

The Bigness of Little Things.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Did you ever realize how big an influence little things often have in our life? I am going toward other people? Once upon a time I heard a woman whom I had loved very greatly admitted to lose her temper. She was a woman of charm, presence and great ability. She had a very cordial manner and a most winning way, and never before or after that particular occasion have I known her to be anything but gracious and charming. And yet I have never been able to feel the same toward her since. I do not consciously blame her for the fit of temper—most of us give way to them occasionally. I know it was only a little thing, and yet it has completely changed my subconscious feeling toward her.

Again, I was once in a position to be of considerable service to a neighbour of mine. Of course I was delighted with the privilege and did my best to live up to it. On her part, she frequently expressed her great gratitude and I thoroughly believed she felt it. She is a woman to whose sweetness and loveliness I used to like to pay tribute. "There," I would say, "is a woman who is good right to the core. She is kind and sweet to everybody, both inside and outside of her family circle." Then one day

there came to her an opportunity to prove her gratitude to me, and she did not take it. As I look back I am sure there must have been some very good reason, and I try so hard to feel just as I used to toward that woman. But I cannot. Please believe me when I say that it was not because I cared for what she could have given me. That was not it at all. It was simply that I could not bear to have her fail in gratitude. It was a very little thing but it has somehow changed and chilled the tender feeling I had for her. I admire her still, but she is not the same.

Sometimes a single tactless remark, a single sneer, one little unkind act, will change your point of view on some friend. Perhaps in the view-point may change back but it is apt to be a very long time.

On the other hand, some little thoughtful act or tactful speech may color your whole opinion of a person. Once when I lay lonely and sick in a boarding-house I don't know what it is, a corridor acquaintance brought me up a dainty breakfast tray. That, too, was a little thing, but it made that whole woman's character seem rose-colored to me.

The little things, the little things, how very big they are to us! Illogical, emotional, unreasonable human creatures! I suppose it is, quite wrong that it should be so but since it is, it certainly behooves us all to watch out for the little things of life as well as the big.

Ruth Cameron

The World's Greatest Love Stories.

The Dream of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the Resurrection of His Buried Poems.

The love story of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the famous painter of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and a poet whose sonnets and ballads had the simplicity and the mystical beauty of the medieval spirit, is as strange as any tale of love in the world's romance.

The face of the woman who heard the call of Death even when the bells were ringing for her marriage looks out for ever from the pictures which made Rossetti famous. Years after he had called out passionate words of grief above the white beauty of her lifeless body, it was her face which haunted his vision when he stood before his palette with his brush poised over his raelet. And in many of his poems the spirit of that dream lady who was his wife seemed to guide his hand in a ghostly way, and to lead his imagination into unearthly realms.

The Girl in the Bonnet Shop.

Rossetti was twenty-two years of age when he met Elizabeth Siddall. Already this son of Italian refugees had gained renown as a poet and painter of brilliant promise, the pioneer of a new school of artistic philosophy at war with the stale old conventions in England, and the friend and leader of that little coterie of artists—including Holman Hunt, Millais, and Madox Brown—who had formed themselves into the Society of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Their watchwords were "Simplicity" and "Nature," but Dante Gabriel Rossetti had inherited a genius from his Italian forefathers, and had a spiritual emotion of his own which distinguished his work from that of his comrades in art.

A young man of passionate moods, changing quickly from boyish gaiety to morbid depression, ready for any midnight adventure, but stealing away afterwards to brood over queer, mystical thoughts in loneliness, touched at times by the spiritual ecstasy of Dante in his immortal love for Beatrice, as a symbol of most divine loveliness in womanhood, Rossetti's heart had not yet been captured by any lady.

