

## Notches on The Stick

Was there some latent trace in memory, when Matthew Arnold wrote the following stanza, of an earlier poet's words much in the same spirit? They are not altogether dissimilar, though Arnold's are sanner, sweeter, and less darkly woven:

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
Tearless, when of my death he hears.  
Let those who will, if any, weep!

There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind  
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Nor bring to see me cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll  
Of the poor slumber bound for death,  
His brother doctor of the soul,  
To canvas with official breath

The future and its viewless things—  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dew of morn  
The wild aerial landscape spread—  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Thus feeling, gazing night I grow  
Composed, refresh'd, ensouled, clear;  
Torn willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

So fulfilling Wordsworth's wish for the  
aged innocent who once wandered over  
the hills of Cumberland,—

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
In the eye of Nature let him die;

prizing maybe more a final look at what  
he "ne'er might see again;" though, by  
that time, perhaps, the night may have  
fallen, or by the darkening of the brain the  
landscape be shut out, while

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

But earlier Byron, in the poem to  
Thyrsis, entitled "Euhannasia:"

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:  
No maiden, with dishevel'd hair,  
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near:  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its last-end power  
In her who lives, and him who dies.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;  
And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Decieve in life, unma in death.

Then let me be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a moan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

Alas, but to die and go, alas!  
Where all have gone and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the years three hours have seen,  
Count o'er the days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

The opiate of oblivion—the sponge nar-  
cotic that The Cross refused; a lonely  
death-bed; tears forbidden and love re-  
pulsed, friendship a suspected thing! Surely  
this must have been written in a  
gloomy mood and a shadowy hour. Give  
me rather another scene sacred in English  
poetry:

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires.

Only what we live we know. Alas! had  
Byron never an example of true womanly  
character and true womanly devotion? He  
had too many on the contrary. But we  
have in memory the picture of a wife, with  
breaking heart, but calm pale face, sitting  
beside her dying husband, with all patience  
and trust and restraint of self, till all was  
over that could distress him; then—and  
only then—breaking into a storm of irre-  
pressible sorrow. Such a gift to man has  
the steadfastness of nature, with the stead-  
fastness of God.

The poetic wish of each poet was mes-  
sarily fulfilled in the manner of his de-  
parture. As to Byron, we recall that last  
scene at fever-stricken Missolonghi, where  
the servant Fletcher, alone caught his  
semi-delirious words. Matthew Arnold  
had no time for ministry of nurse or physi-  
cian, or benefit of clergy,—save as that  
morning he had waited on the words of  
Ian MacLaren at Liverpool, and had been  
unusually impressed by the singing of one  
of the noblest strains in all hymnody, be-  
ginning—

When I behold the wondrous cross.

Then, after dinner,—if we have the cir-  
cumstance correctly in mind,—he went out  
for one more look at earth and sky. It

## Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents diges-  
tion and permits food to ferment and putrify in  
the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

## Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and  
if not relieved, bilious fever  
or blood poisoning. Hood's  
Pills stimulate the stomach,  
rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, con-  
stipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.  
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

was his last. The summons came to him,  
if with less sharpness, with more urgency,  
than to his illustrious and noble father;  
for

With no drops of fiery pain,  
No cold gradations of decay  
Death broke at once the vital chain  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

How different from all this, the strain of  
the old hymnody, referred to above, fami-  
liar to our youth, and the solace to our  
age! There resound the lost notes of  
faith and rapture. We can, hearing again  
the triumphant voices of the past rising on  
some soft wind of memory, drop the cark  
and care, and the grim recurring doubts  
we all must combat, and sit for a while in  
Reulah's sunny quiet. Here is our favorite  
song and ideal of the closing scene:

When anxious cares would break my rest  
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O when that last conflict o'er,  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!

How different, too, the spirit and atti-  
tude of England's last great Christian poet  
and philosopher, in the face of the solemn-  
izing presences of Nature and Death! He  
walks out after a great storm of rain,  
having heard that one of the great leaders  
of his country was dying, and thus he ex-  
presses himself:

Lo! is the vale—the voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty union of streams!  
O! all her voices, one!

Lo! is the vale!—this inland depth  
In peace is roaring like the sea:  
Yon star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain depress'd,  
The comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road.

