

BIG SLAUGHTER SALE

of Quinton's stock of Boots and Shoes still continues.

Everything must be cleared out during the month of June. Prices have been reduced away down, and the goods are right up-to-date.

A full Stock of Boys', Misses' and Childrens'. Sweeping reductions. Call at once.

BEAMISH & SMITH.

- Mens' Plow boot, former price 1.25, now 85c.
- Mens' heavy soled, " 1.50, " 1.00.
- Mens' dongola kid, " 2.00, " 1.25.
- Mens' box calf, " 2.50, " 1.75.
- Ladies' pebble lace, " 1.25, " 85.
- Ladies' dong. kid, bal and button 1.15.

A Rainy River Wedding.

On the afternoon of May the 15th about seventy guests assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Williams to witness the marriage of their only daughter, Miss Sarah M. to Mr. Edward A. Lockhart, of Bonaventure, R. R. The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Thos. Dodds. The bride was attended by her friend, Miss Sarah C. McKay, and the groom was supported by Mr. Wesley Williams, brother of the bride.

The bride was beautifully attired in a dress of gray serge, with trimmings of pink satin, and gray satin ribbon, with hat and gloves to match. The bridesmaid also looked pretty in a suit of gray and pink, with hat and gloves to match. After the usual congratulations were given the happy couple, the company sat down to a sumptuous repast, after which a very enjoyable evening was spent in amusements of various kinds.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart were the recipients of a large number of useful and costly presents, among which was a beautiful sofa, given by a number of their young gentlemen friends, which tends to show the high esteem in which they are held by their friends in Rainy River.

Shudders At His Past.

"I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Bernette Mann, of Levanua, Ont., "my three years of suffering from kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift mail sacks made me groan. I felt tired worn out about ready to give up when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man. They're unrivaled to regulate stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by R. L. Stephen, druggist. Only 50 cents.

Real Estate Changes.

During the past two or three weeks a number of real estate sales have been made besides those already reported. Mr. George Walker has sold to Mr. John Walker that portion of the McDuff property recently purchased from Mr. W. Turner. Mr. Turner has sold the following parcels, being also parts of the McDuff estate: To A. Ploves, three and two-fifths acres; Armstrong, Bros. four and one-tenth acres; Geo. Rickette three-fifths acre; Frank Maidment, four-fifths acre; Sanford Tuck, one-fifth acre; Harry Hedley, one-fifth acre; G. W. Armstrong, one-fifth acre; and Wm. J. Peadleton, one-fifth acre. The majority of those who have bought will erect thereon dwelling houses forthwith, some having already commenced building operations.

Wm. Sewell, who recently purchased a lot on Elm street, adjoining the Methodist parsonage, from E. Butledge, has the bones of his dwelling house up and expects to finish it this season.

W. H. Lovejoy completed the brick veneering of J. H. Lever's residence on the corner of Main and Centre streets. The mechanical work on this is decidedly good and reflects creditably indeed on the skill of Mr. Lovejoy.

W. Turner's brick residence is well forward, the brick work being not near the top of story No. 2. C. Fox is making a highly creditable job of this.

Mr. R. L. Purvis has completed the stone masonry on Dr. Egg's residence, and did a good job. The Doctor has had a snug stable built with stone foundation.

Mr. Joseph Gibson has a good start made on the foundation walls of Rev. Father Hawk's parsonage.

G. W. Armstrong has the masonry to work on another residence, on a lot recently purchased from Mr. Turner.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box. 25c.

Miller's Grip Powders cure. Sold by W. Turner & Co., Markdale.

Poetry and the Study of Poetry.

The following very interesting and instructive paper was read before the Flesherston Literary Society at a recent meeting, and is the work of Mr. T. A. Brough, B.A., of the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. On a beautiful day in early summer some years ago it was my good fortune to come down to Flesherston to read a paper at a convention of the teachers of South Grey, and of that visit I retain the most pleasant recollections. Therefore when the Literary Society so kindly invited me to deliver a lecture in connection with their course of study I felt as if it would be coming back to spend an evening among friends.

I have promised to speak to you for a short time to-night on "Poetry, and the Study of Poetry," and if my manner is that of the classroom rather than that of the platform I trust the good friends present will bear with me. If anyone has come with the expectation of being entertained I fear my remarks may be found dry and uninteresting. The fact is, I have, rightly or wrongly, come as a student of poetry; to speak to other students of this noblest of arts.