But it was set on fire when a fellow-painter, named Deverell, introduced him to a new model—Elizabeth Siddall. Passing one day by a bonnet shop in Leicester Square, William

Deverell had been struck by the extraordinary beauty of a tall young girl sitting behind the window working with her needle. She had a long, oval face with a brilliant complexion, pale blue eyes, and a mass of gold-red hair. Her long eyelashes touched her cheeks when she drooped her eyes, and she had a bow-like mouth with ripe and encrimined lips. Yet the girl's face, so perfect, in such a beautiful beauty, was illumined by a spiritual light of purity. "She had the look of one," said a friend of Rossetti's, "who read her Bible and said her prayers every night, which she probably did." She was described also as having "an unworshipful simplicity and purity."

Dante's Beatrice Born Again.

Young Deverell sent his mother to persuade the girl, who was then hardly seventeen, to sit as model for his pictures. Timid and shy as she was, she consented, and sat for the picture called "The Duke with Viola Listening to the Court Minstrels," from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The girl herself was, of course, Viola, and Rossetti sat for the head of the Jester—a strange association of two people whose lives were to be joined in tragedy.

It was during these sittings that

Rossetti fell deeply in love with

Elizabeth Siddall. She seemed to him

an incarnation of all his early visions.

She was his dream lady whose face he had seen when he first began to write his poems of love. It was as though Dante's Beatrice had been born again to be the mystical lady of Dante Rossetti. He sketched her again and again, in every position. Her bow-like mouth, her gold-red hair, her wistful eyes, filled his canvases and his sketch books. He could paint no other kind of beauty. The girl had but little education.

The girl became her master, teaching her by love. She had never handled a pencil or a paintbrush, but, inspired by his enthusiasm, she learnt to draw under his tuition, and her lover was started to see that she had a wonderful sense of colour and that her water-colour paintings were extraordinarily like his own conceptions of beauty. It seemed as though his spirit spoke in her. She began to write poetry, and again it was as though she revealed his own secret ideas. These two were united by a strange spiritual affinity. A Picture of "Breathless Horror."

Not yet could they become husband



and wife. Rossetti was desperately poor in spite of his reputation. He had to satisfy his ardent love by constant writings, by long excursions into the country, by a boy and girl companionship. All his letters at this time were full of enthusiastic words about her charms and loveliness. "Lizzie is looking lovelier than ever," he wrote to Madox Brown, and later, "Every one adores and reveres Lizzie. I made sketches of her with iris stuck in her dear hair the other day." He was delighted when Ruskin called her "a noble, glorious creature." Whenever they were parted, even for a little while, he wrote poems to her, or light-hearted exuberant jingles.

But gradually a cold fear crept into his heart. The girl's health was the cause of a growing anxiety. In the midst of the sunshine of their love, Death's icy breath spoke with a dreadful warning. She drooped. The bloom on her cheeks brightened to a hectic flush. There was an unearthly light in her large blue eyes. A doctor who was called in pronounced a terrifying verdict: Elizabeth Siddall had curvature of the spine.

Rossetti was grief-stricken, and shed passionate tears. "It seems hard to me when I look at her sometimes," he wrote, "working, or too ill to work, and think how many without one tith of her genius or greatness of spirit have granted them abundant health and opportunity to labour through the little they can or will do."

In 1850 they were married, and this union was a source of profound joy to both of them. Yet even on their honeymoon in France some foreboding of tragedy spilt their laughter, their comradeship, their thanksgivings. It was so strong upon Rossetti and he was so powerless to resist it that he drew a strange picture, called "How They Met Them-selves," in which a lover and his lady, the latter drawn from Miss Siddall, are confronted in a dark wood by the ghosts of themselves as a prelude of death. The picture has been described as one of "breathless horror," and there is no doubt that Rossetti was inspired by morbid emotions when he produced it at such a time.

They returned from the honeymoon to their house in Chatham Place, but from the first the beautiful girl languished and lost her strength.

She was unable to enter into the gaiety and Bohemian ways of a man who, in spite of his devotion to Art, was of wayward moods, eager for the joys of life, for comradeship, for the intoxicating wine of youth. After the first year of their marriage he left his wife too often alone, and went upon adventures of which he afterwards repented with deep remorse. Faithful to her in spirit, he was sometimes tempted to infidelity, and fell into the temptation of the artistic temperament which hated restraint. Sometimes Elizabeth Siddall, waiting at home for him, knew the jealous hunger of the heart which is the agony of love.

