

Notches on The Stick

It may be against the judgment of the prudent that the writer has always a new alleged poet to set forth, making that hitherto scant and scarce product a drug in the market. Nevertheless, many there are to-day, little regarded or even forgotten, who might at any earlier time have attained considerable reputation. It has been said of the contemporaries of Shakespeare that they were all poets; the contagious inspiration was abroad, and the very air was fame. Now, with the universal diffusion of learning; the easy access to books as well as to nature; the drift is to literature; and the amateur author is to be met with at every turn, while success or prominence in any direction invites the publication of a book. Yet the true singer, as distinguished from the mechanic the monger of verse, has always been felt by the public heart as worthy of recognition. And if his song bring him no substantial reward of fame or money, the supposed insubstantial gifts may justify them; for that which to anyone brings a pure and an actual pleasure, may be at least worthy of sufferance and forbearance on the part of those who do not enjoy it.

The writer of whom we are here to take note [Harrison Conrad: "Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets,"] gives to the public his first volume; and, as he has youth to his advantage, with its generous enthusiasms and eager aspirations, with no little of that verve and native fire,—the original impulse of the natural singer,—substantial results may yet be expected of him, and he may yet be heralded among the best versifiers of the Middle States. Much in the way of finish and of substance he may yet have to acquire; but at least this book shows a morning promise, that may one day arrive at high prominent noon.

We shall occupy some of the space devoted to us in giving citations from our author; and the first we have marked for this purpose is entitled:—

Maggie Driving Home the Cows.

Golden is the noon of summer,
And the crimson burst of dawn
Gleams across the fairest meadows
Ever run gleams fall upon
Clear the lark and sweet the robin
Four their greeting to the morn,
And the sunny black bird chirrup,
Swinging on the tasseled corn;
But the notes of one glad carol
All the sleepy meadows rouse,
'Tis the voice of Maggie singing,
Maggie driving home the cows—
Little Maggie,
Barefoot Maggie,
Maggie driving home the cows.
Through the sweet grass and the clover,
Sparkling in the glint of morn,
Down along the dark green hedge-rows,
'Tween the fields of nodding corn,
With her blue sun bonnet swinging
Careless o'er her sunburnt arm,
And the shaggy shepherd near her,
Trips the fairy of the farm,
Urging on the lazy heifer
That has turned aside to browse,
Singing "Ho!" and "Ho!" my Silky!"
As she drives the loving cows—
Little Maggie,
Sunburnt Maggie,
Maggie driving home the cows.
Sunshine, sunshine all around her,
Sunshine in her waving hair,
Sunshine in her eyes, and sunshine
In each cadence of her air;
And the dew that homes her garments
Fashes o'er the meadow-lawn,
Like a million lustrous jewels
Sparkling in the flush of dawn.
Sunshine—all the world is sunshine
When her notes the meadows rouse,
Swelling from the crimson clover
As she homeward drives the cows—
Little Maggie,
Bright-eyed Maggie,
Maggie driving home the cows.
Simple youth and simple beauty,
All in innocence arrayed,
Sweeter dew and sweeter sunshine
I ever kissed a sweeter maid!
And I look along the hedge rows,
O'er the clover and the corn,
Where the maiden comes a singing
In the golden burst of morn,

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

Soc. and \$1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DISEASES INCURABLE



There is no skin disease which NY-AS-SAN will not cure.

Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America
The Nyassan Medicine Co. True, N. S.
"Mention this paper when you write."

And before that child of sunshine
All my soul in rapture bows,
Gladness with the joy she brings,
Driving, driving home the cows—
Little Maggie,
Light-heart Maggie,
Maggie driving home the cows.

