

## Notches on The Stick

We are favored with a late issue of "The Packet" a type of the best Canadian papers published at Orillia, Ont., containing an article on William Kirby, F. R. S. C., of Niagara, Ont., entitled, "A Celebrated Canadian," copied from this department of PROGRESS, and credited thereto. We find on the same page an article by the veteran poet and romancer, which we here reproduce:

THE MONTGOMERY STATUE.  
By William Kirby, F. R. S. C.

A strong feeling of indignation has been roused in Canada at the outrageous proposal of certain parties in the United States to erect in the city of Quebec a statue in honor of General Montgomery, who was killed in the assault of that place, December 31, 1775. The idea of honoring a public enemy in the country he had invaded is the latest novelty of the age, and could emanate only from ignorance and want of courtesy to a friendly people. It may be asked why General Montgomery is offered a statue and not also Gen. Benedict Arnold, who shared with him the command of the American army that attacked Quebec? Both suffered defeat—Arnold losing a leg and Montgomery was killed. Both are equally entitled to statues—that is neither of them. Readers of American history can easily tell why Arnold is discriminated against. But, traitor, as he was, he repented of his treason to the empire, made what amends he could, and died a British general; while Montgomery, who in general orders to his army promised his troops the sack and pillage of Quebec—if they took it—had no time for repentance, but was left dead in the snow by his followers at one discharge from the gun at the battery manned by English and French militiamen and seamen. How Montgomery was killed is told in the following sketch from the pen of Sir James M. LeMoine, of Quebec:—

My name having been quoted in the recent controversy which has sprung up about honoring with a monument Richard Montgomery, whose army blockaded Quebec in 1775, I have been asked for my opinion of the matter. To understand the question at issue, it is necessary to refer to history—for its record of the Montgomery brothers at Quebec. There were two Montgomerys who served in the campaign of 1759—resulting in the conquest of Canada by British arms—Alexander a Captain in the 43rd Foot, and a younger brother Richard, a lieutenant in the 17th Foot. Colonel Malcolm Fraser's narrative of the siege of Quebec in his journal under date the 23rd of August, 1759, contains the following entry:—"Thursday, 23rd we were reinforced by a party of about one hundred and forty light infantry, and a company of rangers under the command of Captain Montgomery of Kennedy's, or 43rd Regiment. . . . We all marched to attack the village to the West of St. Joachim (St. Anne), which was occupied by a party of the enemy, to the number of about two hundred, as we supposed, Canadians and Indians. . . . There were several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery who commanded us ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner, particularly two of whom I sent prisoners by a sergeant, giving them quarter, and engaged that they should not be killed; were one shot, and the other knocked down with a tomahawk, and both scalped in my absence by the rascally sergeant neglecting to acquaint Montgomery that I wanted them saved, as he, Montgomery, pretended; but even that was no excuse for such an unparalleled piece of barbarity." Colonel Fraser, then serving as a lieutenant under Captain Montgomery, adds, "after the skirmish, we set to burning the houses, with great success."

Such were the feats of Captain Alexander Montgomery—Richard's eldest brother—on the 23rd of August, 1759, at the village west of St. Joachim, twenty miles lower than Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. As to Richard, sixteen years later, we find a fair indication of his mode of warfare, and of his feelings toward his old messmates within the walls of Quebec

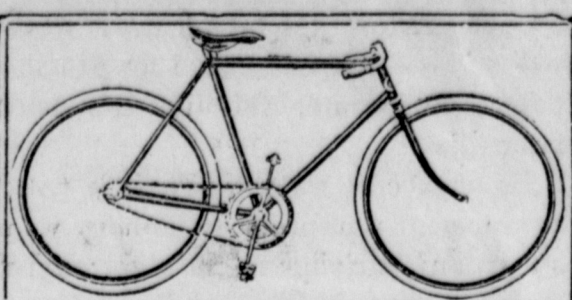
in the general order he promulgated to his army on 15th December, 1775. The city was to be sacked and delivered to the mercy of his followers for pillage. Hence, why, as the Montreal Gazette correctly puts it, the memory of the Montgomery brothers is odious to Canada. I may add that should a monument be put up by his countrymen, it would be one of the first instances of the vanquished erecting a monument to commemorate a defeat in a foreign land.

