

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

JUNE, 1892.

CANADA

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF PROGRESS, PATRIOTISM, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE
 EDITED BY MATHEW RICHIEY KNIGHT

STOP A YEAR

MANITOBA | ASSINIBOIA | SASKATCHEWAN | ALBERTA | ATHABASCA | KEEWATIN

THE COSMOPOLITAN AND CANADA FOR THREE DOLLARS.

HARRIS'S MAGAZINE AND CANADA FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

AVENUE

McGill Colloge Avenue, Montreal.

This popular Family Hotel is central, quiet, near depots and points of interest. Hot and cold baths. No liquor sold. **TERMS \$1.50 TO \$2.00 A DAY.** Five minutes to C. P. and G. T. Railway Stations. To insure rooms, please write or telegraph in advance.

HOUSE

E. S. REYNOLDS, - Prop.

JOHN LYONS,
 BLACKSMITH,
 STATES THAT

SCOTT'S CURE

— FOR —

RHEUMATISM

is the best remedy ever discovered for the immediate relief of pain. He suffered so he could not move without groaning, and obtained immediate relief from one bottle.
 CARLETON, June 20, '91.

SCOTT'S CURE is prepared in Canada only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN

* Chemist and Druggist, *

KING STREET (WEST), ST. JOHN, N. B.

For sale by all retail druggists.

Price 50 cents a Bottle; Six Bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Milburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Why not try an Advertisement in this Magazine?
 HALF-COLUMN, ONE YEAR, \$12.

THE GREATEST MODERN HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

DR. KENDRICK'S WHITE LINIMENT

For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all

**Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism,
 Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps,
 Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.**

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

EMOLLIENT AND COUNTER IRRITANT
 AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS

**H. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR,
 WOODSTOCK, N.B.**

\$1000.00 REWARD.

One thousand dollars will be given to any person who will show by analysis that SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS contain any calomel or poisonous mineral. They are purely vegetable, and cannot harm the most delicate child. They are the most effectual remedy known for Headache, Backache, Stomachache, and all other kinds of aches or pains that arise from a disordered condition of the stomach. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure all bad taste in the mouth. Smith's Chamomile Pills are the best thing known for a heavy cold. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure dyspepsia if used according to directions.

SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS

Are only prepared by
**FRANK SMITH, Druggist,
 ST. STEPHEN, N. B.**

Price 25 cents, 5 boxes for \$1.00. If not kept by local dealers a box will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

On receipt of \$1.00 we will mail to any part of the Dominion:
 144 Annuals, of showy colors; or
 50 Transplanted Bedding Plants; or
 14 Choice House Plants.

New illustrated circular containing full particulars, FREE on application.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,

Lockman Street, Halifax, N. S.,
JAS. H. HARRIS, MANAGER.

NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, HALIFAX.

TRADE ORDERS for CANADA should be sent to the Publisher, BENTON, New Brunswick.

Ward off Spring Diseases

— BY TAKING —

K. D. C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION.
A HEALTHY STOMACH TONES THE SYSTEM.

22 Sample mailed free to any address.

K. D. C. COMPANY,
New Glasgow, N. S., - Canada.

GATES'

*** Invigorating Syrup. ***

This preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable cathartic and

FAMILY MEDICINE,

Superseding all pills, and should be in every house.

For Coughs, Colds and LaGrippe,
A little night and morning will soon break them up.

For Dyspepsia,

It will give immediate relief.

For Irregularities of the Bowels,
Nothing can be found to excel, as it causes no griping nor pain.

For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart,

One swallow gives instant relief.

Sick Headache, Stomach and Pin Worms

Yield at once.

It is an invigorator of the whole system, whereby a regular and healthy circulation is maintained, has been well tested already, and will do all we say of it.

ONLY 50 CTS. A BOTTLE—\$5.50 PER DOZ.

For severe cases of La Grippe use the Bitters in connection with the Syrup, and for Sore Throat, Pains and Soreness use GATES' LINIMENT and OINTMENT. Also—Always take a few bottles of BITTERS and SYRUP after an attack of La Grippe.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Montreal, N. S.



**McLEAN'S
VEGETABLE
WORM
SYRUP**

Safe Pleasant Effectual

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.



The latest and most improved writing machine, in daily use and giving perfect satisfaction in the following public offices in Ottawa:—

Department of Railways and Canals,
Privy Council,
Department of Marine,
P. O. Department,
Department of Fisheries,
Finance Department,
Department of Agriculture,
Department of the Interior,
Senate,
Public Works Department,
Department of Militia and Defence,
Inland Revenue Department,
Post Office Inspector's Office,
Central Experimental Farm,
City Hall,
Public School Trustees,
And a number of business houses and law offices.

Where one Smith Premier Typewriter goes, others follow. Send for circulars to

C. JOHNSON HUESTIS,
Agent for Maritime Provinces,
22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

BARNES & MURRAY,
17 to 19 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
P. O. Box 68. Telephone 574.

"You are not half posted." If you do not know our store, some has said of it "The Pretty Store." We want you to know it as "The leading Charlotte Street Store." How we obtained the lead: by importing direct from England, France, Germany, and the American markets. Securing the different novelties as they appear, also the lowest prices for cash. Our buyer has just returned, and with him "Everything that is new."

This month we draw your attention to our DRESS DEPARTMENT—COTTONS, PRINTED DELAINES, CHARLIES, SATYNS and CAMBRICS. Fashion has decreed that Delaines are the proper material for a summer costume. Our stock embraces all that is new in designs and colorings, and our price for the best quality, French Delaine is 39 cents, English Challies, 19c. and 25c. American Cotton Delaine, 10c., 12c., 19c. Cream and Black Grounds, floral and polka designs.

ENGLISH SATYNS AND CAMBRICS.
35c., 12c., 15c., 18c., 20c.
The "Latest Designs." The best 15c. cloth in the Black and White Colorings Province.
a Specialty. 100 patterns.

New laces for trimming above lines, all widths.
150 patterns best Canadian print at 7 1/2c.
Same quality as usually sold for 12c.
A bargain in Zephyr and fine striped Scotch Ginghams 7 1/2c. per yard, all colorings.

Our patterns sent free to any part of the Maritime Provinces, not clippings but large pattern books, showing the designs fully. Books must be returned in three days.

EVERFAST COTTON HOSIERY.

We are agents for the above celebrated make of Cotton Hosiery—Ladies', Children, and Gentlemen's Hosiery—warranted fast color, will not fade in washing. Sent free on receipt of price. Ladies' hose from 25c., 29c., 35c., 45c., 65c., 85c. Gents' half hose 25c., 29c., black cotton.

In sending for samples mention this paper, stating as near as possible what you require.

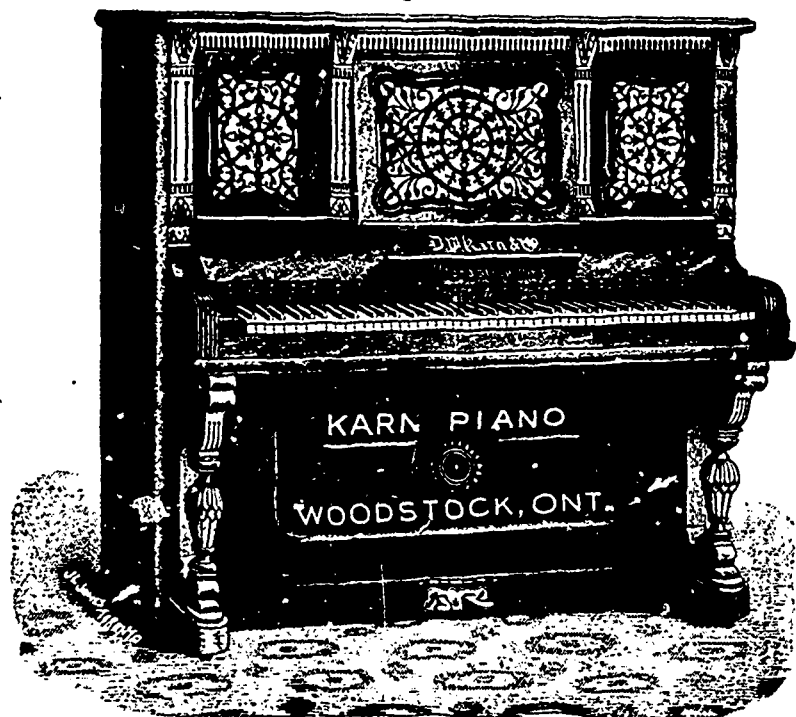
BARNES & MURRAY,
17 and 19 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.
N. B.—We sell for cash only, the saving we give to our customers in lower prices than the credit stores.
BARN THIS IS MIND

ESTABLISHED 1868.

MILLER BROS.,

Manufacturers' Agents for the Best

PIANOS, ORGANS,



AND SEWING MACHINES.

Pianos and Organs warranted seven years. Pianos and Organs tuned and repaired. Sewing Machines repaired. TELEPHONE 733.

116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

CANADA FOR JUNE.

THE broadly Canadian character of this bright little magazine appears in the current number. Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba are represented by the contributors. The subjects are varied and interesting, especially to Canadians. We should be pleased to see this intensely patriotic monthly introduced and welcomed from Atlantic to Pacific. Subscription, \$1.00. The publisher will send *Canada* to new subscribers three months for 18 cents in stamps. Address, Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. II.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

For Table of Contents see page 134.

IF Subscribers will examine the wrapper in which each number of CANADA is received. They will find plainly marked in figures the date up to which their subscriptions are paid; and, if that date has expired, they are respectfully asked to renew promptly, as the magazine cannot be made a success without attention to this matter. For example, the figures 0-92 after your address mean that your subscription is paid up to and including June 1892; the figures 3-92 mean that your subscription is paid up to and including March, 1892.

We would respectfully remind those who do not wish to receive CANADA any longer, that we cannot in any case discontinue the magazine until all arrearages, however small, are paid. If you owe us for one number only, remit 10 cents; if for two numbers, remit 17 cts.; if for three numbers, remit 25 cents; if for four numbers remit 34 cents; if for five numbers, remit 42 cents; if for six numbers, remit 50 cents; if for seven numbers, remit 59 cents; if for eight numbers, remit 67 cents; if for nine numbers remit 75 cents; if for ten numbers, remit 84 cents; and if for eleven numbers, remit 92 cts.

By reading the above two paragraphs and consulting the wrapper of your magazine, you can tell at any time exactly how much you owe us. This will save correspondence, which costs money for postage.

Address: MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

[FOR CANADA.]

THE ROBIN.

THE robin came to day with earliest dawn,
And whistled through the orchard
avenues,
Untenanted and bare, and dull with
dews,
Or rains that noiseless fell in hours just gone.
The robin called in vain across the lawn--
Unanswered in the dusk; and yet, sweet
news
Was echoed in his voice from misty views
And shadowy fences where his plumage shone.
He does not utter whence, or why he came,
Before a bud is broken on a tree;
While ice is hanging in the brook, and
cold
The breezes cross the waters. All aflame
And fresh his coat; and full his voice, and
free,
To usher in the day I now behold.
J. F. HERBIN,
Wolfville, N. S.

[FOR CANADA.]

THE BELLS OF ST. BONIFACE.

BY J. JONES BELL, M. A.

IN John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur, he speaks of the bells of St. Boniface:

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

The visitor to Winnipeg, looking across Red River to St. Boniface, and seeing the brick cathedral with unfinished tower, would not understand the allusion. But in the old days the cathedral was a wooden building with twin towers, similar to those of Notre Dame at Paris and Montreal. The wooden cathedral was burned in 1860, and the present building took its place.

But as to the bells. They are sometimes popularly spoken of as the Travelling Bells of St. Boniface, and well they may be, for they have crossed the ocean three times. They were cast in London to the order of Bishop Provencher, the first bishop of St. Boniface, and sent by sailing vessel to York Factory, on Hudson Bay, the usual route for goods destined for the Red River country. The voyageurs refused, on account of the size and weight of the packages, to convey them over the portages between York Factory and Norway House, and they remained at York, but the following year the bishop arranged with Andrew McDermott, one of the pioneers of Red River, to bring them on. When the church was burned in 1860, the bells were destroyed. Bishop Tache, who had succeeded Bishop Provencher, being in England the next year, saw the founder, who agreed to re-cast them if the metal was sent to England. This was done, and the new chimes were again shipped for York factory. But the ship was caught in a storm and driven to St. John's, Newfoundland. The bells were sent from there to Portland, Maine, by vessel,

thence by rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from there over the prairie by ox cart, several hundred miles, to St. Boniface, where they were hung on a timber framework beside the church.

The writer while serving as an officer of the first Red River expedition at Fort Garry, in the winter of 1870-71, frequently heard the bells of St. Boniface calling, not only to the boatman and the hunter, out to the settler, who was then beginning to crowd aside the voyageur and the hunter.

