

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MOVING DAY

A Chamber of Dreams and its Hallowed Associations—Some Canadian Writers—Mr. Herbin and his Sonnets—Wishes for the New Liberal Government.

Have you ever moved? Mistake me not: I cannot suppose your corporeal person to have been quite stationary since the bright dawn of its existence;—but have you ever exchanged houses? No? Then you are not a clerical itinerant. He who has exchanged one place of residence for another has had experience of sensations worthy of remembrance and of record. To awaken with the first blush of morning, in the best of health, and suddenly to remember—this day I must die! might move the most virtuous man to pensiveness. But it is not till evening that pensiveness comes when you are only "dittin", as the Scotch say, and with morning comes a mood more active and eager. You forsake the pillow under the endared roof that for a season has sheltered you and your household gods, albeit the last time, with such a busy unconsciousness as admits of little sadness or sentiment. The time is not yet. You spend the early hours in the production of disarray that finally merges in domestic chaos and bewilderment; then comes the loading up, and the road is endlessly retraced, while you keep the track of the cart and the patient steers, till the late afternoon, by which time the community has had free exhibition of your household shrines and utensils.

To bear a hand, and have a care that mirrors are kept intact, lest they should give a broken expression to admiring beauty seeking itself; that pitchers, jugs and all brittle things, are neither abridged nor mutilated; that chromes are not illustrated by daubs, nor illuminated by any such pinched holes as we see sometimes in colored transparencies, or stereoscopic views;—such vexing concerns as these may alienate all pensiveness, reflection, and make the dusty day as common-place as possible. But when—

Eve has draped her curtain down
And plied it with a star;

or when October's grimness shuts all stars, and gives a chilly rustle to the serene leaves just outside that staring window in that familiar room, now becoming strange; when everything is gone that was there the evening before, and you stand

about you, and reflect; then your emotions deserve a scribe and a pencil, and a moment wherein to "make a note out." Yet this "dittin" experience is common to ministers, gipsies, circus-men, and occasionally, too good, commonplace, regular-going people.

If you are one in the good graces of the folk about you, having many when you have helped in time of need, who are now desirous of returning your favors, it is surprising how useful you may find them. There are so many, who find nothing to do. There is comfort in this faithful attendance on your exits, as well as on your entrances. Especially are the maidens of your parish then found as kindly vestals in the temple where you have burned much incense, and which in memory you are to recall as one of your tomes. If you are a man of delicate feeling, now, as soon as the push and hurry have abated, the dismantled place will seem already sacred and breathing of the past. How dear, too, will seem these friendly neighbors you are leaving—Heaven bless them and repay their kindness, for you never can!—who will do more out of love and good will than others might do for money. Even when the ever-smiling face of the dear mistress—who could not be disturbed by all this worry,—has finally vanished from the vacant halls where once she presided, there is one who cares for her who will remain and see to it that nothing is forgotten or neglected, and that the doors are finally closed and secured.

And did you then, my reader who must needs be gentle, having forgotten something, or perhaps following the leading of your heart, obtain the key again, enter the deserted house and move slowly from one vacant room to another, while the shadows deepened around you. Now everything and everybody has gone, and your presence, about to vanish forever, has something of ghostliness, as you gaze upon the blank windows and the dismantled walls, how are you given to the reminiscent fancies suggested by such a scene and hour! What a sudden vibration runs through that electric chain by which we are darkly bound, till the house is peopled with phantoms: Memory is busy; all the friends you have ever welcomed here assemble at its call, while the deserted parlor and silent study are suddenly animated and vocal. In this pleasant nook—this window recess—you passed your quiet evenings, and read your favorite book, while your wife sat by with her sewing, and the children were snugly tucked for the night, in yonder room where they have been so often, and will never be again. You go for one more peep into that chamber where sleep and your little ones have had such sweet times together, and where faces looked like the sky-born, much as anything can which must some day dissolve in dust. Here you sat by Willie's restless couch during those fevered nights. You start to recall how bare and silent the room is,