Sir James M. LeMoine sends the 'Chronicle' the following as to 'Who fired the fatal gun, at Pres-de-Ville, Quebec, on 31st December, 1775?' There seems to have existed a noble rivalry amongst the Canadian Militia and Regulars, in upholding the standard of Britain against foreign invasion, backed by treason, on that fateful day. Towering above all—Briton or Gaul—on that memorable occasion, is outlined in history the noble figure of Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester), the 'Savior of Quebec'—or rather of Canada—to England. Had a former British officer, Lieut. Richard Montgomery, of the 17th Foot, succeeded in his nefarious project of conquest, not only his old comrades in arms in 1759 Guy Carleton, Henry Caldwell and others would have fallen into the hands of their rivals but the town itself in accordance with the general order of General R. Montgomery, of 15th December, was to be sacked and handed over for pillage to a ruthless soldiery. If any of the actors in this distressing drama ought to be honoured with a monument, 'tis assuredly Lord Dorchester. His Lordship had just had an exemplification of the courage and devotion of a loyal French Canadian, Captain Bouchette, who in a canoe with muffled oars, amidst incredible risks and perils, had safely piloted the worthy Governor from Montreal, held by the rebels, to be capital, the walled city of Quebec. Sir Guy knew he could trust, and did trust, both branches of the militia, the British and the French, though the allegiance of the latter to British rule was barely sixteen years old. He trusted the Canadian militia to help save Canada to England in 1775—just as one of his successors in office trusted de Salaberry and his plucky Voltigeurs to raise the standard of Great Britain, in 1814 at Chateauguay; as he trusted the late of Canada West to Brock, and to the heroes of Lundy's Lane, Niagara, and Chryslers Farm. This noble rivalry was conspicuous at Pres-de-Ville, when Quebec was blockaded in 1775. The post, an extremely important one, two miles from the city, had been placed under the charge of two French militia officers, Captain Chabot and Lieut. Picard, jointly with Captain Barnstare, the commander of an English transport laid up for the winter at Quebec.

A British artillery sergeant, Hugh McQuarters, played also a distinguished part in the fray, as well as a loyal British volunteer named John Coffin. The credit of firing the fatal gun, which laid low Montgomery and thirteen followers, in my opinion must be shared between the foregoing. Lieutenant-Colonel (later General) T. B. Strange, in his able expose of the Pres-de-Ville encounter, when addressing the Literary and Historical Society in 1875, on the occasion of the centenary of the Repulse of Brigadier-General Montgomery at Quebec in 1775, thus alludes to the disputed point of who fired the fatal gun. "The guard," says he, "was, no doubt, under the command of Capt. Chabot and Lieut. Picard of the French Canadian militia. The British tars under Captain Barnstare, served the guns. But it was then, as it still is, the custom for a steady non-commissioned officer, or gunner of the Royal Artillery, to mount with every guard where there are guns. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that honest Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery, 'feared God only, and kept his powder dry'; that he fired the fatal gun, point blank, down the road, which he and the gallant guard had steadily watched through the long, dark hours of that eventful night."

We all admire virility; and manly strength and a steadfast will, when conjoined with modesty, are especially attractive. But we shrink from the touch of the braggart, and we require the admission on the part of our strong man that he is something less than the Almighty, and may sometime and somewhere be faint or weak and need the kindly offices of his fellows. We should admire without reserve the following sonnet, but that it has the superfluous note, and was written by one of whom it has been said: "His style, with its curt and burnished phrases, is a trap in which several young men have come to most untimely ends." Yet the weak spirit may well open to the self-reliant ring of these lines:

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud,



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Under the piousness of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms out the horror of the shade;  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.  
It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.

The poignant and passionate utterance in the following nobly-spirited sonnet—one of a triplet found by the bedside of Richard Real after his death—makes it notably in days like these. It is just the kind of poetry we enjoy reading:—

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred  
With big film—silence! he is in his grave.  
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too he erred;  
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become  
The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;  
He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb  
An ill His arching skies were in eclipse.  
He was a weary, but he fought his fight,  
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed  
To see the auger broadening of the light,  
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.  
He loved his fellows, and his love was sweet—  
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

A new and much vaunted poet, Edwin Markham by name, has arisen in California; but as he is a star luminous through a mist of adulation, it is difficult just yet to report his dimension. The assurances of the San Francisco Examiner—or of a critic in that Journal—may be taken with some hesitation; particularly where he depreciates Longfellow in the same breath where with he lauds Markham. We are glad to know what the later poet is, and what he can do; yet we are hardly ready to accept his present accomplishment in elemental stuff, for the early poet's entire outfit. Mr. Markham made his deepest mark with a poem entitled "The Man and the Hoe," and recently he printed in the Examiner another, now made famous, which we submit to the judgment of our readers.

## Lament of the Worn-Out Workers.

We are the patched and the grimed, a crew of the Pit:  
'Twere a fair world if we were out of it.  
At first we thought that each would have his own,  
But something took our bread and gave a stone.  
O masters, this was not the world for us.

