

DEATH OF AUTHOR OF "CUDDLE DOON"

Scottish literature is sensibly the poorer by the death of Alexander Anderson, the poet, better known as "Surfaceman." In Canada, as in other parts of the world, there are Scotsmen, aye, and Scots-women, too, who will hear of his passing with a sense of domestic loss, for many's the home that has been cheered and softened and uplifted by the recital or memory of "Cuddle Doon," which has been well described as one of the finest gems of the Scottish muse.

This first effort to emulate Burns, he used to say, had for its theme the ludicrous incident of a man being hit by a snowball, and then followed an accumulation of doggerel that in days of discretion furnished material for a respectable bonfire. It was not until he had reached manhood that his gift found anything like true expression and it was grief over the death of a brother that touched his lyre and caused him to seek comfort in an ode, "To One in Eternity."

The publication in the "People's Friend," a miscellany that has done much to stimulate a love of healthy literature among the masses in Scotland, of a poem on John Keats attracted sufficient attention to induce Anderson to become a regular contributor, and the appearance of his first volume in 1873, with the title "A Song of Labor and Other Poems," set the seal upon his already growing reputation.

In the shock and rush of the engine, In the full, deep breath of its chest, In the swift, clear clink of the clamping crank, In his soul that is never at rest, In the spring and ring of the bending rail

As he thunders and hurtles along, A strong world's melody fashions itself, And this smoke demon calls it his song.

"Blood on the Wheel" is a piece that grips with the intensity of its realism, and in "A Song of Progress" the nobility of honest toil, even that of pick and shovel, is expressed with a felicity that would have delighted the heart of Burns.

While "A Song of Labor and Other Poems" won for "Surfaceman" a prominent place among the bards of his native land, his second volume, containing "Cuddle Doon," "Jenny Wi' the Airn Teeth," and "Jamie's Wee Chair," brought him more extended fame.

The homely humor of Scottish domestic life appealed to him, but blended with it was the tenderness of a heart which was keenly sensitive to the sorrows, and hardships of the cottage homes. Perhaps it was this combination of humor and pathos that gave to his verse its chief charm. "A poor rough singer in my own rough way" was his modest way of describing himself, and yet, while content to find inspiration in "the simple annals of the poor," he showed that his muse was capable of more ambitious flights in a series of sonnets entitled "In Rome," which one critic described as "a production of genius" worthy of comparison with the works of Byron, Madame De Staël, and Goethe on the same subject.

It is to the credit of Scotland that Anderson was not permitted to continue the "comimon round, the daily task" of a railway navy. The post of librarian at Edinburgh University, which Alexander Smith occupied with distinction, provided him with an opportunity of cultivating the muse in an atmosphere of books congenial to one of his mind, and at the same time secured him against the impenitency which is so often the hallmark of poets. It is a fact, however, that after leaving the pick and shovel for the dusty shelves his work never quite caught the old spontaneous and exhilarating note.

CUDDLE DOON. The bairnies cuddle doon at night, Wi mickle fauch an' din; "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukife rousies, Your father's comin' in." They never heed a word I speak I try to gie a frown, But aye I hap them up, an' cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly head— He aye sleeps next the wa'; Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece!" The rescals starts them a', I rin' an' fetch them pieces drinks; They stop awee and soum, Then draw the blankets up an' cry, "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab Cries out frae'neath the claes: "Mither, mak' Tam gie' ower at ance, He's kittin' wi' his taes. The mischiefs in that Tam or tricks, He'd bother half the toon, But aye I hap them up an' cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit, An' as he steeks the door They turn their faces to the wa' While Tam pretends to snore. "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks, As he pits off his shoom, "The bairnies, John, are in their beds, An' lang since cuddle doon. An' just afore we bed-oursels, We look at oor-wee lambs; Tam has his arn'roun wee Rab's neck, An' Rab his arn'roun Tam's. I lift wee Jamie up the bed, An' as I straik each croon I whisper, till my heart fills up, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night, Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But sune the big warl's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet pome what will to ilka aye, May He who sits aboon, Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

RUIINED HIS FEET. Used a ten cent Corn Salve for a quarter he could have cured his corns with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use the best—"Putnam's."

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by R.L. Stephen.

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TRAVERTON

Mrs. Wm. McNally, of the 6th con. is away on a visit to her daughters in Grand Rapids.

He's a strapping big fellow and a jolly one to boot is Mr. Earle Harrison, of Caledon, who spent a few days of last week in the neighborhood.

Mrs. S. H. Edwards and baby Ralph left on Friday for her old home in Caledon, where she will spend the month of October with relatives, ere returning to her hubby in Hosmer, B.C.