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth  
To breathe: Nature's dark abyss;  
And when the mighty pass away,  
What is it more than this—

That man who is from God sent forth,  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

Byron was coeval with this muse, and  
scored it. But what would he have given  
at the last for Wordsworth's peaceful heart  
and quiet spirit? His latest medicinal song,  
compounded so as to be, as he averred that  
passionate poet's "aversion," has been  
balm to many a sick and jaded and wound-  
ed one of our time. "This won't do!" ex-  
claimed the critical dictator of his day; but,  
had he known it, nothing else would do!  
"O Francis Jeffrey!" writes W. J. Daw-  
son, in his "Quest and Vision," "had you  
but known it this man spoke the words  
that made for your peace and ours, he  
brought precisely what would do, the book  
bitter in the lips to critics like you, but  
sweet and healing to the soul of our vexed,  
tumultuous generation; the one medicine,  
the one message we most imperatively  
needed." He does indeed give to all who  
will heed him a sense of those things that  
the mad strife of this world never

Can utterly abolish or destroy.

While we see him stand, priest and pro-  
phet of Helvellyn,—

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which  
brought us hither;  
We in a moment travel thither—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The name Wilson has been honored, if not  
so numerously as the name Smith, yet more  
frequently than most others, on either side  
the great sea. The name at once turns our  
thoughts to Scotland and to the doughty  
and magnificent "Christopher North," the  
lion of all the tribe. He will in many re-  
spects, physical and intellectual, still con-  
tinue to be the unique one. Some removes  
we find Alexander Wilson, the ornitholo-  
gist and poet, whose spoils and exploits are  
divided between the citizens of two hemi-  
spheres, where ever the English speech  
prevails; and John Mackay Wilson, author  
and editor of, "Tales of the Borders,"—  
pabulum for some of us in callow years.  
In England we find Henry Bristow Wilson,  
clergyman, author and educator; and

Horace Hayman Wilson, the Orientalist  
and scholar; with one honorable repre-  
sentative of the British soldiary, and a  
skilful writer on military and campaigning  
topics, Sir Robt. Thomas Wilson. But  
by far the longest list belongs to America;  
where we have, Henry Wilson, the dis-  
tinguished statesman, (though his original  
and actual name was Jeremiah Jones Col-  
bath); Robert Burns Wilson, artist and  
poet; William Wilson of Foughtkepsie,  
N. Y., journalist, publisher, and, in a  
small way, poet; Woodrow Wilson, a  
valuable worker in the educational field in  
the United States; with Sir Daniel Wilson,  
no less useful and honored, in the Do-  
minion of Canada,—archæologist, author,  
teacher, a man of books and of noble life.

Among the American writers of fiction  
appears the name of Mrs. Augusta Jane  
Wilson (Evans) whose "Inez," "Reulah,"  
"St. Elmo," and "Vashti," are familiar to  
readers of that kind. The family in this  
country has several representatives distin-  
guished in military life. The writer of a  
paragraph in The Home Journal point  
out that "there are four General Wilsons  
who are more or less in the public eye at  
present, and who are frequently 'much  
mixed,' as one of the quartette remarked  
recently. Three are authors, and three  
were born in the thirties, serving with dis-  
tinction in the Union armies during the  
civil war, and one in the Confederate ser-  
vice; William Lyne Wilson, President of  
Washington and Lee University, who was  
born in 1843, and was Postmaster-General  
in Cleveland's second administration. The  
others are James Grant Wilson, the friend  
and biographer of the poets Bryant  
and Halleck, and of General Grant; James  
Harrison Wilson, commanding the first  
Army Corps, stationed at Lexington,  
Kentucky; and John Moulder Wilson,  
chief of the Engineer Corps, and at pre-  
sent a member of the War Investigating  
Committee appointed by President Mc-  
Kinley." In addition to these we might  
mention James Wilson, one of the Signers  
of the Declaration of Independence; John  
Wilson, the vocalist, said to be the finest  
that ever came from Scotland to these  
shores, and only rivalled in popularity by  
the celebrated David Kennedy; and an-  
other John Wilson, born at Glasgow, but  
celebrated in this country as a printer at  
Cambridge, Mass. The list might per-  
haps be extended, but the foregoing in-  
cludes nearly all names of eminence.

