PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30. 1897.

Notches on The Stick

19.

If Archibald Lampman is the Canadian Wordsworth, or, as some aver, the Cana-dian Keats; and if Alexander M'Lachian is the Burns of Canada, (though we con-clude one of a kind is enough); then, surely, Heavyaege is the Canadian Multon, Campbell is the Canadian Coleridge, Frank Waters the Canadian Moore, Robert Campbell is the Canadian Courroge, Amage Waters, the Canadian Moore, Robert Kirkland Kernighan, of Rushdale Farm, Beverly, Wentworth County, Ontario, the Canadian Riley, and—if we filled the the Canadran ratey, and—it we nied the page up, as we might, would it not then sound fine? Nonsense? Of course ; but not nonense for which we wish to hold respon-sible. Several Longtellows there doubtless are,—if you will but take the trouble to run down the catalogue, and accept the classification.

We count the author fortunate who is himself, and the only. Of course we expect a glimpic of resemblance, for souls gather in light from many sources; and as there are faces that seem strangely like others, so there are minds. But no one, except a masquerader, has his personality entirely hidden,-and surely Robert Kernighan, better known as "The Khan", is no literary macquerader, though his "Canticles" do remind us son Whitcomb Riley, of Eugene Field, and sometimes of David Barker, of Maine. Vat. at the root, and in every respect, he is Kernighan, or he is nobody.

In the introduction (which is not written by the poet,) we learn with pleasure and surprise that Mr. Kernighan is "Canada's best gifted poetic genius," and that his productions, hitherto found only in the columns of the daily newspapers are "known from Vancouver to Halifax." Atter such a flourish of trumpets, concerning one of whom for the first time we have very recently heard, we naturally look for a magnificent entry ; and, though it is neither a dance of wood-nymphs nor a procession of nuvs, we are not altogether disappointed with the motley lines that defile before us. The man on the farm has his eyes opened to the beauty of his world, and through these rustic measures there leaps betimes the live light of poesy, the electric thrill of true song. He gives us the complaint of the faim hireling,-a complaint sometimes, we doubt not, justly foundea :

The Hired Man. The Hired Man. He upward looks upon the sea-deep Liquid of the spiendid sky; He aces the catic standing knee-deep 'Neath the sheitering cedars high. A beast of barden, yonder he Can hear an insect chirp with glec. While in the twenty-acre field. Without a shelter or a shield See him through the tall wheat swing. He envice every hitte bug He envies every little bug Beneath the cool and grassy sug: The beast afield, the bird awin He envies every creeping thing. He hasn't time among the stubble, Or on the parched and burning sod, To harken to the brooklets babble, Or lift his old straw hat to God. If Christ was preaching scmewhere near It Christ was preaching at moviere He couldn't spare an hour to hear! His little j yps are somewhat rate: The summer circus and the fair. He pitch-forks life aside for food ; A slaving tired and humble ell, He weds a worker like himself. Their creed is easy understood That God, though very great-is good. More terse and vigorous are the initial lines of the volume : I heard the sudden Binder roar; I heard the Reaper shout; God flang me on His threshing floor-

Here is a picture of ru ad :

Jin, hang up the gentleman's overcost; come from the city I see, like's not----fr welcome to stay an' share what we've got. other, what's that bubblin' top of the pot? Dumplins! Dampins! Stranger, draw up to the fire. Ye'r we

Bind of hard weather for March, ain't it? I pities the folks in town, say I, With pork 'a pert.terr, 'n coals so high, Mother, is that custard 'er punkin--that source Pankin? Pankin !

Stranger, draw up to the fire. I was warmed and fed in that grand o'd kitch They tacked me up as I went sway, And I felt as I drove thro' the winter day, The heartiest words a man can say Ar., "Stranger, draw up to the fire."

Mr. Kernighan is a bohemian of the Bohemians, and, as he tells us on his first page, has been such for twenty years. As to his style, he gives us the clear birdseye throughout, with little finish, and no varnish. We get not songs alone, but sermons ; and when he lectures us Sam Jones himself cannot use plainer, not to say ruder, speech. Here is a view of things slightly tinged with pessimism, though not unrea sonably so :

"Thur's too many cock robin o

"Thurs's too many agents and drummers; I reckon thur's peddlars galore; Tanr's too many tiddly-wink farmers A-kcepin' hotel er a store, "Taint thisties, ner yet 'taint ragweed, Ner docken, ner witch grass, wort hurts-Our crop as a nation's tectotally Our crop as a nation's tee ed with too many squirts !"

