

VITA NUOVA.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted princess,
Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adven-
turer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and
thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unageing
heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials
clasped.

And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of
glad song,
I too have come through wintry terrors,

—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm
of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the
Spring,

And with regenerate hope, the salt of
life;

And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Vexed though his countenance, undivulged
his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness
forth

Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and
stream

And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string,
how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance

To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song
the world.

—William Watson, in the Spectator.

PORTRAIT OF A FRENCH POET.

Alfred de Musset, was slim and of mild
demeanor; he dressed with unusual care, and,
in fact, with a certain refinement. He

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very
well known to the citizens of Apple-
ton, Me., and neighborhood. He
says: "Eight years ago I was taken
sick, and suffered as no one but a
"dyspeptic can. I then began tak-
"ing August Flower. At that time
"I was a great sufferer. Every-
"thing I ate distressed me so that I
"had to throw it up. Then in a
"few moments that horrid distress
"would come on and I would have
"to eat and suffer
"again. I took a
"little of your med-
"icine, and felt much
"better, and after
"taking a little more
"August Flower my
"Dyspepsia disap-
"peared, and since that time I
"have never had the first sign of it.
"I can eat anything without the
"least fear of distress. I wish all
"that are afflicted with that terrible
"disease or the troubles caused by
"it would try August Flower, as I
"am satisfied there is no medicine
"equal to it."

wore (on the evening of the ball at which
the lady saw him) a bronze-green dress
coat with metal buttons. On his brown
silk vest there hung a gold chain. His
cambric shirt-front was fastened with two
onyx buttons. His light satin cravat
set off the pale tint of his countenance;
his white gloves showed the faultless
chiselling and the delicate form of his
hands. Special care seemed to have been
devoted to the dressing of his beautiful
blonde hair. Like Lord Byron, he knew
how to impart aristocratic grace to this
natural crown of an animated forehead.
Profuse locks curled around his temples and
hung down to his neck. The front hair
was of golden hue; what grew above it
had more the colour of auburn, and near
to the crown, where it was most luxuri-
ant, the shade varied between brown and
blonde. His beard was chestnut brown,
and his eyes almost black, which gave a
powerful, fiery expression to his physiog-
nomy. His nose was Grecian and his
mouth fresh, with handsome rows of white
teeth which became visible when he smil-
ed. On the whole, his face had an aris-
tocratic look.—Louise Colet.

AN HOUR WITH IRVING.

Henry Irving is a very busy man. To
have a whole hour of his society is, there-
fore, no small privilege, and he can man-
age to crowd into that hour enough pleas-
ant chat to fill up several hours for fu-
ture reminiscence in the mind of the visi-
tor. Mr. Irving's London residence is
just off Bond Street, Piccadilly. Here he
formerly had two or three unpretentious
chambers, but he now occupies the entire
house, a small one, so far as the number
of rooms goes, but large in the matter
of the size and luxury of those rooms.

He has souvenirs of the world's great
actors, and he has old curios and bric-a-
brac, each with its history. The hour
was spent in the study, which was in pic-
turesque disorder, with its litter of books
and manuscripts. Mr. Irving dislikes to
talk about himself, and seemed glad to dis-
cuss American friends instead. He spoke
of the enthusiasm of audiences in the New
World, and of the generous praise of the
American press. He was planning to take
a seaside holiday, and looked wearily at
the huge scrap baskets filled with letters
and papers he had not found time to
open. On the shelves were Shakespearian
books and rare old editions of the bard.

On the walls were pictures of great actors
of a past day, and in cabinets were relics
of priceless value of Mrs. Siddons, Garrick,
Edwin Forrest, the Kembles, Charles Mat-
thews, and dozens of others who have made
great names in the dramatic profession.

Presently the kettle began to boil on the
little spirit stove on the hearth, and a
lady present made tea. A maid servant
brought in some hot buttered crumpets
and cool, crisp water-cresses, with some
squares of cake and a dish of sweet
strawberry jam. A long writing table
was quickly converted into 5 o'clock tea
table, and the little company made merry
over the meal. Mr. Irving paid Mme.
Albani some compliments in courtly phras-
es in her absence. He praised Mme. Bern-
hardt and the French school of acting.
He spoke enthusiastically of the elder Mat-
thews, and said that there had never been
another quite like him. Mr. Irving dress-
es always in faultless taste, a charm in
man as well as in woman. He wears a
very handsome fob chain, which is orna-
mented with a very valuable old seal,
the gift of "his friend, Toole," he remarks.
He never tires of telling tales of Toole's
whimsicalities, his goodness, his love of
children. He talks, too, of the great
gifts of his fair stage comrade, Miss Ellen
Terry. Mr. Irving has great belief in the
popularity of "Becket," Lord Tennyson's
poetic play, in America, when he again
comes to these friendly shores next Octo-
ber, and certainly its run in London jus-
tifies such expectations.—N. Y. Recorder.

Our lives are as little barks storm-
tossed upon the great ocean of sin; but
the heavenly Pilot is ever waiting, ever
watchful to steer them safely into harbour.
—Mrs Ellis.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable,
causing distress after eating, sour stomach,
sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite,
a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated
tongue, and irregularity of
the bowels. Dyspepsia does
not get well of itself. It
requires careful attention,
and a remedy like Hood's

Distress After Eating
Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently.
It tones the stomach, regulates the diges-
tion, creates a good ap-
petite, banishes headache,
and refreshes the mind. **Sick Headache**

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I
had but little appetite, and what I did eat
distressed me, or did me
little good. After eating I
would have a faint or tired,
all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten
anything. My trouble was aggravated by
my business, painting. Last
spring I took Hood's Sar-
saparilla, which did me an
immense amount of good. It gave me an
appetite, and my food relished and satisfied
the craving I had previously experienced."

Heart-burn
Sour Stomach
GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

A large three-seated wagon weighing
2,500 pounds was to be seen running
about Chicago's streets the other day.
"Well, I never," the women exclaimed
as they stopped on the sidewalk to watch
its graceful movements. No horse was at-
tached to it, but a two-horse power elec-
tric motor energized from a storage bat-
tery made it go as the man on the front
seat willed. The battery attachment
weighed 850 pounds and stored enough
electric power to run the wagon thirty
miles. Horses are already back numbers
on street cars, is their usefulness, to be
still further limited?

The application of photography to as-
tronomy has been productive of especially
noteworthy results in the discovery of
the small bodies which move in orbits be-
tween those of Mars and Jupiter. From
the observation of the first of these,
Ceres, in 1801, until the end of 1891, 321
had been discovered by the laborious
method of eye observation. Then photo-
graphy was brought into this service,
and within the last fifteen months no
fewer than forty-four of these celestial
bodies have been found. Six were found
by Professor Charlois of Nice in the first
week of March.—New York Sun.

ST. LEON SPRINGS.

Thousands of Canadian and American tour-
ists visit these springs annually to drink and
bathe in their miraculous healing waters.
Perhaps you have not the time nor means to
enjoy this luxury. Yet for a small trifle you
can obtain this water at home. It is sold all
over the Dominion and the principal cities of
the United States by druggists, grocers and
hotels. Hotel opens 15th June.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—The top of my head was
bald for several years. I used MINARD'S
LINIMENT, and now have as good a
growth of hair as I ever had.

Mrs. Albert McKay.

Wheatly River, P. E. I.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT
freely on my head and now have a good
head of hair after having been bald for
several years. It is the only hair restorer
I have ever found.

Mrs. C. Anderson.

Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.