

## Notches on The Stick

We are afloat and drifting down river with wind and tide—but not at all merrily—beyond the little citadel of the heart, called home, on yonder hill, and out of sight of turret and spire, familiar trees and walls, and the figures on the wharf from which our steamer has just parted. Would that the stream whose willing currents bear us from these things could separate also from the cares and anxieties from which we are never wholly alienated. But there is some cheerfulness to the eye that is not jaundiced, in a scene so fair as the one under this grayish November sky; and there is no better mode of travelling than steam-boating, especially on a river so circuitous as this, where every moment some new phase of a charmingly-varied landscape is presented to the gaze. Six weeks ago, when my present companion came up stream, the banks were bewitched with color; at every turn in the river the woody bluffs were clad in livery of sunset skies. Now all is "ashen and sober." The clouds, with here and there a gleam of angry sunlight, betoken the storm that will surely come to-morrow.

We stand in reverie, the white-walled church on the green plateau of Winterport, and the red "stand pipe" on the hill beyond, still filling our vision,—when the shrill screaming whistle awakens us to notice the up-river boat go sweeping past us with the double celerity imparted by her motion and our own. There is the cheery Hail! and the waving of handkerchiefs, as we pass. And now Bucksport opens out before us, when we have swept the circle of the stream and doubled yonder point where the pines cluster and the tannery lifts its smoky column from its single tall chimney, and emits its hissing steam. Yonder is Oak Hill, and the bare red brick Seminary buildings standing aloof, where not long ago our friend, Dr. Chase, presided so faithfully. Heaven alone knows the wise and kindly things that have been done by him in secret, and Heaven has now rewarded him. He was worthy of a wider sphere and of more conspicuous service. The Narrows and the grey walls of Fort Knox are behind us, and the river widens into the bay.

Seasport and Belfast behind, we regard the granite front of Meganticook with the hotel and observatory on its summit and the dwellings of Camden nestling cozily at its foot. The sound of mallet and hammer rings out from the ship-yard, where we survey in process of construction what is declared to be the largest ship in the world. How fine would this maritime mammoth appear this evening complete square-rigged, "walking the waters like a thing of life!"

Dusk has fallen; the vine that climbs the central pillar of the saloon has blossomed into fire, before we draw up to the pier at Rockland. Here last evening Bishop Fowler made Abraham Lincoln seem illustrious as a demigod, while a delightful audience listened and wondered. And now the city lights are spread out behind us; proudly we take our evening march round the rugged Owl's Head and claim the open sea. The light tower flashes an adieu. Later we leave our book and the overheated saloon brightly lighted, for the semi-obscurity of the deck. The air is soft and almost summer warm. A white glimmer lies behind us. Distant lonely lights upon the shore—distant lonely lights upon the sea. A long meteoric flash seems to come out of the wave far beyond, then pales and contracts and flourishes again. It is a friendly warning that in the sailors' behoof is being heeded. We lean over the rail and listen to the voices of the sea. An elfin whisper seems to say: "Come down, hither; your kinsmen have come before you."

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yes, your own brother." We shudder and turn away, resigned to darkness and the deep.

Dr. William V. Kelley is one of the most graceful of writers in the editorial field. His style is delightfully clear yet aesthetically rich, and he gives his readers some of the most helpful interpretive articles on the great masters of song. In his paper on the Devotional Prose of Christina Rossetti, we find the following words: "Christina Rossetti inherited in an exceptional degree the artist temperament; romance, melody, and exquisite delight in beauty were born in her, and rippled through her veins with her Italian blood. But this affluent and efflorescent nature was chastened and spiritualized; every imagination brought into subjection to Christ and dedicated to His service. Keenly alive and enamored as she was of all beautiful things in the world, she had learned that nothing else is half so lovely, as are, the hands that have worked the works of Christ, the feet which tread in His footsteps have gone about doing good, the lips that have spread abroad His name, and the lives that have been counted loss for Him." Successive bereavements brought her to know the feeling of those who are oppressed with a sense of the transitoriness of life and who can find at times no glory in the sky nor music in the murmur of the breeze, because everything on earth is visibly passing away, while at such times the peace of an unreach and unseen heaven seemed placed too high; and sometimes in moments of depression and physical weakness her thoughts of death take on a sombre and repulsive realism. Yet she bore her sorrows, and prolonged suffering as well, with submissive patience, sustained by the conviction that God's angel, Death, would release her from pain and admit her to a state of ineffable blessedness. Her life was pure, sweet, and gracious, so that a London journal could say: "Her noblest books were those books without words which she lived; in like manner as she herself wrote: 'My mother's life, is a far more forcible comment on the commandments than are any words of mine.'"

Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the N. Y. Christian Advocate, is ex-cathedra in his pronouncement upon the latest work of Hall Caine. He says of "The Christian," in a late editorial: "The book which was dramatized to produce this play has had quite a run, principally among persons who are not competent judges of style, and largely among those who thought the book had a religious aim. It is a coarse composition, furnishing abundant evidence that the author has never seen any experience of genuine, unaffected, rational, yet fervent, piety, or if he had, that he had not the spiritual discrimination to recognize it. It contains some passages as low in their implication as those which abound in the books to prevent the circulation of which, the laws against obscene publications were enacted. The book is glaringly inconsistent with human nature, adapted to confuse the weak, stimulate the immoral in a wrong direction, and can only please in proportion to the ignorance or superficiality of the reader with respect to the reflex influence of circumstances, both on normal and abnormal human beings. . . . One of the best signs of the condition of literary criticism is that both in England and America the vast majority of the critics have from the beginning condemned the book, while the bulk of indiscriminately commendatory notes have been all the marks of paid puff." The trouble with this medicine, as it seems to us, is that it is an over-dose; or, to change the figure, the critic has gone "every step of the way" and a step over. We are willing to concede the faultiness of the book, both from an ethical and a literary standpoint; but to say it is not a book of much force, and of power passionately displayed, is to risk a critic's reputation for good judgment. The book is fanatically keyed at a pitch no sober mind can approve or enjoy, and it is anything but a book of wholesome teaching; but it is a vital and powerful work for all that, and it is its power, and no puffing, which has made it take hold, as it has done, on

the public. But we enjoy Hall Caine far better in passages than we do in the whole effect of his work."

Sir James M. LeMoine writes in respect of one who must certainly win the good wishes of all who know him, or know of him: "My dear old friend, Kirby, is now in his eightieth year. A letter from him yesterday advises me that the genial author of the 'Golden Dog' is confined to his bed by rheumatism. He is a man one cannot know without feeling a sympathetic chord vibrate in one's breast." O! William Kirby, poet, novelist and historian, as a marked and representative Canadian character, of Loyalist stock and of strong British sympathies, all the younger portion at least of our citizens should know. He came of an old Yorkshire family, the Kirbys of Kirby Wiske, the fortunes of whom in their transplanted relations he pictures in his "Idyle." A branch of the house existed in Virginia at the time of the Revolution, where they were dispossessed, and true to their Loyalist principles, returned to England. He was born at Kingston-Upon-Hall, England, Oct. 13, 1817; his mother belonging to a family, Watson by name, of that town. The removal of his family identified his rising life with the fortunes of Canada, to which country he has devoted a career of much honor. A part of his early education was obtained in the United States under a Scotch teacher, Alexander Kinnmont, at Cincinnati, Ohio. After arriving at manhood he removed from Montreal to Niagara, Ont., which has been his life-long home, and where for twenty years he edited and published the Mail newspaper. He was appointed to the position of Collector of Customs at Niagara in July, 1871, and has been retained in that office till growing infirmity necessitated his retirement in 1895. Mr. Kirby has cultivated both the ornamental and the substantial in literature. He has fine taste and some imagination with no little enthusiasm. He has done much to illustrate and render attractive the annals of his adopted country. A writer in The Week declares that he has "no better pen, no more able writer;" and another, in the Mail and Empire, that "none of our writers have displayed greater powers in delineating native character than he." Of his published writings "The U. E." was the first, appearing in 1859. It is described as "an epic poem in Spenserian stanzas, which is valuable as a series of pictures of Loyalist personages and times." The work which ensured him popular reputation was "Le Chien d'Or" [The Golden Dog], a Legend of Quebec, which appeared in New York and Montreal in 1877; and which was suggested by one of Sir James LeMoine's historical monographs. This work,—the history of which has been given by Mr. W. D. Lighthall's graphic pen, in a paper read before the Society of Canadian Literature in Montreal, in 1889,—has been republished in several English editions, and has been translated into French conjointly by the poets LeMay and Fréchet. On the appearance of this work the author received a letter of congratulation from Tennyson, declaring that few novels had given him a greater pleasure, and that he should like to write a poem on the subject. The subject is certainly romantic enough to have pleased the muse of Tennyson, but the poem was never written. Other works followed from Mr. Kirby's pen: "Memoirs of the Servos family," in 1884; "Canadian Idyls," 2nd Ed. 1894, containing some of his best poetry, and in which, according to John Talon Levesque, "he has celebrated in Wordsworthian verse the glories and goodness of the United Empire Loyalists;" "Pontiac," in 1887; "Annals of Niagara," in 1896; besides a number of pamphlets and miscellaneous pieces. He was married to an excellent lady, the only daughter of Mr. John Whitmore, Niagara, and granddaughter of a celebrated Loyalist, Captain Daniel Servos. Mr. Kirby was one of the original twenty members chosen by the Marquis of Lorne to constitute the English section of the Royal Society of Canada. He is a devout adherent of the Anglican Church, as to his religious mode; politically he is strongly Conservative, and a pronounced Imperial Federationist. He was for some years president of the Niagara Historical Society. He is an honest, earnest man, of upright

