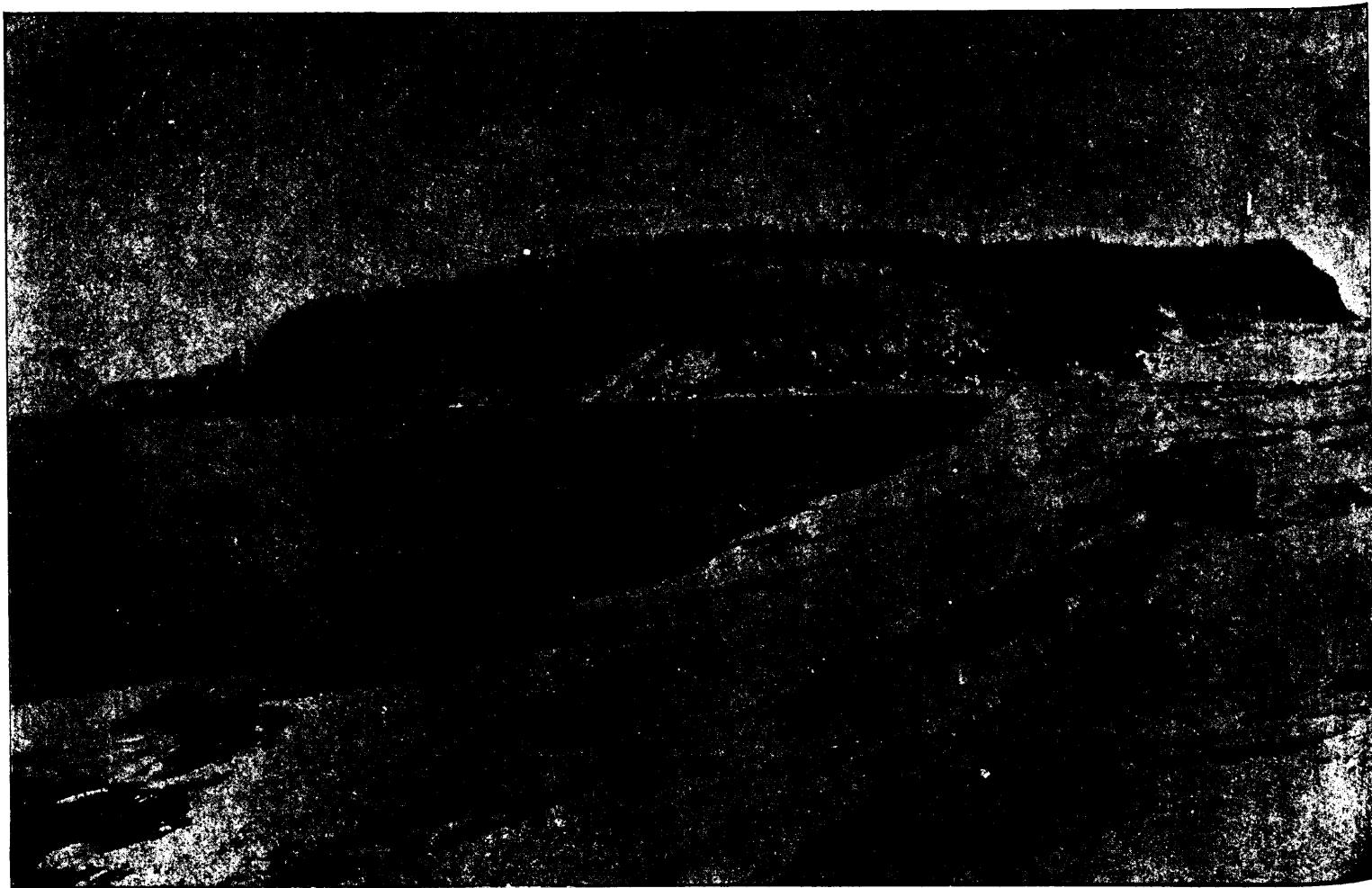




PARTRIDGE ISLAND, NEAR PARRSBORO, N.S.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES

One of the most striking peculiarities of Pope Leo XIII. is the convulsive tremour of his hands which one sees on meeting him. This is not a result of age, as is generally supposed, but the consequence of typhoid fever, from which he suffered at Perugia some twenty-five years ago. So great is this trembling that he can no longer write. When he has to sign a document he is obliged to hold the wrist of his right hand with his left hand in order to be able to trace letters that would otherwise be unreadable, and even then each stroke is an infinity of tiny, light zigzags.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, Ontario, has a charming article in a recent issue of the *Detroit Free Press* (London edition) on canoeing in Canada, and shows herself to be as skilful with the pen as the paddle. In addition to being a descriptive writer, Miss Johnson is a versifier, and the *Athenaeum*, in noticing a collection of Canadian songs, quoted with admirable comment a canoe song by Miss Johnson, "the cultivated daughter of an Indian chief, who is, on account of her descent, the most interesting English poetess now living." Miss Johnson is an enthusiastic lover of Canadian sports.

It is stated that during his passage to Liverpool Prince George of Greece had a very unpleasant time of it. There were over 150 American young ladies on board, and their attentions to the Prince became annoying and oppressive. Nearly all the young ladies had cameras for taking instantaneous photographs, and every time that the Prince appeared on deck over 100 cameras were levelled at him. Latterly the Prince held his hands to his face when he came on deck, but even this was not protection from the snap of the instantaneous photograph. During the latter part of the voyage he remained below.

De La Fontaine is not alone in the records as a literary genius of the first rank who was ill-favoured in his manners.

We have had the like in our own country. The accomplished Lord Chesterfield, for example, describes Addison as the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw; and Horace Walpole tells of the poet Gray: "He is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily. All his words are measured and chosen. His writings are admirable. He himself is not agreeable." Dugald Stewart gives much the same character of the celebrated Adam Smith.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

What Clark Russell is to the sea, Thomas Hardy is to the country. His novels have enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages, and his portraits of peasant life have been compared with justice to Shakespeare's. He has no use for the town, but lives entirely in the country, in a quaint house near Dorchester, built from his own design, for he was an architect before he became a novelist, and, being a magistrate, he has the advantage of studying the rustics from the point of vantage of the bench. The drive up to his door is studded with skulls taken from a neighbouring churchyard, and he does all his writing in a roomy garret, cut off entirely from the rest of the house, into which none but the elect are suffered to enter. Unlike Walter Besant, he is a firm believer in the inspiration theory, writing only when the composing fit is upon him. He makes something like £1,800 a year out of his novels, which are few and far between, and he has an independent fortune besides. In appearance he is a blonde-complexioned, pleasant-looking man, of small stature, with an Elizabethan beard, and acknowledges to nine and forty. He is of noble stock, being directly descended from the Hardy to whom the dying Nelson said, "Kiss me, Hardy," and is considered by some critics to be the greatest of living romancers.

An Anecdote of Kipling.

There is a funny story about Rudyard Kipling, who, it is said, is about to marry a pretty American widow from Pittsburgh. He works overmuch at his profession, and the other day was sent away by his physicians to take a little sea trip around the coast. The company was rather mixed and casual on board his ship, but one of his secrets of power is to fraternize and study at first hand all types of humanity. He became decidedly popular at the end of the first day out, and was invited to join some game in which the rules necessitated the giving of each player's name. "And what may be yours?" was demanded of the young author, who replied with becoming modesty that it was Rudyard Kipling, a statement greeted with derisive laughter. "That's a good one!" they cried; "you'll tell us you're William Shakespeare next," and from that moment he was called "Kipling," with a sarcastic emphasis meant to be withering, which filled him with delighted amusement.—*Illustrated American*.

The Highest Up Farmer.

E. J. Lawrence, Peace River, N.W.T., writes as follows to the *American Agriculturist*: "I am the most northern farmer in America, a thousand miles by dog-train in winter to reach the Government post office on the outskirts of northern civilization. Do not wonder if mails are slow and I do not get one-half my papers; some one gets them. Money is not known here. We have in spite of our latitude, fifty-nine north and the same longitude as Salt Lake city, one of the finest and most agreeable climates north of latitude forty. All common grains do well, wheat excellent. Vegetables are unsurpassed by anything I saw in the east. I weighed six field turnips last fall that turned the scale at one hundred and ten pounds. The heaviest was twenty-two and one-half pounds. It is not unusual that we can pick from the pile of potatoes fifty that would weigh 100 pounds. It is a splendid country for horse-ranching. Cyclones, blizzards and hail storms are not known. I have been here eleven years, with only one poor crop."