We find many qualities to put us in lov with our author. There are touches of rare tenderness; and a chivalric sympathy. without aff :ction, for womanhood and childhood that speaks from many of these pages. His love and understanding of the dumb creation reminds us of Burns, as does his direct expression of all the primitive emotions and sentiments. To illustrate, we might, if we had space, quote such poems as, 'Peepy is not dead,' 'Kiss her every day,' 'Be mercifal to the horse,' Let daddy in,' 'When the old dog died,' 'Your mother died last night,' 'When I go home tonight' 'At night,' 'Lady Lilac,' 'Mick's baby,' 'The children in the streets. The follow

ing is unexceptional, in spirit and manner Her Fathers Dinner Pail, I see her every day at noon slip thro' the crowded

Like some sweet spirit clad in black, so no are ber fcet. Her eyes of brown are soft and sweet, her pretty figure's frail; She carries in her little hand her father's dinne

How serious is her gentle face, how wise her wom

an's way; For she has taken mother's place, who died the other day: She 'tends the baby that was left, and stills its feeble wail

Except when she must go abroad with father's din ner pai'. She mends the children's dresses: her little brot h-

ers three They lisp their prayer at bed-time all clustered round her knee:

Each morning she prepares a lunch for father, with out fail, And dons her shawl and hood at noon to take the dinner pail

A blessing on your sweet young face, O true and faithful heart. No heroine was e'er so true or fearless as thou art;

And I will wait and watch each day, and I will

never fai', To see thy pretty figure pass with father's dinner

We have not been able to show by ad-equate examples, his patriotism, his martial songs, his homely hum r and good fellow-ship, his vivid descriptions of farm life, and the love of nature, of kindred and of home, we find so passionately expressed. We like the songs in this book, moreover be-cause they are so full of bearty chter, and cause they are so full of hearty chter, and of sympathetic encouragement for the poor and unfortunate, who need just such a voice as his to beguile the tame, monotonous way of their life, and relieve it of some of its tedium. Other and more finished songs might not reach them; but in these they find a consolution that the super-refined learner to the the the super-refined taste should take into the account and learn not to undervalue. Doubtless he knows, by his own experience, the truth of his own song :

ong : When troubles are piled about your feet, When shadows are falling across your way, When your face is laahed by rain and sleet, It's hard to look joyous and bright and gay ; It's hard to look joyous and bright and gay ; It's hard to laugh when your boal is sad, It's hard to jast when your brain is aching ; When they're sick at home and the times are bad It's hard to smile when your heart is breaklag. PASTOR FRLIX.

CALIFORNIA PEARLS.

The Great Mejority Found Are of Little

The beds of the gulf of California produced enormously for awtile, yielding nany pearls of great size. For some time 150 years back, the output was 300 to 500 pounds of the "gems of the ocean" an-nually. In 1790 a collection of big pearls was made there for a collar that Lecam the property of the queen of Spain, and which is even now one of the most valuable cossessions of the Iberian crown. As late as 1881 a black pearl, valued at \$10,000 and weighing 28 carats, was obtained from those waters. One of twice that weight, light brown and worth \$8,000, was secured in 1883, and in the same year a merchant of La P.z., Hamed Hidalgo, bought from the black pearls got from the gult of California are sent to Europe, because over there they fetch more than white ones, being a fed.

The pearl oyster banks of the gulf could not be worked profitably today but for the ntroduction of modern apparatus for diving. Such of the bivalves as are left are in water too deep tor search by ordinary methods but the rubber clad diver, provided with a tube to furnish him with air is able to search the bottom at leisure, his glass fronted helmet giving him a good view of his surroundings, thanks to the dim greenish light which illuminates the subaqueous regions. He carried with him a sheet iron reservoir filled with compressed air, which in case of emergency may be connected instantly with his helmet by the turning of a cock. In this business one interesting fact is that no such articles are employed in diving for pearls anywhere else in the world. The customary method is to dive naked. In the Zulu archipelago the divers, paint themselves black, so as not to attract the notice of sharks.

