

## CANADA'S VALENTINE TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Come again, fair Louise! for ten thousands the welcome  
Await thee to greet thee on Canada's shore!  
There's a shade on our heart till thy winning smile  
comes  
To light on our progress and cheer us once more.

Chorus:—Come again! Come again! Let the white  
sail's swift pinion  
Wait westward and hither our "Bonnie  
Louise"—  
Oh the joy that will fly through the New  
World Dominion  
When she greets her own loved one from  
over the seas.

Come again, fair Louise, when the flowers in their bloom-  
ing  
Make Prairie-land Fairy-land beautiful and bright,  
There'll be fires on our ramparts and joy cannons  
booming  
When the barque with our Bonnie Louise heaves in  
sight.

Come and wander the meadow, come roam the wild-  
forest,  
We'll crown thee the Queen of the New-World in  
May.

And curs, be the slander that sai h thou abhorrest  
The land that will love thee for aye and a day.

There's a heart that is noble and lone at the "Rideau,"  
There are hearts by the Myriad that claim thee their  
own,  
For whatever our race, 'neath the light of our "Credo"  
We are true to the daughter of England's great  
throne.

Come again! and may He the great Father Eternal  
Whose strong arm the wave that is restless doth  
bind,  
Bring back to our Lorne in the days that are vernal  
His loved one so loyal, so true and so kind.

H. J. E.

## "LOOK IN THY HEART AND WRITE."

That writing pleases us best and has the high-  
est value to us—perhaps is alone of value to us—  
which a man does not go out of his way to do,  
but which comes to him to be done, which lies  
in the line of his character and which he does  
from his everyday level with all the homely and  
real facts of his life as accessories. This is one  
of the secrets of the best books and poems, and  
makes the difference between those works that  
flavor of character and those that are the result  
mainly of learning, or conscious literary effort.  
In the work of every master it is the man him-  
self that speaks, the necessity of his constitution.  
The great poets stay at home; things come to  
them to be sung; they are never in want of a  
theme, but in want of utterance. Whitman,  
for instance, has the power of making the uni-  
verse revolve about him. Perhaps no contem-  
porary poet gives the impression of stepping aside  
so little for a theme. He knows so well the les-  
son it is so hard to learn—namely, that this  
moment, this place, is the centre of all the  
glory and power there is or can be. The farther  
from home or from his own time, a poet or artist  
goes for a subject, the easier we can dispense  
with him. The real want of literature, of our  
literature for instance, is not that the material  
is scarce, or crude, or unpoetic, unfit for novels  
or poems, or plays, or art, but that the strong,  
copious, profound, self-centred personalities are  
wanting; writers and poets who can supply the  
human and emotional elements to fertilize this  
soil and grow the crop so loudly advertised for.  
Crude and unpoetic forsooth! So is one's dinner  
crude and unchylelike till he has eaten and di-  
gested it; so is the material in the soil crude  
and unflower-like till the trees and plants have  
seized upon it with hunger and passion and  
transmuted it into fibre and fruit. Out of what  
can a man truly write but out of his own heart?  
If he does not look out upon the world or upon  
life with love or an original emotion, but only  
with the second-hand emotion of books or art, of  
course he will find his own land and times prosy  
and dull, and will run abroad after the already  
poetized and humanized legends, and forms, and  
histories of Europe.

Few poets ever wrote more from conviction  
and character than Wordsworth. This is why  
he is more to me than the more skilled and versa-  
tile poets of his time and since—Byron, Shelley,  
Landon, Keats (though in the purely lyrical  
quality the latter no doubt far excels him). He  
is more local and generic than the rest, and  
went less out of the way for his themes. His  
work is that real and sincere that it has a  
private and intimate character to those persons  
who like it, and comes home to them with almost  
a religious significance.

