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TRAVELERS' REST, P.E.I., Dec. 15, '05.

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## The Late Dr. Drummond.

By Louis Frechette.

Dr. Drummond, the poet of the habitant, died April 6th at Cobalt, Ont. Drummond was the pathfinder of a new land of song, and, without instituting any invidious comparisons between his art and that of other Canadian poets, it may be said that he is better known outside of Canada, and especially in the United States, as "the Canadian poet" than any of his brilliant contemporaries. Not all his work is in the habitant dialect, and when he drops this vehicle, his lines rings out like Kipling's. In "Home" he makes Britain speak as a mother of her colonial sons.

Though not a native born Canadian, the late Dr. Drummond was educated and brought up in Canada and was in all essentials a son of the soil. Dr. Drummond is best known as interpreter of the Quebec habitant. His inspiration was at first hand from the so-called common people—the people who, like the so-called common sense, are anything but common, and whose lives and interests are thoroughly characteristic of their country and surroundings. Drummond's interpretation of the habitant was as different from the pedantic periods of the "library poet" as the graven image is from the living body. Personally he was a big man with a big heart and wide sympathies, and the poetry and pathos, the demure humor and the quaint courageousness of the French-Canadian touched a responsive chord in his nature. His literary work was a labor of love, a relaxation in the hours of a busy man, consequently he only wrote when he had something worth the telling. There was never any straining after effect—the poems were truth itself with no more embellishment than the lives of the people he wrote about, and who admired and loved him as the first writer who had made their race articulate to the English-reading world. In recent years he had many imitators but his work will live in Canadian literature, and in the wider sphere of English literature, as a poet of true genius and the interpreter of the life of a most interesting and picturesque people. He has made "The Last Portage" but his memory and his works will live among Canadians for all time.

### Selections from the Works of Dr. Drummond.

The following selections from some of the best known shorter poems of the late Dr. Drummond will be re-read with mournful interest at the present time. Here are a couple of the typical verses from "De Habitant":

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,  
Ma gran'fader, too, an' hees fader also;  
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't funny,  
For it's not easy get everything, you must know.

"All de same, dere is something they got ev'rybody,  
Dat's plaintee, good healt', wat de monee can't geev,  
So I'm working away dere, and happy for stay dere,  
On farm, by de reever, so long as I leev."

### WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

One of Dr. Drummond's best known poems—and one of the most popular, too—is "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," a legend of Lac St. Pierre: "On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of the wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scart and run below—  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,  
Eimby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore."

Then after telling the tale of the wreck, the habitant draws the moral: "Now, all good wood scow sailer man,  
Tak warning by dat storm,  
And go an' marry some nice French girl,  
An' leev on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak hurricane,  
An' s'pose she blow some more,  
You can't get drowned on Lac St. Pierre,  
So long you stay on shore."

### THE NILE EXPEDITION.

"Maxime Labelle" is a Canadian voyageur's account of the Nile expedition. He explains the reason Queen Victoria wanted Canadians to go down the Nile to the relief of Gordon.

"I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller, six foot tall,  
Dat's Englishman and Scotch also don't wear no pant at all;  
Of course de Irishman's the best, raise all de row he can,  
But nobody can pull batteau lak good Canadian man."

Dr. Drummond sketched the innate gallantry of the French-Canadian in his fine poem, "De Nice Leetle Canadienne."

"You can pass on de worl' we're ever you lak,  
Tak the steamboat for go Angleterre,  
Tak car on de State, an' den you come back,  
An' go all de place, I don't care—

Ma fren', dat's a fack, I know you will say,  
Wen you come on dis contree again,  
Dere's no girl can touch wat we say every day—  
De nice leetle Canadienne."

Then the poet of the habitant touches lightly on the French-Canadian tendency to large families—

"I marry ma fiancée wen I'm just twenty year,  
An' now we got fine familiee,  
Dat skip roun' de place lak little small deer,  
No smarter crowd you never see.

"An' I tink as I watch dem all chasin' about—  
Four boy and six girl, she mak ten,  
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,  
Of de nice leetle Canadienne"

### THE JUBILEE ODE.

In the "Habitant's Jubilee Ode" he touches the patriotic chord:

"An onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly,  
Wit' deir Englis brother, des Canayens is satisfy leev an' die,  
Dat's de message our fader geev us when dey've fallin' on Chateauguay,  
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den,  
dat's de wan we will kip alway!"