and know that you are alone. Well, we must be alone sometimes, it is good for us; we must learn to bear it. What though the untenanted chambers ring as you tread the carpetless floors, while in your thought every object is restored to its wonted place. Then you notice that west-end window which was left open; there is a storm brooding not far off, and the sky above and the river below are in sombre expectation. You reflect that the steered rain will be better dashed against the window pane than beating in upon the floor, so you go to close it down. It is your own chamber of dreams, where rest has been given, and often waking visions. Here you linger a moment. Whose couch will be spread in the accustomed place, in coming days,—the place where you knelt after you had opened the book of grace and found some hope-glam, or promise of consolation, before your senses swam away into the sea so soft and sweet and dim and silent. You stand by the open window and before you close it, by the day's fading glimmer, take in the accustomed landscape. This is the last time its now pervasive beauty will greet you from this familiar point of view. How clearly this and that object stands out, how fondly it is noted. You say, "Goodbye, dear hills, and ye farms and homesteads, that blessed my eyes with your greeting every morning when I awoke. And thou, river, chiming away on thy pebbly bottom, curving round yonder steepy bank—thou crystal harmony, thou thing of motion and music, good-bye! Still rush away seaward, and chafe thy stones, and utter the same voice of power that used to soothe and charm me on wakeful nights, or in early morning before the sun; others shall hear you, and be glad. Ye high bank, above which I dusily see the white chapel with its surrounding graves, and their stones so spectral among the firs and beeches and the shrubs that overhang the gliding current below, I bid you farewell." Yonder is the door of your friendly neighbor, which now it is not convenient for you to enter. It is closed now, and you reproach yourself for the omission of neighborly offices, so much enriching the heart that bestows them. The time for departure has come.

"I shall leave the old house in the autumn," So runs a line of the old song, that comes to mind. You are leaving it now; so you linger and stand yet a moment on the threshold of the old, before going forward to the new.

But perhaps, my reader, I take too much for granted, and this may be a mood of my mind, and not of yours. You may be of the number whom the world calls practical, and will say to me,—why are you not forward helping the folk, or cheering them? Is all this business? Nay, nor wholly pleasure. These stolen interviews with my own soul, these glances upon the past are taken in the hour between day and dark, and I shall be the straightforward man of action soon. Only let me say in passing, this mood is mine, and I report it faithfully as I can. The soul casts its own lights or shadows on all around it, and the familiar forms we dwell around become to us what the heart makes them.

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live,
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud."

Soon will come another flitting, and a final one, when it will be said, "Adieu, adieu, ye beautiful world, and ye pleasant companions!" Ours is a strange, and yet familiar, half-mournful, half-joyful, exodus to a country of promise, and a habitation whose foundation is neither stone nor brick and whose root-tree is laid in the invisible by no mortal hand. Maybe this mood of parting from the house I now leave behind me, in pensiveness and pathos, may be a forecast of the hour and its emotions, when the soul shall stand at the threshold of the clay habitation, out of which most of her treasures and effects have gone; when, pausing to gather courage and gird herself for her journey, she shall give a last fond glance behind and within, then putting her fingers to the latch shall close the portal forever.

"Some quiet April evening soft and strange,
When comes to the change
No spirit can deplore,
I shall be one with all I was before,
In death once more."

An Acadian poet of worth has been finding favor in regions where no more favoritism, or friendly partiality can be the occasion of praise. We clip the following notice of Mr. Herbin's "Marshlands" from a Western (Ohio) paper:

"These are but sketches of the common way," says the author of Marshlands, "a dainty volume of more than two score descriptive poems and sonnets of more than ordinary merit, many showing poetical genius of a high order. The author, John F. Herbin, is a native of Windsor, N. B., of Acadian ancestry, and a resident of Wolfville, that town:

"Lolling on a hillside, dark with wood,
And orchards red and ripe, she lovely lies;
Her spreading folds of dress of many dyes
Trail in the waters of the murmuring flood."

Mr. Herbin shows a true sympathy with nature, has a happy facility of description, clear and concise. Note this beautiful simile from "Change":

"Like this—draped poverty with bending form
Scarce hid beneath the tatters of her dress,
Appear the willows moaning in the storm,
Unpiled in the shivering nakedness."

And the striking metaphor from "Ebb and Flow":

"Moving again on the meadows, heaving in endless unrest,
Filling and falling as ever, the tide is a living breast;
Hiding the white ribs of wreckage under the dome
It has set,
Roaring the first onset of vengeance, weeping the after regret."

The tide is a living heart—what simplicity, what strength!

The author is imbued with patriotism, and an unquestionable love for the land of his fathers.

"For this is the land of Acadie,
The mistiest place of all the earth and sea."
That he feels strongly the wrong done his fore-fathers, is evinced in many of his poems, this from "The Gaspereau":

"Below me winds the river to the sea,
On whose brown slope stood wailing, homeless maids;
Stood exiled sons; unsheltered hoary heads;
And sires and mothers dumb in agony.
The awful glare of burning homes, where free
And happy late they dwell, breaks on the shades,
Encompassing the sailing fleet, then fades
With tumbling roof, upon the night bound sea."

