

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TRINIA"

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and if music, why not poetry?

Poetry, from the earliest times, has appealed powerfully to the best feelings of human nature; the poet is the exponent, par excellence, of all the most beautiful thoughts and delicate imagery to which the mind can give expression.

We have already several poet priests, one, indeed, is in our midst in the person of Father Dollard, the gifted young Irish singer, who hails from the land of poetry and romance, with a mind well stored with the graceful myths and storied legends of a richly imaginative people.

Another Irish poet priest has appeared upon the scene in the person of Rev. John Fitzpatrick of Dublin, one of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who has published a dainty little volume of verse in honor of Our Lady.

The publishers are Messrs. M H Gill & Co. of Dublin, and the tiny book bears the "imprimatur" of the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin, and the "nihil obstat" of Father Russell.

The poem entitled "Our Lady's Dowry" is most opportune in these days of heartfelt prayer for the conversion of England. I give an extract from it, which will give an idea of the exquisite beauty of the metre, and the delicate choice of words and expression:

"From its north mountains to its southern coast, O Mary! once this ancient realm was thine; Once, from its people to its royal line, To be thy dowry was this England's boast;

"God's daughter, spouse and Mother I thrice to thee Being this allion land from shore to shore; Then vindicate thy right, that, as of yore, In homage to the holy Trinity, 'This precious stone set in the silver sea, On thy stretched hand may sparkle evermore."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the artist poet, is remembered in some delicate lines, headed, "A Gabriel":

"Then was, I ween, the dawning of that face, The poet had to his last hour at least, The face of Mary, who, remembering well The eye of her needy Gabriel Shod o'er his longing soul in contrito grace, The absolution of the great High Priest."

The pathetic death of Rossetti, deprived of the consolations and ministrations of that Church, the knowledge of whose truth had flooded his death bed with a blinding light, is one of the saddest in history. The tender lines of this beautiful artist soul for the Virgin Mother would surely not be without its due reward, and the face he had so often gazed upon was surely bent over his dying form with that sweet compassion that only Mary and her Son can feel.

The heart-longing of Rossetti is intensely pictured forth in his beautiful poem "Ave," which echoes the cry of a lover to the Virgin Mother:

"Soul is it Faith, or Love, or Hope, That lies me see her standing up? These lights of the Throne is bright? Or the left, into the right, The cherubim, succinic, coujoints, Float inward to a golden point, And from between the seraphim The glory issues for a hymn. O Mary Mother, be not loth To listen—thou whom the star-children, Who seek and mayst not be seen! Hear us at last, O Mary Queen! Into our shadow bend thy face, Bowing thee from the secret place, O Mary Virgin, full of grace!"

The beauty and delicacy of Rossetti's pen has seldom been surpassed; one of the loveliest of his poems—"The Staff and Scrip," is so irresistible in the mystical flow of its metre, the distinctness of its imagery and the beauty of its thoughts that it lingers in the mind all the more impossible to forget it. "The Staff and Scrip" is indeed one of the most exquisite of romantic poems, breathing through every verse an intense and ardent faith in God and the justice of righteousness; no one can read and study it without becoming better and purer for the thoughts and aspirations it emboldens.

"Can such vows be, sir—to God's ear, Not to God's will?" My vow remains; God heard me there as here. He said with reverent brow, 'Both then and now.'"

Another artist poet is Sir Noel Paton, who has published two volumes of poems of a high order of merit; one in particular—"Sir Lancelot," is worthy to be classed with the highest type of romantic ballad. It is founded on a passage in "La Mort d'Arthur."

Had not Sir Lancelot been in his secret thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the quest of the Holy Grail, would he have been so true to his knightly duty in quest of the Sangre-real?"

I give two verses:—"I step in a wood at dead of night He felt the white wings winnowing by, He saw the flood of yew-tree light, He heard the chanting clear and high, 'O head me, blood of Christ!' he said— A low voice murmured in his ear, And all the saintly vision fled, The voice was thine—Queen Guinevere."

Everyone knows Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which is usually acknowledged to be one of the best specimens extant of the romantic ballad.

"Beauty Robraut," by George Meredith may be ranked next in order to the last mentioned poem.

"What is the name of King Riangang's daughter? Robraut, Beauty Robraut. And what does she do the livelong day Since she dare not knit and spin away? O hunting and fishing are over her play! And I would that her hunkerman I might be— Beauty Robraut I love so tenderly,— Down, down mad heart!"

There is poetry and poetry; what appeals to one may not affect another at all; the admirer of a simple ballad would not care for the poetry of Swinburne with its almost illimitable verbosity, its involved sentences and often peculiar metre.

CORRESPONDENTS

H. H. (Quebec)—Many thanks for the watch paper, it was just what I wished for. I am pleased to have been of service to you and hope to hear from you again.

St. Anne.—So you were not sure whether I was a real person or not. My dear, who do you suppose writes my advice to you? A simple sorry to hear of the trouble you have had. God has been trying you as He always does those for whom He has a special love. Take that to heart and let it comfort you: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

I wish I could help you. Don't come to Toronto, whatever you do, unless you are certain of employment; there are already so many poor people unable to get work that it is heartbreaking. Make a novice to St. Anthony, and have all things, have faith, it is in that in which so many of us are deficient now-a-days, and we want so much of it to keep our hearts up in this world. Texas.

