a musical-box which he regulates to suit the times. On Monday, for instance, he restricts the machine to light opera airs,

just fast enough to keep his assistants shaving customers at a nice steady pace. Tuesday being a nice quiet day, "Home, Sweet Home," and "You'll Remember Me" are good enough. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the barber confines the musical-box to popular selections of a rather lively nature. But on Saturdays he turns on nothing but jigs, and every barter in the place works at a run.

A SNOW EATING HABIT.

The First Advice an Old Timer Offers to a Newcomer is "Don't Eat Snow."

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it has remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrival opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. Henry Barnum of Great Bend township, Ohio, has returned from the Klondike and tells a strange story.

"There are many strange things in the Klondike," says Mr. Barnum, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far is the disposition caused by eating snow. In the north when thermometer reaches 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue, and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice an old-timer offers a new comer in the region is, 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time when they began munching snow."

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits, which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent. of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor arises and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposits being of reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper river last spring Mr. Barnum came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whiskey. His thirst became unendurable, and as water was scarce in midwinter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions noticed that his appetite for snow increased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew light, his rugged stature became bent, and even his harsh voice changed to the effeminate squeak of an old woman. His strength gave way and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his back and moan pitifully for a mouthful of snow, and when opportunity offered would steal unobserved to the doorway and gulp down huge handfuls. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him the snow, hoping to prolong his life. It proved unavailing, and one morning just previous to Mr. Barnum's departure the man was found dead.

There are some spots on Copper river where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed, but, of course, not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

Mr. Barnum had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-97," he said, "and I was new to the country. An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had gone back in the hill on a prospecting tour, and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of provisions, and on our way up lost the package containing cooking utensils. This we remedied by boiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt

the snow. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposits it contains sink to the bottom of the receptacle. We decided to try it 'raw' and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow, I don't know, but during the week we waited for a chance to get out, and we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions we attempted to assuage our thirst with water, but it did no good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water and it seemed to have invigorating qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we had our snow. We were fast approaching the degenerate stage, when I reached a realizing sense of our condition and undertook to break it off. I began by degrees and worked down, but to the very moment I left the country the sight of snow always raised in me an inordinate craving. It cost me many sleepless nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness."

PHILOSOPHY OF PALMISTRY.

Logic Waited on Those Who Consult Fortune-Tellers.

Last week a poor, egotistical creature who had been employed as a barmaid drowned herself, chiefly, as would seem from her letters, on account of the sinister predictions which she read in her palm, combined with her "planets." No doubt this girl was weak-minded, if not actually insane, but there is a good deal in her case worth thinking about, says London Truth. Some years ago, when I conducted some researches into palmistry, with the assistance of a lady who claimed to be an expert in that craft. I put the question to her: "What if you see indications in a palm that the owner of the hand will die or incur some awful misfortune at an early date?" She replied dissembled, and she led me to understand that it was a matter of professional etiquette among really conscientious palmists not to make known the truth when it was of such a nature that to impart it might be dangerous. This is all very well, but no one can prevent people who dabble in palmistry or astrology or other occult means of reading the future from discovering their own fate for themselves. Those who discover by such means at the outlook for them is very black may not all commit suicide, like the unfortunate barmaid, but such knowledge is bound to have an injurious effect on all but persons of the toughest moral fiber; and persons of the toughest moral fiber, I may remark, are not in the habit of dabbling in the occult sciences. As a rule, fortune telling in its various shagies is chiefly denounced as a swindle and a means of obtaining money under false pretences, but I question whether the moral mischief which may result from efforts to ascertain what the future has in store for us may not be far worse than any trifling financial loss. Nothing is more certain than that it is to the advantage of mankind, on the whole, not to know the future. In saying this I do not lose sight of the fact that it would be a profitable thing to many to know, for instance, who is going to win the next year's Derby, or the price at which any particular stock will stand at the end of the next account. This knowledge, however, can only be profitable so long as it is in the exclusive possession of one or two individuals. If it were made accessible to all, the knowledge of the future would cease to have any more value than the knowledge of the past. On the other hand, the knowledge of coming misfortune—if it is so preordained that it can be predicted—can only have a demoralizing effect, and on the whole life has generally as much of the unpleasant as of the pleasant in store for the majority of human kind. How many youths of 20 are there who, if they could ascertain everything that is going to happen to them during the next fifty years, would think the game worth the candle? I doubt if there are many. On the other hand living in ignorance of what is coming, taking the good with the bad as each day brings it, and incessantly hoping for better things from the inexhaustible possibilities of the future, we manage for the most part to combat our misfortunes as they turn up and cling to life as long as it is left in us. The proverb says that as long as there is life there is hope, and the converse is equally true that as long as there is hope there is life. Destroy the one and it is ten to one that you destroy the other. My impression is that so far as the chances of individual life go, no one has ever known the future or ever can know it. But whether it be knowledge or not, the person who desires to know it is a fool.