Enlogists of Landon wonder why his popu-  
larity is so limited, why he is skipped by so many  
earnest and thoughtful readers. Why, but that  
he had no sympathy with his time or country  
that his life and his works are of the nature of  
an *aside*. If he had stayed at home and faced  
the music, as Carlyle did, or as our own Emerson  
has, he probably would have touched and in-  
fluenced the best minds as they have done,  
because his genius seems nearly or quite equal  
to either of theirs. Lesser poets like Burns are  
sure to out-last him, because here again the local  
flavor and absorption is so much stronger.

What I am aiming to say then is, that for us  
here in America, and for the purpose of our  
literature, the same as in other and older lands,  
the first want is character, and the second,  
loyalty to our own environments.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

DYSPEPSIA, that all prevalent disease of civil-  
ized life, is always attended with a disordered  
sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no  
remedy is better adapted to its cure than Bur-  
dock Blood Bitters taken according to special  
directions found on every bottle.

\* See Hymn 370, A. and M.

## A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

The "fast set" in American society whose  
breast quivers and tingles with delight at the  
idea of friendly notice upon its travels from the  
Prince of Wales, and which at home grovels in  
its own way before any titled Tom Noddy is a  
social pest. Its influence is degrading and de-  
moralizing. But it has a ridiculous aspect which  
is wanting in its prototype. Lady Clara Vere  
de Vere may be selfish and cruel and a wholly  
useless and encumbering person in the world.  
But she is the daughter of a hundred earls, and  
she shows it as certainly as a high-bred racer  
shows his Arabian descent. A certain name-  
less refinement and elegance and grace may dis-  
tinguish her—for it is not, of course, always so—  
as Lovelace, although a scoundrel, may have the  
urbane and gentle courtesy of the chevalier with-  
out fear and without reproach.

"Oh, your soft eyes, your low replies!  
A great enchantress you may be."

With all her stony-heartedness and selfish vani-  
ty and inhuman pride, the Lady Clara Vere de  
Vere is still a swan among inferior birds. But  
no mushroom wealth, no buying of the crown  
jewels of France as shirt-studs, no improvised  
magnificence and astounding luxury and extra-  
vagance, can rival this effect. The tone that  
time alone, lapsing through long centuries,  
gives the picture, the tone which is its secret  
splendor and charm and worth—how will you  
supply that in a morning? The son and daugh-  
ter or the grandson and granddaughter of the  
haberdasher and the coal-heaver and the fat-  
boiler may outbid emperors for a vase and  
queens for necklaces, but they can no more buy  
the poetic perspective and the association and  
historic setting which belong to the emperor and  
queen than they can buy the moon.

Moreover, it is a compensation of justice that  
those in whom the refinement of long training  
is most conspicuous disdain the shoddy splendor  
of sudden wealth. The amazing extravagance  
of luxury in some instances in America is as  
little representative of distinctive American  
character and quality as an English rake of a  
noble family who comes to hunt up a rich Amer-  
ican wife is a type of that trained intelligence  
and public spirit and service which mark an  
Englishman like Lord Granville in Parliament  
or the late Dean Stanley in the Church. —*Hur-*

## WEAKNESS OF THE SUPERLATIVE IN SPEECH.

There is a superlative temperament which has  
no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the  
freezing to the boiling point, and which affects  
the manners of those who share it with a certain  
desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go  
tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, pray-  
ing, exclaiming, swearing. We talk, sometimes,  
with people whose conversation would lead you to  
suppose that they had lived in a museum,  
where all the objects were monsters and extremes.  
Their good people are phoenixes; their naughty  
are like the prophet's figs. They use the super-  
lative of grammar: "most perfect," "most  
exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French,  
they are enchanted, they are desolate, because  
you have got or have not got a shoe-string or a  
wafer you happen to want—not perceiving that  
superlatives are diminutives, and weaken; that  
the positive is the sinew of speech, the super-  
lative the fat. If the talker lose a tooth, he  
thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of  
things has come. Controvert his opinion and he  
cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with  
Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.