Mr. Conrad is a Kentuckian, (though his book is published in Ohio,—Editor Publishing company, Cincinnati,) and the verses following have been pronounced true to the landscape of his native state:

Maurine,
I dip my ear in the dark bayon,
I look the vine-clung lattice through,
And there behold my love so true,
Maurine! Maurine! Maurine!
The sweet magnolia sighs with me,
I mow my bark by the cypress tree,
And my guitar I touch to thee,
Maurine! Maurine! Maurine!
The woodbine trailing
Thy lattice railing,
Conceals thine eyes so blue, Maurine!
Nay, do not hide thee,
Come sit beside me,
We'll drift the dark bayon, Maurine!
Let me but stroke thy glossy hair,
Let me but kiss thy hand so fair,
What with my bliss could this compare?
Maurine! Maurine! Maurine!
The stars reflect in the dark bayon,
They found their gleams in thine eyes so blue,
O come, we'll drift in my canoe,
Maurine! Maurine! Maurine!
Thy woodbine trailing
Thy lattice railing,
Conceals thine eyes so blue, Maurine!
Nay do not hide thee,
Come sit beside me,
We'll drift the dark bayon, Maurine!

The holiday number of "Acta Victoriana" presents an elegant specimen of University journalism, especially for its general literary and artistic excellence, and the number and quality of the illustrations. The greater magazines must needs look to their laurels, if this thing is to continue; and universities may become chief publishing centres of the choicest periodical literature of the time. Who knows? Here are portraits and poems, with autographs of Roberts and Campbell;—a contribution of six vigorous lines, by the former pleading for peace between the nations,—under the title of "Brotherhood;" and by the latter, a ringing and dramatic legendary poem, entitled, "The Vengeance of Saki," illustrating the insatiable passion of hatred. The leading article is that by Prof. L. E. Horning, P. H. D., entitled, "Canadian Literature," and is a satisfactory resume of the best work yet done in Canada, the French and the English. This is accompanied by portraits of Frechette, Chauveau, Sangster, Thomson, Campbell, Lampman, Johnson, D. C. Scott, Jean Blewett, and one of mark giving the penetrative, and somewhat severe, features of Judge Haliburton, the immortal Bluenose. It is to be regretted that the Professor should impair the force and validity of his otherwise excellent article by an unnecessary deference to the spirit of depreciation—the literary philistinism which is in Canada the most stifling influence a native literature has to contend with. He says: "Nothing would be easier than to multiply names almost ad infinitum, but that has not been my purpose. Indeed there are many, very many, scholars who smile sarcastically at the mention of "Canadian literature," and pooh-pooh the whole thing. And there is some ground for their attitude." We should expect Professor Horning to be more just, as well as more generous. The thing to be desired, as we conceive, is not so much a vigorous literary censorship as the awakening of a genuine literary enthusiasm. Without any proper criticism whatever our native authors, guided by their best lights attainable, have felt their way to success that have commanded the world's attention, and some of the smaller fry, with whom perhaps Prof. Horning cannot be bothered, may have written occasional pieces, properly regarded, above contempt. And even the self-constituted judges to whom contemptuous reference is made, the log-rollers and interested parties may—some of them—be moved by better motives than those ascribed, and may seek to encourage a cult

more desirable than the admiration of themselves. So it seems to us that the Professor is scarcely consistent who comes near to concluding a paper on "Canadian Literature" with the admission that there is no such thing. We have no intention of discussing here the question as to whether Canada or Ireland, or Lyland, has a literature; that thing will approve and decide itself. But, for pooh-poohing of certain alleged scholars, and their sarcastic smiles, it may be said that contempt goes not where it is meant but where it belongs. If smiles or frowns were as good as arguments, or had half the force they arrogate, many a cause that has triumphed, and many a man who has made his way, would have gone by the board. We reiterate Professor Horning's statement that we do not need a just, humane, and properly discriminating literary criticism in Canada; but criticism is not in surly fault finding, or cold ignorance, any more than in unvarying approbation. Ex-cathedra critical utterances, given more or less superciliously have sometimes shown the wit, often the ill nature, of their authors, but have done the least toward shaping and perfecting the masterpieces of literature. Beside Prof. Horning's paper there are others quite readable: "The Christian" a criticism by Rev. G. C. Workman, M. A. Ph. D. "A Bicycle Holiday" by A. Melville Scott, B. A. "Arthurian Legend and Canadian Poets," (the Canadian poets being, John Reade in "Merlin," and William W. Campbell, in "Mordred,") by Miss M. A. Skinner; "Hellas: A Lyrical Drama," (Shelley,) by W. J. Sykes; "The Prospector in West Ontario," Prof. H. P. Coleman, Ph. D.; "A Tragic Night," by William Harrison; and "British Columbia," by G. F. Swinnerton. There are Lyman C. Smith, B. A.; W. H. Alexander, Rev. E. H. Dowart, D. D., Frank L. Pollock, and J. Lovell Murray, M. A. We append the contribution of Prof. Roberts:

