The new bridge indeed proved to have been badly built, and had to be demolished, while the old one seems like a natural rock

A runnin' stream they dare not cross. The Burns cottage is a sort of wayside in

but well preserved and containing severa

but well preserved and containing several relies. The kirk yard, and once witch haunted kirk of Alloway, is within a few minutes' walk—a roofless and overgrown ruin, but with walls still firm. The stones at the graves of the poet's father, mother and youngest sister still stand with legible inscriptions. Burns was buried at Dumfries, where he died. All the region is redolent of poetry. It is wildly beautiful in itself, and dear to the sentimental for its associations. Over the poet's remains rises a small but beautiful

the poet's remains rises a small but beautiful mausoleum, and on the tablet are his striking

mausoleum, and of the capte are in satisfied and appropriate words, written on his first appearance as an author:

"The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw-her inspiring mantle over me."

Bly and Bisland.

The time is drawing near when Nell of The World, and Miss Elizabeth Bisland, of The Cosmopolitan, who, some two months ago, started in opposite directions around the world, will return to New York Nellie Bly started eastward, crossing the Atlantic, while Miss Bisland went west,

tic, while Miss Bis-land went west,
and after reaching NELLIE BLY.
California took to the Pacific. There is co siderable interest, of course, to know whi will complete her journey first.
Miss Bly (Corcoran) is about 30 years

them in future literary work, making the both widely known to the public.

The Storm in St. Louis.

THE STORM'S PATH THROUGH ST. LOUIS.

922 MOUND STREET.

A Dignified Retort.

A little West End girl who was being soolded by her mother about something which she denied having done finally drew herself up with great dignity and remarked:

"Well, mamma, I know nothing whatever bout it and core less." Well, the work of the state of th

The time is drawing near when Nellie Bly,

RED LIVER: s: Strengthening

Portend. MONTREAL



WORLD.

xture. You will daughter is delidaughter is denand it will bring
your family are
eruptions of the
ourely vegetable
its composition.
you will be wise.
ER, No. 3 Tem-

STABLE Paid-up policy

POLICY ST

VESTMENT.

naging Director.

INDAS STREET

rge assortment o Sets, Water Cool-Waiters, Table Cas-Cake Baskets, le Castors, Biscuit Marmalade Jars, ter Dishes, Break-Castors, etc. arge variety Plush

Goods, suitable Xmas and New r's presents.

& CO.

ONT.

im was introduced the positive been fully tested, I causes the Langs or mucus; changes is the blood; heals rength to the digestiver to its proper late and satisfactory ressing cough in no opium in any child. There is no ng Balsam will pread lead to it, such as the Lungs, Allen's I Whooping Cough

Balsam

Each rusting bough.

Such is the Santiment of every true Scot in regard to the poet, for Robert Burns is the poet of Scotland to a degree and in a sense that no other one man is the poet of any other one land. If there is another it is Homer, whose great epic has in the popular mind overther the state of the productions of all other Greek



ROBERT BURNS.

poets. Yet Homer was not a Greek, unless in the sense that the white people of America are European, while Burns was thoroughly Scotch—in birth, feeling, sentiment and all the events of his life. It does not appear that he was ever out of Scotland, and, save very brief intervals, his whole life was spent to so, we all an area that the trayler may In so small an area that the traveler may easily visit all the scenes associated with his

naily visit all the scenes associated with his name in a single day. Moore is sometimes called Ireland's poet, yet if everything distinctively Irish were stricken from his works what a mass would be left! Strike the distinctively and em-phatically Scotch from Burns, and there is no poet left. Allan Ramsay may be named as his nearest rival in the peculiarly local and national line, while Walter Scott is con-fessedly more classical, but it is Burns that fessedly more classical, but it is Burns that is always Scotch, Burns that makes the world acquainted with Scotland, Burns that in his poems seems to breathe forth the very essence of Scotch feeling, whether of patriotism or superstition, local attachment or the tender passion. It almost seems that with a volume of his poems in hand one might find his way about the vicinity of Ayr without a guide and recognize at sight the "auld kirk," the bridges and every striking scene upon the Doon. fessedly more classical, but it is Burns that