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A little interlude of song, from the pen of a lady well-known to our readers, formerly of Windsor, N. S., but now of New York City:

### Song

Joy came in youth as a humming bird,  
(Sing hey! for the honey and bloom of life!)  
And it made a home in my summer bower  
With the honey-suckle and the sweet pea flower  
(Sing hey! for the blossoms and sweets of life!)  
Joy came as a lark when the yew's had gone,  
(Ah! hush, hush still, for the dream is short!)  
And I gazed far up to the melting blue  
Where the rare song dropped like the golden dew  
(Ah! sweet is the song tho' the dream be short!)

Joy hovers now in a far-off mist,  
(The night draws on and the air breathes snow!)  
And I reach sometimes with a trembling hand  
To the red-tipped cloud of the joy-bird's land  
(Alas! for the days of the storm and snow!)

—Sophie M. Almon Hensley.

We are advised by Hon. Charles H. Collins, Hill'sboro, Ohio, of the death of his brother, William A. Collins, author of a volume of Laconian paragraphs, entitled, "At Long and Short Range," disclosing appreciation of many things, unusual insight into nature and human character, and a condensed and graphic style of expression. Mr. Collins writes: "My brother, (with whom you have had some correspondence,) died at Hotel Hamilton, Hagerstown, Md., on yesterday afternoon, Nov. 4th, 1898. He will be buried in Pittsburg, where he was for years a journalist. He was a great sufferer, and death doubtless came as a relief from prolonged agony. His wife was a daughter of Thomas L. Shields, a wealthy resident of the Servick Valley, near Pittsburg. He was a man of remarkable literary talents, and had a varied career. He was sixty-four years of age. . . . True affection remains among eternal things. Death, dreadful as it appears, is a wise Creator's remedy for the tired, worn and world-weary soul; and we, who know nothing, are forced to recognize the great fact. Knowing my brother's inner soul, his finely-drawn nature, his scorn of dishonor, his purity of heart, soul and mind, and when I remember his nineteen months of prolonged agony, his Spartan courage while all were helpless to aid, I cannot regret his death. It came as a relief from unpeppable torture. He would have accomplished more had he not struggled for years with so much bodily affliction and met with so much trouble. His wife, an accomplished lady, knows his varied career, as wonderful as romance, and she and her children alone can tell of that career. If she sends me any notices of his character and life I will send them to you, as I believe you formed a high opinion of him from his correspondence and from his published works. His last letter to me, of date Sept. 21st was pathetic in the extreme. There was no wail or cry, but I read his doom in the lines. It weighed upon me like an incubus, and I went to myself and along a road, a favorite walk, but could not shake it off. . . . I know men thoroughly, and no pride of family or egotism can blind me; and, so knowing men, I know that my brother was on a plane that was heaven-born,—the plane, instinctively given, which no education can give. Although younger than myself I felt always that he could easily reach heights that no labor on my part could approach. . . . I feel I must say

this much, when everywhere both earth and sky call up our many conversations, and the shadows of long years are always filled with our ravens, without mar or break; each emulous but for the other. His death changes nothing. As he was true to duty in life, so he will remain changeless in his whole noble nature, if, as we believe, souls are immortal." It gives us pensive pleasure to retrace these lines of true brotherly appreciation, and to say that we too had learned to appreciate the worth of their subject. Here we drop our tear of human sympathy upon the grave of William Ainslie Collins.

PASTOR FELIX.

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Hemm'g Him In.

He: "You know the old saying, that 'man proposes'—"

She: "The saying is old enough, but the experience is so new to me that I hasten to avail myself of the opportunity."

### "SOONER DIE THAN SUFFER"

Is the Pain-Racked Rheumatic's Wall—South American Rheumatic's Cure Nimbles the Swollen Stiff Joints—Gives New Life—New Hope—Cures Permanently.

J. H. Garret, of Liverpool, N. S., "I was a great sufferer for years from acute rheumatism. Was unable to walk or put my feet under me. I tried everything recommended, and was treated by best physicians, but relief was in vain. I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic cure. I procured a bottle; when half of it was taken I had great relief. A few bottles cured me. I claim to-day it is the only remedy that will cure rheumatism."

Inquirer: "I see it stated some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?"

Cynical: "Certainly—if you run away with the girl."

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