Into the Dark Woodland.

Then one night Rossetti came home late from a drawing-class and found his wife lying unconscious on her bed with a bottle of laudanum by her side. She had been taking the drug under medical orders, but had miscalculated the dose. Rossetti was terror-stricken. He sent for four doctors, and they worked for hours trying to resuscitate the unconscious woman. Rossetti was in the torture of despair. Distractedly he ran out of the house, and, white as death, staggered into the room of his friend

Ford Madox Brown, at five o'clock in the morning. Two hours afterwards the doctors knew that their labours were in vain. Rossetti's dream lady had gone into the dark woodland.

The poet painter behaved during the inquest and the days before the funeral with a noble dignity and courage. But he had the air of a man whose heart had died. Unavailing regrets, remorse for some unfaithful hours, had stuck sharp swords into his soul. Before the coffin was closed upon the pale loveliness of the dead lady, Rossetti left the friends who surrounded him and, taking a manuscript book of unpublished poems, bent over the body of his wife and called to her by name and spoke strange and tender words, as though she could hear him, and placed the book between her white cheek and her gold-red hair.

An Offering of Love.

It was an act of great renunciation, a tribute of love, a confession of remorse. In that manuscript book was Rossetti's claim to immortality among the poets—the sonnets which he had written at midnight hours when his own soul had spoken to him, when the fire of genius had burned in him. But, as he told his friends, they had been written when his beautiful wife had been suffering in loneliness, and when he might have been attending to her. The solitary text of them should go with her to the grave, and his ambitious dreams should be buried with his wife. So it was that the finest poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti lay beneath the earth in Highgate Cemetery, and the world knew them not.

Seven years passed. From the house to which he had brought his bride he moved to Cheyne Row, Chelsea. During those seven years his fame as a painter increased so that he was acknowledged as a great master of art. The face of his dream lady became familiar to the world. It was known as "the Rossetti type." Elizabeth Siddall's beauty was perpetuated by the man who was haunted with it. But he was not happy with his fame. His outbursts of gaiety, his wild spirits, his gifts of comradeship, his sweetness and nobility of character, were clouded by moods of morbid despair and intense gloom. He became a victim of the drug habit; once he nearly killed himself by taking three doses of nuxvomica, as he was to lunch with a friend, and would so be prevented from taking the doses separately. His limbs became rigid, his eyes seemed to burst out of their sockets, and he was terror-stricken. It was only with a mighty effort that he rushed out of the house and walked and walked until the effects of the drug wore off. After that he abandoned nuxvomica, but took to chloral to cure the terrible insomnia which afflicted him after his wife's death. That drug was not so violent in its effects, but more insidious. It jangled his nerves and gave dark visions to his brain.

Back From the Grave.

Gradually he was assailed with a terrible temptation. Those poems of his. The poems that lay buried in Highgate Cemetery! Had he been right in burying his genius? Was he not robbing the world of a noble gift? Was he not robbing himself of a poet's laurels? Perhaps he had been a little mad to make such an act of renunciation. It was unnecessary,

Thick, Glossy Hair, all Dandruff Gone

Girls! Try It! Hair Gets so soft, fluffy and luxuriant at once—No more falling hair.

If you care for heavy hair, that glisters with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scrub robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fanish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire lots of it—no dandruff—no hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

Some tunics are short and Oriental in appearance and are outlined with fur bands.

Many beautiful evening gowns are trimmed with lemon yellow, orange, rose or apple green fur.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GALLS—GET IN COWS.

Salmon!

JUST ARRIVED,

per express,

3 ONLY

Fresh Salmon

57½ lbs.—on retail.

Also,

Fresh Shipment of

RABBITS,

Eggs, Table Butter.

Soper & Moore.

a foolish sentiment!