Robt. Henry, an old schoolmate, and his neighbor, Mr. Alton, of Lucknow, spent from Tuesday till Friday with us. They were on the lookout for heavy feeders, but that class have all been picked up during the last few weeks. 'Tis fifteen years since Rob was last up and he sees many changes.

In a very interesting letter from Miss Flo. Hunt, who has a fine position as milliner in a big mercantile establishment in Prince Albert, we learn of the wonderful progressiveness of those western centres. While in Winnipeg she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wiggins, who are most comfortably situated and have two lovely children. Mr. Lou Wiggins is also there and is foreman in a large wholesale house.

Mrs. Will Jack made a party on Monday eve of last week in honor of her cousin, Mr. Robt. McKechnie of Dauntton, Mass., who, with his lovely bride were on a wedding trip to visit their many relatives in Glenelg, Bentinck and Durham. A most enjoyable time was spent and everyone was pleased to meet so fair and happy a bride.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McClocklin was given boy No. 2. That balances the family now. On Monday, Sept. 20, Mr. John Meagher's family was rounded out to the even dozen by the addition of a boy to his home. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan and Miss Milligan, of Hutton Hill, were the guests of Miss Olive Cook the first of the week.

With a double sheet of tangle-foot for his text, Rev. W. H. Wright gave a most forcible and impressive object lesson on Temperance in Zion on Sunday afternoon, and Mrs. Wright sang a solo with wonderful sweetness and power.

ROCKLYN

Mr. John Patton attended the Collingwood Fair last week.

Mr. Hugh Clark, of St. Vincent, spent several days in the village, recently at the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. A. J. Cook.

The Sunday School scholars were given a delightful little treat on Thursday evening. Ice cream and cake were served at the church and the evening passed very pleasantly. Mr. Harry Silcox and Mr. Everald Patton have returned from a pleasant holiday in Toronto.

Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, Mr. John Very and the Misses Dove Cook and



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J. R. Mathews Harnessmaker, Markdale.

Mary Very attended the S. S. convention at Dundalk on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Ferguson spent a few days with Mrs. E. J. Cook last week. Mr. David McLaren leaves on Monday for Toronto where he will enter the University. Miss Enid McLaren will accompany him and will study music at Toronto Conservatory. The best wishes for success of their many friends go with them.

A pleasant little company met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Neely on Wednesday evening on the eve of their departure for Meaford. Mr. and Mrs. Neely have been residents of the village for over thirty years and it is with sincere regret we part with them. During the evening Mrs. Wm. Falls read an address expressing farewell and good wishes that they might long be spared to enjoy their new home at the conclusion of which Mr. W. McCullough presented each with comfortable chairs to remind them of their many friends at Rocklyn. After a dainty lunch, prepared and served by the ladies, and renewed good wishes, the little company dispersed. Mr. Neely and family left the following day for Meaford.

Stray bullets are flying in Colborne, the latest to be hit being Capt. A. G. Willoughby.

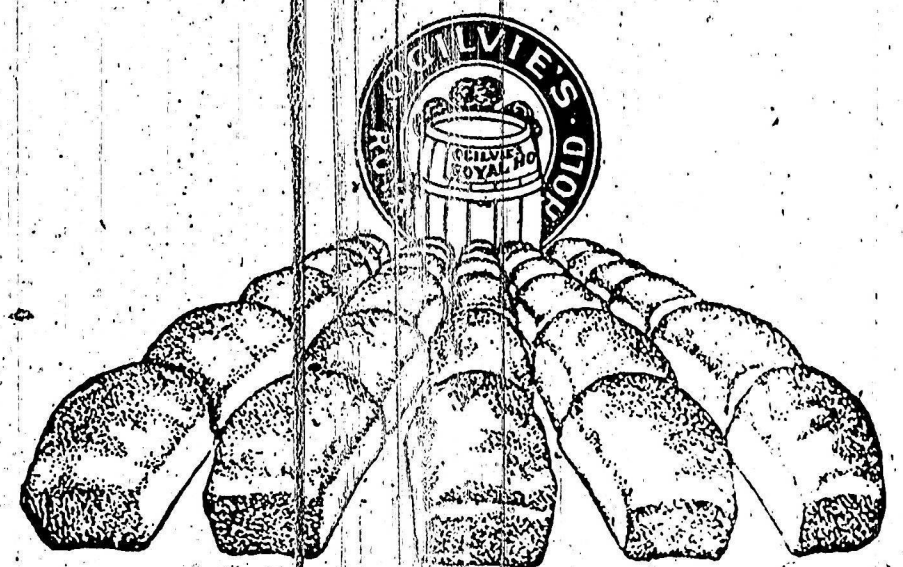
Not a minute should be lost when a child shows signs of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by R.L. Stephen.

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