

## Notches on The Stick

"I don't know that I understand one bit of that," said Mrs. A—d to her husband, the Captain, after hearing the latest of Kipling's popular lyrics. "It is almost as obscure as his Russian bear-poem. What is the White Man's Burden, anyway?" "I presume" said the Captain "that by the white man's burden, the poet means the burden of guardianship over the inferior races, and the work of their elevation in the scale of civilization,—a necessary, but tedious and thankless task, as he regards it. He evidently has direct reference to the American nation, and our assumption of the Philippines. He gives genuinely British endorsement of our course, as a legitimate act of our majority in the great family of nations. We have recently come of age, and we are saying so to all the rest of the world." "But what?" said Mrs. A—d, "do you think of the poem, as such?" "It is I think" replied the Captain, "direct, nervy, and thought suggesting; it grasps and seems the situation. Kipling is growing in the more substantial qualities of fine writing,—or rather strong writing. He is showing an ethical and thought-power unusual in his earlier works: though he has always shown sincerity and a high regard for truth. Some of his phrases in the poem under discussion are as exact as vivid." "For example?" said Mrs. A—d. "Well, for example, his 'half devil and half child.' I have, as you know, spent enough time in Eastern waters to judge of the people of those islands. His phrase I know hits them exactly. It applies to them more accurately than to the Zulus, or to 'Fuzzy-wuzzy, of the Soudan.' What is Aguinaldo but an over grown child, misapprehending his friends, and his country's greatest opportunity; and a devil in his hopeless spite of antagonism. Suppose you read that first stanza over again."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
Sweep forth the best of breed—  
Go, bid your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait, in heavy harness,  
On fluttered folk and wild—  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

"Yes," observed the Captain, "it will need to be our 'best breed.' Fools and rogues will never do the work there. And if no one went there but the soldiers we should do much better. It is when our devil—the commercial devil—the people who burry everywhere bitten with the lust of gain—it is when our peculiar devil, rampant now, gets in, that will in, which is difficult to cast out; and that Godless and soulless thing will work us more delay than the devilment of the natives. It is that very thing they fear, and have reason to fear, and is, as I believe, a strong motive in their taking up arms against us for their independence. But read on."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
In patience to abide,  
To vex the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride;—

"Ay," interrupted the Captain, "it will be 'in patience to abide.' It will not be a work of to-day, or to-morrow, or of next year, to do as we have proposed. Look at England, in India—in Africa! Years of foundation-work, large outlay of blood and treasure, will certainly precede any appreciable difference in the status of such a people, narrowed and dwarfed as they are. But the rest of the stanza, and—go on."

By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit  
And work another's gain.

"Yes," said Mrs. A—d, her eye following down the page of Public Opinion, from which she has been reading, to the comments of the press;—"See what the newspapers are saying about this matter of 'another's profit and another's gain.' 'To be sure, said the Captain, 'The voice of Demos has the same sound on both sides of the ocean; whether from an editorial chair in London, he says: 'Aha! and whose interest is Uncle Sam now after but his own? Uncle S. is a prodigious gouge, and this is an



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unexampled grab.' Why, here is a bit of British mockery, right at our hand. Henry Labouchere parodies the very words you have been reading:

Pile on the brave man's burden  
To gratify your greed;  
Go and clear away the niggers  
Who progress would impede.  
The screaming of your eagle  
Will drown the victim's sob;  
Go on through fire and slaughter—  
There's a dollar in the job!

Then the other man, perhaps in Chicago, or some other Western city—the further West the more vitriol—says his,—"Aha! talk of England assuming her part of the White Man's Burden! Where did she ever go save in her interests? And who has ever from Chelcis brought home such golden fleeces as she? She found plenty of rupees in India; she has made China sweat with opium; and she will be richer than ever when Africa is civilized." But of course this is neither just or generous, to ascribe to a whole nation the unscrupulousness of a fraction of its people. Let any honest witness testify to the work of Britain in India and Africa; and, in spite of that opium enormity I expect that in the end it will be better for China that she went there. But the rest of that poem, if you please. These are but sorry interruptions:

Take up the White Man's burden—  
The savage wars of peace—  
Fill full the mouth of Famine,  
And bid the sickness cease;  
And when your goal is nearest  
(The end for which you sought)  
Watch sloth and idleness to fly  
Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—  
No iron rule of kings,  
But toil of soft and sweeper—  
The tale of common things.  
The doors ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go, make them with your living,  
And mark them with your dead.