Especially we note this tendency to extremes  
in the pleasant excitement of horror-mongers.  
Is there something so delicious in disasters and  
pain? Bad news is always exaggerated, and we  
may challenge Providence to send a fact so tra-  
gical that we cannot contrive to make it a little  
worse in our gossip.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful  
definers. From want of skill to convey the  
quality we hope to move admiration by quantity.  
Language should aim to describe the fact. It is  
not enough to suggest it and magnify. Sharper  
sight would indicate the true line. "Tis very  
wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences,  
all exquisite, intense, and tremendous—"The  
best I ever saw"; "I never in my life!"  
One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden.  
Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a  
griffin; nor each unpleasant person a dark, di-  
abolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations,  
nor ecstasies our daily bread. —*Century.*

## THE JACK RABBIT.

The jack rabbit is an inhabitant of Texas, and  
some other western states. He is often called  
the "mule-eared rabbit" and by the cow-boy,  
the "muley." He is not a rabbit at all.  
The rabbit is an unobtrusive little animal, who  
is found by the school-boy, in a hole in the  
ground, at the end of a long track in the snow.  
The so-called jack rabbit is quite a different  
kind of soup meat. He is identical with the  
British hare, except that he is larger, his color  
brighter, and his ears much longer. His avoird-  
upois is about twelve pounds, and his ears  
measures from tip to tip about 16 inches. He does  
not burrow in the ground. He lies under cover  
of a bunch of prairie grass, but is very seldom  
found at home, in his office hours between sunset  
and sunrise. He is to be found during the day  
on the open prairie, where he feeds on the tender  
shoot of the mesquite or sage grass. He is not a

ferocious animal, as a stranger might be led  
suppose from an examination of what purports  
to be his picture, under the alias of "The Texan  
Hare," in Governor Rober's book.

The jack rabbit has several enemies, among  
them the cow boy, who shoots him with his  
rifle, the coyote and the dog, that try to run  
him down, and the governor of Texas, above  
alluded to, who libels him in his book. He has  
two ways of protecting himself against his ene-  
mies. One way is to squat, when he suspects  
danger and fold his ears along his sides. By  
doing this he often escapes observation, as only  
his back is exposed, the color of which harmo-  
nizes with the brown of the withered grass. The  
other plan, that he uses when discovered and  
pursued, is to create remoteness between himself  
and his pursuer. In giving his whole attention  
to this matter, when necessary, he is a stupen-  
dous success, and earnest to a fault. When dis-  
turbed, he limbers his long legs, unfurls his ears  
and goes off with a bound. He generally stops  
after running about a hundred yards, and looks  
back to see if his pursuer is enjoying the chase  
as much as he thought he would, and then he  
he leaves for parts unknown.

There are many fast things, from a ice boat to  
a note maturing in the bank, but none are equal  
to the jack rabbit. An unfounded rumor gets  
around pretty lively, but could not keep up with  
him for two blocks. When an ordinary cur-  
rier to expedite a jack rabbit route, he makes  
a humiliating failure out of it. He only gives  
the rabbit a gentle exercise. The latter merely  
thrown up its ears and under easy sail skims  
leisurely along, tacking occasionally to give the  
funeral procession time to catch up. But if you  
want to see velocity, urgent speed, and precipi-  
tated haste, you have only to turn loose a grey-  
hound in the wake of a jack rabbit. Pursued  
by a greyhound, he will, "let himself out" in a  
manner that would astonish a prepaid half-rate  
message. If he is a rabbit that has never had  
any experience with a greyhound before, he will  
start off at an easy pace, but as he turns to wink  
derisively at what he supposes to be an ordinary  
yellow dog, he realizes that there is a force in  
nature hitherto unknown to him, and his look  
of astonishment, alarm and disgust, as he fur-  
lurs his ears and promptly declines the nomination,  
is amusing. Under such circumstances he goes  
too fast for the eye to follow his movements, and  
presents the optical illusion of a streak of jack  
rabbit a mile and a half long. —*Texas Siftings.*