M. de Chevillon in a poetic and unique  
ly critical review of Shelley in the Revue  
de Paris, makes the following excellent  
discriminations: "No vision of poet more  
acute than his, no retina more subtle and  
impressible. Objects that appear to  
our eye simple and immobile appear to  
him complex and moving; traversed by  
myriads of fugitive gleams and vibrations,  
always ready to dissolve, to be transfor-  
med and evaporate in the circumambient air.  
In the infinity of facts and aspects  
which the world presents, each artist, by  
an intuitive election, attaches himself to  
certain characteristics that correspond to  
his own personality. Wordsworth feels,  
more than anything else, the grave, the  
sedate, the thoughtful; Byron, what is vi-  
lent, savage, inhuman; Hugo, who under-  
stands everything, prefers the mysterious  
sombre, immeasurable; Leconte de Lisle,  
direct and simple energy, manifested by  
plastic grandeur, by simple rhythm, sure,  
processional, and almost fatal. Shelley  
inclines to the variable, the fugitive, the  
evanescent, the ripple of the wave, the  
glistering of the dew on delicate petals,  
uprolling of the clouds, the changing  
gleams of the ocean, and falling shadows  
of twilight; this is what remains of the vi-  
sible world when it has been volatilized by  
his ardent glances."

Few book-reviewers of the day are more  
worthy of attention than the Rev. Richard  
Putnam, who for years past has contributed  
to this department of the Home Journal,  
New York. He is never savage, never  
sour; is quick to perceive excellencies and  
point them out; gentle and candid in his  
dealings, especially with budding poets;  
and possessing a good general acquain-  
tance with literature. Of Charles G. D.

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Robert's "A Sister to Evangeline," he has  
recently said: this is a charming romance  
by the author of "The Forge in the Forest,"  
whose British North American nativity,  
like Gilbert Parker's always asserts itself,  
and whose pages, also like Mr. Parker's,  
cannot to the great delectation of readers,  
help revealing the poet at every turn.  
There is even a graceful little lyric, sweet-  
scented and glinting as the apple-orchard  
boughs whereof it speaks, on page 54;  
while the entire volume is laden with word-  
pictures, often exquisite in their simplicity  
and freshness, and suffused with an idyllic  
glamour that seems a part of the latter-day  
novelists just north of our border. Of course  
there is a great deal said of Grand Pre since  
the story deals almost exclusively with the  
exiling of the Acadians in 1755 and the in-  
evitable Blomidon (which appears to be the  
Parnassus of Canadian poets, judging from  
the fervor and frequency wherewith it is  
mentioned) gets generous mention; yet  
one more than pardons repeated references  
to the Nova Scotia headland when made  
with the grace and aptness that Mr.  
Roberts manifests. The book takes an  
autobiographical form, and one soon grows  
to like its supposed author, and, if not to  
adore after his manner, at least to admire  
and commiserate the lady of his heart with  
the pretty Norman-French name, Yvonne  
Lamourie. Other excellent portrayals of  
character are to be noted in Grul, the pro-  
phet of Grand Pre's woe (a very strong  
piece of work indeed); George Anderson,  
the rival of the hero of the tale, Paul  
Grande; Nicole, the blacksmith; Lieut.  
Shatto, the brave military fop, the two  
Yankee sea-captains; Marc Paul, Grande's  
cousin; the old would-be witch but kind-  
hearted granny, Mother Pêche.

The storm that with deadly violence swept  
the coasts of New England so recently left  
almost untouched the region of which  
Toronto is a centre. Our learned corres-  
pondent and poet in that city says: "Do  
you know it was all south and east of us  
here. We had a gentle snow-fall on the  
Saturday, of some three inches, and the  
weather cleared at 6 p. m. A glorious  
moonlight night followed, and Sunday—all  
day—as still as a breathless October  
day, and as bright and radiant as any day  
I ever saw. Meanwhile death and destruc-  
tion had their way east and south. . . .  
Last Sunday night we had a snow-fall of  
fifteen inches, one of the heaviest I ever  
saw here, but the weather was mild, and  
the snow as white and soft as swans-down.  
It struck the boles of the trees, and covered  
every branch and fence, and the land-  
scape was fairyland next day, and is still.  
All the trees in the Park and in the streets  
as though solid marble—their boles—  
so white. It seems like the snow-storms  
we used to have when I was a boy at Can-  
ada. My earliest impressions perhaps, of  
beauty,—a real warm emotion that lingered  
lovingly with me,—was given by the  
sculptured snow-dribs, and the feathery  
sky-work in its virgin purity. These, and  
the play of light and shadow, and the wav-  
ing motion of the grasses, are my earliest  
consciousness of poetic emotion."