TORONTO, ONT.

[FOR CANADA.]

"TANTRAMAR."

BY SYDONIE ZILLA.

"WHY such a sober face, Auntie? Your eyes have a far-away look in them. What book have you been reading?"

"I have, or rather, was an hour ago, reading a poem called 'Tantramar,' and since then I have actually been dreaming."

"Of what and why should 'Tantramar' make you dream? Oh yes, I remember now, it is of old Sackville and its schools, is it not, Auntie?"

"Yes, dearie. Everytime I read this poem, two romances come to mind, one is 'Jane Eyre'; for those marshes of Tantramar always make me think of Charlotte Bronte and the Yorkshire Moors."

"Poor Charlotte! and what is the other romance?"

"The other Sackville itself, if it could tell a tale, saw played."

"Girls! Flo and Bess, keep still and Auntie will tell us a story, it will pass the time just lovely until those boys come home from their shooting."

"Did I say I would, Nellie?"

"Oh, no, but I know you will; you never yet refused me anything. Begin now please, we are listening."

"Yes, we are listening," echoed the others.

"Well, I suppose I must. Let me see—it was ten years ago. I was one of the girl students at Mount Allison. It was my first year, in the second term. My room-mate's name was Mabelle Burns. I always called her Fay, why, I cannot tell you, except, perhaps, that she was a fairy-like creature, and her own name was too stately sounding to suit her. She was very slight and small, with an abundance of beautiful flaxen hair, massed around the fairest, sweetest little face, I ever saw; and the touch of her hands was, like her own nature, clinging and loving, with a magnetic charm about it that sent little thrills of pleasure through you. Often when my head ached, I used to get her to smooth it, for it was a certain cure.

Everyone used to smile at our friendship; she was such a contrast to my protective, self-reliant, practical disposition. But a shadow fell between us.

There were three institutions at Sackville, the Young Men's College, the Boy's Academy, and the Young Ladies' Seminary. It was the custom every fortnight to hold a reception in the parlours of the Ladies' Institute, of which all young men, so inclined, might take advantage.

The first reception of that term, Fay (it was her first,) made a sensation, pretty, winsome and gay, one senior's heart was caught; but worst of all, Fay's heart was lost never to be regained.

At first I heard nothing but what Lester Dobson had said or done; then the mood changed into reticence; and only a vivid flush told you when his name was mentioned, that she thought anything of him.

Every winter the girls were given a sleigh drive. This time the seniors were invited to escort them. We were to drive across the "Tantramar" into Amherst, have coffee and refreshments if we wished, then back again.

Fay shivered, said it looked cold over there (for from our windows we could see the Marshes), and wished we were not going.

"Fiddle-sticks!" I said, "Fay, some day you'll freeze to death just looking at an icicle."

Then I went down to the "charge room" to see about the arrangements; having found out, I rushed back and burst into the room crying—"Oh Fay, you are to drive with Lester Dobson all the way to Amherst and back." The red blood rushed to her face, while she looked almost frightened, then it faded away, leaving her even paler than she was before. "Am I," she answered. "What had I better wear, Kit?"

"Wear what you've got on; it's good enough to go with such a long, lank, scraggy-looking fellow as Lester Dobson."

"Oh, Kit! you should have said tall, athletic, fine-looking, and young men always look just a little rough, you know, when growing beards."

"Well, if they all look as homely as Lester Dobson will, they had better stop and shave them off in double quick time."

"Oh Kit, now!"

"Come on, there's the 'period bell'!" Sure enough, there was Lester in the hall waiting for her; he put her in the sleigh, tucked the robes around her, got in himself, then off they drove, while I and my companion were right behind them.

The drive was a perfect success. I thought so; for Herb Beverly was the best scholar in languages at the College, and I made him make good use of his knowledge, and knew I had gained a lot of information on the subject; for he very kindly explained puzzling points, unravelled tangles, and threw out suggestions for studying. We were home first, because we did not walk our horse all the way from "the bridge."

"O Kitty, Fay cried as soon as inside our room, "what a lovely time."

"Then you did not freeze did you?"

"What was the girl blushing about?"

"Did you see?" she asked.

"Did I see? see what? If you mean Lester, he's big enough for a half blind body to notice."

"What did you mean then by asking if I did not freeze?"

"Simply that, and nothing more."

"Did you and Herb have a good time?"

Mr. Beverly and I enjoyed our drive very much, and what is more, I pumped enough German and French out of him to give me quite a lift on those "exams" next week. He is perfectly at home in his subject."

"What else did he say?"

"Nothing in particular outside that everlasting topic the weather, how many studies I took, if I liked it here, etc., etc. Its tea time now, and I am hungry enough to eat everything up myself, you included."

"No, Kitty, stop a minute. Somebody's engaged to somebody, Kit."

She had no need to go any further, for the light in her eyes told the tale. I sat down too astonished to say another word; had it come to this in so short a time? Why, the foolish children, they did not half know each other yet. At this thought Fay only laughed, asking, "Can't you congratulate me or say something?"

I could not for the life of me. I was amazed, jealous and afraid for my friend.

Why I disliked Lester so much I never could give any reason. At last I managed to mumble out something about being astonished, much joy, hushed up with some pieces of advice, at which Fay only laughed the more. During tea time I was as quiet as a mouse, something unusual for me; the girls teased, twitted and laughed at my absence of mind; but it made no difference, my whole thought was, "Fay is forever lost in Lester Dobson, and I can't bear him."

(To be concluded next month.)

[FROM MANITOBA COLLEGE JOURNAL.]

QU'APPELLE.

I.

THE trader and the trader's guide,
Neath willows by the water side,
Speed swiftly down the darkened tide
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.
Around their bark and overhead
Dark tangled alder branches spread;
High up the north glows fringed with red,
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.

Dim star-gleams through the leafy roof
Adorn the river's broken woof,
The wolf howls in the glen aloof—
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.
Back from the prow the water leaps
As on the eager batteau* sweeps
By fields no reaper ever reaps,
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.

Earth hath no breeze and Heaven no moon,
And starry dials hint that soon
'Twill be night's bodeful hour of noon,
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.
No fear their dauntless hearts assail,
Afar they hear the marsh-bird's wail.
The guide relates an ancient tale,
As drizzle, drizzle, sing their paddles.

II.

THE GUIDE'S TALE.

Have you heard the story, Joyce,
Of this river?
Many a mysterious voice,
Haunts it ever.

In the ages that are now
Not remembered.
As the day-fire flickered low—
Golden embered,

Launched a youthful brave his bark,
Zoned with wampum;
Far through aspen glades and dark
Chasms noisesome,

On the river's limpid trail
Through the chilly
Night, it floated like a pale
Golden lily.

Westward by the river's brim
Lived a maiden;
All her secret soul for him
Sorrow laden.

*A "batteau" is, properly speaking, a wooden canoe, but in common usage among the natives of the country the name is often applied likewise to the birch bark tessel.

For this youthful warrior came—
Brave and handsome :—
Kindled love's undying flame
In her bosom.

Then he left her ; of a race
Blythe and daring,
He unwound her soft embrace
Only saying,

Saying, I will come again,
Loyal hearted,
Ere the homing moor-fowl's train
Hus departed.

Then he braided in her hair
Sweet Miellilot,
Now the fields with May were fair,
Yet he came not !

Patient maiden ! men may bind
And disaveer,
But the cords by angels twined,
Twine forever !

Wearily the days had passed ;
Now her lover—
Freed from bondage—came at last
To receive her.

Homeward bearing her, his bride—
Past all sorrow—
Would his birchen vessel glide
On the morrow,

Down the river's shining track
Under clinging
Vines and pinioned legions black
Seaward winging.

Gloom surrounding seemed to light
Hope's sweet treasure,
As the stars that throng the night,
Out of measure.

But, alas ! How soon are marred
Brightest fancies,
Under Fate's relentless, hard,
Sullen glances !

Soon his soul was chilled with dread—
Death's own chillness—
By a wailing voice that fled
Through the stillness.

"Come," it cried, and spoke his name
Sadly pleading,
Twice it passed and twice it came
Flitting, fleeting.

Then it hovered round the glades
And forever
Died among the ebon shades
By the river.

But the swarthy brave his bark
Urged still onward ;
Sailed through lonely chasms dark
Far to Westward.

And when meadow fogs had drawn
Curtains golden
Round the crystal gates of dawn
Backward folden,

Like a bittern where the stream
Laves the rushes,
They could see his paddle gleam
From their lodges.

Came he eagerly to where
Lay his maiden ;
Cries of sorrow rent the air,
"Wahonomin ! !"^{*}

*An Indian cry of lamentation.

She is gone, the people said,
She is blessed !
Ah, your forest flow'r is dead !
Ah, 'tis faded !

Then they told him how life's flame
Merely fluttered ;
How her pallid lips his name
Twice had uttered.

How her spirit would not wait,
But the rather
Sought the bosom of the great
Kind All-Father.

Heard he all their words of woe
Like one waking,
From a dream, and does not know
If he's dreaming.

Then he turned an ! from the shore
Swift departed,
Passed the way he passed before,
Sadder hearted.

And the people watched him pass,
From their lodges ;
Saw afar his paddle flash
By the rushes,

Till the cold grey mist of dawn,
Overhanging
All the river's breast was drawn
Round about him.

And no more at morning time,
Or the dewy
Hush of evening's mellow prime
Home returned he.

For the Indian sages say
That the river,
Pitying, him into its spray
Changed forever.

And they say, as midnight falls,
Still the maiden
On her plighted lover calls,
Sorrow laden.

And when e'er that call is heard,
All the dreamy
River's gliding spray is stirred
Into frenzy.

As the captive faithful shade
Of the warrior
Struggles (never freer made)
To regain her.

III.

Bats wing their weird erratic flight
Athwart the deepening gloom of night
Far down the wan auroral light,
Banners that fold and quiver.

In some remote wood-locked lagoon
They hear the piping of the loon,
The bittern beats his hoarse bassoon
Where cattilags nod and shiver.

The stars gleam faintly down the steeps
Of Assinicoia's vaulted deeps,
Where rise the twin cliffs' craggy heaps
To the leeward of the river.

Dread harmful silence ! awful gloom,
Rushing from midnight's teeming womb
All heaven's silver signs entomb,
Save the archer's bow and quiver.

IV.

Hark ! hark ! Who calls ? the trader said
To the ancient guide within the bow
Of the frail birch craft, as on they sped
O'er the darkened river's placid flow ;

What voice, from yonder woody knoll,
Calls through the darkness ? What voice
so late ?

Said the guide, Ah ! hush ! it is the call
Of the spectre maiden to her mate.

Sancta Maria, give us haste !
And he bent his strong thews to the blade—
By the woody glade the swift birch raced,
And the guide, all pale with horror, made

The sacred cross upon his brow,
(Lashed into foam is the river's spray !)
Merciful Mother, defend us now,
And give us grace on our dying day !
—GEORGIUS.

(FOR CANADA.)

A LETTER FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

London, April 2, 1892.

DEAR FATHER,—I have something very strange to tell you of. Last week my engineering friend, Mr. I., again invited me to go for a trip on that submarine torpedo boat I told you of some time ago. This time I could not resist him but went. I will first try and describe the boat, and then will tell you my experience. It, the ship, is about 75 feet long, and 20 feet in diameter ; it is cigar shaped, and is made of two inch steel armor plate. It is simply one mass of machinery inside, and only holds six or eight persons. When they first start out they run along on the surface of the water, and burn coal in the furnace, but when they want to go under they close up the funnel and infuse a compound of glycerine and oil instead of coal. There are two fans for supplying air through tubes to the different parts of the vessel. A compound engine of about twenty-horse power propels it at the rate of 18 miles an hour. It is lit with electric light, and in the bow there is a very powerful search light, so that when under water you can see a good distance ahead. There are two large tanks into which they let the water when they want to sink, and when they wish to rise again, they pump the water out and allow a certain kind of gas to enter, which has a raising power of many tons. There are also fans on each side, by which when in motion they can go up or down. I think you will now be able to understand the rest. Well, we got started all right, and had been sailing around under water for about half an hour, when the belt flew off the dynamo and out went the light, and of

course we could not see where we were going; well, before the engines could be stopped, we ran bang into a mud bank and stuck fast. When we got the thing lit up again, we tried to back out, but it was no go; the pumps were then started to empty out the water tanks, but after they had been going for five minutes, we found by the water glass that they were scarcely pumping at all, and if they went on at that rate it would take three or four hours to get up; this was rather ticklish, because the boat was now getting very uncomfortable. Now there was nothing for it but to set to work and take pump to pieces, and find out what was wrong, and to make a long matter short, after about twenty minutes' search we found a nut which had probably been dropped into the pipe through some carelessness, and had worked along by the suction of the water, till it had got directly over one of the valves, thus holding it open, and allowing the water to return, instead of being forced out. We very soon got the tanks emptied, but were in such a hurry that we did not notice when she started to rise, when all of a sudden up she went, very nearly all out of the water, and none too soon either, for the air in her was by this time something awful, as we were not prepared for such a long stay. We then got back to the jetty as fast as we could, and no more submarine vessels for me, thank you!