We thought that labor was the final test,  
And thought that after labor there was rest;  
We thought a part of all the joy of living  
Would be the joy of using and of giving.  
O masters, this was not the world for us.

Masters we never had the wit to shirk,  
And make the hand of others do our work;  
We never learned the wisdom of the wise—  
We slumbered at the al-essential lies.  
O masters this was not the world for us.

But something snatched the hoard our hands  
Amassed,  
Till we are heaped burdens at the list.

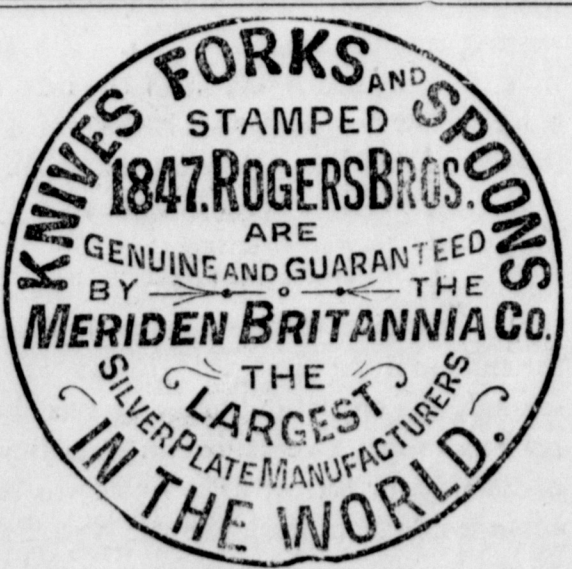
Who took our birthright—it was never sold?  
Now none will give us work for we are old.  
O masters, this was not the world for us.

This is a world for idlers and for kings:  
We are a blur upon the face of things.  
There is no seat for those who plow for bread:  
We sit not at the tables that we spread.  
O masters, this was not the world for us.

O, there was something tracked I all the way:  
We felt its breath upon us night and day.  
Its brain was crafty and its fingers deft:  
Our bread was taken, but the plow was left!  
O masters this was not the world for us.

So little would have been to us delight—  
Bread for the year and houses water-tight.  
We little thought, when first we mouthed your  
praise,  
That age would bring so many fasting days.  
O masters, this is not the world for us.

Give us our own and we will not complain.—  
Hail! would that leave you homeless in the rain,  
And give you stones for pillow—stones for bread?  
Then, brothers, give us but a share instead. . . .  
No answer . . . this is not the world for us.



Whether this be first-class poetry or not, there is meaning in it, and it touches a chord of truth to which there is in many a heart sympathetic vibration.

Russia, having made a finish of the Kins, is now ready for the Peace Commission. Long ago she broke the heart of Poland; and now the best, most intelligent and virtuous of all peoples under her dominion, are compelled to suffer that mortification of the soul which is a part of the suppression of their national individuality—language, traditions, religion, etc. Russia knows it as 'assimilation.' They know it as the taking away of their liberties.

What is it makes the May? The coming birds,  
Brimful of mirth and gladness, as of yore,  
With notes far sweeter than a poet's words;  
Earth's matin birds, with unmemorial lore;  
The mounting sun, who will the green restore,  
And wake the dandelion; the white thorn;  
The delicate arbutus, seen once more;  
The lengthening eve, the swift-returning morn;  
The bleating of young lambs; the lowing herds  
Going to pasture; the old chime of the shore,  
When wave on wave the freshening seas inroll;  
Bluest of skies; soft clouds, as white as curds?  
Nay! The blithe heart, we thought would leap no  
more;  
The gladness and the brightness of the soul!  
PASTOR FELIX.

## Another Victory. Scored!

Paine's Celery Compound  
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Mr. John Mackenzie, Justice of the  
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The Great Spring Medicine  
Never Fails to Banish  
Dyspepsia.

In the spring time thousands of people, old and young, are tormented with dyspepsia in some form. Many have suffered for long years, and have almost become physical wrecks, while others are just getting an experience of the terrible trouble. Many dyspeptics soon lose all nervous energy; they become despondent, morose and haggard looking. Others maintain a semblance of activity and energy, but suffer excruciating pains from stomach derangements, and are often compelled to give up work.

The great complaint of all dyspeptics is that they cannot eat the nourishing and tempting foods that others use with such relish and benefit.

Paine's Celery Compound has given freedom from sufferings and new digestive vigor and perfect health to thousands of men and women in the past.

The dyspeptic who has heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and who has a knowledge of what it has done for his friends and neighbors, and who refuses to test its virtues for his own case, must go on suffering till life is ended. No other medicine ever devised for indigestion, dyspepsia and defective digestion and assimilation can compare for one moment with Dr. Phelps' wonderful prescription, Paine's Celery Compound.