From "An Acadia at Grand-Pre":
"Before the march of power the weak must bend,
And yet forgive; the savage strong will smite
The glowing words of reason and of song,
To tell of hate and virtue to defend,
May never set the bitter deed aright,
Nor satisfy the ages with the wrong."

"The Returned Acadian" is pathetic:
"Along my father's dikes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river side,
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,
And every creek and river's ruddy stain.
Neglected long and shunned, our dead have lain.
Here where a people's dearest hope has died,
Alone of all their children scattered wide,
I scan the sad memorials that remain.
The dikes wave with the grass, but not for me;
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls,
From these new homes upon the green hill-side,
Where speech is strange and a new people free,
No voice cries out in welcome; for these halls
Give food and shelter where I may not bide."

Space forbids other quotations from an exquisite sonnet on
"Thou land of promise, youthful and mature,
Fair Canada of legend and of song."
We take the concluding lines:

"Cling to the ancient good; and to the new
Cry out with welcome as it comes afar,
Love and a strength; and in thy great domains
Give hand to all, but to thyself be true."
—Bertha R. Mather.

"Our Monthly," a Magazine devoted to a literature and to authors strictly Canadian, suspended with the second number. It was edited and published by George Moffat of Toronto, and was in its appearance one of the most attractive of the ten-cent monthlies, while its literary contents were furnished by some of the most popular of native literateurs. It was liberally illustrated, and the number for June is so good as to make us wish that the volume might have been completed. A portrait is given of some Canadian Veteran, with the following motto by "The Khan":

"B'juzo he was at Batoche,
An' fit at Fish Creek too, b'gosh."

The grand old man looks like some Walt Whitman of the Dominion. We find in the May number an article on J. Castell Hopkins, with a portrait; and in the June number is an article by this vigorous writer, on "Canada's Defence and Defenders. A series of articles, accompanied by portraits, on "Literary Men and Women of Canada," were in prospect, and of the list we find the following: "William Williford Campbell," by Charles Gordon Rogers, Jean Blewett," by "Kit," "Robert Reid, (Rob Wanlock)," by Rev. William Wye Smith; "Faith Fenton," by Alice Ashworth; "Louis Frechette," by Edgar Maurice Smith, Short stories from Guy De Maupassant, translated by J. Ramsay Montanambert, add to the interest of these numbers of a periodical so hopeful and so brief.

The "Middlesex Heathstone" is so good we might wish there was more of it, but that we are in this age discouraged by the excess of the meritorious. This invites from the fact that we can give it just and due attention. To a sober, refined taste its contents cannot fail to be gratifying, and its illustration of local scenery will commend it to home folks who may now be away from home. The May number has an article by Samuel T. Pickard, entitled, "Whittier in Lowell." Oliver W. Rogers gives an account of the old Middlesex Canal and there are engravings of "The old Towpath, North Billerica," "In the Canal," "Ruins of Lock," "Viaduct over the Shaw-shen River," etc. Rev. Robert Court, D. D., writes on some "Scottish Song Writers Subsequent to Burns." Among the poems one is drawn first to "The Gift of Katahdin An Algonquin Legend," by Ralph H. Shaw the editor, with its illustrations of that well-known mountain in Maine. Isaac Busset Choate has also some pleasing verses, entitled "The Secret of the Daisy." This excellent monthly is issued by the Middlesex Heathstone Co., Lowell Mass. Single copies 6cts; 50cts. per annum.

The leading article in Massey's Magazine for May is from the pen of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts. Between artist and poet we need not lack vision; the "Apple Lands of Acadie" are before us, and we no longer dream of El Dorado. Duncan Campbell Scott concludes a story, begun in the April number, entitled "The Mystery of The Red Deeps." Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, relates the events of her life, "When Victoria Was Young,"—at least, the most momentous. Jean Blewett has a poem, entitled "Her Treasures," illustrated by a drawing from Frederic W. Falls. "A Master of the French School" By J. W. L. Forster; "Life and Exploration Within The Arctic Circle," by Lieut. R. E. Peary, Civil Engineer U. S. Navy; and "From Gibraltar To The Pyrenees," by Mary A. Reed, are interesting, finely illustrated articles. There is an illustrated poem by E. Pauline Johnson, entitled, "The Songster." Massey is worthy to run with

Munsey, neck to neck, in the race for popularity and financial success.

