PASTOR FELIX WRITES OF GEO. MARTIN, OF MONTREAL,

And Calls Him "One of Our Finest Masters of Romantic Verse"—A Criticism of "Mar-guerite, or the Isle of Demons"—His De-but Generously t'ostponed.

Ireland has been liberal in her contribu ion of manhood to Canada. It will never be forgotten that she gave us McGee, whose songs and speeches were emana-tions of a rich and noble life. Let it be liberal and accomplished scholars, and such earnest men, as John Reade and Nicholas Flood Davin, memorable also as poets; and that from her we have one of our truest masters of romantic verse, George Martin, of Montreal.

His name was early associated with that our genial and generous author to be the friend and associate of that select, austerely beautiful spirit, who lived among us un recognized; and it was his to depict him in phetic strain:

"Child-like, modest, reticent,
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets! and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along; a toil-worn man
Was seen—no more; the fire that ran
Electric through his veins, and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And kindled into song, no eye beheld."

When the existence of such devotion is questioned, let it be remembered that he was truly his friend, and gave the livelies proof of manly sympathy and disinterested esteem. For, let it be said to his praise, when the writer of "Saul" would publish the Boston edition of his poem, and was financially unable, our poet came forth with funds reserved for a similar purpose, and at the sacrifice of his own ambitions, thought to give his brother a triumph. Thus, doubtless, it happened that not till 1887 did his own volumet appear; though, as one writer has intimated, distrust of his own merits, and true reverence for the poetic art, which he rather longed than expected to magnify, may have contributed to the delay.

The principal piece in this volume is one of its author's most recent productions, and it is, on the whole, the best, as showing the art of the poet to the highest advantage. It is a romantic story, directly told, yet with such accessories of sentiment and description as only a true poet could invest it; a beautiful creation, woven out of early Canadian history and legend, wherein the scenery of an island-wilderness is associated with tyranic cruelty, the devotion of love,

The historical material is such as a poet might successfully elaborate. Marguerite, the niece of the early colonizing adventurer, Roberval, being after her evil fortune, re tired to a convent, recites her wrongs in the ears of a group of sympathizing nuns. She had accompanied her uncle on his westward voyage, and, by falling in love with Eugene Lamar, had incurred the resentment of one who though

When winds were laid

while he had his way, was a lion for rage and a serpent for malignity, being crossed by any; so that woe was the portion of whoever should set his bosom's in motion." The trembling girl was in the power of an implacable bully, who could devise for her no milder punishment than abandonment upon an inhospitable island in the Magdalene group, comfortably for a lonely female occupied by demons. The a bullet from the same malignant hand, as he swam after the boat in which Marguerite and her Norman nurse were being conveyed

After years of solitude, she was rescued by freed from one whose presence might well home-land be spared, and brought into co ontaminated nature, in her freshest and fairest moods. As she, or the poet, tells

'Twas midway in the month of June,
And rivilets with hisping rune,
And bowering trees of tender green,
And flowering shrubs their trunks between,
Entieed our steps till gloaming gray
Upon the pathless forest lay.

We loitered on the moss-clad rocks,
And listened to the sober caws
Of lonely rooks, and watched thick flocks
Of pigeons passing overhead;
Or where the scarlet grosbeak sped,
A winged fire, through clumps of pine
Sent classing looks of joy and wonden,
Blue violets and celandine,
And modest ferns that glanced from under
Gray-hooded boulders, seemed to say—
"O tarry, gentle folk."

For them careered the "chatterin

For them careered the "chattering el," and the partridge drummed in the woody deeps; for them the "yellow sands" spread toward the sea,

Strewn with innumerable shells, In whose pink whorls and breathing cells Beauty and wonder slept enshrined.

For them, again and again, The Mar encumbered dome
'Of heaven its thrilling story told,
'And Dian, lovely as of old,
Poured lavishly her pallid sheen
Upon that tranquil world of green,

\*Mr. Lighthall in a biographical note in his "Songs of the Great Dominton, speaks of this money as a loan, and says: "Saul turned out a financial loss," and that on the day when Heavysege's note fell due, "Martin took it in his hand and tore it to

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and that other world of dimpled blue that THE GIRL WHO FLIRTS.

apsed about their shores.

