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WHAT MADE ME HAPPY

"I was congratulating myself that I had passed the winter without catching a cold, when I got one at the beginning of last May. It was because I had some trouble in getting rid of this cold. I was a nervous wreck. I would wake up regularly mornings feeling that some terrible calamity would take place. Although we were comfortably off, I felt sure my husband was going to lose everything. The children worried me. If they made the least noise, I would get into a terrible temper. I would scold them so that I didn't care if they were mad with myself after it was over and make up my mind never to let it happen again. I would go to bed at night and begin to think and picture dreadful things which might happen to me and my family. I would lay awake for hours, sometimes until daylight, until I was so weak that I could scarcely raise my head. I would wake next day just as tired as when I had been up a while. I got so that I didn't care what happened. The children annoyed me and I wouldn't have cared if they had left me for good. I felt that it was only a matter of time before I would lose my mind. I knew that my symptoms were due to a run down condition and that if I could only get something to build me up, I might be all right. I knew that there must be some good tonic and that most of them made such foolish claims that I was afraid of them. Happening one day to run across a leaflet about Carnol, I was impressed with the moderate way this preparation was described, so I made up my mind I would try it. I did and today I am the happiest and healthiest woman living. I haven't a care in the world. Instead of running away from me, my children are now with me all the time. My husband tells me that my disposition is as near an angel's as any human being's can be, but of course he is prejudiced. I don't believe I have a nerve in my body now."

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Women should heed such warning symptoms as bearing-down pains and weakness, for they indicate some female trouble, and a persistent and faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will seldom fail to help.

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A young twig is easier to twist than an old one.

Edgar Allan Poe's Unhappy Fate.

Dr. Robertson, an American-Allenist, Declares Poe Was Not Responsible For His Alcoholic Excesses—The Poet Was the Victim of Transmitted Neurosis.

By Professor W. T. Allison.

When Oliver Cromwell lay on his death-bed, he murmured, "Time will vindicate me." Nearly two centuries passed before Thomas Carlyle arose to scatter the cloud of detractions rude that surrounded the memory of the great protector, but at long last the Puritan chief was placed coolly upon his pedestal in the hall of England's famous worthies. The literary and historical research of our day is in some cases darkening, in others redeeming the reputations of those long dead, or at least revealing them as victims of hereditary taint or early environment. An interesting example of the latter is a new book entitled, "Edgar A. Poe: A Psychopathic Study" by John W. Robertson, M.D. (Putnam's Sons, New York). Dr. Robertson, an eminent American neurologist, has made a careful and elaborate psychopathic investigation of the facts of Poe's life and has interpreted them in accordance with such medical considerations as were warranted by the poet's inherited neurosis. While we must regret that it is very unfortunate that this sympathetic study of a poet who was abnormal from his childhood days was not undertaken long years ago, still better late than never. Dr. Robertson expresses the fear that perhaps his reconstruction of Poe's personality may be too late to eradicate the impression formed in the American mind by biographers and historians who have accepted the cruel and misleading statements of Griswold and others who have pictured the poet as being an Ishmael and a drunken sot. I think every reader of this able work will agree that Dr. Robertson proves conclusively that Poe was not a habitual user of drugs, nor a habitual drunkard, but a dipsomaniac with no delight in the drinking—rather, an aversion for it between attacks. Dr. Robertson does not attempt to restore Poe's reputation to one of sobriety, but he does succeed in depicting the poet's moral character as more human than was heretofore supposed. It may be taken for granted that this new light, the light of scientific research, on Poe's life and character will not immediately penetrate the cloud of misunderstanding and malvolent criticism that has gathered about the lonely figure of the poet, but the world is a much more charitable place than it was a generation ago, and we may safely predict that this new view of a son of the muse whose life was a long disease will be generally accepted by informed opinion in a very few years.