Mr. I. gave me a letter of introduction to the chief engineer of H. M. Dockyard at Portsmouth. So I took a run down there and went through some of the men-of-war, &c., that were in dock. There were over seven thousand men working there. My, but England has a fine navy; in this harbor alone there are rows upon rows of torpedo boats and line of battle ships all ready to go to sea at a few hours notice. I was also through the old frigates and vessels that they used to fight with, including Nelson's old ship the *Victory*, now used as a training ship. I also had a nice little trip over to the Isle of Wight; it is a very pretty place, a great summer resort.

Now for home,

Your returning son,
W. E. Cook,

Son of T. A. Cook, Esq., (who has kindly loaned this letter for publication) inventor and patentee of some of the curious machinery now in use in the match factory of the E. B. Eddy Manufacturing Co., Hull, Q., now just returning from England, where he has been for some months past negotiating some of his father's patents.

F. K. BLATCH, *Ottawa.*

(FOR CANADA.)

UP.

BY KEW.

ONE clear, cool winter evening some years ago, I was strolling down Tremont Street, Boston, and while passing one of the brilliantly lighted eating-shops (they call them restaurants of course) then to be found on it, observed a *gamin*, about 12 or 13 years old, planted before the large window, gazing intently at the enticing edibles within—so near and yet so far.

Just at this moment a pair of working girls, as I judged from their looks, coming up the street, neared the spot. Noticing that the youngster's whole soul was seemingly centered on what he saw, and thinking doubtless to startle him in his reverie, one of the girls bent towards him as they passed and exclaimed, "Chipper up, sonny!"

Turning to her instantly with all the readiness of his class, he flashed out, "up where?" Needless to say that the girl was completely taken aback and as much non-plussed, as more than half of those who daily drag this little word into their speech would be, if asked to give a reason for doing so.

But the spoken word often slips out unawares; we do not aim to be so nice or so guarded in what we let the lips utter or the tongue tell as when we put our thoughts upon paper, or expect to see them in print. Forgiving, then, the trips of the tongue, what excuse can be pleaded for the frequent and by many constant use of this little word when it can add nothing to the meaning, nothing to the force of the terms already written? For instance, why do writers of stories persist in telling us that the hero rose *up*? However active or skilful, could he have risen in any other direction?

Even those airy nothings that we call fancies, so little subject to rule or guidance, so fitful in their movements and so wayward, must rise *up* when they spring into being.

Nor is it only the penny-a-liners who thus express themselves, as if to add another word to the count; only the other day I met the phrase twice on the same small page in a book by Sir Arthur Helps. Gross as is this example of superfluous use, it has become so common as to pass unnoticed beside some greatly in vogue among our good cousins across the line. They seldom separate anything into parts without dividing it *up*, whether it be a cause or a cake, a cheese or a chapter; and in their characteristic haste,

sparing neither words nor effort, they exhort to hurry *up*, though the command may mean the pulling down of a house or the jumping into the water.

But we do not need to look abroad. We are not content to bury an article which we wish to put out of sight, or to hide it on some upper shelf, or even to conceal a feeling in the depths of the heart; we must cover it *up*. We are not satisfied to complete a work, it is finished *up*. "Move *up*," "close *up*," are the commands when no change of level is meant or even possible. To raise, as well as to rise should be clear enough; but to many ears the action would seem to have hung fire unless *up* were added. A hole down which material has been crammed is said to be plugged *up*; and a drain which ceases to discharge freely is suspected of being choked *up*.

We do not begin at the foot of the page to read, or at the bottom of the sheet to write, and yet when preparing an essay or treatise, the essayist first reads *up* the subject, then writes it *up*.

To the *profanum vulgus* the little word is verily a *sine qua non*; deprived of it they would be much like beavers shorn of their tails, for certainly their speech would be curtailed. Examples, in this case, would be as odious as comparisons, and may therefore be omitted. By the slang-makers and slang-users, those debasers and counterfeiters of the coin of the realm, it is used in almost every phrase they introduce, from "liquor *up*" to "dry *up*," in order, as they would say, to "round" or "polish it *up*."

What is the reason for the choosing of this particular monosyllable? Why is it made to serve so often, and in relations so varied? Why tacked to expressions already complete in sense? Why "*up*" rather than *out*, or *down*, or *over*, or *through*? They are all used, but not by any means so variously, so frequently.

Is its unnecessary addition to terms which alone stand so firmly, sit so fairly, or lie so comfortably, due to the mistaken idea that a simple statement must be a weak one? That words add weight or strength with sound? That a fact plainly told will not sink far enough into the minds of our hearers, an action simply described not have enough effect, unless helped by the intensive "*up*?"

On the other hand it may be urged that the little monosyllable may be employed very often and very properly to add vigour to a phrase or to give it a finished sense, and thus afford proof of the force our native tongue puts into its smallest terms,—of the wonderful pliancy with which they can be bent to different

uses,—of the fact that whole sentence may be compressed into a single word.

Of the actual value of the frequent and varied use of "up," a page of almost any book, a page of any newspaper dealing at all in idiom, will not fail to give examples; while the least amount of observation is enough to shew the ease and persistency with which it enters into our daily, familiar speech. This very frequency of use accounts, no doubt, for the frequency of abuse to which attention has here been drawn.

The great master of words has told us that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil;" will it be too great a stretch of fancy to credit the evil usage here spoken of with a blind reaching after something better, since we all agree in looking above us for examples and inspirations of good, and offer all our prayers up?

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

(FROM PROGRESS AND REVISED FOR CANADA.)

PATER PATRIE: A FANTASY.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

A GAIN I trod in wonted ways,
Mid scenes long dear to me,
Where glad I dwelt in other days,
Beside the summer sea.

I looked upon Chebucto Bay,
The sun's bright bride at noon,
And, when the midnight holdeth sway,
The consort of the moon.

In wavy beauty heaved below
Her globe on each smooth swell;
While loomed aloof, in her soft glow,
The grey old citadel.

I paced along the silent street,
Through all the haunted hours;
Or sate me in a garden sweet
With souls of myriad flowers.

Low-drooping stars begemmed the trees;
The fire-flies' furtive light
Flickered from shade to shade; and these
Made beautiful the night.

Then, sweet as water rippling near
Or the light lisp of leaves,
Soft accents met my raptured ear,
Rich as the bird of eve's:

"Thy haunts, Acadia are these;
Thy sons these bowers have planned:
How full of charm, how apt to please,
How fair—my native land!

"I loved thee in my natal hour;
I gave thee might and will;
Now o'er these scenes, a guardian power,
My spirit broodeth still."

*The Public Gardens at Halifax.

I started when the voice was mute,
Yet no one could I greet;
When suddenly I heard a flute
And sound of pacing feet.

By shadowy alleys onward came,
In flowery chains arrayed,
Full many a youth with heart aflame,
And many a marching maid.

And, when they came to where I sate,
That bannered youthful crew,
Up I arose, with heart elate,
And followed after, too.

Thick-branched, the over-arching trees
An open space disclose,
Where, midway of the moonlit leas,
A form majestic rose.

Aloof it stood in stalwart grace,
Of snowy marble hewn:
Nearer we drew—I know the face—
My country's great tribune.†

In his right hand he held a scroll
Which this for legend bore:
*His Country claims the steadfast soul
That loveth evermore:*

*Her praise is best, and she can give
What may his need supply:
For her he counts it joy to live,
And recompense to die.*

Like bees the youth were clustered round,
On his white mould intent;
And to each heart, well pleased I found,
The patriot meaning went.

They gazed on his uplifted brow
And his extended hand,
That seemed as if a senate now
Its movement would command;

And while they gazed their hearts beat high,
Their tearful eyes grew dim,
And each one felt, "O would that I
Could love and serve like him!"

Then from the marble lips again
Broke forth that thrilling voice
In mystic melody, as when
A thousand streams rejoice:

"Of all the lands that moon and sun
Light in diurnal course,
They look upon no fairer one,
Through the wide universe.

"For so I seem to hear them say,
With tongue of eve or morn:
*It is that land our beams array
Whereunto ye were born!*

"Then love your own, ye beauteous youth;
Yea, love it ardently!
Your sires of old were men of truth;
Such let their children be.

†Hon. Joseph Howe.

"Be theirs who will that worst of shames,
To disenchant the earth,
And curse with their ignoble aims
The country of their birth;

"But ye—act ye the patriot's part;
Pledge here, and hence fulfil!"
Then each laid hand upon his heart
And answered low, *We will!*

CHERRYFIELD, MAINE.

Is there a class who should be more generous, open-minded, exempt from the snare of petty jealousy, than the man who devote themselves to literature? Especially should not the poets, and workers in the more refined order of letters, be devoted to the amenities. Should they not be willing, easy forgivers, and the guardians of each other's reputations? No rage of self-interest should be allowed to mar this brotherhood, since no one can thrive upon the reproach or injury of his neighbour. Happiest is he, after all, who feels delight in every worthy and beautiful thing that is brought to light, and who considers the happiness of his brother his own triumph. Nor should it be said by any man, truthfully, that he had found better hearts among the thorough business men of his acquaintance than among his literary associates.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.

4 CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO THE

Canadian North West!

FROM ALL POINTS IN THE

MARITIME PROVINCES,

TO LEAVE ON

JUNE 13th, 20th, 27th, and JULY 18th, 1892.

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL

JULY 24th, 31st, and AUGUST 7th, 28th, 1892.

For Rates of fare and other information enquire of your nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass Agent, MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Rubber Stamps.

Why not take orders? We will make them for you at a rate which will leave you a handsome profit, and in a manner that will please your customers. We make all kinds of Bank and Office Stamps, Seals, &c. (P. P.s 12 cts.) Send for Catalogue.

WATTON & CO.,

Sherbrooke, Que.

MONTCAUM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE BY
THE EDITOR.

Chapter V.—(Continued).

In spite of all, the general, strong in the virtue of his cause and in the public indignation, would perhaps have crushed upon the spot some of the vampires of Canada, if the clever rascals, among whom Bigot was chief, had not found an auxiliary in a man who did not in any way resemble them. At the head of the colony, as governor-general, was a simple naval captain, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He was honest and sincerely devoted to France and the colony, but his intelligence and activity were not equal to his disinterestedness or his patriotism; his irresolution especially was to be regretted, and if his nephew, the intrepid sailor, had not had more decision, he would not have reconquered Senegal in 1780. "Our governor wants to be governed," wrote Doreil to the minister in 1756; Montcaum would have filled the office well: unfortunately M. de Vaudreuil abdicated into the hands of Bigot. Born in the colony, he was fond of colonial prejudices and excessively jealous of his prerogatives: those about him took advantage skillfully of the wranglings, the rivalries inevitable in the colonies between the native authorities and the functionaries coming from the metropolis. To this poor governor, the wretches who devoured the colony had the talent to make appear as an enemy of New France the only man capable of defending it.

A strife, secret at first, afterwards open, which lasted until the death of Montcaum, arose between him and the colonial government. They denounced one another in turn to Versailles. M. de Vaudreuil complained that "the soldier had grown to the pitch of despotism." He accused Montcaum of not knowing how to profit by his advantages, and insisted upon the recall of the general. Montcaum, himself also, asked to return to Europe, "remaining there no longer to execute obscure orders given with duplicity by a chief who does not know how to talk war." In the meantime, he paid homage to the governor as the depositary of royal authority. "I represent to him," writes he, "but, at the same time I employ all means for the success of his projects, even when they differ from mine." At any rate, the general could do nothing without the governor. Save during the operations of the campaign, he was accorded no authority by



the colonial troops (or the marine), or by the savages, or by the militia. Never could he hasten or retard one hour the departure of a ship. For its pay, the equipment, the munitions, the material of war, the army depended absolutely upon the colonial authorities, and at the least complaint, they threatened to cut off the supplies. Alas! in Canada, this threat made the bravest tremble. To whom could an appeal be made? They were 1500 leagues from France, with an ice-blockade during six months. "Expatriated, wanting everything," writes Bouguinville, "thinking only of what glory is acquired in withstanding difficulties of every sort, hatred, envies, having everything to suffer from the climate, from the country and inhabitants, we learn here nothing but patience."

It was thus, in the absence of all resources, that Montcaum struggled four years without intermission, finding, to prop up the sinking colony, no other fulcrum but his own great heart. What he suffered, can it be told? What torment for a man of such valour, to see his military reputation exposed to all hazards by an incapacity always hesitating, and on which all depends! What anguish and what rage to feel that himself, the army, the whole colony, were but the vile material with which men, who had sold even our colours, might build their execrable fortune!