The "slippery" political ball has been rolling with velocity in "this Canada of ours," and prevailing is the Liberal sound thereof. A tear for the brave and hopeful—"The Strong Men of Canada," some of whose faces were turned up in Munsey just now—whose political house has fallen. Our sympathies and prayers are with the winning heads upon whom the rigors of governmental leadership have rested that they may be strong and true, and prove worthy of the confidence of the people of this Dominion have reposed in them. They row gird on the armor for battle, but the real glory will be when it is unbuckled, after the victory which is success.

PATERFEX.

PACIFIC COAST FORESTS.

They Contain Nearly One-half of This Country's Standing Timber.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued an interesting report of the forestry and timber interests of the United States.

From its data it is learned that the forest area of the United States (exclusive of Alaska) may be placed at somewhat less than 50,000,000 acres. This does not include much brush and waste land, which is, and will remain for a long time, without any economic value. This area is very unevenly distributed; seven-tenths are found on the Atlantic side of the continent, only one-tenth on the Pacific coast, another tenth on the Rocky Mountains, the balance being scattered over the interior of the Western States.

Both the New England States and the Southern States have still 50 per cent. of their area, more or less, under forest cover; but in the former the merchantable timber has been largely removed.

The character of the forest growth varies in the different regions. On the Pacific coast hard woods are rare, the principal growth being coniferous and of extraordinary development. Besides gigantic red woods, the soft sugar pine and the hard bull pine, various spruces and firs, cedars, hemlocks, and larch form the valuable supply.

In the Rocky Mountains no hard woods of commercial value occur, the growth being mainly of spruces, firs, and bull pine, with other pines and cedars of more or less value.

The Southern States contain in their more southern section large areas occupied almost exclusively by pine forest, with the cypress in the bottom lands. The more northern portions are covered with hard woods almost exclusively, and intervening is a region of mixed hard wood and coniferous growth. Spruces, firs, and hemlocks are found in small quantities confined to the mountain regions.

The Northern States are mainly occupied by hard wood growths, with coniferous intermixed, sometimes the latter becoming entirely dominant, as in the spruce forests of Maine, New Hampshire, or the Adirondacks, and here and there in the pines of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, or in the hemlock regions of Pennsylvania and New York.

A very rough and probably very liberal estimate of the amount of timber standing in the various regions ready for the axe would give the following figures:

	Feet.
Southern States	200,000,000,000
Northern States	500,000,000,000
Pacific coast	1,000,000,000,000
Rocky Mountains	1,000,000,000,000
Total	2,500,000,000,000

The total annual cut, including all material requiring bolt or log size, is estimated at 40,000,000,000 feet, board measure.

The lumber industries employ capital to the extent of over \$1,000,000,000. They employ nearly 1,000,000 men, pay out over \$400,000,000 in yearly wages, and produce over \$3,000,000,000 of commercial material, all of which is an important showing.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Transportation of Perishable Food.

In no more emphatic manner are modern facilities of transportation emphasized than in the safety with which perishable food is conveyed from a great distance. In this particular, Australia, South America, and the United States are no further removed from Europe than a single province formerly was from the capital of the country of which it formed a part. Algeria is now supplying Paris markets with camel meat. An extensive plant has been created in that French colony for the killing and refrigerating of those animals, and daily shipments are made to Paris. The meat of the camel is described as not unlike beef, with the tenderness of veal. The hump is the choicest portion. Eggs that formerly were gathered near the localities where they were sold, now come from distant points. Four million daily are received in London from foreign countries. Most of them come from Russia. They command in England twice the price they bring in the home market. The export of eggs from Russia that in 1885 amounted to 235,000,000, increased in 1895 to 1,250,000,000. These are official figures. The larger proportion of this product goes to England. In addition great quantities of dressed fowl are annually exported from Russia to all European countries.