Heredit was Unkind to Poe. Of recent years a great deal of attention has been paid by scholars to hereditary influence in the lives of men of genius. It is easy to understand why Burns and Keats died young when we know the family history of these poets and much allowance is made for the vagaries of Byron when we discover that there was insanity on both sides of the house. And, as Dr. Robertson points out, heredit was extremely unkind to Edgar Allan Poe. His great-grandfather, John Poe, was an Irish immigrant who arrived in America about 1745. He was a day laborer and married a Miss McBride, who was the sister, aunt, or some relative of a certain Admiral McBride. David Poe, son of the immigrant, began life as a wheelwright; when the revolutionary war broke out he served the republicans by acting as "Assistant Deputy Quartermaster" for the City of Baltimore. It is said that he supplied Lafayette's troops with clothing, for which he was never paid. This indicates that David Poe was at the time a dry goods merchant. His son David incurred the father's displeasure and was disowned because he married an actress, a Miss Arnold. This David Poe was the poet's father. He was a man of unstable character; he became a hopeless drunkard and depended upon the talent of his wife for his bread and butter. The actress was a brave and energetic woman, a loving wife and mother. Her three children were William, Edgar and Rosalie, and each showed some influence of the alcoholic history behind them. William grew up to be a wayward youth; he was sent to sea in an effort to reform him and he died in early manhood. He had a brilliant mind and wrote verse of superior quality. The daughter, Rosalie, was a morose, strong of body but mentally weak. Edgar was a genius and a dipsomaniac. When Edgar was a little boy his parents were in extreme poverty in Richmond, Virginia. Two benevolent citizens, a Mr. Allan and a Mr. McKensie who visited them to afford them relief, found them in wretched lodgings lying upon a straw bed, and very sick. There was neither food nor fuel in the home, and their clothes had been pawned or sold. The two little children, Edgar and Rosalie, were half dead, half starved, and emaciated. They were in a stupor caused by feeding them bread steeped in gin. An old Welsh woman acknowledged that this was her habit in order to keep them quiet and make them strong. Two weeks later, on Dec. 11, 1811, Mrs. Poe died of pneumonia. It is believed that her husband died some days before. Edgar was taken home by Mr.

Joh Allan, who bestowed upon him his name, but never legally adopted him. As Allan was a wealthy wholesale tobacco merchant, the little boy had thus exchanged the extreme of poverty for luxury, but although he had escaped from bread soaked in gin, the alcoholic curse was not lifted. His admiring guardian taught the little boy to drink the healths of his guests at dinner parties in a glass of diluted wine. "The boy would stand on a chair, raise the glass with all the ceremony of those old Dominion days, then take a sip gracefully, then with roguish laugh, repeat himself amidst the applause of the company."

Poe's Excesses at College. John Allan, Poe's indulgent guardian, has been severely blamed for teaching the boy such a trick as this, but even if Edgar Allan had never touched wine in his foster-father's house, it is more than probable that the tendency inherited from his father and grandfather would have revealed its power sooner or later. His great mental gifts led Poe to the University of Virginia but he had to be removed because of his alcoholic excesses. A classmate wrote of this early development of the hereditary evil—"Poe's passion for strong drink was as marked as for cards. It was not the taste of the beverage that influenced him; without a sip or a snack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without sugar or water, and send it home at a single gulp." Along with this passion for strong drink went a neurotic irritability. Poe was very difficult to manage, for he would brook no restraint, no discipline. He quarrelled with his guardian and left Richmond. After two years of loose and irresponsible life, Poe obtained a cadet's warrant to West Point. He entered that famous military school when he was in his twenty-first year, but his life there was characterized by many excesses. He defied army regulations and was soon expelled. Dr. Robertson says that Poe showed such an utter disregard for all the canons of decency and morality that the student must believe that such actions were the result of an acute mental brainstorm, induced by the abuse of alcohol. Could the facts of his life's history be accurately traced at this time and during those two years from 19 to 21, about which so little is known, they would be of great psychological value. "Such a case as that from which Poe suffered," says this author, "is most invidious in its approach. The liberties, indulged in youth and the lack of restraint laid a foundation that later on will-power could overcome, and which exacted a price of misery, depression, and suffering from its victim that passes understanding."