(To be continued).

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

— WHOLESALE —

DRY GOODS and MILLINERY,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

— DEPARTMENTS: —

Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Parasols, Shawls, Mantles, Muslins, Millinery, Dress Goods, SMALLWARES, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Dress-makers' Trimmings, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Prints, Collars, Shirts, Linens, Hessians, Baza, Flannels, Blankets, Lumbermen's Outfits, Carpets, Oil-cloths, Linoleum,

HOUSE FURNISHINGS, YARNS, WARPS, &c., &c.

CHALONER'S Croup Cure

IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE

BEST PREPARATION FOR CROUP IN THE MARKET.

No family should be without this article where there are small children.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Prepared and sold wholesale by

S. McDIARMID,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,

49 King Street, - St John, N. B.

★ STAR — AND — DAISY ★ Chocolates

ARE THE BEST.

Made only by

WHITE, COLWELL & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE STAPLE & FANCY

Dry Goods and Millinery.

We offer one of the largest and best assorted stocks to be found in the Dominion.

• Prices Low and Terms Liberal. •

N. B.—Special attention devoted to orders by mail.

SMITH BROS.

150 Granville Street - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Canadiana.

Edited by REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor Felix"), Cherryfield, Maine.

VI.

ACADIAN MINSTRELSY.

Runmaging the book-case, I one morning discovered what to me was a treasure. It was in the home of a friend ; and not being at Halifax or Truro, but in a town on the western Maine sea-board, I was momentarily surprised to read on the title-page : "The Æolian Harp, or Miscellaneous Poems. By Sarah and Mary E. Herbert." This precious bit of flotsam had somehow drifted in here, where it was little regarded and indifferently known, and had become stranded. I claimed it by right of original discovery, and had no difficulty in arranging to bear it away.

These sisters, of whom I had heard little and should delight to know more, were residents of Halifax some half a century ago, and were lovers and patrons of literature in their time. They were of Irish parentage. They were of most amiable spirit, if we may draw conclusions from such traditions as have floated down to us. They were both lovers of the home soil, and their adopted city. Sarah writes in the lines "To an Absent Friend :

" The fragrance of Acadia's flowers
The hues that summer sunset gave,
The ramble through the forest bowers,
The rest beside Chebucto's wave ;
The flowery field our cot before,
Its many-blossomed hawthorn trees,
The willow, waving at our door,
O say, hast thou forgotten these."

I should imagine their home to have been a kind of literary centre at that time, where anyone of like taste with themselves, was more than welcome. We read in the memoir of John McPherson, prefixed to his poems : "During a visit to Halifax in 1843, his demeanor was marked by the quiet retiring characteristics previously alluded to. . . He could well enjoy the society of persons having literary tastes akin to his own. . . About this time he became acquainted with Sarah Herbert, whose published verses have had a wide provincial circulation. Miss Herbert like McPherson, was warmly attached to poetry, and fond of giving literary exercises a moral and religious tendency. She evinced a hearty admiration for the sweetness of McPherson's lyre, appreciating his unsophisticated character, and could repeat from memory with much feeling, several of his best lines. One pleasant evening, a small social party, including the two writers, was assembled. The conversation as might be expected, turned on poetry, and Miss Herbert recited with clearness, taste, and due emphasis, his stanzas, entitled "Longings for Spring." The company were much pleased with the plaintively picturesque lines ; but the bard himself, on hearing his verse so fluently repeated by a sister melodist, was gratified and delighted beyond measure, and forgot for a happy moment,

present cares and gloomy prospects. Both writers, then young in years and hope. . . went early beyond the 'dark river.'"

After McPherson's death, Sarah lamented him in a strain made fashionable by Miss Landon and Mrs. Hemens :

" The grave hath quiet sleep ;
And blissful treasures high in Heaven, remain
For those who, struggling through their lot of pain,
Their faith and hope in God unwavering keep.

" And he, we trust was such,
O'er whose untimely fate Acadia sighs ;
He, from whose lyre, such sweet, sad tones would rise,
When woke the strings beneath his gentle touch.

" Life's flowers but thinly grew
Around his pathway, and the sunbeams bright,
Too seldom cheered him with their clear, warm light,
But rather, cloud-obscured, faint radiance threw.

" The lyre we hear no more,
He, doubtless, tuneth to a loftier strain ;
And its soft music swells, unmixed with pain,
In hymns triumphal, on the heavenly shore."

" So Friendship smiles to see
That his loved land his name in memory bears."

She returns again to the theme in some lines on "Returning Spring," which do not

THE NEW WEBSTER



WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

SUCCESSOR OF THE UNABRIDGED. Re-edited and Reset from Cover to Cover. A GRAND INVESTMENT for every Family and School.

The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editors being employed, and over 300,000 expended before first copy was printed. SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. Pamphlet sent free by the publishers.

CAUTION is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reprints of an obsolete and comparatively worthless edition of Webster are being marketed under various names and often by misrepresentation.

GET THE BEST, The International, which bears imprint of G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.



What's in Progress this week?

Address :—EDWARD S. CARTER, - - St. John, N. B.

quite attain the the spontaneousness, vigor, and plaintive sweetness of McPherson's :

"Then I bethought me of a song
Earth shall not hear again,
Though once it gushed forth pure and strong
In most melodious strain :
He sleepeth now a quiet sleep
Unwaked by grief or love,
Who longed, where spring's fresh breezes sweep

Her flow'et's bed, to rove ;
And though the 'genial May' is near,
Though earth of charms hath store,
Dimmed is his eye, and dulled his ear,—
The Poet heeds no more."

Mary Herbert survived her equally gifted sister, and alludes to her in some lines, of which we can give but a few :

"And thou, dear, gentle child of song,
Oa whom the Muses fondly smiled,
Whose sweet and artless notes beguiled
Full many a weary heart ;
'Returning Spring' awaits thy lay,
But silent is thy harp to day."

We can give here but one other example of her verse, from a poem "On Sailing Down the Labave River."

"Fair river, gliding from my view,
Ye green and sloping banks, adieu !
Each wooded cliff, each sunny glade,
Each cot embowered in rural shade ;
Ye waving fields, ye orchards fair,
Whose fruits perfume the balmy air."

The volume was issued in 1862, by E. G. Fuller & Co., Halifax, N. S.

* *

THE Halifax *Critic*, in terms of propriety, contrasts the poetry of Canada with the products of our Austral brothers, to the manifest advantage of the former :

"It is time the cause of Canadian literature was upheld against that of Australian, at least as far as poetry is concerned. We have, it must be conceded, no novelist, unless Miss Duncan's "American Girl in London," is regarded as a novel ; but a critical comparison of Australian poetry with ours, can leave no doubt in the mind of a reasonable observer that Canada deserves double the meed of praise which is now given to Australia. Even Douglas Sladen, who did not do Canada justice in his selections from her poets, has failed to compile a volume from the best work of his own people, such as Canada could produce. To anyone who will read Adam Lindsay Gordon, Halloran, Horne, Shepard, indeed any Australian, and then will compare them with Bliss Carman, Roberts, Isabella Valancy Crawford, there can be no question as to whom the supremacy properly belongs. Kendall is the only Australian who can approach to Bliss Carman in felicity of expression, and even his work falls far below such poems as "Death in April," and the "Red Swan." If Mr. James Payne and other critics would search the Canadian literature as they search Australian, for the blossom of genius in the colonies, their opinions might undergo a change."

The romance of that southern continent, and the style of verse, with its reproduction of the wild life of the bush, and the reflexion of a picturesque foreign scenery, have given Australian poetry a prominence its intrinsic literary merits would not warrant. And this is not said in any ungenerous spirit of dispraise, but upon careful study and con-

sideration. There is no corner of the literary world to-day where more poetic promise manifests itself than in the Dominion of Canada, and among her sons ; and our brothers on the other side of the Atlantic may be depended upon to discover that fact in due time. To the names the *Critic* quotes may be added those of Lampman, the Scotts, Campbell, and others who have brought, and are bringing, great credit to their native land.

* *

THE Acadian peninsula bears no inconsiderable part in the promotion of the cause of Canadian letters, and contributes some of the best verse to the general body of our poesy. The Valley region, particularly, which, by virtue of legend and romance, may properly be considered poetic soil, is now tenanted by several singers, whose songs are to command a general hearing. And others, who have gone away from the places of their birth into the Great Republic, are doing like good work, and achieving an honorable record. To manifest this the clearer, we have selected a few of the things that please us best from recent journals, and woven them into a garland. They will do for arbutus, apple-blossom, or wild cherry. First we have from the New York *Independent*, "The Canada Lily," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts :

"The northern summer, bright like flame,
Grew troubled at the tranquil core,
And from the sudden passion came
This blossom, blazoned as for war ;
And as the tropic bloom unfurled,
Strange heats assailed our temperate world,
And o'er the burning petals drew
The heavens with a sultrier blue."

At Wolfville,—the Acadie proper,—is a true poet, of growing strength, whose "Bobolinks," in the current *Independent*, may be classed among the finest sonnets produced in Canada, and one of the best characterisations of the song of that bird so well praised by Lowell, Bryant, and others :

"A flash of gold and jet, then bubbling throats
From meadow-fence and dike fill up the breeze.

List and bethink ! These are not reveries
In song, nor passion shaped in silver notes.
The warble's expectation never floats
Beyond the reach of wing. The melodies
Seek not the past, nor pierce futurities.
These happy spirits wrapped in glossy coats
Hear Nature's gentle calling and reply.
Canst thou not see within each feathered thing

There is a life that looks nowhere beyond
To unattempted songs and heights of sky ?
In each quick moment, eager voice and wing,
Find life's sweet acme holding breath in bend."

The "Olaf Hjorward," of Bliss Carman, in the *Independent*, March 31st, comes as one of the noblest of tributes to,—

"One who was too sure for sorrow,
Too serenely wise for haste,
Too compassionate for scorn,
Fearless man and faultless comrade,
One great heart whose heat was love ;—
One who was laid to rest not long ago,
"In the warm blue heart of the hills" that enfold Fredericton. The poem is long

JOHN J. WEDDALL,

† Dry Goods, †

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

Letter Orders a Specialty.

Saint John Business College

—AND—
SHORT HAND INSTITUTE.

The reputation of this College is indicated by the fact that students have come to us from Newfoundland, British Columbia, Bermuda, West Indies, and several of the United States.

Yet, I have not attained to my ideal of what a business college should be. I do not expect I ever will do so. I have, however, taken the best possible means for doing so, by securing as partner Mr. Wm. Pringle, the well-known Penman and Business College specialist. Mr. Pringle is just the man I have for years been looking for. He will be with me July 1st, and notice is given thus early, that those who are planning their summer work may know their opportunity.

Kerr's Bookkeeping, \$1 ; Business College Pens, \$1 per gross ; Samples of Mr. Pringle's Penmanship, and Circulars containing Terms, Course of Study, etc., mailed to any address.

S. KERR, — Principal,
St. John, N. B.

A SURE WAY TO GET A LIVING.



TAKE A
COURSE AT

WHISTON'S
Commercial College.

It will cost you very little and be the means of securing you a good position. Number of Whiston's young men and women graduates are earning large salaries to-day. Try it—you can do the same. Send for Circular to

S. E. WHISTON,
95 Barrington Street, — HALIFAX, N. S.

Back numbers of CANADA can still be supplied at 10 cents each, except those for February, 1891, (25 cents).—March, 1892 (25 cents). The volume for 1891 will be sent complete for \$1.00.

Agents wanted to canvass for CANADA in every town, village, and country settlement in the Dominion. First-rate chance to make money quickly and easily. Very liberal cash commission. Send 25 cents for complete outfit.

and we have not space for liberal quotation, but must give a few lines :

" Ah, my rivers, Olaf Hjörward
Leaves me here a vacant world !
I must hear the roar of cities
And the jargon of the schools,
With no word of that one spirit
Who was steadfast as the stars ;

Nowhere, nowhere the blue eyes,
With their swift and grave regard,
Falling on me with God's look."

Soon the large mild stars of Spring-time
Will resume the ancient twilight
And restore the heart of earth
To unvexed eternal poise ;
For the great Will, calm and lonely,
Can no mortal grief derange,
No lost memories perturb ;
And the sluices of the morning
Will be opened, and the daybreak
Well with bird-calls and with brook notes,
Till there be no more despair
In the good dream of the world."

At Hantsport, N. S., resides a lady, whose pseudonym "Owen Simpson" is familiar to some, and who by reason of several fine lyrics, is entitled to a meed of praise. The name of Mrs. Jean Trenholm is oftener before the public, but in connexion with philanthropic and church enterprise. This little lyric, tintured with Doric, is one of her best. It is entitled "Gowans."