But the winter must come and they wer poorly sheltered and felt the miseries which their love must be tested.

It seemed but the work of a single night And all our fairy world was gone. 

remembered that she has also given us such But there they lit a rustic hearth with the nurse, sat by "to feed the bickerin tongues of fire"; so, with the gathered store of the summer, they banished frost and hunger, and even in their lonesom

Our cabin stood; a poor defe

desert had a home. The catastrophe came in the midst of of Heavysege; for it was the privilege of the second winter, when their stores, run ning low, Eugene went forth, like Hiawatha, to hunt-

His arquebuse on shoulder laid, And in his belt a shining blade;

verse as one who bore a burden of song and who had attained "to something like proved, and that the little child, Lua, who had been born to them would be made an orphan. Her forebodings, like those of Annie Arden, were too surely realized for, whether overwhelmed by the midnight storm or spirited away by demons, he never came, nor was trace of him eve The wretched women sought him, as best they could; but all in vain:

From ebb of day till noon of night, And onward till return of light, The signal horn Nanette and I Alternate blew; but for reply

during her oblivion her infant, Lua, sickened and died. Awakening, at last, she saw the little white form lying before her, and Nanette weeping and rocking herself to and fro; slowly she realized the baby was dead. A passage in the account of its passing, to my mind, is exquisite:

Rang — a silver bell,
A-tolling softly far away.
Softly tolling, faint and far,
When quiet as the morning star,
That cannot brook the glare of day,
And seeks the upper azure deep,
My Lua
Pure nestling of this sinful breast
Had struggled into gracious rest.

Then follows an account of the babe' entombment. Scott, in the Lord of the Isles, and the Ettrick Shepherd in The Queen's Wake, have given us descriptions of an ocean cavern, such as Staffa; and as distinct as is the grandeur of Scott in this characteristic passage of his, to my mind, at least, is the sculpturesque beauty of that describing the place wherein was laid the little Lua:

A cave there was of spacious bound,
Wherein no wave of human sound
Had ever rolled; imprisoned there,
Like a gray penitent at prayer,
Hour Silence wept, and from the lears
Embroidered hangings, fold on fold,
And silver tassels tinct with gold,
The fingering of the voiceless years
Had deftly wrought, and on the walls
In sumptuous breadths of foamy falls
The product of their genius hung.
From floor to ceiling, arched and high,
A counterfeited cloudy sky—
Smooth alabaster pillars sprung.
On either side might one espy
What seemed hushed oratories rare
Inviting sinful knees to prayer.
Into that chapel-like retreat,
Untrol before by human feet,
The wicker cot, wherein still lay
My Lua's uncorrupted clay,
We bore.

lonely female occupied by demons. The lover, pledged to her lot, narrowly escaped and beads of jet," and with her hollow to the shore. There they were at least a French vessel and taken back to her

Just as day began to fade
We parted from that fatal shore,
And long ere moon-rise many a mile
To northward loomed the Demon's Isl
Soon homeward bound, again I trod
My native soil, and thanked my God
That ne on me had deigned to smile.

Here only my tale.

Here ends my tale.
Surely, by his delicately-woven story, our poet has worthily inscribed her name those of the daughters of sorrow! Mr. Martin's is no new name; he is no untried aspirant, but has won a worthy place; and as appreciation of native letters increases among the Canadian people, his work will rise in their esteem and widen in their knowledge. He has long been a man of letters, and now lives in his "Autumn's ruddy prime," surrounded by friends, in his Montreal home. It may not be unfit to say that, pure and wholesome as his verse is his character and personality. His heartiness and genial humor promptly commend him, as well as his sympathies both deep and lively, expressed not only in his poems but in the intercourse of his

The poet's verse is brought out by the publishers in a form exceptionally elegant and beautiful; and is an evidence that Canada has no reason to contrast her bookmaking unfavorably either with England or PASTOR FELIX. the United States.