On the 25th of January, 1759, he was born; On the 25th of January, 1730, he was born; on the 21st of July, 1796, he died—only thirty-seven years of life, and nearly all of that spent in rugged foil. In the summer of 1786 the first volume of his poems issued from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and sprang at once into such popularity that shrewd critics predicted a reaction; for it is a painful fact that, as a rule, the greatest works have grown slowly into public favor, while sudden and universal popularity is often a proof that the production is suited only to the time in which production is suited only to the time in which it appears, that its sparkle and humor please

it appears, that its sparkle and humor please because of their apt reference to passing events or harmony with the atmosphere of the day, and will evaporate as that atmosphere is changed. Not thus has it been with Burns. His genius was for all time.

A contemporary, Robert Heron, of the same locality, testifies that "old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike transported with the poems, and plowmen and maid servants gladly bestowed their hard earnings to procure the works of Burns," As the first edition was limited to 600 copies it was soon exhausted, and before Burns." As the first edition was limited to compose it was soon exhausted, and before a second could be issued, so great was the anxiety to obtain it that copies of many of the poems were made in manuscript and handed around from family to family. The volume, indeed, contained matter for all minds—for the lively and sarvastic, for the gay and the thoughtful, for the enthusiast and, above all, for the proper gratification of local pride.

The first edition was limited to course, and mysterious appearances around the old churchyards. A little later he produced which attracted wide attention and caused his society to be greatly sought by some persons of means and culture—a result which was highly beneficial in developing his conversational powers, but induced habits of conviviality and consequent trouble.

In 1781-83 he was in the depths of despondency. He took a small farm in conjunction

ust be admitted, however, that for this It must be admitted, however, that for this sudden popularity the poems were somewhat indebted to peculiarly favoring circumstances. There had long been a complete dearth of really Scotch writers, while of local lyrics there had practically been none, unless we except the works of Ferguson which appeared in a collected form in 1773. In Edinburgh theology and critical and metaphysical works



ROBERT BURNS BIRTHDAY.

WHY THE POET'S FAME GROWS
WITH THE LAPSE OF TIME.

Why Lives This Day in Fond Remembrance Now? Whence its Wide Spell
That Lights the Weary Brow?"—Jan.

25 the Anniversary of His Birth.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman who in foul or fair
Sings at his task,
So clear we know not if it is
The isverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask;
For now he hamns his mative land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plow.
He sits beside wery plow.
Each rustling bough.
Such is the sentiment of every true Scot in regard to the poet, for Robert Burns is the poet of Scotland to a degree and in a sense that no other one man is the poet of any other one land. If there is another it is Homer, 1500 individuals. Burns had given meloding that the sensitive and have been body built, and had to be demolished,

The laverock's song we hear, or his, Nor care to ask;
For now he hamns his mative land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plow.
Such is the sentiment of every true Scot in regard to the poet, for Robert Burns is the poet of Scotland to a degree and in a sense that no other one man is the poet of any other one land. If there is another it is Homer, 1500 individuals. Burns had given meloding the poet of have been body built, and had to be demolished,

A second edition soon appeared (April, 1787), and such was the enthusiasm that 2,800 copies were subscribed for in a few days by 1,500 individuals. Burns had given melodious form to a popular longing; middle class and rural Scotland had found a voice. To understand what followed it is necessary to briefly review the poet's life. Robert Burns was born at Alloway, near Ayr, Jan. 25, 1759, his father being a poor farmer, but a man of sterling worth and intelligence, eager to give his son as good an education as he could afford. It was purely English, except that he studied French for two weeks and took a short course in land surveying; but it was extremely thorough and practical in English. At the early age of eleven he was an acute critic in questions of grammar, and his earliest letters attest his proficiency. As son as boyish strength was sufficient he was put to hard farm work.