" Last month I walked this pathway through
the fields,
My heart fu' sair an' heavy, little knowin'
That down among the withered grass an'
leaves
I trod upon, the gowans sweet were growin'.
But Maytime has the gladsome green restored,
I see na mair these wracks o' lang synce
splendour ;
But here, e'en where the dour some brun was
strown,
The gowans sweet are springin' frae an'
tender.

O Sages ! wi' sweet lips o' bonnie bloom.
Surpassin' in the perfectness o' beauty
The grandest wark the han' o' man e'er
wrought,—
Ye preach me sarnius wise on trust an'
duty.

' Life's mickle burdens thole,' I hear ye say,
Still faithful an' still cheerie, ever knowin',
That where our een see withered leaves an'
grass,
Our heavenly Father sees the gowans
growin'."

In the Connecticut River Valley there lives one who was in his youth familiar with Minas and the Gaspereaux, nor has he forgotten them in his rhymes.* He writes in verse but sparingly, and generally as briefly as in that which follows. His fancy concerns the birth of Music :

" When and where was music born ?
When the strong gods one great man
Made for man a heart of fire,—
Love, with infinite desire,—
Ages long Love wandered dumb,
Dreaming on the things to come,
Till the strong gods, quit of wrong,
Crowned her loveliness with Song."

*Rev. B. W. Lockhart.

Besides the names above mentioned, there are those of Arthur Wentworth Eaton, Sophie Almon Hensley, Elizabeth G. Roberts, Irene Elder Morton, Mrs. Stearns (" Vivien,") M. J. Patriman Lawson, and others,—guarantee that whatever appears under them is worthy the public attention. The little jewel at the commencement of our article, requires this lucid pendent to gather the light and sparkle at its close. It is worthy "The Lily of the Valley."

" Did winter, letting fall in vain regret
A tear among the tender leaves of May,
Embalm the tribute, lest she might forget
This perfumed and imperishable way ?

" Or did the virgin Spring sweet vigil keep
In the white radiance of the midnight hour,
And whisper to the unwondering ear of sleep
Some shy desire that turned into a flower."

It was contributed by Prof. Roberts to *Harper's Magazine*.

Our Own Poets.

SLEEP.

Behold ! I lay in prison like St. Paul,
Chained to two guards that both were grim
and stout,

All day they sat by me and held me thrall ;
The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.
And through the twilight of that hopeless
close

There came an angel shining suddenly
That took me by the hand, and, as I rose,
The chains grew soft and slipped away
from me.

The doors gave back and swung without a
sound,

Like petals of some magic flower unfurled.
I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,
Into another and a kindlier world.

The master of that black and bolted keep
Thou knowest is Life ; the angel's name is
Sleep.

—A. LAMPMAN in *Harper's Magazine*.

FREEDOM FROM CARE.

And tossed in glee his ragged cap,
With laughter, to the sky ;
Oblivious, in the glow of youth,
How the mad world went by ;

Nor cared in realms of summer time ;
By haunts of bow and vine,
If Nicholas lost the Volga,
Or Bismarck held the Rhine.

—W. W. CAMPBELL in "Lake Lyrics."

WILLIAM CROWE,

133 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

— IMPORTER OF ALL KINDS OF —

FINE WOOLS, YARNS, FLEECES,

— AND —

FINGERINGS.

ANGOLA AND KNITTING COTTONS.

Ladies' Fancy Work in Velvet, Satin, Silk, Kid, Cloth,
Canvas, Cardboard, Etc. Stamping for
Braiding and Embroidery.

Hairds, Heads, Crewels, Stamped Strips, Yokes, Toilet
Sets, Tassels, Coris.

Fancy Goods in China, Parian, Bronze, Ormolu,
Crystal, Glassware, Swiss Carved Goods,
Japanese Ware, Etc., Etc.

Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Desks, Albums, and Photo-
graph Frames.

CONTINUED.

As surely as the snow melts under spring showers so surely does CANCER vanish under the influence of our pleasant cure, which is curing hundreds, and six cents for proof and full particulars. No Plaster. No knife.

Mention CANADA.

STOTT & JURY,
Bowmanville, Ont.

PRESERVE HEALTH IN YOUR HOME

by subscribing for

"THE MEDICAL ADVISER,"

the best 16-page Health Journal in the English language. Sample free, or to end of 1892 on trial for 25 cents.

TRY IT! TRY IT!

Mention CANADA.

MEDICAL ADVISER,
Bowmanville, Ont.

PREMIUMS FOR ALL!

Old Subscribers and New.

Every Subscription to CANADA received after May 20th, 1892, *New or Renewal*, at the full rate of One Dollar, will entitle the subscriber to one of the Premiums described in this column, *free and postage paid*. When sending your subscription, state which premium you want. If in arrears, the subscriber must pay up to date and for *one full year in advance*.

Any subscriber sending us a New Subscription to CANADA with his own *Renewal* may remit only \$1.75, and each of them will entitle the subscriber to one of the Premiums described below, as though the full subscription price had been paid.

Anyone sending us two New Subscriptions to CANADA at one time may send only \$2.25, and each of them will entitle the subscriber to one of the Premiums described below, as though the full subscription price had been paid.

PREMIUM No. 1.

A copy of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," a beautiful oleograph reproduction of the wonderful work by Munkacsy, the Hungarian artist.

This is no cheap chromo, but a really fine work of art that would grace the walls of the wealthiest homes. The price of the picture alone is 50 cents.

PREMIUM No. 2.

A copy of "POEMS OF TEN YEARS," advertised in this magazine. The price of this book alone is 40 cents.

PREMIUM No. 3.

A copy of "THE YOUNG WIFE'S COOK BOOK," by an experienced housekeeper, a handsome volume of 124 pages. The price of this book alone is 25 cents.

PREMIUM No. 4.

A copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED PRO-NOUNCING POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," containing 250 illustrations, neatly and strongly bound in cloth. The price of this dictionary alone is 30 cents.

PREMIUM No. 5.

A year's subscription to THE NORTHERN MESSENGER, published by John Dougal & Son, Montreal, an excellent little fortnightly for young people. The subscription price of the *Messenger* alone is 30 cents.

Among the above five premiums is there not one that you want, and another that your friend wants? If so, send his subscription and yours together, and save 25 or 50 cents. Stamps will be taken for fractions of a dollar.

Address—

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

Our Young People.

(FOR CANADA.)

DREAMS.

BY G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

I.

Although the wind and the snow were shrieking through the solemn elms and over the cold steel-gray ice on the river, and though a rumour of mince pie and plum-pudding creep up the winding stairs from the kitchen, yet I turn my thoughts a few months back and dream of the summer.

Behind us the busy town fades out like a toilsome dream, and the stretch of the river lengthens away before our eyes, and seems to sleep and run to nothingness among the green islands far ahead. The wakes of the two canoes ripple far behind as if searching for the half-forgotten town, and the four busy paddles dip and swing.—dip and swing to the tune of the water as it runs along the varnished bark. There ahead of us, crossing the river with a steady beat of wings, a great blue heron steers his course. In the shadow of our two canoes, down among the eel-grass, the dusky forms of pickerel and perch come and go, and far up in the blue distance an osprey watches their many glidings. The sun rises higher and the paddles seem to linger after every dip, while the canoes slide along in the shade of the shore willows, and the glare and the current of the mid-stream is left. In the afternoon we reached our camping ground,—a shore of sand and grass and drooping willows, which slowly climb up and mix among tall elm trees.

Such was the place where we pitched our tents, and in front of them we built our fire. Early next morning, we the inexperienced, who are not used to blankets, turn out to explore. Right at the foot of our path to the beach, lies the mouth of the lagoon. In the lagoon the water is calm, and at its head there rises an ice-cold spring. The wet grey sand gives place to shining white pebbles, with here and there a piece of red cornelian. Further along the shore, we come to a desolate sand-bar, which stretches far out into mid-stream. On the other side of the island is the Grand Pass, which foams along, fretting and undermining the gravelly shore, and bearing away logs and branches and great bubbles of white foam. Up the bank a little way there is a small grove of young hard-wood and tall grass, which slowly gives away towards the middle of the island, to muddy

hollows, filled with willows, drift-wood, ferns. Far in the distance we hear the breakfast horn, and so our explorations are ended.

Home Topics.

Edited by B. A. S., Box 19, Charlottetown,
P. E. Island.

A KIND VOICE.

"THERE is no flower of love so hard to get and keep," writes Elihu Burritt, "as a kind voice. A kind hand is dead and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone which is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and it stirs up ill-will, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be more to you in the day to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is light which sings as well as shines.

PLEASURE OF RECEIVING LETTERS.

How eagerly one watches for the expected letter, and how the face may flush or pale upon receiving an unexpected letter. The letter of the absent friend, the letter that describes the journey, the pleasures of the visit—it is the next thing to going one's self. And, when a stranger in a strange land, how eagerly welcomed, and often read, are the letters from friends, from mother, father, sister or brother. The mother anxiously wants the weekly news from her boy or girl away at school; the old folks at home long for tidings of the absent ones. How dear to the heart of a girl are the confidential letters of her quondam schoolmate! How the young man treasures the letters from his sweetheart! And the scrawl of baby hands, the faint wavering lines on the scrap of torn paper sent by fond parents are proudly exhibited by a proud grandmamma.

How the cold characters glow in the light of friendly and loving eyes! But remember the words once put on paper are as thistle-down given to the four winds.

Old letters, with ink pale, the paper yellow with age, the postmark faded, all tied up with faded ribbon, are sometimes priceless treasures, mementoes of past, halcyon days; but for the present, compare them with a letter new, crisp, the ink bright, the postmark yesterday's.

Everyone enjoys receiving letters but not everyone likes to answer them. Receiving a letter usually wakens a lively train of



STAMPS.

Stamps of British North America sent on approval, 25% commission. Packets from 5c. to \$1.00 each, postage extra. State what quantity and quality required. I wish to purchase old stamps used before Confederation, on the envelope preferred.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID,

British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, on the original envelopes, especially desired. Blocks and pairs also wanted.

H. L. HART,

71 Gottingen Street,

HALIFAX, - NOVA SCOTIA.

STAMP COLLECTORS:

You should send your name on a postal and receive my Illustrated Price List of over 500 sets and packets; it contains many bargains,—here are a few:

United States Revenues, 25 var.	12c.
" " 50 "	50c.
Costa Rica Revenues, used for postage,	
3 var., only	40c.
Br. Honduras, 1891, 5c. and 15c., pro-	
visional, 2 var.	75c.
15 different Central America	30c.
35 " South America	50c.
30 " West India Islands	40c.
25 " Australia	30c.
&c. &c. &c.	

APPROVAL SHEETS, at 20 to 50 per cent. commission, sent on receipt of good reference.

WANTED—All kinds of British North American Postage Stamps, for CASH. I am willing to pay 10 per cent. more than any other dealer.

Send for sample copy of the "POST OFFICE"—the leading Philatelic monthly.

HENRY GREMMEL,

50 NASSAU STREET, - NEW YORK

thought and if one would reply immediately replying would be easy, but some little thing hinders, mayhap an equally imperative duty calls, or we simply prefer doing something else. Days, weeks, yes, months pass by. A letter unanswered! It may be a little thing, but as some to their sorrow have found it may be a great thing. A fancied slight, and with the gulf of distance between, a friendship broken. And, oh! to think that one who loved us and whom we loved might have been made happier by the letter which was never sent.

We speak of the pleasure of receiving, let's not forget the duty of writing letters. The duty of writing do not put off; Let sleep or pleasure wait, Lest the letter for which they waited and longed,

Be a day or an hour too late.

A cheerful letter may be

Like a sweet bird voice calling
At night, through chill and gloom;
Like a bar of sunlight falling,
Into a darkened room.

MABEL YATES.

THE latest fancy is the Duchesse de Berry sleeve, very full and broad, broader than ever for evening wear, and set in at the shoulder on a level with that piece of one's anatomy, instead of being raised and finished at the elbow with a flounce of lace.—*New York Sun.*

THE spring hats are all historic in name. There are Louis XV., Revolution, Marquise, Tzarina, Imperatrice and Victorian, all big and fantastic in shape and gay in coloring.

A NOVELTY in bridal fans is of gauze with the bride's future initials traced along one side in her favourite flower and a view of her new home delicately painted in the centre.

The Christian Life.

[FOR CANADA.]
HYMN.

Breathe now upon Thy servants, Lord;
Give power to humbly watch and pray;
Control our thoughts; inspire each word;
And nearer draw us day by day.

More of Thine image we would bear;
More of Thy mind on us bestow;
Fill every heart with filial fear;
Preserve us blameless here below.