The Limerick Lassos.

At every limerick party, Whoo'er the host, he gave a toast, When we were young and hearty, That ever pleased us leads the most; 'Twas, "Friend, let us have some limericks, Until they brim and bubble o'er— Here's to our Limerick Lassos, Of Womankind the cream and core!"

Between us and Venice, For wit and grace, For goddesses let our wits be such, Such goddesses let our wits be such, And skirts ne'er skimmed the earth before.

See long we heard from Mars' field, The mighty battle trumpet blows; And off with gallant Sardis, "Wild Geese," we all to France were flown— Attacked and then attacking, The one brigade no foe could break, And over bivouacking, On fresh field won for Ireland's sake, With, "Comrades, charge your glasses, Until they brim and bubble o'er, Here's our own Limerick Lassos,

Of Womankind the cream and core!" And now we're back from glory, Huzzing into Limerick Town, Each soldier tells his story, And with his new-made settles down: For all the sighs and glances, Of donnas or of demoiselles, Ne'er foiled away our fancies, From those who have loved so long and well.

Then boys, fill up your glasses, Until they're brimming o'er and o'er! Here's to our Limerick Lassos, With three times three and one cheer more. —Alfred Percival Graves in The Sketch.

Among Cannibal Blacks

The sensation of the British Association assembled at Bristol are the personal adventures related by M. Louis De Rougemont who has proved himself beyond question the lion of this year's meeting. He read a paper to the Geographical Section on his 28 years' sojourn among the cannibal blacks of Central Australia. His adventurous Frenchman's contribution was preceded by a description of the Island of Sokotra, from Mrs. Theodore Bent and by Sir C. W. Wilson, describing the Upper Nile, but these, although interesting, were regarded by most of those present as merely preliminaries to the strange narrative which followed. M. De Rougemont, who was stated to have been suffering several days from illness, read, but, feeling faint, he had then to withdraw from the room and return home, by medical advice, leaving the remainder of his story to be read by the Secretary. The author stated that he was shipwrecked in 1873 on a coral islet off the north coast of Australia, and after two years of solitude there succeeded in making a landing on the continent. Here he met a friendly tribe, who received him as one of themselves, and after some time he set out to cross by land to the East coast, aiming for the settlement of Somerset, on Cape York. Not knowing of the existence of the Gulf of Carpentaria, he mistook the East coast of the Gulf for the Pacific, and, coasting northwards, eventually came back to his first landing place, after an absence of about eighteen months. He then attempted to penetrate southward, with the hope of crossing the continent, but, baffled by the difficulties of the desert and disheartened by being attacked more than once by parties of white men, who took him for a hostile native, he gave up all hope of escape, and settled down with a native wife. He lived for over twenty years in a mountainous country near the centre of the continent, and without instruments or means of taking time, he could only guess at his position by the number of days' march from place to place, checked roughly by the apparent altitude of the sun, as shown by the length of shadows. He observed that the natives of the North coast were of finer physique and greater intelligence than those of the interior, that the tribes on the coast contained more and larger families, and that they had clearly defined and marked territories for hunting, beyond which the nomadic tribes never strayed as a whole, although individual members, provided with a peculiarly notched stick as a passport, could pass from one territory to another. In travelling they found directions from the stars, on from certain characteristics of the ant hills and the habits of certain animals. When his native friends had died, during an epidemic of influenza, the author set out once more, and meeting a gold-prospecting party in Western Australia, made his way to Melbourne in 1895. When he first went among the blacks he had to be constantly devising methods of impressing them, and this he did mainly by working upon their superstitions. Besides having his native wife with him, he was armed with a mystic message stick and, best of all, he had the power of amusing the tribes by means of acrobatic performances, his steel weapons, and the tricks and even the bark of his dog, which could go through a little performance. He danced figs to tune of reed whistles of his own make. He emphasised these seemingly trivial things, because he believed they had often been the means of saving his life. With regard to the occasion when he and his black companions suddenly came upon four white men, he explained that the strangers had previously attacked some of the blacks. Naturally, in the excitement of the moment, he forgot that he was virtually a black himself, and rushed upon them, but they promptly fired upon his party and retreated. He now knew them to be the Giles expedition of 1874. He was himself at the time perfectly naked, and was anointed with the same protective covering of black grease clay, which was used by the natives to ward off cold and the attacks of insects. But apart from that, the sun had long since tanned his skin out of resemblance to that of a European. Repulsed in this way more than once, he despaired of ever making his real character known. Two or three weeks afterwards his black wife came across the tracks of one whom she described as a white man, and as one no longer her senses. She deduced this latter fact from the eccentric cries in which he had walked. Following up these tracks they found a white man alone dying from thirst, and an imbecile. This man lived with him for two years. He was a serious encephalitic, and never regained his intelligence until just before he died, when he asked where he was, and said his name was Gibson, and that he had been a member of the Giles expedition. After Gibson's death he made up his mind to end his days in solitude, partly because he seemed doomed to disappointment every time an opportunity offered itself to return to civilization, and partly also on account of the urgent solicitations of his wife and the tribes, amongst whom he became chief or councillor. Gibson with his tribe he once followed the track of a white party for the purpose of picking up empty tins and other things. He also picked up an old Sydney newspaper, which he eagerly read over and over again, preserving it in an opposum skin cover until it was literally worn to pieces. Not having heard of the Franco-Prussian war, he was extremely puzzled to read of deputies from Alsace andorraine in the German Parliament. His equipment found precious gems, stones and nuggets of gold, but he had no use for them save to make ornaments for his wife.