The Raven is the Symbol of Hereditary Taint.

For two years after his expulsion from West Point, Poe was often ill and frequently lacked sufficient food. During these years, however, his genius burst into full flower. He did a great deal of writing especially in the short story, that was destined to make his name immortal. His former guardian, Mr. Allan, sent him money from time to time, and as he obtained some pay for his literary work, he might have lived in comfort had it not been for his periodic fits of depression which were invariably followed by his recourse to stimulants. "He suffered intermittent attacks of sickness," says Dr. Robertson, "which incapacitated him for days or weeks, at first infrequent but slowly increasing in number and severity until we have a classical picture of typical dipsomania, with its accompanying depressions and mental abnormalities. These tell the story of the evil that pursued him and continually thwarted the best of intentions, and which made his life a series of financial struggles and failures." And it should not be forgotten that this mental disorder was reflected both in his poetry and prose. Poe never could have written such poems as "The Raven," and "The Conqueror Worm" had he not been the victim of awful depression of spirit. His "Tales of Grotesque and Arabesque" with their preternatural horror and realistic descriptions of morbidity, of insanity, of murder and death also sprang from a diseased brain. From the age of twenty until his death he walked through a valley of shadow, supping full of horror, and generally misunderstood and scorned by those with whom he came in contact. In "The Raven," the most famous of his poems, there is a stanza which might be fittingly applied to his own unfortunate condition and, in view of what Dr. Robertson tells us in his psychopathic study, the Raven might well be regarded as the symbol of alcoholic heredit which cursed the poet with mental disease.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY FOR THE RELIEF OF Coughs, Colds, Group WHOOPING COUGH, HOARSENESS BRONCHITIS -SOLD EVERYWHERE-

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting. On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor. And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted—nevermore.

A Pitiful Scene of Destitution. Does it not seem strange that Poe's poems with their fascinating melody and pleasing melancholy should have derived much of their charm from the very agony of their author and his weird stories most of their force from his abnormal fancy? But how often this phenomenon has been repeated in the history of literature! Out of the carcass of the dead lion comes honey, out of death life, out of the most acute depression of soul, exquisite pleasure for all lovers of the beautiful in song and story. It is very sad that those who have dowered us with intellectual treasure should have learned a suffering what they taught in song but sadder still is the fact that others beside the victim of evil predisposition, usually those near and dear to him, have to pay the penalty of his affliction. In Poe's case those who walked with him through the wilderness of this world were his girl wife, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm. On May 16th, 1836, Poe was married to his cousin. At that time he was editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger" of Richmond, but lost his position the next year because of his irregular habits. He had by this time acquired a considerable reputation as a writer and soon obtained another editorial position in New York. For eighteen months at a time he led a more or less abstemious life, having only two relapses in that period, but in spite of his love for Virginia and "Muddy," and the loving care with which he was cherished by these devoted women, he was unable to free himself from the chains of habit. Early in 1846 he was obliged to resign the editorial of "The Broadway Journal," and for the next four years, till death gave him "surcease of sorrow," his life was an unbroken series of disasters. And his two good angels were doomed to partake of his sufferings. If it had not been for a public appeal made by his friends, the poet and his wife and her mother would have died of want. As it was, Virginia contracted tuberculosis and died in January, 1847.