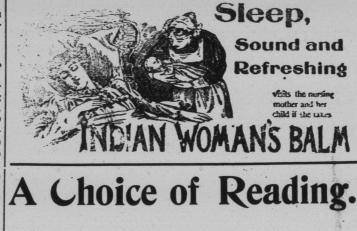
not to attract the notice of sharks. The pearl fisheries of the gulf of Califor-nia are farmed out by the Mexican govern-ment to a San Francisco company, which employs about 400 men. Work is carried on along the eestern shore of the peninsu-la and up the Pacific side as far as Marga-rita ialand. The oysters are found always edge upward and usually in groups, and the diver has no difficulty in separating them from the rocks on which th y grow by cutting the 'bysus' which serves the mollusk as an attachment to its resting place. The bivelves thus obtained are car-ried by schooners to Ls Paz and are open-ed under efficial inspection. One thousand of them may yield not a single pearl of any size, while term a dozen shells \$20,-000 worth may be taken. The great majorood worth may be taken. The great major-ity of pearls found are of little value. The final process employed is to squeeze the meat of the oyster in the fist, lest a pearl should remain imbedded in the tissue of



Nother { T Every I



1 .. Intornal as much as External Use our] Commated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Dire Lonot afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. I. S. Johns ctions on every



an Indian for \$10 a pearl of besuteous lus-ter, which he sold in Paris for \$5,300. All Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

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The Ragweed an The Cockle and the wheat

And here I lie, all bruised and brow .--

His oxen trod me out

It we were disposed to give Mr Kernighan a characteristic name, we might call him The Farmer Poet of Ontario; for never surely did the affairs of the Agricultural Department have a better setting forth in happy-go-lucky rhymes, To book abounds in such pieces, as indicated by the following titles: "The Fall Fair," "My Summer Fallow," "When the Old Cow Calves," "Dolly's Foal," "The Old Cow Bell," "Banch'in' Hogs," "Filling the Barn," "The Depredating Hen," "The Sheep-Killing Dog," "The Orchard By the Barn," "The Old Nest." Here are some lines from "Morning on The Farm :

Afar the coming steeds of day Are shaking out their manes of grey, And thro' the clouds of sullen dun And thro' the cloads of sullen dun The gleaning threads of silver run; The distant woods seem creeping near, The morning star shines cold and clear; The house-dog from his kennel bounds; The steaming pig forsake the stacks, With piles of chaft upon their backs; The mich cows hear the cheerful call, And each one rises in her stall; The piles there is a shift thanks And each one rises in her stall; For plessant sleep they moo their thanks Then shake themselves, and lick their flanks; And al', a tip-toe, silent wait To hear the hired man at the gate-To hear him move the sliding bar That lead to where the turaips are. The handsome galding pricks an ear-He knows that seeding time is near; He knows that morn is aircost here.

The most cheerful sound of woman's voice rings in the retrain-of-

Suppor's Ready ! The horses halt and slack their traces, The horses hait and slack their traces, The weary workers lift their heads, Light is on the hired men's faces As thro' the fields the anthem spreads; The brown faced girl love is standing Tip-toed on the kitchen landing; She cannot cry nor ca'l in vain, Her sounding voice rings down the lane-"Supper's ready 1

When he touckes sacred subjects we have some of his truest notes, as in "The Old Hymn", "The Children's Country", "John Wesley", "The Ass's Colt," "The Samaphores of God", "The Gold of God", "Just Two Friends". For vigor and brevity take the following : Saul.

With blood upon my fingers and upon my brow frown, I wiped my knife and took my way'te old Damascu

The Sainis of God all terror struck bene went down I trod on angels all the way to old Damascus town All Hell came forth applauding as I went marching To stone to death cute in old Dam

town.

I fell! and God stood o'er me : His hand had pu ght they'll wait in vain for me in old Dama

the bivalve.-Boston Transcript.

Arg

Art



DELAY MEANS DEATH. One Dose Relieves-A faw Bottles Alway

Cure "For ten years I have sufficient greatly from heart sease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and nothering spells have made my life miserable, then dropsy set in my physician said I must pre-ree my family for the worst. All this time I had Far my imany every Heart Cure advertuce. resort, I tried it, and think of my jyy w ived great relief from one dose. One ed my dropsy, and brought me out of be bottles have completely cared my hear are troubles with any heart affection, s wheth a trouble of the strength of I k as I wa

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