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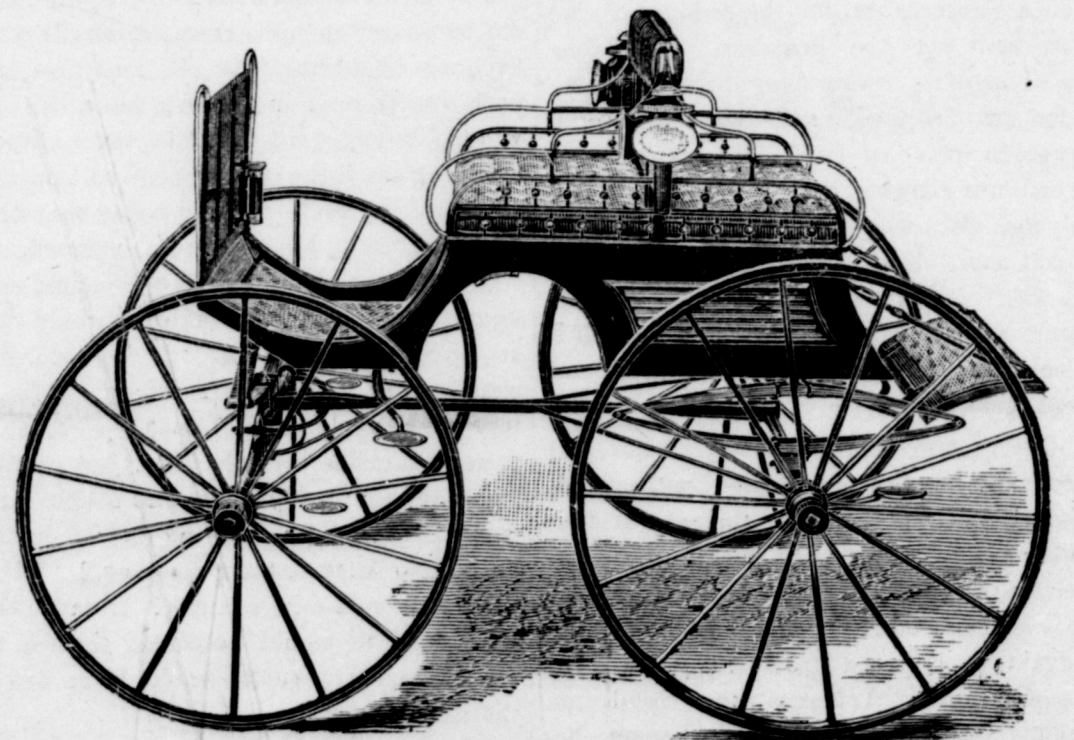
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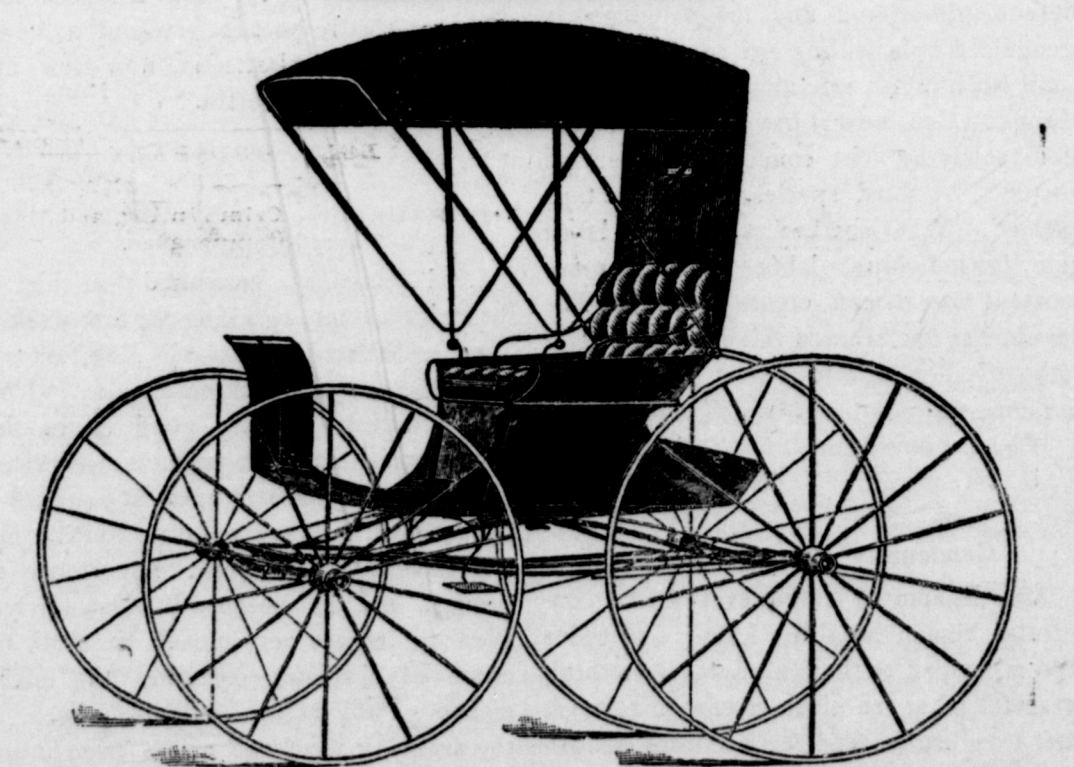
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