From pride and self and creature love
In mercy save and set us free,
Till deed and word and thought shall prove
We live in all things unto Thee.

Behold us now in lowly prayer,
Our treasure on the altar laid;
Ourselves and all that we hold dear
Forever here an offering made.

Canst Thou accept the sacrifice?
Then bid the fire on us to fall:
We plead the blood, the ransom price
So freely paid to save us all.

I. HOWIE.

Sheffield Academy, N. B.

WHAT IS THE END OF LIFE?

The end of life is not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good, or winning souls, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done all the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report or ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China; or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business; and you who were going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in life till that principle is taken possession of.—*Professor Drummond.*

BEGIN NOW.

It was said of Alfred DeVigny that he proposed making a great poem, and he had the capacity and genius to make it; but he spent all his life in gathering materials for that poem. Some times his friends used to say to him, "Why don't you begin? You are getting on in life, and after a while you will be too old to write the poem." And he would keep saying, "To-morrow I will begin." One morning the papers in Paris announced his death—his work all undone, he lay dead amid the magnificent materials he had with which to begin the poem.

And some of you, dear readers, have been projecting a grand Christian life; you have a great many bright plans and expectations gathered about you. When are you going to begin that life? You say, "To-morrow." But I fear that death will break in before

you have begun, and your breath will be stopped, and your heart will be stunned, and forever the great poem of your Christian life will be unwritten, and the song of grace unsung, and your immortal soul unpardoned. Then the goodness of God will become his wrath, and the sunlight will become a storm, and the welcome will become an anathema; and instead of a lifetime of God-given opportunities, there will remain nothing but an eternity of wild overthrow. Oh, that God would by his goodness lead us all to repentance!—*Dr. Talmage.*

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE.

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER.

The facts already stated fully confirmed—Interviews with leading physicians who treated Quant—The most marvellous case in the history of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y. *Journal*, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the *Express*—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the *Journal's* article. The facts as elicited by the *Express* reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:—

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany *Evening Journal* the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an *Express* reporter has been devoting some time in a

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable.



They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the *Journal*, has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers, and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country, that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the *Albany Journal*, and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the *Express* reporter's investigation authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the *Express* are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city, and St. Peter's hospital in Albany,—was dismissed from each as incurable, and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself, and published in the *Albany Journal*, is as follows:—

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick, and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses, to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of, that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pains in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak, my step unsteady, and I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but

they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid \$124). In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a 'thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists, and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia, and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down, and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on, and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case, Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took

them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills, I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors' had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the *Express* reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements—

ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037.

Admitted Sept. 16, 84, Chas. Quant.

Age: 34 years. Birthplace: New York.

Occupation: Carvasser.

Residence: 17 Park Avenue, Hoboken.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

(OVER)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to enquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia, as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record, he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia, by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hosp.

Yours, STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted, and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strabismus of the left eye and dilation of the left eye) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but some dizziness; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured, and Quant who was receiving treatment in the outpatient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case, as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised, he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well. For his was a bad case, and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia? "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter,

Saturday, April 2nd, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's Hospital, and when told the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow, he couldn't be cured, and had to go home in a terrible state of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's Hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up, by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly, it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease, by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation, successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and

sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold, makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

AMMONIA

in Baking Powder is a

Disease-producing Agent.

Its volatility is abridged by reaction with the gluten of the Flour.

The preparation of an UNOBJECTIONABLE Baking Powder containing AMMONIA is impracticable.

Avoid all risk and use

WOODILL'S
German Baking Powder,

GUARANTEED to contain NO AMMONIA



GRIFFIN & KELTIE,

MANUFACTURERS OF—

MONUMENTS,

— IN —

MARBLE AND POLISHED GRANITE.

↔ Marble Floors a Specialty. ↔

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH TILES FOR FLOORS, HEARTHES, &c.

323 Barrington Street, - - Halifax, N. S.

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

EDITED BY

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A. B.

Associate and Contributing Editor:

REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix").

TERMS.

Subscription.—One dollar per year, payable in advance. Three copies will be sent to one address for two dollars. Single numbers, ten cents.

Remittances.—Should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money Order Office, Woodstock. Fractions of a dollar may be sent in Canadian or American stamps of low value.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing to have the magazine discontinued must notify us by letter to that effect, and all arrearages must be paid.

Advertising Rates.—One column (nine inches), one year, \$22; half column, \$12; quarter column, \$7; payable quarterly. At these rates no better medium can be found in the Dominion.

Published by

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Benton, New Brunswick.

June, 1892.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Robin (Poem) By J. F. Herbin	121
The Bells of St. Boniface. By J. Jones Bell, M. A.	121
Tantramar (Concluded next month). By Sidonic Zilla	121
Qu'Appelle (Poem). By H. G. Gunn	122
A Letter from the Bottom of the Sea By W. E. Cook	123
Up. By Kew	124
Pater Patrie (Poem) By A. J. Lockhart	125
Montcalm and French Canada (Continued). Translation	127
DEPARTMENTS:	
Canadians. Edited by "Pastor Felix"	127
Our Own Poets	129
Our Young People	130
Home Topics. Edited by B. A. S.	130
The Christian Life	131
Editorial Notes	134
Literary Notes	135
Fact, Fancy, Fun	136, 137

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE AND ITS COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE.

THE above was the title of a paper read before the Imperial Federation League of St. John, on the evening of May 26th, by Ira Cornwall, Esq., Secretary of the St. John Board of Trade, and printed in the *Daily Sun* of that city.

From this paper, chiefly, we glean the following facts. The Imperial Institute, for which a magnificent building has been erected at South Kensington, London, and which is to be opened on the 22nd inst., is intended to be a permanent exhibition of the natural products and manufactures of the British colonies and India. Not only will all foreign countries be excluded from the exhibition, but even the home producers and manufacturers

of Great Britain and Ireland. The United States will be forever shut out from a participation in the manifest advantages of this great permanent imperial fair, unless at some future time that country should return to its allegiance to the British crown, or at any rate throw down its protective walls wherever erected against British subjects, and enter into a commercial union of the entire English-speaking race.

The first and most immediate advantage to be reaped by the colonies from this the imperial exhibit, will be the enlargement of our trade with the mother country. The eyes of Englishmen will be opened to the fact that the British empire can feed, clothe and furnish itself within itself; and the exhibition will supply the strongest and most convincing argument in favour of the policy of fiscal retaliation which has already been proposed by the leader of the great Conservative party in England.

Another result will be the opening up and development of inter colonial trade. Every colony will have its regular representatives on the spot, and the Institute will draw deputations and visitors from all parts of the world; so that each section of the empire will be kept fully informed with reference to the sort and quality of products and manufactures which every other section can supply.

At the Indian and Colonial exhibition in 1886, Mr. Cornwall was informed by the members of the Natal commission that among the articles shewn in the Canadian exhibit, Natal would afford a remunerative market for doors and sashes, furniture of all kinds, ploughs, harrows, road-carts, saws, nails and tacks, axes, cutting tools, shovels and picks, stoves, canned fish, cheese and butter.

Mr. Cornwall shews that our trade with the Cape of Good Hope is already considerable. We import not far from a million dollars worth of raw and dressed ostrich feathers annually, 19-20ths of them coming from the Cape, but very few direct. They are bought through London houses. In 1885 Canada imported nearly eight million pounds of foreign wool, 2-3rds of which was Cape

wool, but only a little over a million pounds is credited to the Cape trade, the bulk having come through the United States. Canadian cheese and canned salmon are already used largely in the colony, although not imported direct. Here will be found a market for lumber, agricultural implements, butter and cheese, confectionery, soaps, wood manufactures.

In South Australia they use British Columbia salmon, which reaches them through England. Among the imports are American axes and axe-handles, shingling hatchets, draw-knives, hoes, chisels, adzes, horseshoe nails, spades, shovels, circular saws, force pumps, etc.

Besides the influence it will exert in the promotion of trade between the most distant parts of the British empire, a permanent exhibition of the character proposed, will be a very valuable and efficient immigration agent for the colonies. It will draw the whole empire closer together, and, with the more rapid and commodious means of communication which in course of time must be provided, it will require no more of the spirit of adventure to migrate from Natal to Manitoba, or from Australia to Alberta, than a few years ago it would demand to start on a journey from Halifax to Niagara.

The probable effect of the Institute on fiscal relations has already been referred to. The English people are a patient people, but when they are roused, they know how to act. Hostile foreign tariffs have done much to shake the attachment of Great Britain to the time-honoured free trade policy, and now the United States has administered the last straw in the McKinley bill, and the world will soon discover that what it took for a camel is a lion, unwilling to be sat upon forever, and quite capable of defending itself. The British lion is magnanimous indeed in his majesty and conscious strength, but you may tread on his tail once too often.

PROF. ROBERTS ranks high not only among the poets of Canada, but even of America. Those who do not already possess a copy of his principal book of poems, "In Divers Tones," may obtain this volume, price \$1.00, with CANADA for one year by sending us only \$1.50.

Literary Notes.

Current Literature for June is as interesting and varied as ever.

A new story by Gilbert Parker, entitled "Mrs. Falchion," is intended for serial publication.

The *British American Citizen*, of Boston, is an excellent family paper, intensely Protestant and loyal to the Provinces.

The publication of the old *Quebec Gazette* as a weekly has been resumed by the publisher of the *Morning Chronicle*.

The *Week* brings to its cultured readers without abatement of excellence its seemingly budget of politics, literature and science.

The *Scottish Canadian* contains a page of Gaelic, but now there hails from Sydney, Cape Breton, an entire paper printed in Gaelic, advertisements and all. It is called *MacTulla*.

An article of interest to Canadians is that by Lieut. A. L. Wagner, in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, New York, on "The Military Geography of Canada."

Five issues of *Sunday Morning* were enough for the people of Montreal. We hope that every attempt to establish a Sunday paper in any part of the Dominion will be equally unsuccessful.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for June presents so many interesting features that merely to enumerate them would take more space than we have to spare this month. It is the ideal woman's monthly.

"Among the younger men whose names are current in literary circles," says the *Chicago Evening Globe*, "there are few about whom there is more curiosity than Walter Blackburn Harte, who within a year has become recognised as one of the wittiest and fairest critics in contemporary literature."

How little we know about our own great men is instanced by a mistake in the *Week*, which calls Prof. Schurman, who has recently succeeded to the presidency of Cornell University, a Nova Scotian. He is a native of Prince Edward Island, and the islanders are naturally proud of him.

We have received the third number of *Arcadia*, the new semi-monthly devoted to Music, Art and Literature. The principal article is on "Literature and Morals in France." If the journal maintains the standard of the number before us, it will secure a strong place for itself among cultured Canadians, although we should like to see a little more national colour and spirit in its articles.

The *May Land We Live In* smacks pleasantly of the forest and the stream. "The Parson" spins a yarn about rabbit hunting "In the Cedars." "An Old Lumberman" speaks from experience of "Moose Hunting and its Perils." There is the first of a series of articles on "The Reptiles of Canada." "Gaspereau" writes about "The Passenger Pigeon." These with other papers make up a capital number.

The *June Dominion Illustrated Monthly* is a good number. There is a story by Rev. F. G. Scott, "The Bible Oracle." Mrs. Harrison writes of "Music and Musicians in

Toronto." Other articles are "The Old Saxon Capital of England," by Miss A. M. MacLeod; "Opportunities for the Study of Folk-Lore in Canada," by John Reade; and the first of a series of papers by Frank Yeigh on "A Century of Legislation." The poems are by Mrs. Hensley and the late Goodridge Bliss Roberts. There are also two or three translations from the French.

We have made arrangements with Mr. W. T. James, the poet-publisher of Toronto, by which we can offer his recently published volume of poems, "Rhymes Afloat and Afield," with CANADA one year for \$1.50. The price of the book, which has been very favourably reviewed by the Canadian press, is \$1.00.

Two books which should be in every Canadian's library, are "Stories of New France," by Miss Machar and Thos. G. Marquis, price \$1.50; and "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," by Grace Dean McLeod, price \$1.25. We offer the former with CANADA one year for \$2.00, or the latter with CANADA one year for \$1.75. We will send both books with CANADA one year for \$2.75.

NASAL BALM

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS
HEALING.


Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.

CATARRH

CURES GOLD IN HEAD AND

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered.

Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute; or inclose \$1 and 4 three-cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address **POND LILY COMPANY** No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by all responsible druggists every where.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

VERY PROFITABLE
Real Estate Investments.

SAFE AND RAPIDLY INCREASING
IN VALUE.

Any sum from \$100 up can
be invested.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO
G. A. HUESTIS,
32 Prince St., - HALIFAX, N. S.

REFERENCES:—
D. ALLISON, Esq., LL. D.,
President M. E. Allison College, - SACKVILLE, N. B.
REV. S. F. HUESTIS,
Methodist Book Room, - HALIFAX.