### THE VOYAGEUR.

"Ax heem de wort' win' wat he see  
Of de voyageur long ago,  
An' he'll say wat he say to me,  
So lissen hees story well.  
I see de track of hees botte sauvage  
On many a hill an' long portage  
Far, far away from hees own vil-lage,  
An' sound' of de parish bell.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,  
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant.'  
On de lan' we're de reindeer travel free,  
Ringin' out strong an' clear.  
Often de grey wolf sits before,  
De light is come from hees open door,  
An' caribou foller along de shore,  
De song of de voyageur.

### PRIDE.

Ma fader he spik to me long ago:  
"Alphonse, it is better go leetle slow,  
Don't put on de style if you can't afford,  
But satisfy be wit' your bed an' board.  
De bear wit' hees head too high away  
Know not'ing at all till de trap go smash,  
An' mooshrat dat's swimmin' so proud to-day  
Very often tomorrow is on de hash."

Edward de Seven of Angleterre  
An' few oder places beside,  
He's got de horse an' de carriage dere  
Whenever he want to ride.  
Wit' sojer in front to clear de way,  
Sojer behin' all dress so gay,  
Ev'ry wan makin' de grand salaam,  
An' plaintee of ban' playin' all de tam.

An' dere's de boss of United State,  
An' wat dey call Phillipine,  
De Yankee tink he was somet'ing great,  
An' big as de king or queen,  
So dey geev' him a house near touch de sky  
An' pint it so white it was blin' de eve,  
An' long as he's dare beginnin' to en,  
Don't cos' heem not'ing for treat hees frien'.

So dere's two feller, Edouard de king  
An' Teddy Roos'-vel' also,  
No wonder dey're proud for dey got few t'ing  
Was helpin' dem make de show,  
But, oh, ma Gosh, wen you talk of pride,  
An' wat dey call style an' puttin' on side,  
Were is de man can go before  
De pig-sticker champion of Ste. Flore?

### DIEUDONNE (G)

No, sir, an' I can't never know befor  
W'y de kettle on de a fuss,  
W'y de robin stop hee peekin' t'roo de  
For learn about de to us;

An' wen he see de ba de bed  
Lake leetle Son of t tame long ago,  
Wit' de sunshine an' No wonder M'sieu I ring aroun' hees

An' we can't help fe we call him Dieu  
An' he never cry, d chrisen by de  
All de sam' I bet you up some day  
An' be as bad as I

### THE FAMILY

Hssh! Look at ba-bee chair.

Wat you tink he's Wit' pole on de han man,  
A-shovin' along can

Dere's pretty strong stove,  
Were it's passin' d But he'll come roun' upset,  
So long he was lef'

Dat's way ev'ry boy No sooner he's twel He'll play canoe up a An' paddle an' push

Den haul an' push ab Till dey're fillin' u An' say it's all right, night  
Was carry away de

### Misdirected

Frances, a girl of tined by her mother cian. While still a l taught to read the r fingers were placed Year in and year o obliged to practice, a measured amount of ing was wooden an despair, her mother s do you expect to b grown up?"

The girl sighed, grown up, mother, i of my own, the first will be to order the for kindling wood. doctor."

As time passed mu dropped, and duly Fr medical college. At lowed liberty to grow per direction. She physician, treating n with rare sympathy a

Vice consul genera Ingram, describes th tions concerning the drinks. It seems people, who were consumers of light w stronger beverages, and the number of alcoholism is increas ding ratio. The gover right to prohibit circulation and sal recognized and decla by the academy of m for violation of any vary from \$96.50 to of the confiscation of beverages that might the repayment of th In case of repetiti doubled. The same plicable to all per having knowingly aic to the municipal r sale of beers and lig these beverages a hygienic and relieved that of transportati quor dealers are all in Paris every day o'clock in the mor provinces until 11 p time is readily ext and the alarming increase in the cons that less wine 1873, two hundred l drunk per inhabitant only seventy-five lit