Before speaking of the study of poetry it would not be out of place to state what poetry is. Now the unthinking person is ready to claim that he and everyone else know perfectly well what it is, and that any attempt to define it here is mere waste of time. But I must beg to differ from such a person, and must confess that it costs me long and anxious thought to satisfy myself on this matter.

We had better begin on a concrete example, say the opening verses of the Memoriam:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

These are those orbs of light and shade that make life in man and brute; that make the most majestic Death, and lo, thy foot is on the skull which thou hast made.

Now we are all agreed that this is poetry, but if I ask my good friend who thinks I am wasting time by attempting to define poetry, he is likely to answer that the selection just quoted is poetry because it rhymes.

But let us take another example, this time from The Passing of Arthur:

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore
Let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day.

This, too, we call poetry, though you will observe that it does not rhyme.

Someone, however, will say that it seems that it is measured, that in the verses there is a regular arrangement of unaccented syllables, or in other words it is divided into feet. We are agreed on this. All poetry, properly so called, is measured; even Hebrew poetry, although there the measure is peculiar, is broadly speaking, measured. But measure is only an outward characteristic of poetry, and very much of what is written in excellent measure, has no just claim to be called poetry. After all, what is vital to the subject, that which makes poetry poetry, and not mere verse, resides not in the outward form, but has to do with the idea, or rather with the poet's attitude towards the idea, the manner in which

he makes it his own. We have not yet decided what poetry is, but I think we have to some extent cleared the ground. Let us proceed gradually, for I consider the matter one of the most importance to us as students, and I wish to be very clear, even at the risk of being tedious.

I venture to say that no nation is so rude as not to be in possession of at least the germs of poetry. It may be a surprise to some, and yet it should not be, that the earliest poetry was religious poetry, and had its birth in connection with the ancient religions dance. Let us for a short time transport ourselves back to the eras times nearer the beginning, and present ourselves at the public worship of some deity. As the worshippers leap about the altar they invoke the god. How easy it is for the step to become measured, and for the invocation to borrow the measure of the step! He has thus before us the ancient religious dance and chant.

The Old Testament does not fail to suggest instances of the survival of this ancient ritual. The worshippers of Baal in the presence of Elijah leaped about the altar of their god; David leaped and danced before the ark of the testimony when it was being conveyed to the place he had prepared for it; and when the children had passed safely through the Red Sea, Miriam the prophetess with a band of attendant women went out with music and with dances, chanting the refrain,—
"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Now, if we have thoughtfully considered this old-world scene, we shall have learned something, for in it are present in embryo the main characteristics that distinguish even the greatest poetry of any age. The poetic foot comes into being with the syllables uttered in the foot-beats of the dance. The unaccented syllable or syllables have accompanied the lighter beat or beats of the left foot, whilst the accented syllable has been suggested by the more emphatic beat of the right foot. The line of poetry, or verse, is suggested by the series of steps in one movement of the dance, before a turning is made to repeat the movement.

But, as I have said, the foot and verse are at least external elements of poetry; we have not yet touched its spirit. In the scene before us let us penetrate the veil of the worshippers' hearts. The worshippers are strongly moved, so their language is the utterance of the feelings or emotions. Again, when the emotions are stirred, how vividly every present object and incident is pictured or realized in the mind! In the scene before us let us see them, or how they leave behind them the world around, and are transported to the ethereal dwelling-place of the god, the heaven of heavens, a place the worshipper pictures to himself by unconsciously abstracting an element here and another there from scenes familiar to him, and arranging them in new combinations! This mental power, I may say, by which we vividly realize what is immediately about us, or bring clearly before the mind's eye what is actually absent, or by which we create new mental scenes from elements of actual scenes at some time presented to us, is called the imagination. The enthusiastic devotee is likely to give expression to what he sees and the stimulus of the imagination, and therefore to be imaginative as well as emotional. At this stage, then, we may claim that poetry is not only measured utterance, but is at the same time the language of the emotions and of the imagination.