THE LONDON RUBBER STAMP CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Rubber & Metal Hand Stamps,
SOCIETY AND NOTARY SEALS.

Stencils of all kinds Cut to Order.

Office: 217 HOLLIS STREET,
(Opposite Kelley & Glassey.)
HALIFAX, N. S.

Halifax Nursery,

Cor. ROBIE and NORTH STS.

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.

THE BEST VARIETIES OF
Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Trees.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

HERBERT HARRIS.

252—TELEPHONE—252.

Fact, Fancy, Fun.

MOVING FOR POSITION—Gentleman—
“Why are you running so fast, my little man?”

Little Man—“I wante git far 'nough away from Jimmy McGouge to tell him I ain't afraid of him.”

EVIDENCE—“This milk tastes as if it was watered,” said Mr. Bronson.

“I know it is papa,” said Tommy, “I saw the cow takin' a drink myself.”

FIRST WEALTHY CITIZEN—“Well, the secret of my success, sir, was push, simply push.” Second Wealthy Citizen—“Ah, that's the difference, you see. The secret with me was 'pull.’”—*Boston Post.*

A GENTLEMAN living in a small town kept a country store for a year or two, and gave it up in disgust. A friend inquired why he had quit the business, and was answered: “I couldn't stand it to lie for ten cents, and then charge it.”

A FRIEND IN NEED.—Philanthropist—
“Why are you crying so, my child? Little Girl—“Please, sir, me mudder send me wid fifty cents fer to git bread wid, and I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible.” Philanthropist—“Well, well! my poor child; dry you tears. Here is—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it.”—*Puck.*

PENTED BLUE.—“Father,” said little Archie to his parent one evening lately, “I heard you speakin' about color-blindness the ither day. What does it mean?” “It means, my laddie, replied the father, “when folks canna tell yin color frae anuther.” “Oh, is that it?” said Archie. “Then the man that drew the maps in my schule-atlas maun hae been color-blin’.” “Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?” “Oh,” replied Archie, “because in the map o' Europe he has got baith the Black Sea and the White Sea pented blue!”

Oxford
COUGH SYRUP
FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS,
AND ALL
LUNG AFFECTIONS:
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
BUCKLEY BROS.
HALIFAX, N. S.

THE Humboldt Library OF SCIENCE.

LATEST NUMBERS:

Civilization: Its Cause and Cure. By Edward Carpenter.....	\$0 15
Body and Mind. By William Kingdon Clifford.....	15
Social Diseases and Worse Remedies. By Thos. H. Husley, F.R.S.....	15
The Soul of Man under Socialism. By Oscar Wilde.....	15
Electricity, the science of the Nineteenth Century. By E. C. Cailiard. (Illus.) 2 parts.....	45
Degeneration: a Chapter in Darwinism. (Illustrated.) By E. Roy Lankester, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.....	15
Mental Suggestion. By Dr. J. Ochorowicz. 4 parts.....	1 20
Modern Science and the Science of the Future. By Edward Carpenter.....	15
Studies in Positivism. By Schopenhauer.....	15
Flowers, Fruits and Leaves. By Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., etc., (Illustrated).....	30

—SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST.—

KNIGHT & CO.,
125 Granville Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

POEMS OF TEN YEARS.

BY MATTHEW RIGHEY KNIGHT.

“POEMS that have more of hopeful suggestion in them than any Canadian verse we have seen for some time. . . . His thought is very pure and subtle, his inspiration of an really exalted, his diction vigorous, his passion noble and true.”—*The Week (Toronto).*

PRICE, - 40 CENTS.

For sale at the office of “CANADA,”
Benton, New Brunswick, and by KNIGHT &
Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

A. GILMOUR,
† TAILOR, †
72 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Black and Blue Cloths have a staple demand the year round.

Our Stock is always large and choice.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER FROM \$18.00;
TROUSERS FROM \$4.25.

YOUNG PEOPLE, how would you like to earn \$20.00 to \$25.00 every week? Write us and we will tell you how. Address, RELIABLE NOVELTY CO., OTTAWA, ONT.

AGENTS WANTED, Steady work and big profits. \$2 to \$25 every week. No experience needed. Easy work at home. 15 new and fast selling novelties. Standard articles. Box of samples sent for only 50 cents, to introduce them. An Elegant Gold Plated Watch sent free, to one person in every town. Do you want a watch? Then write at once, and enclose 50 cents. Address, RELIABLE NOVELTY CO., OTTAWA, ONT.

CUT THIS OUT and return with 10c. and you will receive by mail 10 Complete Stories, 100 Popular Songs, and a book of selections for Autograph Albums. BARNARD BROS., 36 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

BROKEN DOWN men and women suffering from any form of **CHRONIC DISEASE**, can secure a valuable work on this affliction (sealed) free, and learn how they can be cured at home, by writing **DR. PARKER & CO., 340 NORTH CHERRY STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.** Better write to-day, delays are dangerous. Please state your trouble and how long afflicted.

OPIUM,

Morphine and Whisky Habits,

Their cause, effects and cure. This is the title of a valuable and interesting book, just published, on these very prevalent diseases. Sent free for a short time only. Address, **DR. C. W. PARKER & CO., 340 N. Cherry St., Nashville, Tenn.**



CARDS Sent 10c. for a dozen of the finest and latest style Concealed Name Cards, with same. Lovely Silk Book FREE. Mark with every package **FREE**
STAR CARD WORKS, Woodstock, Ont

The Land We Live In.

AN illustrated 24-page Monthly Magazine, devoted to original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive articles. Its contributors number some of the leading writers of this continent, and it has a general circulation throughout Canada and the United States. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Advertisements in our columns reach a class of readers from whom substantial returns may be confidently anticipated. Send for sample copy and see our liberal inducements to new subscribers.

D. THOMAS & CO.,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

LOOK OVER YOUR OLD LETTERS.

Some day when you are not very busy, hunt up all your old letters, 25 years old and more; tie the envelopes (with the stamps on them) in a bundle, and send them to us by parcel post.

We want stamps of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and British Columbia used before Confederation. For these we pay one cent to ten dollars each.

We will buy also stamps of Canada used after Confederation, but none later than 1869, except the higher values (from 5c. to 15c.); and Newfoundland stamps of all issues.

Send us what you have, on the envelopes if possible, and we will make you an offer for them; if it does not satisfy you we will return the stamps at your own expense.

JOHN A. KNIGHT,
Benton, New Brunswick.

Fact, Fancy, Fun.

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence, instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

"YOUR son, I hear, is becoming an excellent landscape painter." "He is." "Does he imitate nature well?" "Imitate nature! He can put colors into a landscape that nature never dreamed of."

If you are troubled with hawking and spitting, dull headaches, losing sense of taste or smell, you are afflicted with catarrh, and to prevent it developing into consumption, Nasal Balm should be used promptly. There is no case of catarrh which it will not cure, and for cold in the head it gives immediate relief. Try it. All dealers.

NOTES ABOUT COLORS.—A dog belonging to Hercules Tyrius was one day walking along the seashore, when he found and ate a *myx*, a species of shell-fish. Returning to his master, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrian purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born to the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty, can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre. In the seventeenth century the favorite color of the Scotch Covenanters was blue, and blue and orange or yellow became the Whig colors after the revolution of 1868. Green is the color of the Irish Roman Catholics, while opposed to it is the orange of the Orangemen or Protestants of the north of Ireland. Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors, and black and white, which are used at various churches. The cardinals of the Roman Church have adopted scarlet as their color, which was originally red. In ancient Rome the occupation and rank of many people were known by the color of the garments which they wore. Black is in common use among us for mourning, but the Chinese wear white, the Turks wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the proper hue. White was originally the mourning color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for instance, the "red, white, and blue" of the United States. —*Harpers Young People.*

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST,

ESPECIALLY IN
BUSINESS EDUCATION.

AT THE
Halifax Business College

We have the BEST Course of Instruction (new), the BEST Teachers, the BEST rooms, in fact the BEST of everything.

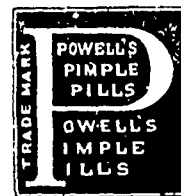
If you want the

BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION

to be had anywhere, come here. Circulars free. Send for them.

J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal.

VICTOR FRAZEE, B. A., Secretary.



CURES PIMPLES, BOILS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, BARBERS' ITCH, STYS ON THE EYES, RINGWORMS, SHINGLES, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, and ALL SKIN DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

VERY SMALL AND EASY TO TAKE. Sent on receipt of price, prepaid, by HATTIE & MYLUS, HALIFAX, N. S.

PRICE 25 CTS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASS'N.

A Canadian Company.—Established 1871.

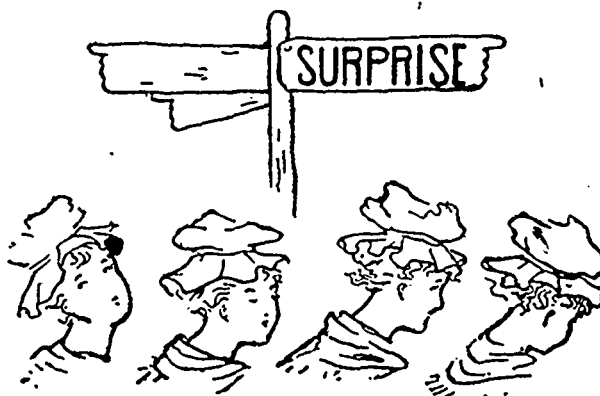
J. K. MACDONALD, - MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Income 1891..... \$835,000. Assets, Dec. 31, 1891. \$3,700,000.
New Ins. " \$3,000,000. Ins. in Force \$21,000,000.

Profits have reduced existing premiums 50 to 60 per cent.—All legitimate forms of Life Insurance offered.

F. W. GREEN, HALIFAX, MANAGER MARITIME PROVINCES.

GENERAL AGENTS.—G. W. Parker, J. A. McQueen, H. J. Massey, E. A. Brown, J. H. Montgomery.—S. A. McLeod, Agent at St. John.



THIS WAY for saving white ❖ ❖ linens & cottons without that hard wearing out toil of wash day. "THE SURPRISE WAY" of using SURPRISE SOAP, does

the wash without boiling or scalding and does it thoroughly, making them clean and sweet. Once started in the SURPRISE WAY you will never stop, it is so easy. You save half the hard work. You save your hands, your clothes, your money.

Your Grocer Keeps it. **READ** the Directions on the Wrapper.



NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of **Queen's Anti-Hairine, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND**

SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of **LADIES** who have been annoyed with hair on their **FACE, NECK** and **ARMS** attest its merits. **GENTLEMEN** who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility.

Trade Mark.
Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine \$1 per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find every thing as represented. Cut this out and send to day. Address **QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O.** You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$5.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

Wholesale Trade supplied by **JOHN D. PARKS & SONS, Druggists, Cincinnati, O.**

HOME REFERENCES.—The Lyle Sars and Lock Co., 116-150 Water St.; JOHN D. PARK & SONS Co., Our Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PUBLISHED by D. LOTHROP CO'Y,
Boston:—

STORIES OF NEW FRANCE. By Agnes M. Machar and Thos. G. Marquis. An admirable collection of thrilling and romantic tales that give the reader an insight into the most interesting period of Canadian history. Illustrated, 12mo., \$1.50.

This volume, which no Canadian should be without, for the subscriptions.

STORIES OF THE LAND OF EVANGELINE. By Grace Dean McLeod. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. 12mo., \$1.25.

"Admirable in design, clever in finish, and of thrilling interest." *Messenger and Visitor, St. John.*

This volume for 3 subscriptions; or both Stories of the Land of Evangeline and Stories of New France for 5 subscriptions.

The word Subscription in the above offers means New Subscription; but where two or more subscriptions are sent at one time, one of them may be a Renewal.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, - BENTON, N. B.

Free Farms in the Canadian Northwest.

MANITOBA, ASSINIBOIA, ALBERTA, SASKATCHEWAN.

The Government gives one quarter section (160 acres) free to every *bona fide* settler. A second quarter section can be pre-empted by deferred payments. The Canada Pacific Railway Company has a large quantity of the best farming lands for sale at \$3.60 per ACRE, with easy terms of payment.

In Manitoba, 2,000,000 acres; In Assiniboia, 4,000,000; In Alberta, 3,000,000.

UNDER THE TEN YEARS' CREDIT PLAN the purchaser pays only one-tenth of the purchase money in cash; the balance is payable in nine annual instalments with interest at only 6 per cent per annum.

1892. Special Terms to Farmers. 1892.

To enable Farmers to meet their payments from the products of the land, they can have their instalments fall due in each year after harvest.

REDUCED PRICES.