Brotherhood.
Turn, turn, O God of Peace, our hearts,
When fierce the red war-wrath upstarts!
O make us count the bond of blood,
The tie of common joys and tears,
More than a world of savage wood,
A wilderness of varied frontiers.
The critique on Hall Caine's "Christian" is well considered, and deserves attention.
PASTOR FELIX.

THE GOLD RUSH
Is Not More Enthusiastic Than are the Prairies of the Thousands who are Living To-day Because of South American Kidney Cure.)
Thousands verify what is claimed of South American Kidney Cure. Greatest, safest, quickest acting, permanent results. A specific for kidney disorders in young or old, male or female. It enjoys the distinction of a hearty recommendation by most eminent physicians. It relieves distressing kidney disease in six hours. Never fails to cure if persisted in. Acts directly on the circulation and eradicates from the system all solids and foreign substances which clog up these sanitary organs of the human anatomy. You test what others have proved. These words from a letter received to-day: "I despaired of recovery until I used South American Kidney Cure."

The Instalment Plan.
Sometimes, without doubt, American and British judges, who are held to a close accountability to the letter of a law which may have in it no justice for a particular case, may well sigh for the latitude of an Oriental cadi. Sometimes, moreover, they may rightfully bend the administration of the law in the direction of absolute justice. An English paper, for instance, records a peculiar decision in the suit of a usurer against a poor woman. The man had lent the woman money in such a way that it was to be paid in instalments, and with monthly usurious interest. The woman was unable to pay the amount due. The judge satisfied himself that the woman was honest



Linseed and Turpentine is not only a popular remedy, but the best known to medical science for the treatment of nervous membranes of respiratory organs.

DR. CHASE compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of the turpentine and linseed. It was the Doctor's last and greatest remedy, and more of it is sold in Canada than all other cough medicines combined.

A Banker's Experience
HEREAFTER HE INTENDS TO BE HIS OWN FAMILY DOCTOR

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dawson, of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

TWO SIDES TO IT



and honorable, and that what she had already paid in instalments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest. "Will you accept five pounds in discharge?" asked the judge of the plaintiff; "you will then have had ten per cent on the loan."

The plaintiff would accept nothing less than the full amount to which the law entitled him.

"Then," said the judge, "although I cannot invalidate the agreement, I can make an order which, I think, will fit the case. I give judgment for the full amount, to be paid at the rate of six pence a month."

This was the "instalment system" with a vengeance, for at this rate of payment the usurer would be seventy-five years in getting his money.

The Dangers of Croup.
We may expect to have croup with us shortly and the children as usual may be attacked. A plaster made by spreading "Quickcure" on a piece of cotton flannel, linen or cotton, will give more prompt relief than a mustard plaster, without causing burning or irritation. Keep it ready for emergencies. Also vaporize some "Quickcure" in the bedroom. See "Quickcure" book (free.)

SALT FROM THE SEA.
How an Apt Reply Sometimes Wins Friends and Admiration.

A man, called the "Sailors' Friend," was rigged out in his best suit of clothes on a Sunday morning not long ago. He carried under his arm a large roll of magazines and papers, and went from desolate rooms in cheerless boarding-houses, all along the city streets and alleys where the sailors lived.

"Take this, Jack, my boy," he said to a half-drunken Swede, who was lounging on a broken sofa. There was tender solicitude in his voice as he touched the stranger on the shoulder and said, "Read it, read it, Jack! It will trim your sails for a better port than this."