The most generous estimate does not credit the Burns family library with more than a dozen miscellaneous books, among which were Pope's and Allan Ramsay's works, The Spectator, a volume of English songs and some rather tedious histories. With these were some theological works one would think calculated to frighten a boy, but Robert read every one of them and apparently understood them. It was not till he was 23 years

thrown across the stream. About three miles from Ayr is the cottage in which Burns was born, and not far away are the old Alloway Kirk and the poetically famous bridge over the Doon. In its center the witches succeeded in tearing off the tail of Tam o' Shanter's mare, but he escaped, for

calculated to frighten a boy, but Robert read every one of them and apparently understood them. It was not till he was 23 years old that he had access to anything that might be called a general library, but "A poet was born and no Medusa could strike him dumb."

Poetry was in the air about him as well as struggling in his heart; love came and supplied the lacking element. At the age of 16 he composed the first poetry that he allowed any one else to read—a plaintive expression of a toiling farm boy's feelings towards a maiden—of which he afterwards wrote: "I was not —of which he afterwards wrote: "I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Latin and Greek; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the mooriands, he had no more scholar-craft than mysail." -of which he afterwards wrote: "I was not



BURNS' BIRTHPLACE.

From this time forward the lad enjoyed quite a local reputation, but his father was broken in health, Robert was the youngest of seven children, and life for him seemed to grow harder every year. Nevertheless he embraced every opportunity to store his mind with information, and was particularly eager to hear of the old Scottish heroes, but delighted most of all in the old women's stories of witches and warlocks, haunted gleus and crags, and mysterious appearances around the old churchyards. A little later he produced some lengthy pieces in the local dialect which attracted wide attention and caused his society to be greatly sought by some per-BURNS' BIRTHPLACE.

sons of means and culture—a result which was highly beneficial in developing his conversational powers, but induced habits of conviviality and consequent trouble.

In 1781-83 he was in the depths of despondency. He took a small farm'in conjunction with his brother, and lost the little he had invested. He cast about for methods of improving his fortunes, but failed in all. He was in love and could not marry. The parents of his loved one sternly forbade the union; the lovers met often, however, and the results were evil. Completely cast down, he resolved to leave his native land for Jamaica. resolved to leave his native land for Jamaica

resolved to leave his native land for Jamaica, and some of his sweetest, saddest poems were written while that intention remained. To procure the means of paying his passage he published the first edition of his poems—that of 1786, previously referred to—and its success changed the whole current of his life. He was on the point of embarking when he was invited to Edinburgh to attend to the issue of a second edition. In the capital he was "the lion of the hour." He associated with all who were emittent in letters, and with all who were emittent in letters, and with many eminent in rank, wealth and fashion, his conversation exciting as much admiration as his poetry. Unspoiled by flattery, he retained his independence of mind and love of rural life. The profits of his publication are reported to have reached 2600, and with this he took and stocked the farm of Elisland, near Dumfries, where he lovested in 1788 heaving rubility metidad, his farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he located in 1788, having publicly ratified his marriage with Jean Armour. Her-father was still obdurate, but the marriage would

marriage with Jean Armour. Her father was still obdurate, but the marriage would have been a legal, as it was a moral, obligation in any event.

Taeology, if that be the proper name for interminable disputes on the nature and destiny of the soul and God's dealing with man, had apparently dried up all the springs of poetry, and as to eschatology, one can but shudder at the mass of writings and their truly heart-breaking logic.

It must be borne in mind also that this first edition of Burns did not contain those bitter reflections on the polemic elergy or those semi-political reflections which later made him so many enemies. In the capital (and that set the fashion) the Scottish intellect had been for a century engaged in hammering out an awful creed, and attacking or defending it. One who has made a careful study of that era estimates that some ten thousand volumes, pamphiets and printed sermons appeared on such questions as whether the elect were but a handful or more out of many billious; whether illumination was of special divine grace or might be sought and induced by personal endeavor; whether God foreknew only because he flad foreordained or beausactoreknayledge washing the father as the manifined or beausactoreknayledge washing the father as the marriage with Jean Armour. Her father was still obdurate, but the marriage, would have been a legal, as it was a moral, obligation in any event.