The Company are making special effort to secure the settlement of their lands, and are offering a **REDUCTION** in the price of those listed at \$4 per acre and upwards, in most cases amounting to from 25 to 35 per cent.

Do not purchase lands until you know **OUR PRICES AND TERMS.** If you do not intend purchasing, write for the **NEW PUBLICATIONS** just issued by the Company. They will shew you how and where to

SECURE A FREE HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES!

And give you facts regarding successful farmers that will surprise you.

The Canada Northwest has the most productive soil in the world. Its wheat fetches the highest price; its live cattle are admitted to the English markets while United States cattle are not. There is a market for the farmer at every station; and there are schools and churches wherever there are settlers. It is not subject to drought, nor floods, to grasshoppers or to cyclones or tornadoes. Ask any Canadian Pacific Railway agent for Books and Maps concerning it; ask for "Farming and Ranching in Western Canada," or the "Free Farm" map, or "Actual Experience," and read the testimony of men who have gone there from Eastern Canada. Young women are in great demand; they find occupation as domestics directly they arrive, and readily get married to prosperous young farmers. Young men or young women can start life there almost without money. They make the money there; an independence is gained in a very few years by the thrifty.

The old settlers of the Maritime Provinces should use their influence with the young men who intend emigrating to keep them within the Dominion, where they are offered better advantages than in the United States, and do not lose their nationality. Lose no time in getting to the West and choosing your location. First come, first served.

Apply to any Ticket Agent; to C. E. MCPHERSON, St. John, N. B.; or to J. HEBER HASLAM, Special Agent C.P.R., Moncton, N. B.

Scientific American
Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS,
TRADE MARKS,
DESIGN PATENTS
COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to
MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America.
Every patent taken out by us is brought before
the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the
world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent
man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a
year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

A. L. F. VANWART,

∴ Undertaker ∴

COFFINS AND CASES,

In Wood, Cloth, Walnut and Metallic.

OPPOSITE EDOKCOMBE & SONS.

YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

HO! FOR THE WEST.

The Colonist

DESCRIBES IT ACCURATELY.

A Monthly Magazine devoted to the inter-
ests of Manitoba, the Territories, and
British Columbia.

Invaluable to intending settlers.
Subscription price ∴ \$1.00 a year.

Address ∴
PUBLISHERS THE COLONIST,
Winnipeg, Manitoba,
Canada.

A Good Advertising Medium!

Circulates widely;
Reaches the buying classes;
Is attentively read;
Is preserved for frequent reference;
Is artistically printed;
Has reading matter on every page.

All these features are combined in "CANADA."
Advertisers who are using it are pleased with results.
A half column will only cost you \$12 for 12 insertions.

M. THEW R. KNIGHT,
Benton, New Brunswick.

A COMPLETE LIBRARY,

In Two Standard Works.

1. **WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY.** Successor of the Authentic
Unabridged. Re-edited and re-set from cover
to cover. Send for sample pages. *Get the best.*

2. **"ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"**
for only \$50.00. LATEST (NINTH) UNA-
BRIDGED ED. 108. Complete in 25 Vols.,
including the Index Vol. Each volume is
8 x 10 x 2 1/2 inches in size, cloth bound, and
the set contains over 21,000 pp. If you are
in need of such a work be sure you get the
best, and order early, as our stock is limited,
and when exhausted cannot be replenished.

∴ A LIBERAL CASH DISCOUNT
off either the above works.

Write for full particulars to—

S. F. HUESTIS,

Methodist Book Room,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Friend—I saw some of your jokes in a book.—Humor-
ist (flattered)—Ah, what book was that? Friend—I
forget the name. It was a book published 100 years
ago. I saw it in a second-hand book-store.

Nova Scotia Printing Co.

COR. SACKVILLE & GRANVILLE STS.,

HALIFAX, - NOVA SCOTIA.

Visiting ∴ Cards,
WEDDING CARDS,
Business Cards, Show Cards,
PAPERS, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
NOTICES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS,
POSTERS, TICKETS.

PRINTING of every description done at shortest
notice and at low rates.

∴ ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

UNIVERSITY

— OF —

MT. ALLISON COLLEGE.

DAVID ALLISON, LL.D., - PR. IDENT.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE.

REV. B. C. BORDEN, M.A., Principal.

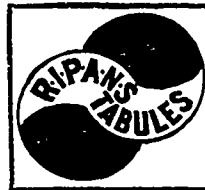
MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

C. W. HARRISON, M.A., Principal.

THE Mount Allison Institutions constitute the most
complete and successful Educational Establish-
ment in the Maritime Provinces. Courses of Study
adapted to the requirements of all classes of students
are provided. Special attention is given at the Ladies'
College to MUSIC and the FINE ARTS. Domestic
arrangements are home-like and Expenses Moderate.
∴ For particulars send for a Calendar.

BOBBY.—"Why did you whip me so hard, mamma?"
Mamma—"To cure your bad temper." Bobby—"It's
no good hitting me there—that's not where the temper
is."

THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and
bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and
always effectual. A reliable remedy for Biliousness, Blisters
on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation,
Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered
Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence,
Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives,
Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite,
Mental Depression,
Painful Digestion, Pim-
the Head, Sallow Com-
Scald Head, Scrofula,
Diseases, Sour Stom-
Torpil Liver, Ulcers,
other symptom or dis-
impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their
functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given
to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each
meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest
cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can
be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross \$2, 1/2 gross \$1.25,
1/4 gross 75c., 1-24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid.
Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, New York.



THE DAILY WITNESS AND CANADA FOR THREE DOLLARS.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS AND CANADA FOR ONE DOLLAR AND SIXTY CENTS.

What do you think of this?

THREE FIRST-CLASS MONTHLIES
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

CANADA is published monthly at \$1.00 a year, and gives you Stories, History, Biography, Poetry, Criticism, Home Topics, a department for Our Young People, Wit and Humour, etc. Taken alone, it gives you "the best dollar's worth of literary matter to be had in Canada."

The Medical Adviser and Farm Help is published monthly at Bowmanville, Ontario at 70 cents a year, and contains a vast amount of valuable information classified as follows: Medical, Veterinary, Farmers' Corner, Poetries, Household, Cooking, Fancy Work, For Young People, Temperance, etc.

The American Farmer is published monthly at Springfield, Ohio, at \$1.00 a year, and is one of the best of the American agricultural monthlies.

Canada, one year \$1.00
The American Farmer, one year 1.00
The Medical Adviser, one year50
All Three Monthlies, one year 2.50

We send all three Monthlies, One Year, for One Dollar.

By special arrangement with the Publishers of the above named journals we are enabled to make this very generous offer, and we expect it to result in very large additions to our subscription list.

We extend this offer to those renewing their subscriptions after the date of this advertisement as well as to new subscribers. If in arrears, the subscriber must pay up to date, and for one full year in advance.

Address--

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,

BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

May 20th, 1902.

\$3.50. \$3.50.

5555555555555555

FIVE PERIODICALS

For Three Dollars and a Half.

THE FARMER'S FAMILY

Supplied with Reading Matter for a Whole Year For \$3.50.

CANADA, the best literary monthly in the Dominion \$1.00
"The American Farmer," one of the best farmers' monthlies 1.00
"The Medical Adviser," almost indispensable in the family50
"The Presbyterian Witness," "Wesleyan," "Messenger & Visitor" or "Religious Intelligencer" 1.50
"The Weekly Mail," "Globe," "Empire," "Witness," or "Family Herald" 1.00

The full price of the above five periodicals, if you order them separately, is \$5.00.

WE FURNISH YOU THE WHOLE FIVE FOR \$3.50.

This will be all the reading matter the farmer will actually need in his family so far as periodicals are concerned.

Send \$3.00 in bills and 50 cents in stamps, and register your letter.

Address--

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,

Benton, - - - New Brunswick.

ROME The ENEMY of our PUBLIC SCHOOLS

If you wish to keep thoroughly posted on the aggressive attitude of Romanism toward Protestantism, read

The British American Citizen.

IF YOU WISH TO READ

NEW AND THRILLING STORIES

BY

HALL CAINE, WALTER BESANT, W. CLARK RUSSELL, FLORENCE MARYATT, and others, read these published exclusively in New England in THE BRITISH AMERICAN CITIZEN.

IF YOU WISH TO READ

British Province News, from an American standpoint,

— READ —

THE BRITISH AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Lectures, Sermons, Poems, Wit, etc., etc.

227 SAMPLES FREE.

ROBERT J. LONG, Editor,
7 Bloomfield St., Boston, Mass.

HAVE YOU READ IT?

The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald.

BY E. A. BIGGAR.

THE "Montreal Star," in the course of a column and a half article, says the book abounds in "interesting and amusing pen pictures of Canada's greatest statesman."

The "Toronto Mail" says "it will occupy a distinctive place in the literature relating to the late Premier," that it contains "an extraordinarily large collection of anecdotes," that the parts dealing with his early life "are particularly interesting and valuable," and that "most interesting of all is a fine portrait of his mother now reproduced for the first time."

The "Toronto Globe" (the great Reform journal) says that "whatever biographies of Sir John may appear it is not likely that any of them will quite fill the place of this," that the result of the author's work is "a bright and readable book," and that "the tone of the work is fair and candid."

The "Toronto Telegram" says that "from start to finish there is not a slow moment in the book."

Such are a few opinions of leading journals.

Paper edition 50 cents; handsome cloth, beveled boards, fine toned paper, \$1.25.

Ask your local bookseller, or write to JOHN LOVELL SON, Publishers, MONTREAL.

Canada Clubbing List.

The first column gives the regular subscription price of each periodical, the second gives the price at which we furnish it together with CANADA.

Rates for two or more periodicals in the list will be quoted on application.

When the first number of a periodical ordered through us is received, our responsibility ends, change of address, complaints and enquiries must be sent to the publishers, not to us.

DAILIES.

	Subscription Price.	With Canada.
Mail (Toronto).....	\$6 00	\$6 00
Witness (Montreal).....	3 00	3 00

WEEKLIES.

	\$2 00	\$1 50
Canada Presbyterian	\$2 00	\$1 50
Critic (Halifax), new subscribers.....	1 50	2 00
Detroit Free Press.....	1 00	1 75
Empire (Toronto).....	1 00	1 75
Family Herald and Weekly Star.....	1 00	1 70
Globe (Toronto).....	1 00	1 75
Grip.....	2 00	2 60
Harper's Young People.....	2 00	2 50
Mail (Toronto).....	1 00	1 75
Progress (St. John).....	2 00	2 50
Scottish Canadian.....	1 50	2 00
Week (Toronto).....	3 00	3 25
Witness (Montreal).....	1 00	1 60
Youth's Companion, new subscribers.....	1 75	2 25

MONTHLIES.

	\$1 50	\$2 00
American Agriculturist.....	\$1 50	\$2 00
Arthur's Home Magazine.....	1 50	2 00
Colonist (Winnipeg), new subscribers.....	1 00	1 50
Cosmopolitan.....	3 00	3 00
Current Literature.....	3 00	3 40
Dominion Illustrated Monthly.....	1 50	2 00
Eclectic Magazine.....	5 00	5 00
Godey's Lady's Book.....	2 00	2 50
Harper's Magazine.....	4 00	4 00
Land We Live In (Sherbrooke, Que.).....	1 00	1 50
Lippincott's Magazine.....	3 00	3 00
Magazine of American History.....	5 00	5 00
North American Review.....	5 00	5 00
Short Stories.....	3 00	3 00

Remittance should be made by P. O. Order or Registered Letter; Money Order Office, Woodstock. Stamps taken.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL—10c

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING SONGS, WITH WORDS AND MUSIC:

Callor Herrin—Auld Robin Gray—Bonnie Prince Charlie—Flora Macdonald's Lament—Nae Luck About the Hoose—Scottish Blue Bells—Tak' Yer Auld Cloak About Ye—The Braes o' Yarrow—Bonnie Dundee—Dear Land Aont the Sea—My Nannie—O—Tullochgorum—The Sweetest Word on Earth is Home—Pibroch of Donull Dhu—The Flowers o' the Forest—Dinna Fash Yer Heed!—The Land o' the Leal—Away, ye gay Landscapes—Scotch Dainties: Brose, Parrich, Kail, Haggis, an' Bannocks—We's mo for Prince Charlie—Oh! Saw Ye My Wee Thing—Sons of Scotland—When the Eye Comes Home—Return, My Darling—My Heart is Scotland's Yet—O! Aro Ye Sleepin', Maggie—Scots Wha Hae!—Willie's Gane to Mcville Castle—Whaist O'er the Lave O' My Dear Hielan' Laddie—O—The Scottish Emigrants Farewell—Fear a' Bhata; or, The Boatman—Blue Bonnets over the Border.

POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF TEN CENTS.

IMRIE & GRAHAM, Music Printers
26 & 28 Colborne St., Toronto, Can.