"That is well said—direct—forcible," said the Captain, "I hear a sigh there [out of Kipling's own heart; the expression of his own wide experience in the East. He knows something of what this civilizing business costs."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
And reap his old reward—  
The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard—  
The cry of hosts ye hurl  
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light;  
"Why brought ye us from bondage,  
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden,  
Ye dare not stoop to less—  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
To cloke your weariness;  
By all ye will or whisper,  
By all ye have or do,  
The silent sullen peoples  
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!  
Have done with childish days—  
The little unheroic pride,  
The easy ungodly praise;  
Come now to search your manhood  
Through all the thankless years,  
Clad with dear-bought wisdom,  
The judgement of your peers.

"There," said the captain, as Mrs. A—d concluded her reading, "you shall seldom find in seven stanzas so many meaty, quotable lines. On the whole he has said the ultimate word. I do not know anything better since the 'Recessional'."

Canadian letters have met with a considerable loss in the death of Lieut.-Col. John Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, P. E. I.; and, still later, in that of Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, one of the first and most highly esteemed of Canadian poets. Colonel Duvar was a writer of note on archaic subjects, both in prose and verse, and among his published works may be named: "The Enamorads," a drama; "Roberval," a drama; "Immigration of the Fairies," and "The Triumph of Constancy," a romance; "Fin de Siecle," a comedy; "John a Var, His Lais;" "The Seven Days of Lancelot;" the "Moirs Encantada;" "On the Tigris;" "The Judgement of Osiris;" and many lyrics and ballads; besides, in prose, "Annals of the Court of Oberon," a work of fancy and humor; and the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages." Colonel Duvar was a member of several learned societies, and enjoyed much reputation in literary and scientific circles in Canada, and Great Britain, as also in the United States. He has been represented in such anthologies as "Poems of Wild Life," "Songs of the Great Dominion," and "The Victorian Anthology." In his

poems and dramas are many passages of lyrical sweetness and imaginative beauty, while over much of his writing is the glamor of old days. He was a man of much modesty and of friendly instincts. For years he had lived in the retirement of his pleasant country home, busied with his library and his writings, esteemed and beloved by his many friends. Among those who shall regret him, and miss his genial messages, is the writer of these words. The removal of our friends makes the world of less value to us, and creates a void we can never wholly fill. He was of Scotch-English birth, in the old country, but a resident of Canada for many years. He was born August 29th, 1830. Peace to his memory!

"A man of letters, and of manners, too."

A younger man was Archibald Lampman, carried off by pneumonia at the age of thirty-eight years. He is well known from his contributions to the popular magazines. In 1888 appeared, "Among the Millet," a volume which placed him in the foremost rank of druidic or nature poets of the day. In 1896 he produced a second volume, entitled, "Lyrics on Earth;" and almost the latest task he performed was the correction of proofs for a third volume, "Aleyone," which will soon appear. Mr. Howells, the novelist and critic, has ranked him among the foremost of our poets, and like praise has been bestowed by competent literary judges of England. Mr. Lampman was a clerk in the post office department at Ottawa, and he leaves a wife and two children, with hosts of friends in the city where he resided. As Lampman and Duncan C. Scott have been close intimates and collaborators, the absence of the first named must be felt by the living poet as a serious loss. The sentiment of many, finds we have no doubt, expression in the words of a letter just at hand: "I knew Lampman intimately, and could appreciate the gentleness and broad sympathy of his character, as well as his high lyric gifts. I am sorry to say that his widow is left very poorly provided for." It is now proposed to issue a memorial edition of his complete works, including the manuscript pieces yet unpublished, in the interest of his family. The work will be published by subscription, and a more particular statement concerning it may soon be given.

William Kingford, C. E., also of Ottawa the author of a voluminous history of Canada, and other works, is among the recently departed. He was a well known public man; a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and other learned societies. He was a candid, fearless, painstaking man, and his history, though not without literary merit, will chiefly be valued as a rich treasury of accumulated and adjusted facts. Mr. Kingford was born in London, England, in the parish of St. Lawrence, December, 1819.

PASTOR FELIX.

### SCRIBNER'S LITERARY NOTES.

All who enjoyed reading the adventures of Sherlock Holmes will be interested in Raffles, the hero of Mr. Hornung's new story, "The Amateur Crackman," who is the most fascinating rascal in modern fiction. A gentleman born and bred, he enters upon an astonishing career of crime, and the combination which he shows of resource and cunning, of patience and precision, of head work and handiwork, stamps him a veritable artist in crime, well worthy to rank with his counterpart, Sherlock Holmes. "The Amateur Crackman" will be brought out shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons, who are the publishers of Mr. Hornung's stories in this country.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose "Princeton Stories" have come to be accepted as the true picture of Princeton life to-day, has written a volume of short stories dealing with the life of a reporter on one of the great dailies under the conditions which modern journalism has made im-

perative. The author, who has himself had experience in newspaper work, has succeeded in setting before the reader vivid pictures of the more striking phases of journalistic life and work as they really are today; and his stories are sure to attract attention, both for their truthful pictures of actual conditions, and for the delightful manner in which they are told.