His Death in a Baltimore Hospital. For three years Poe survived his "lost Lenore." His mother-in-law nursed him through every seizure except the last and it was not her fault that she was not with her beloved "Eddie" in the Baltimore hospital where he obtained his release from the wheel of life. Griswold and other biographers have traced with merciless detail the lapses of Poe during his last two years, but Mrs. Clemm understood that he was not responsible and this is the view taken by Dr. Robertson, who castigates Griswold and shows by an examination of the poet's writings during this period that they were the offspring of a disordered brain. He disposes effectually of the charge that Poe became a drug addict. He also asserts that the platonic love he exhibited for the woman with whom he associated in this closing phase was but another manifestation of his abnormal mental state. While on a visit to Richmond in September, 1849, the poet proposed marriage to a Mrs. Shelton, a widow of that city, and was accepted. His friends raised a fund and he started for New York in order to bring back with him Mrs. Clemm and her few belongings. The incidents of that journey northward cannot be traced, but he was found three days later on the water front of Baltimore in an insensible condition. He was removed to the city hospital and after struggling in violent delirium for over three days and nights, he became entangled through his exertions. He regained consciousness, and, gently moving his head, exclaimed with his last breath, "Lord help my poor soul!" He died on Oct. 7th, 1849.

When I am living in the Midlands, That are sodden and unkind, I night my lamp in the evening; My work is left behind: And the great hills of the South Country Come back into my mind. The great hills of the South Country They stand along the sea, And it's there, walking in the high woods, That I could wish to be, And the men that were boys when I was a boy Walking along with me.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for Sick Headaches

Literary Notes. An English book of special interest to Canadians is "An Autobiography" of Lady Elizabeth Butler. Lady Butler is now an old lady in her seventies, a sister of the late Mrs. Mayne, the poet, and herself a painter famous for "The Roll Call" and other military pictures. In 1877, Lady Butler, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Thompson, married Major Butler, author of "The Great Lone Land." This book was a record of the major's impressions and experiences in a trip that he made through western Canada over fifty years ago. It is one of the most vivid narratives of travel that this country has inspired.

A. G. Gardiner's "Life of Sir William Vernon Harcourt" has just been published in London. Sir William Robertson Nicoll pronounces it a biographical masterpiece. "Mr. Gardiner," says this noted critic, "has written one of the half-dozen best political biographies in the English language, and he has made a permanent contribution not only to poli-

tics, but to literature. The skill with which he has worked his abundant and often irritating material is simply amazing. The whole works into a fine unity. Not too much has been said and not too little. The labour that must have been encountered by the biographer was certainly very great, but it has been quietly faced."

Edward Anthony, who conducts "The Book Factory" column in the New York Herald's book section, has, with his brother Joseph Anthony, written a book of whimsical and witty verse called "The Fairies Up-to-Date (Little, Brown and Co., New York). The famous artist, Chevalier Jean de Boscqere has illustrated it in such fashion that the book constitutes a remarkable piece of color printing. Edward Anthony is an independent sort of person in his likes and dislikes—as he fits a columnist. He likes, he says, Shakespeare, Fox's cartoons, soft collars and sleep; on the other hand, his thumbs are turned down against "lecturing authors; dress-suits, literary mutual admiration societies, authors who live at tea, authors who patronize American institutions like baseball, critics who drag in highfalutin' foreign phrases to impress their readers, pills, people who discuss their health, the barber who put something on my hair that stratod my near-baldness, and people who don't like my stuff."

Cosmo Hamilton, the author of the famous novel and play, "Scandal," and of "The Rustle of Silk," says that "Another Scandal," which will be published next fall, was the most difficult story to write that he had ever tackled. He says: "I started the story in New York, took it to England, continued it in Holland, in Switzerland and in France and, with a huge sigh of relief, wrote the last part in New York." Howard Vincent O'Brien makes Ned Sears, the instructor in chemistry who is the hero of his new novel, "Trodden Gold," give this professional diagnosis of the ills of civilization: "Society is the mess it is because there hasn't been any scientific effort to get its elements working together. The world cooks and boils, and instead of something good coming out of it, what do you get? You get an insoluble precipitate, or a gummy residue."

Duckworth, the London publisher, has just brought out Hilaire Belloc's "Collected Verses," which contains all the poems which this clever versifier cares to preserve. One of his most beautiful poems is "The South Country," beginning thus:

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