Cottager—I ordered two dozen eggs yesterday, Mr. Crackers, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty.
Mr. Crackers—Wa-al, you see, four of 'em was bad; an' I knewed you wouldn't keer fer 'em.—Puck.

to Cure Dyspepsia and Indigeston, don't keep K. B. C.,

HER "WINNING WAYS AND PLEAS-ANT SMILES,"

Compared with the Manner of the Prim Little Maiden Interested in Botany—Flirt-ing Merely Health, Fun and Happiness

I have read a great deal lately in the public prints about girls who flirt. Indeed, so much has been said on the subject that I feel it is time to come to the rescue and vindicate to the best of my ability a class of damsels who, in my opinion, are having rather a hard time of it, just now.

I don't mean to stand upon the platform and toss my cap vociferously in the air over the unprincipled little pirate who coasts about the peaceful fishing grounds of other girls, like a trim little French privateer, and steals all the fish her less dashing sister has laboriously hooked, just for the mere pleasure of getting the hard won prize away from her, even if she has ow it back in the water again.

No! For that sort of girl I have no ase, and here let me say-speaking in the light of a wisdom that comes from a wide experience of girls—that this genus is ex-ceedingly rare, and the sooner she follows the illustrious example of the dodo and becomes extinct, the better for herself and all mankind. She is a sort of libel on her charming sex, for the superficial observer, if he be very young, comes, sees and is conquered, gets badly bitten, and goes away howling that all women are alike and, if you please, he'd like to be a monk and live in a nice monastery, where he can go comfortably bare-footed, and never see a skirt except the one which drapes his own manly form, and is severely destitute of frills. The girl who flirts is a very The wife, after long watching, from her despair and grief, sank into a fever; and mentioned. She is the sunbeam of society, the queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls; to see her is to love her-for the time being-and to know her is to become her willing slave.

Were you ever, oh gentle reader, sud-denly landed in all the awful loneliness and awkwardness of your manhood in the midst of a roomful of strangers, either at a small evening party, or worse still, feeding time at a 5 o'clock tea? And if so, did not the well bred pause which ensued upon your entrance sound to your quivering nerves louder than the trumpet tongue of Fame? I trow that it sounded like the Anvil Chorus! And then perhaps you had managed to stumble blindly upon your hostess, bathed in flushes and confusion, and that astute dame led you graciously over to the side of a prim little white, with a pale blue sash and left you to

She was a very proper damsel, she of the blue sash and eyes to match, and she would have scorned to flirt, or in fact to do anything amusing. She stared coldly at you, and waited for you to begin the conversation, and when at length you did manage to break the ice with a remark upon the beauty of the hostess' plants, she answered peauty of the nostess plants, see answered primly "very beautiful indeed, botany is my favorite study." Shade of Fenelope and Cleopatra! of Helen and Charmian! and everybody else who was flirtations, and ing, and attractive. Look down upon us!! and cheer us under trials such

And then, oh fellow sufferers, to make contrast doubly strong, did you ever manage to slip away from that pink of pro-priety under the mean pretext of taking away her teacup and secure an introduction to the delightful piece of divinity with brown eyes and laughing mouth, sixting just inside the folding doors? Why the very smile with which she greeted you, warmed your frozen heart. The charming gesture with which she made room to you on the sofa beside her restored your self-esteem and the graceful good fellowship of her manner seemed to place you upo the footing of an o

She was doing her best to please you you knew that, and you were grateful for She gave you a delightful impression of having waited for you the whole unconsciously, and of having attained the nost good, now that you had met. In short she transformed an arid desert into a plossoming garden, at least for one poor helpless man and sent him home happy in-stead of miserable. Having done which surely she had fulfilled a mission by no means trivial, and yet no doubt her colorless and prim sister with botanical leanings would have stigmatized her as a senseless

After all what constitutes a flirt? In many cases a girl bubbling over with health, happiness and fun, a girl who loves to amuse and be amused, to please and be pleased, who, far from regarding every man as a possible lover or husband, merel looks upon him as a probable chum, a goo comrade, more attractive than a girl frie could possibly be, because he repre delightful possibilities in the shape of harm-less flirtation which shall mean nothing but fun on both sides, and in which no hearts will be broken. A girl who flirts meansoh it means everything that is sweet and charming, and makes the wheels of life run easily and the hours glide by on flying feet. Are the glasses all filled to the brim? Good! then—the girl who flirts—God

bless her! GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

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sult, and a more attractive inch advertise ment would be hard to find. A few dollar judiciously spent with the engraving department will often save a man ten times the amount in his advertising contracts.