## VARIETIES.

THE PROUD ACTOR.—The proudest man in  
this country the other night was a new star  
actor, who had his horses taken from his car-  
riage and a crowd of enthusiastic admirers draw  
him to his hotel. He was not so happy the next  
morning when informed by the liveryman that  
the ovation was gotten up by a horse thief, and  
neither of the valuable animals have been seen  
since. Damages \$600. —*Philadelphia News.*

THE commercial traveller of a Philadelphia  
house of business, while in Tennessee, ap-  
proached a stranger as the train was about to  
start, and said, "Are you going on this train?"  
"I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No."  
"Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and  
it won't cost you anything. You see I've two  
rousing big trunks, and they always make me  
pay extra for one of them. You can get one  
checked on your ticket, we'll encure them.  
See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."  
"But I thought you say you were going on this  
train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor."  
"Oh!" The commercial paid extra, as usual.

WHY HE ATE BEANS FOR DINNER.—Abe  
Wynane, a diminutive commercial traveller  
well known in Reno Nevada, stopped one night  
at Deming, New Mexico, a favourite resort of  
the cow-boys or herdsmen, a wild and lawless  
lot. "Madam," said Abe to the landlady, "give  
me some dinner, and be quick about it. I have  
not dined since yesterday." The landlady  
brought him some bean-soup. "Madam, take  
that soup away. I never eat soup. Bring on  
the roasts right away." The landlady brought  
him a large plate of pork and beans. "Madam,  
take that away. I never eat those things." In  
vain the landlady explained that pork and beans  
were the best the house afforded. He was ob-  
durate, and wanted roast beef, rare. A mild-  
mannered blue-eyed cow-boy at the table then  
interposed—"Beggin' pardon, stranger, but you  
must excuse the lady. We—" "Who are  
you, sir?" retorted the commercial traveller.  
"I know my business." "You don't tell me!"  
said the festive cow-boy, drawing his six-shooter.  
"Now you eat them beans! I'm goin' to sit  
here an' see you fed. Light into 'em quick, or  
I'll open you sure and put 'em in. This is bizness  
with me, and I'm shoutin' in your ear." The  
unfortunate man saw blood in the air, and was  
forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome  
food down before the cow boy was satisfied with  
his apology to the landlady.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BOY.—An exchange  
says a boy will tramp 247 miles in one day on a  
rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening when,  
if you ask him to go across the street and bor-  
row Jones' two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as  
a meat block. Of course he will. And he will  
go swimming all day and stay in the water three  
hours at a time, and splash and dive and paddle  
and puff, and next morning he will feel that an  
unmeasured insult has been offered him when he  
is told by his mother to wash his face care-  
fully so as not to leave the score of the ebb so  
plain as to be seen under the gills. And he will

wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon  
piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die off when  
his big sister wants him to please pick up a bas-  
ket of chips for the parlor stove; and he'll  
spend the biggest part of the day trying to  
corner a stray mule or a bald-backed horse for  
a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled  
when it comes time to drive the cows home;  
and he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for  
ten inches of angle worms and wish for the  
voiceless tomb when the garden demands his  
attention. But all the same when you want a  
friend who will stand by you and sympathize  
with you and be true to you in all kinds of  
weather enlist one of these small boys. —  
*Hawkeye.*

FLOWERS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—The public  
are again warned against the use of flowers in  
sleeping apartments; and wonderful stories are  
told of the deleterious effects which have follow-  
ed their presence in a limited atmosphere re-  
spired by invalids. Curiously enough, these  
appalling "instances" of the evil influences of  
plants do not for the most part apply to  
flowers. Nevertheless, we agree that it is safe  
to banish growing plants and flowers from bed-  
rooms. They can do no good, and they may do  
some harm, if only by rendering the air of the  
apartment irritating to the delicate lining mem-  
brane of the breath-organs. We are not dis-  
posed to endorse or accept the charge brought  
against plants and flowers generally, but it is  
well to err on the side of prudence; and al-  
though it cannot be denied that these embel-  
lishments form most pleasing objects for the eye,  
this advantage must be sacrificed if, as alleged,  
they are injurious. There can be no doubt that  
some plants give off noxious emanations, and  
others may scatter particles which prove irritat-  
ing; but are all vegetable growths thus injur-  
ious? However, as we have said, it is well to  
be over-cautious. So flowers and plants must  
needs be banished, though we part with them  
with unfeigned reluctance. —*Lancet.*