Mr. John Mackenzie, of Presque Isle, Justice of the Peace, and Township Clerk of Sarawak and Brooke, Ont., who was completely cured by Paine's Celery Compound after years of failures with other medicines, writes as follows for the benefit of other sufferers.

"You will think me ungrateful in not sooner acknowledging to you my entire cure from dyspepsia through the use of Paine's Celery Compound; but when I tell you that I suffered all the tortures of dyspepsia for five years, and during that time having taken most of the great remedies advertised as the only sure cure for the horrible complaint with little or no benefit, I was determined to be cured before I would be satisfied. Some of the great remedies would give me a little relief while I was taking them, but as soon as I stopped them I was as bad as ever.

"When I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound I fully expected the same results, as my confidence in all patent medicines was pretty well shaken; but from the first dose of Paine's Celery Compound I felt better, and after taking two bottles I thought I was completely cured, but to make the cure certain I took four bottles more. It is now over two years since I took the last dose, and have not had the least symptom of the disease in any way. When suffering from dyspepsia I could not look a hog in the face; now pork and beans is my favorite dish. I can, from my own blessed experience recommend Paine's Celery Compound as a sure cure and a very pleasant medicine to take."

## A Paper-Hanging Machine.

A paper-hanging machine has been invented by a Leipzig artisan. The roll of paper is fixed to a rod at the bottom of

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the wall, a paste receptacle is attached, and the paper is automatically pasted and neatly spread on the wall by an elastic roller.

## A Brave Young Sailor.

The 'History of Cohasset' contain the following true story about a plucky boy who knew what he wanted to do, and was determined to do it. In May, 1862, the schooner Georgiana was on a fishing cruise along the coast between Cape Cod and Montauk Point, Long Island. While she was lying to at night, the bark William Lord, bound for Boston from Baltimore, struck her amidships and stayed in her bulwarks. The crew of sixteen were roused from their sleep, and rushed on deck. They were certain that their own craft was about to sink, and so they climbed upon the bark. The vessels soon freed themselves, and then it was discovered that Andrew H. Prouty, a boy of twelve, had been left on board the schooner. No one dreamed of rescuing him, for the schooner had disappeared, and it was naturally supposed that she had sunk. So the captain of the bark took the rescued crew to Ho-mas' Holl, near New Bedford. But the schooner had not sunk. She was manned and mastered by one frightened boy of twelve, alone upon the bleak ocean. For two days and two nights he floated there, unaided, steering his prize toward what he thought to be shore. A while ship returning to New Bedford, overtook the strange looking craft, and boarded her to see what was the matter. When the skipper learned the state of things, he offered the boy a hundred dollars to abandon the schooner; but the boy knew better than to let another come into possession of his prize. "No, sir," said he, "this vessel belongs to John Bates, and I'm going to take her ashore!" He did take her ashore, and there, at New Bedford he found the rest of the crew.

## A Young Trader.

A New England furrier has lately received a new proof of the energy and thrift of the rising generation. He received a correctly worded and most businesslike letter, sent from a Massachusetts town by a person who asked several questions in regard to the variety of skins the furrier purchased, the sizes desired, and the price paid. He promptly returned an answer, for which his new correspondent had enclosed a stamp,—and after giving the information requested, he wrote, "I should like to know how long you have been in the business, and whether you are at present dealing with other firms?" He did not receive an immediate reply, but in a day or two there arrived from his new correspondent a batch of most desirable skins. He acknowledged their receipt in a manner as if they were his own, and by return mail came a letter, through which glowed a boy's irrepressible pride. "Dear Sir: I am glad the skins were satisfactory. Will send more later. I am twelve years old, and this is my first enterprise."

Yrs respy, Henry—

Old Iron in the Sea.

Few people probably know what an enormous quantity of old iron in the shape of anchors, chains, etc., is annually rescued from the sea. During ten months, as much as 120 tons weight was dredged up on the east coast of England alone. This was sold for 2s. 2d. per cwt.

There are explanations that don't explain as many people haven't discovered. A gentleman, talking with a young woman, admitted that she had failed to keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age. "For instance," said he, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now so extensively used, is procured." "Oh, it is very simple," said the lady, with the air of one who knows it all. "You just turn a button over the lamp, and the lights appear at once."

Band clerk (scrutinizing cheque): "Madam, we can't pay this unless you bring someone to identify you."

Old lady (tartly): "I should like to know why?"

Bank clerk: "Because we don't know you."

Old lady: "Now, don't be silly! I don't know you either."

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