The idea caught hold of him. It became an obsession. To get the poems back again was a craving with him. The resurrection of his sonnets seemed to him a sacred duty to literature. After battling with these desires he yielded to them, and approached the Home Secretary for permission to have the grave opened. After prolonged difficulties consent was obtained, and one night, seven and a half years after the funeral of Elizabeth Siddall, Rossetti sat in his house with his head in his hands, a prey to horrible doubts and agonies, while at Highgate Cemetery, a fire was lighted by the side of the grave and the dreadful deed was done. The manuscript book was taken from its place between a white cheek and a mass of gold-red hair, the beautiful body of Elizabeth Rossetti still being perfect as when she lay upon her bed of death.

Rossetti obtained his poems, and when they were published they lifted him to great heights of fame. But they did not bring him happiness, and until his own death he was tortured by the memory of that opened grave.

You're Constipated Bilious!—Cascarets

Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Gas, Bad Breath, mean Liver and Bowels need Cleansing

Get a 10-cent box now.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months.

No more days of gloom and distress

if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All druggists sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a gentle cleansing, too.

Life and Fortune to Honor Gen. Nogi.

Tokio, Nov. 10.—A picturesque instance of Japanese hero worship is reported from Kobe, where Sanjin Murano, millionaire business magnate, has announced his intention of consecrating his life and fortune to the spirit of the late Gen. Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, who, together with his wife, committed suicide by harakiri on the night of the funeral of Emperor Mutsuhito last year.

The announcement was made on the anniversary of the death of the soldier.

Mr. Murano will build a temple at Fushimi, in the vicinity of the mausoleum of Emperor Mutsuhito, as a memorial to Gen. Nogi, and in that sanctuary Mr. and Mrs. Murano intend to spend their remaining days. He will also build an industrial school for children of the poor in order to cultivate the spirit of industry and the love of work, which the late Gen. Nogi always insisted upon for the rising generation of Japan. For this purpose Mr. Murano has given 1,000,000 yen.

If you want your Overcoat cleaned, pressed and repaired, or a new collar on it, bring it to LEO F. GOODLAND, 24 Gower Street, 2nd floor east Cochrane Street—nov15,ed

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GALLS—GET IN COWS.

G. Knowlton Central Store LADIES' SPECIAL SAMPLE G. Knowlton Central Store

BLOUSES!

We have just received a complete line of Manufacturers' Sample BLOUSES which we are able to offer at Extremely Low Prices.

This lot contains all the latest novelties and fabrics suitable for this time of year. Prices are

40c., 60c., 75c., 90c.,

\$1.10, 1.50, 2.10,

up to \$2.60, to be had in Creams, Blacks, Colours, Fancy Mixtures. Here is a splendid opportunity to secure a dainty trimmed Lace or Embroidered Blouse or a good warm strong garment to stand wear and tear. These Blouses would be worth from 70 cts. to \$3.75 each at regular price.

Central Store. G. KNOWLING. Central Store. nov6,ed

We are Now Opening

a very large and well assorted stock of

Jewellery, Silverware,

Leather Goods and

Novelties.

In a few days we will be displaying the entire stock. Persons wanting to get

SOMETHING NEW

may call and have it put aside.

Joseph Roper.

nov4,ed

A Reminder!

We beg to inform you that in the last few months we have added the latest Tools and Materials to our Repair Department, also additional Experienced Workmen, who have had considerable experience in American and Swiss Watches. With this equipment and added help we can positively guarantee the quickest dispatch of orders. Special attention to Mail orders, and prices on application.

W. & R. ENGLISH, WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

406 Water Street. . . . St. John's, Newfoundland. oct27,ed,3m

LARACY'S Selling Off.

Dry Goods, Crockery & Glassware.

Further sweeping reductions, as we must get rid of our stock in two weeks.

See the Goods! See the Goods and prices. A splendid chance for outport shopkeepers to buy now

At LARACY'S,

345 Water St., opp. the Post Office.