Pique Kills a Song Bird.

Dogs are often said to be almost human and to understand every word said to them, though as a matter of fact they only pretend to do so, but birds are not usually supposed to be endowed with a like intelligence and to share the evil passions which beset mankind. An action in the Southwark county court, however, says the London Telegraph, has established that a singing canary can emulate human artists in the possession of the demon

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, "Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength." I am yours very truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD,
Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel,
Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

jealousy. To such an extent was it attacked by artistic pique that it died, not being able to survive being outdone by a neighboring bird.

Such a sad fate was deeply lamented by the defendant in the action, a news-vendor whose bird it was, but who had tried to sell it to the plaintiff. The general opinion of his friends was that the bird had died of a broken heart. The plaintiff had returned it because it was not worth anything, but the tender hearted news-vendor said that it sang "simply lovely" and that to hear it warbling against the canary next door was "quite a picture." Altogether the evidence got rather mixed, as it turned out that the canary was not a canary, but a linnet.

What is it?

Cattarrhczne is a liquid, fragrant and cleansing, which rapidly volatilizes when inhaled. What is it for? It is an absolute never-failing cure for catarrh of the throat or nasal passages. Is this true? We are so sure that it will cure you that we will send you, prepaid, a free sample of Cattarrhczne and an inhaler if you will send your address within one week. Write us.

N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston Ont.

Had None to Spare.

The boy had been taking piano lessons for just a week. Then his mother went to the musical college, hunted up his teacher and complained that though her son had received three lessons, he could not play a single tune. The instructor politely explained that it was necessary to first teach scales, then exercises, and after these were mastered, his mother's wish could be gratified. The fond parent was not satisfied, but she concluded to try it a little longer. At the end of another week she was back again and loud in her denunciation of the teacher and his methods, because, so far as she could see, her son had made no advancement.

"Well, madam," said the exasperated professor, "I can teach your boy something, but I cannot give him brains." "No," answered the mother, scornfully, "you poor man, you don't look as if you had any to spare."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Porto Rican Town.

Aguadilla, a maritime town, on the western shore of Porto Rico, near its northern point, was founded in 1775 and has a population of 15,057. Its deep and spacious harbour lies between Cape San Francisco and Borinquen Point. It abounds in excellent fish and its fields produce all kinds of crops, especially cane, copper, tobacco, corn, mani and coconuts, while its oranges, limes and citrons are much esteemed. The fields afford fine ranges for cattle and horses, and on its mountains is much of the best timber. This town is adorned by a lovely fountain. The waters form a beautiful cascade and are conducted through the streets. The town made a brilliant defense against the English in 1797, and in 1825 fought bravely against the Columbians, who, however, captured its battery.

A guishing young poetess has sent us in a poem which she wrote two or three weeks ago, beginning, "What shall I find in my stocking on early Christmas morn?" and asks what we think of it. We think that, unless you try and make money out of something else but poetry, you will find holes in both stockings.

"Yes, Mrs. Sawleigh, I have four fine sons breaking my heart by running after the soldiers!"

"An' my dear Mrs. Jawleigh I've four strappin' darters a breaking of their mother's heart by the soldiers a-running after them!"

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