Again he failed as a farmer, and in less than four years located in Dumfries. He had been appointed an exciseman, and, though the salary never exceeded £70 per year, it was his sole support. About this time he wrote those political effections which such that he along the productions in which some bitterness of feeling is shown. His last prevented him of the grow will be exceeded him of the wealthy and powerful, and prevented his receiving promotion in the exciseman, and, though the salary never exceeded £70 per year, it was a farmer, and in less than four years located in humfries. He had been appointed an exciseman, and

### ATTENTION.

In buying your supplies here, there and everywhere, don't forget that

John Ferguson & Sons

are offering rare bargains from their immense stock of Fine Furniture suitable for the Xmas trade at wholesale for 80 days only. It is said that money is the root of all evil, therefore bring along the necessary and get some of the elegant goods we are offering at present, which means glad tidings in every home. You can't mistake the place with large plate glass fronts at

174 to 180 King Street, LONDON, ONT.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Prices moderate. Call and examine my work GEO. WYATT

No. 2 Market Square.

SPECIAL MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOMAS FIRTH & SONS,

NORFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,

CRUCIBLE CAST STEEL For Axes, Tools, Taps, Dies. SPRING STEEL, LOCOMOTIVE TIRES

Mild Cast Steel Castings.

CUTLERS TO HER MAJESTY.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS.

Is a GUARANTEE of the GENUINENESS of our Manufactures. Please see that this EXACT MARK is on each Blade.

JAMES HUTTON & CO., MONTREAL,

OAK TANNED

"EXTRA" Brand.

The J. C. McLaren Belting Co.

(Established 1856) MONTREAL and TORONTO.

Send for Illustrated List and Discounts.

## THE PAINT TRADE OF

One of our representatives will call upon you in a few days for

he purpose of securing your spring order.

Although raw materials have been steadily advancing in cost,

we are still keeping down prices.

We are of the opinion that the demand this year for our PURE PAINTS, COLORS, OILS and VARNISHES will far exceed that of any previous year, and we hope BY STRIVING STILL HARDER TO MAINTAIN AND UPHOLD THE WELL-KNOWN STANDARD OF OUR GOODS, and by keeping our prices within the range of the closest buyers, TO MAKE SALES COMPENSATE FOR SMALL

PROFITS. The system which we have adopted for the advertising of our goods, and for bringing them prominently before the consumer's notice, ARE BOUND TO MAKE IT IN YOUR INTEREST TO HANDLE THESE, THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR GOODS IN THE MARKET.

We ask you to withhold all contracts and orders for unknown and untried qualities of Paints until you have had an opportunity of noting OUR PRICES and of looking into what WE HAVE TO OFFER YOU.

COMPANY. JOHNSON WILLIAM

572 William Street, Montreal, Que.

# age, and for some time has been

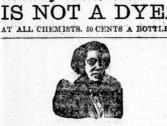
Are the Best,

some articles for The Cosmopolitan. She is 22. Both young ladies have point, and Workmanship. Point, and Workmanship. J. M. MACDONALD, WORKS BIRMINGHAM, - ENGLAND

Sold by the leading stationers.



FOR THE HAIR. Restores the Color, Beauty and Softness to Gray Hair, and IS NOT A DYE.



BRISTOL'S PILLS

> THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS



FINEST HAVANA FILLER No cigar in the market to equal it for 5 CENTS.

Atkins & Manness Opposite City Hall, Richmond St.

E. MORLEY,

C. EDWARDS

### C. McCALLUM & CO

Wholesale Druggists, 413 Richmond St., London,

Dealers in Oils, Lamp Chimneys, Burners, Wicks, etc Write for Quotations.

# CHILDREN'S CHAIRS

Carriage, Rocking, and Table Chair COMBINED. PRICE, \$8.

The Most Complete Chair Made. For Sale Only at the Large Retail Warerooms of the

## FURNITURE COMPANY,

184 to 198 King Street, London, Ont.



ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL BRANDS. BRENER BROS.' HAVANA CAT AND LA CO 5c, CIGAR.

Smoke Secret & English You Know 10 AND 15 CENT CIGARS.

Guaranteed clear Havana and hand-made. Names and trade mark
registered. None genuine unless bearing name. BRENER BROS., - LONDON, ONT

DUNNS