However, we have all seen, at times, I suppose, extravagance of feeling, especially in shallow natures, and the expression may become hysterical. We know, also, that the imagination may run riot, and that the mind may be lost in the fanciful. Extravagance of emotion we feel to be worthy of a sensible person's contempt, while, on the other hand, extravagance of so-called imagination, is far-fetched, ridiculous, and absurd. The true poet, therefore, guards against these extremes, and with him the emotions and the imagination are exercised within the pale of reason.

We may now define poetry as follows: Poetry is the measured language of the emotions and the imagination, the emotions and the imagination being under the control of the reason. A great poet is a man of feeling, sensitive to all impressions and suggestions; a man of imagination, having insight, penetrating into the life of things, stripping off the garment of truth and revealing truth itself; and a man of intellect and balance, "seeing the world steadily, and seeing it whole."

One may be gifted, it is true, with the whole gamut of the emotions, with the most active imagination, and with a well-balanced intellect, and yet not be a poet. Why? He may lack the gift of expression, and be, as Wordsworth says, a poet—only to himself. Every student of poetry should be, in some measure, a poet to himself. To a few indeed comes the four-fold gift of a sensitive heart, elevated imagination, strong intellect, and the noble expression of poetic numbers.

We may enlarge our conception of poetry by remembering that it is one of the fine arts. The fine arts are five in number—architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry. In every work of art there is the inner nature of the artist and demanding expression; and there is the outer form by which this inner idea or life is expressed. In architecture the vehicle of expression is building material; in sculpture, some such material as wood, clay, stone, metal; in painting, color; in music, melodious sounds; in poetry, words.

Poetry is the most flexible, the subtlest, the most universal, and the grandest of the arts. Ideas are more readily expressed by words than by building materials, the materials of the sculptor, colors, or melodious sounds. It is easier to express minute shades of meaning by means of words. A poem may be enjoyed at the same time, by multitudes of persons in far different parts of the world, and at comparatively little inconvenience or expense. And, amongst the arts, poetry possesses the greatest power to elevate and educate the race.

Our conception of poetry may be made clearer by contrasting it with prose. Prose is the language of the reason, the language of everyday life. Poetry is less conforming to reason; it should be divorced from every-day life; but it has this great advantage over prose, that by means of it, our interest in the facts dealt with is deepened and intensified, and we see the facts more vividly and truly,—by associating them with the emotions and reason with the glow of the emotions and the white light of the imagination.

From what has just been said we may gather what I consider to be the aim of poetry. The aim of poetry I believe to be the expression of truth emotionally and imaginatively, that we may realize it vividly, that the impression may not pass away, but that it may find a lodging-place in our hearts, gradually revealing to us ourselves, and the world around and above us, inspiring us to live nobly, and to bear our burdens with serenity.

But there are some who believe not this, who say that the aim of all art is to please. Now from this view permit me most emphatically to dissent. It seems hard for me to believe that the poets, the world's great teachers, have had as their main object the pleasing of those who stand so much in need of something far different—instruction and guidance, and fire from the altar of heaven. Many of these great ones have lived lives of persistent self-denial. They would be untrue in desiring for others anything different from what they really have desired for themselves. Poetry is the highest and truest expression of life, and will anyone here tell me that the chief end of man is pleasure?

The doctrine that the great purpose of art is to afford pleasure, is largely owing, I believe, to the confusion due to lack of clear thinking. When we observe plant life or animal life, we notice a tendency to deterioration or improvement. We regret deterioration; we are pleased with improvement. It tends to satisfy our nature. So it is in human life. We desire to improve; we desire to go on to perfection. Hence the value of all the arts, of poetry in particular. Art may be called the expression of what we conceive to be true or better, in the most appropriate form of which the artist is master. It is the from the hungry, then, to reveal to us, true and worthy in life, and to fill us with the desire to realize, the things in all that we think, and say, and do. The pursuit of what is worthy is accompanied by a growing sense of satisfaction, which many good people think of as pleasure, but which, I am persuaded, is something far higher and nobler.

(Concluded next week.)

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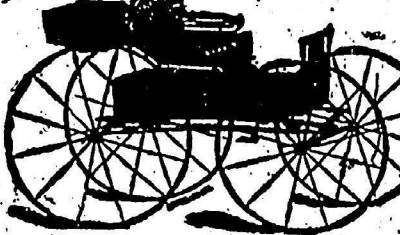


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