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Farm and Garden

Dr. Albert Shaw contributes a fully illustrated article on "The Trans-Mississippi and their Fair at Omaha" to the October Century. Dr. Shaw says: "While one bears testimony to the fitness and beauty of all this array of machinery—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy, and character of the Western farmer. I have been on the Illinoisian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of a progressive government to teach the land-owners and peasants the use of farm machinery imported from America or else adapted from American types. And I have also observed what is confessed by the government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women, and children in the corn-fields, with old-fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tinted men, in the hay field or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and short scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading on the grain, or to hear the thud of the descending flail. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn ploughs and mowers, the rejected mowing and reaping machines rot in their neglected corners; and the thrashing machine is viewed as a piece of ill-fortuned monstrosity.

It is all simply a difference in men. It is a great race that has peopled our prairies and plains, and that is producing corn, wheat, and oats by the thousands of millions of bushels where only a few years ago there was the ancient matted sod of the prairies, unbroken for centuries. The men who drive the corn-plough, ride the sulky-cultivator, manipulate the binder-twine, and send millions of hoes, cattle, hogs, and sheep to the packing establishments of Omaha, Kansas City, and Chicago, are to be credited with a series of achievements worthy not merely of respect, but even of enthusiasm. I cannot for a moment doubt the ability of such men to wear a fine and varied fabric of civilization upon a great a material foundation.

As a means of keeping mice from fruit trees the Country Gentleman advises the removal of all dead grass and rubbish of every kind that will make mouse nests for next winter, from the base of the trees at all events. Then erect a compact and smooth mound of earth a foot high about each tree, just before the ground is expected to freeze. It is well also during winter to tread down the snow solid after each fall, around each tree, as snow will not dig through hard-trodden snow. However, the mounding process alone is generally quite sufficient.

A prominent creamery man of Iowa, says John Ploughshare, in the Gentleman Farmer, started a new plan at Nashua, Iowa, that gives every promise of success, and which will result in a further saving of expense to the farmer of about three cents per pound of butter. He has sent to each one of his farmers a small cream separator that will do the skimming for 50 cows or less, and has agreed that he will take from them the increased profit they make through its use until he has been repaid the original cost of the machine. After that time the separator will belong to the farmer without further payment. Under this plan all of the milk is skimmed on the farm as fast as it is drawn from the cows. The cream is immediately cooled, and placed in the dairy room, while the skim milk is fed to pigs and chickens and calves, while it is still warm and fresh.

The difference between the poultry business as carried on in England and in Canada, says Prof. Robertson, is that in Canada chickens have been killed as they run while still in a lean condition. This is practically the same as if farmers were to kill cattle while they were still in the condition of stockers instead of keeping them until they have been fattened. The question has often been asked: Would Canadian customers pay the high price that would be required for fattened poultry? It seems capable of an affirmative answer. And the argument as presented by Prof. Robertson is something like this:—A housekeeper buys a pair of chickens for forty cents, of which they "did not probably be more than two pounds of edible portion. If these chickens were fattened for a month, and made to gain two and a half pounds each, the housekeeper would get instead of two pounds of edible meat in a pair of chickens at least six pounds at the same rate per pound. If these fattened chickens were paid for at the same rate per pound of edible meat as the others, that would make their cost \$1.20. This would be cheaper eating, and the quality of the meat would be much better than if lean chickens were bought at 40 cents a pair.

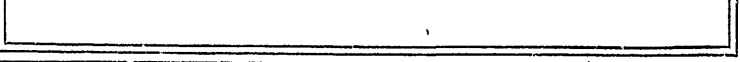
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia



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THE CONVERTED NOVELIST

M. Huysmans, the converted novelist and art champion of "Our Lady of Chartres," is, after all, not to enter a Benedictine monastery. It is affirmed, however, that he is about to leave Paris for Ligeux, in the Department of Vienne, in order to found there a colony of artists who will devote themselves to Church work, and continue the traditions of the great architects, stonemasons, wood-carvers, painters, and glass specialists of the Middle Ages. At Ligeux, M. Huysmans and his artists will be near some of the most famous churches and monasteries in France.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT

My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. At once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency.

Sir, Sir, Sir

Sir, Sir, Sir! Jack Dashiway, merely, "I've sold my tandem!" got thoroughly cured of doing all the work and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency.

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