Jack did not accept the gift ungratefully. He looked half-pleased and half-ashamed.

"Have ye any of 'em with pictures in 'em?" asked a grizzled old sailor, who looked as if he might add, "If ye don't give me one, I'll take it whether you will or no."

"Thank ye, thank ye!" he added hastily, as an illustrated magazine was offered to him. Then he burst out suddenly, addressing the Sailors' Friend, "Ye're a good man!"

"I hope I am," was the frank reply. "If everybody wuz tryin' to do ez much good ez you are, this world would be a better world."

"I hope so," my friend," was the quick answer. "When I go to heaven, I want to sail in under a full cloud of canvas, and not with a jury-rig."

It was very apparent that the sailors—Danes, Swedes, English and Portuguese—appreciated this quick and apt reply.

Over thirty years ago a man shipped in Portsmouth on the brig Rockingham, bound for Cuba. There was a strong breeze from west-north-west, and it was very cold. That night sail had to be shortened. The next morning the gale had increased to a hurricane, the vessel scudding before it like a race-horse. This lasted for four days.

On the fifth morning, at four o'clock, a sea broke over the ship from stern to stern stove in all the boats, and swept everything from the deck.

The men were ordered to the pumps, among them the recently shipped seaman. The brig soon began to leak badly. In an hour it became evident she could not last long if the gale continued. Notwithstanding the terror of the sea and the thunder of the storm, blasphemy from some of the men was heard as they bent to the clanking pumps.

Darkness came, and in the horror and despair of the night and the storm one man dropped, in sheer exhaustion, to his knees. It was an unusual attitude, and perhaps by force of some old association, he began to pray. There, clinging to the rail, dashed at by the ocean, he resolved, with a sincerity like that of the robber on the cross,

—the one showing the disappointment caused by using ordinary soap, the other showing the satisfaction there is in using

ECLIPSE SOAP

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 5c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

that if his life was saved, he would give it wholly to the service of God. The vessel rode out the storm. "And don't you think," said the sailor who has told the story, "that the captain noticed a difference in my attention to my duties after that, and spoke of it?" A few months later the rescued sailor began the work for which he is known on the Maine coast as the Sailors' Friend.

Remember
We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nervine—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute; it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

She won.
"Mary," said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his young wife. "Yes?" said Mary, interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicious air, "and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?" "The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas, promptly; "and so, my dear, I'll say at once, that I'm very sorry." It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to make the first advance, after all, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.

Cured at Chicoutimi.

One Out of the Thousands of Similar Cases.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.
Sir,—It is with pleasure that I now testify in favor of your "Morin's Creso-Phates Wine" which has saved me from a fatal sickness. I was suffering with acute bronchitis being the remains of la grippe, which kept me coughing day and night. I was so much oppressed that I could not eat, and my strength was leaving me daily. Having read in my paper a recommendation of your remedy, I got a bottle of it, which I took in accordance with the directions, and was promptly relieved. My coughing ceased, and the oppression which was troubling me disappeared. My appetite came back and my strength increased rapidly. Today, I am perfectly re-established in health and I am convinced that I owe it to the healing properties of your Creso-Phates Wine.

Accept, Gentlemen, my sincere thanks,
Madame F. E. SAUCIER,
Chicoutimi.

Hardly Worth Mentioning.
"Any accidents in the game this afternoon?"

"Er—why—oh, nothing to speak of. Tom Halfback had his collarbone broken and I believe Will Center had his arm fractured at the wrist. I guess no one was seriously injured."

Pleasant to take and quick to relieve: Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

Gad he Survived.
The good lady scrutinized him closely. "Didn't I give you a whole meat pie a day or two ago?" she inquired in icy tones. "Yes, mum," replied the tramp, "I'm the same party; but I've recovered, and if you'll make it plain bread and butter this time, I'll be much obliged."

An Irishman complained of his wife as a thankless jade. "When I married her," he said, "she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em!"