Mr. Frederic Palmer who is a well known journalist, has written a book on the Klondyke which includes the account of a winter journey as well as of a winter residence in that famous mining field. Mr. Palmer has told this interesting story of his adventurous trip in a capital manner, and has succeeded in giving us the best picture that has yet been drawn of a Klondyke mining town. His book, which is to be thoroughly illustrated, will be published by the Scribners.

All lovers of the woods and fields will hail with delight the appearance of "How to Know the Ferns," by Mrs. Frances T. Parsons, a companion volume to the same author's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," which, during the few years that

have elapsed since its appearance, has reached the extraordinary sale of 40,000 copies. This new volume will do for the ferns what "How to Know the Wild Flowers" did for our common wild flowers, and as it is similar in scope and treatment it is sure of a like success. The book will be elaborately illustrated with 144 drawings by Marion Satterlee and Alice J. Smith, which will greatly assist the reader in the identification of the common ferns, and add to the pleasure of the pursuit.

"A Texas Ranger" is the true story of the surprising adventures of a young man on the Rio Grande frontier. It is by N. A. Jennings, who, when a young man, enlisted in a company of the new famous Texas Rangers, a body of troops who were in many ways the prototypes of the Rough Riders. Besides supplying a hitherto unwritten record of the Texas Rangers, the book is as thrilling as a border romance, not a page being without incident, either amusing, pathetic, dramatic or tragic. It is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### PAINS IN THE BACK.

Are Usually the Result of Imperfect Working of the Kidneys—These can Only be Restored to Their Normal Condition by a Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Albert Mintie, of Woodstock, Ont., now engaged in the insurance business, is well known in that city and surrounding country. Some three years ago Mr. Mintie was living at South River, Parry Sound District, and while there was attacked with severe pains in the back. At first he paid but little attention to them, thinking that the trouble would pass away, but as it did not he consulted a local physician, and was told that his kidneys were affected. Medicine was prescribed but beyond a trifling alleviation of the pain it had no effect. In addition to the pain in the back Mr. Mintie was troubled with headaches and a feeling of lassitude. He was forced to quit work, and while in this condition, weak and depondent, he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He purchased a half dozen boxes and was not disappointed with the result. Before they were all used Mr. Mintie was feeling almost as well as ever he had done. The pain in his back had almost disappeared, the headaches were gone, and he felt greatly improved in strength. Two more boxes completed the cure, and he returned to work hale and hearty as ever. Mr. Mintie asserts that his return to health is due entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he still occasionally uses a box if he feels in any way "out of sorts."

The kidneys, like other organs of the body are dependent upon rich, red blood and strong nerves for healthy action, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply these conditions that they cure kidney troubles, as well as other ills which have their origin in watery blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont. If you value your health do not take a substitute.

### Tender Recollections.

The balloon was tugging at its rope and bouncing about clumsily in the puffs of wind. A widow stood regarding it with streaming eyes. She was alone, but a crowd gathered about her, attracted by her untimely tears. She sobbed for ten minutes, while the crowd restrained themselves, but at last an old gentleman, whose long white hair and saintly face declared his belief that he was privileged to thrust himself into anybody's business, stepped forward and said:

"Madam, why do you weep? Why, oh, these tears?"

The woman sniffed loudly and then replied:

"It's the balloon."

"But," queried the old gentleman, "why does the spectacle of a balloon cause you to weep? Did a loved son once perish as an aeronaut?"

"No," replied the weeper, "it wasn't a son—it was my husband."

"Ah, your husband was killed while ballooning?"

"No, he wasn't; my husband died in his bed, but he weighed twenty-one stone, and that jumping balloon reminds me of just how Henry looked the last time I saw him dancing. His figure was like that!" And the widow dissolved in a new burst of tears.—Judy.



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## SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (new & before published), edited by EDNEY COLVIN.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Entomologist"—Illustrated by Herter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

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### One Condition.

Wheeler (who has just bought a bicycle): "Do you think that the bicycle has come to stay?"

Sprocket: "Well, a good deal depends upon whether you paid outright for it or bought it on the instalment system."

## A Woman's Opinion.

After An Experience of Twenty Years.

Mrs. McGregor says: "Diamond Dyes Are Reliable and Never-failing."

I have used the Diamond Dyes for over twenty years and have never yet failed to get good results when I followed the directions. I would not use other makes of dyes even if they were given me free of cost. Diamond Dyes are reliable and never failing.

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