The geniuses of the whole earth exploit  
themselves in America. The latest who  
promises a visit is Jehan Rictus, of Paris,  
known as "the Poet of the Submerged  
Tenth." Excessive length of hair and a  
dialke of mere notoriety are mentioned as  
prominent characteristics.

The maker of the last batch of days puts  
in less east and more shortening.  
PASTOR FELIX.

**KIPLING AND THE ELEPHANT.**

An American's Story of the "Englishman's  
Kindness to a Sick Stranger."

One afternoon we went together to the  
Zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears  
were assailed by the most melancholy  
sounding I have ever heard, a complaining,  
fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding  
from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr.  
Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the  
time; we don't know what to do with him,"  
was the answer.

Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in  
the direction of the lament, which was  
growing louder and more pitiful. I fol-  
lowed and saw him go up close to the  
cage, where stood an elephant with sadly  
drooped ears and trunk. He was crying  
actual tears at the same time that he  
mourned his lot most audibly. In another  
moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the  
bars, and I heard him speak to the sick  
beast in a language that may have been  
elephantese, but certainly was not Eng-  
lish. Instantly the whining stopped, the  
ears were lifted, the monster turned  
his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his  
visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling  
began to caress it, still speaking in the  
same soothing tone and in words unintel-  
ligible to me, at least. After a few minutes  
the beast began to answer in a much lower  
tone of voice, and evidently recounted his  
woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying  
poor health," like to confide their symptoms  
of sympathizing listeners as much as do  
some human invalids. Certain it was that  
Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on  
a conversation with the result that the  
elephant found his spirits much cheered  
and improved. The whine went out of his  
voice. He forgot that he was much to be  
pitied; he began to exchange experiences  
with his friend, and he was quite uncon-  
scious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused  
and interested crowd collecting about the  
cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling  
found himself and his elephant the observ-  
ed of all observers and beat a hasty retreat  
leaving behind him a very different creature  
from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat anything you ever  
saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as  
the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful  
good-bye to the back of his vanishing visi-  
tor, and I agreed with him that I did.

"What language were you talking to that  
elephant?" I asked when I overtook my  
friend.

"Language? What do you mean?" he  
answered with a laugh.

"Are you a mough?" I persisted, "and  
can you talk to all those beasts in their  
own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply.  
—The Argonaut.

Obeys Orders.

Some years ago during a severe engage-  
ment an officer in command of a company  
observed a British soldier distinguishing  
himself in a most remarkable way, and at  
last saw him fall, severely wounded. He  
was immediately rescued and hurried to  
the rear, and the officer sent an orderly  
to ascertain the man's condition. The  
messenger returned with the sad news that  
the wounded man was dying. The officer  
at once despatched the orderly with in-  
structions that great care should be taken  
of such a brave fellow and that he must not  
die. When the wounded soldier heard the  
latter remark, he turned to the orderly and  
feebly said—"Give my respects to my  
officer, and tell him I will obey orders. If  
he says I must not die, then I will not die."  
Nor did he; and to-day he is one of the  
proud officers who have risen from the  
ranks.

## HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make  
a Halifax lady's life miserable.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.**

It would be well if every lady in Canada  
understood that pain in the back and  
backache were nothing more nor less than  
a cry of the disordered kidneys for help.  
Hundreds of ladies have found Doan's  
Kidney Pills a blessing, giving them relief  
from all their suffering and sickness.

Among those who prize them highly  
is Mrs. Stephen Stanley, 8 Cornwallis St.,  
Halifax, N.S. She says that she was  
troubled with a weakness and pain across  
the small of her back, which was so intense  
at times that she could hardly stoop.

Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills she got  
a box, and is thankful to say that they  
completely removed the pain from her  
back and gave tone and vigor to her  
entire system. Mrs. Stanley also added  
that her husband had suffered from kidney  
derangement, but one box of Doan's  
Kidney Pills completely cured him.

No one afflicted with Backache, Lame Back,  
Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes,  
Dropsy, Gravel, or any kidney or urinary  
trouble need despair. Doan's Kidney Pills  
cure every time—cure when every other  
remedy fails. Price 50c a box, or a for \$1.00  
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