SLOW BURNING CONSTRUCTION.—So long as  
wood must be used for floors and roofs there can  
be no such thing as fire proof building. It is  
therefore proposed by one of the leading fire  
insurance companies that all new structures,  
and particularly factories and shops where wood  
is to be used, shall be made fire-resisting or slow-  
burning. The plan suggested is worthy of at-  
tention, because it often happens that, if the  
fire can only be confined to the interior of the  
building for even a few moments, much prop-  
erty, and perhaps, many lives can be saved. For  
the floors it is proposed to use heavy timbers  
30.5 centimeters by 30 centimeters (12 by 14  
inches), and on these to lay matched planks  
7.6 centimeters (3 inches) thick. Over these  
planks is to be a layer of roofing-felt or mortar,  
and in this mortar is to be bedded flooring-  
boards of the usual thickness. Such a floor  
would burn, but so slowly that fire would be a  
long time in eating its way through. The aim  
is to gain time, for time is the one element of  
safety at all fires. For the roof, the supporting  
beams are to be of the same size, and the top is  
to be of matched planks 7.6 centimeters thick,  
and covered on the outside with any form of  
roofing that may be desired. The ends of the  
beams are to pass through the outer walls, and  
to be finished as brackets to support the play-  
ing that is carried to the ends of the beams.

ONE of the very best stories I ever heard  
about a *conciierge*, writes Mr. George Augustus  
Sala, in connection with a highly aristoc-  
ratic hotel in Vienna and one of Her Majesty's  
Foreign Office messengers. The German *con-*  
*ciierge* or "porter" in general, and the Austrian  
one in particular, is, I should premise, a grandee  
of the haughtiest and most supercilious kind.  
He wears a showy uniform, with much gold  
lace upon it, and behaves himself accordingly.  
Well, my friend the Queen's messenger was  
smoking a cigarette one morning at the portal of  
the aristocratic hotel, when there rolled into the  
court-yard the carriage of the Grand Duke, say,  
of Saxe-Waltesenstein, with his Transparency  
the Grand Duke himself inside. The messenger  
beheld without swooning the spectacle of his  
Transparency alighting. When the august  
form had disappeared up the grand staircase,  
the *conciierge* turned to my friend and rudely  
remarked, "When Grand Dukes enter the court-  
yard of this hotel, it is customary to remain  
uncovered." The reply of Captain X. was  
prompt "When German portiers," he observed,  
"are insolent to English gentlemen, it is custo-  
mary to knock them down." And down went  
that "proud young porter" of the aristocratic  
hotel. Captain X. was led to expect that the  
"floorer" which he had administered to the "por-  
tier" would cost him dear, and was prepared to  
meet the worst, when next day the landlord of  
the hotel waited upon him, to his surprise,  
beaming. "My dear sir," exclaimed the genial  
Herr Z. "allow me to thank you for having so  
signally chastised that ill-conditioned fellow in  
the porter's lodge. The *Karl* has long been in  
want of a thrashing; and, if you could make  
it convenient to look in once or twice a month  
and beat him, you would be rendering us all a  
good service."

WEAK LUNGS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM  
STRONG.—Breathe with the mouth closed, have  
access at all times to pure air, exercise moder-  
ately, eat nourishing but simple food, and take  
that best of all cough remedies, Dr. Williams' Pe-  
ctoral Balsam, it speedsily cures all throat and  
lung troubles of adults and children. Price 25  
cents per bottle.