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"The former came from the mother

"The former came from the mother country and the latter from the fatherland." -Ex.

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FREDERICTON

PARK ASSOCIATION.

17th and 18th September.

First Day

Entries close 8th September.

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PURSES, \$1,000. PURSES, \$1,000. WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, 0th and 11th September

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cries "Honk, honk, hor goose, and tears mix with the mistress be wise she we severe at this point to closhe be tender hearted and of water the chances are lanother girl laughing at and herself collapsing, spreads, and may end in swers to the Lower Sixth rocking and whooping tog week of warm weather, trenades per diem, a heavy enades per diem, a heavy meal in the middle of th

Be kind, dear love, and never sa But always when we're part

For if, indeed, it be but little sp.
Before our parted steps again
Twill cheat the hours to haste to
It Memory linger still on thou

Or should our feet diverge throu And dreary nights, the changi The flinty sharpness of our lone Will somewhat smooth, while

PRIVATE SIL

Hurrah! hurrah! a soldier's life Shout, boys, shout! for it make —7

People who have seen the quaintest spectacles is an outbreak of hysterics

It starts without warning

hot afternoon, among the girl giggles till the giggle trol. Then she throws cries "Honk, honk, hor

hall my lips forget to frame a

meal in the middle of the amount of nagging from a few other things, some effects can be secured. What folks say who have!

Now the mother supe and the colonel of a Britiment would be justly shooparison being made betwive charges. But it is certain circumstances. The worked up into dihysteria. He does not whis trouble unmistakably quences get into the nethe good and virtuous p know a Martini from a Saway the brute's ammuni away the brute's ammuni Thomas isn't a brute, which is to look after the demands that he shall have to his hand.

That is the prologue.
Corporal Slane was er ried to Miss Jhansi Mctory is well known in the elsewhere. He had sectleave, and, being popule every arrangement had be the wedding what Priva "eeklar" It fell in the weather, and after the veether. "eeklar" It fell in the weather, and after the v going up to the Hills wit the less, Slane's grieva affair would be only wedding, and he felt that that was meager. Miss care so much. The shelping her to make her she was very busy. Slat the only moderately contours was also because it is not seen to be a support of the seen was seen to be a support of the seen was seen was seen to be a support of the seen was seen was seen was seen to be a support of the seen was seen

in the morning, and for they could lie down on smoke canteen they could lie down on smoke canteen plug s punkah coolies. They flesh meal in the middle then threw themselves de and sweated and slept enough to go out with whose vocabulary conta hundred words, and

hundred words, and whose views on every co they had heard many mo There was the cantee there was the temperar second-hand papers in it profession cannot read day in a temperature of degrees in the shade, sines to 103 degrees at the men, even though to of flat, stale, muddy been their cots, can continu their cots, can continu hours a day. One man and nearly the whole re funeral, because it gave do. It was too early to

do. It was too early to citement of fever or c could only wait and w watch the shadow of the across the blinding whit a gay life.

They lodged about could be across to too hot for any sort of too hot for vice—and in the evening, and filled to the short of the sort of th in the evening, and fillet effor with the health provided for them, as stoked, the less exercise more explosive they grepers began to wear awa brooding over insults, They had nothing else tone of the "repartees" stead of saying light hea your sillyface in," mer polite, and hinted tha were not big enough their enemy, and that it space for one of the twis not polite to mention. It may have been the the thing, but the fat Losson had for a long t Simmons in an aimless occupation. The two side by side, and would long afternoon swearing Simmons was afraid of not challenge him to a over the words in the half the hate he felt vented on the wretched Losson bought a pair Few children can be induced.

Few children can be induce a struggle, and no wonder tremely nauseating. Ayer's being sugar-coated, are eag title ones, and are, therefore medicine.—Advt.