

Notches on The Stick

Our October by the Penobscot has gone something of its blazony in this desiccating air, but nothing of its skiey balm or brilliancy. The maples have rusted out and are without the sappy greens and crimson and purples we are accustomed to see; and the ashen leaves have crumbled from our elm colonnades before their time. Yet, here and there, flames the gonfalon of autumn from the bluffs that enchant the stilly-shadowy water; and day by day the purest strained honey of the sun has fallen on our tranquil streets, and the fields that still are brightly green.

"Some village—Hamden," was the friendly adaptation of Gray's line by a compatriot near the Narraguagus, when we were on the point of departing. "The words have lingered in my mind, ever since I knew whither you were going," she said, "though I do not remember that I ever heard of the place before." The words she quoted, or misquoted, do indicate the origin of the name of our little town—the existence of which is not to be ignored—nor its importance to be lightly considered,—for it bears the cognomen of the incorruptible Englishman who set his veto against the collection of ship-money. It was originally known as Wheelersborough, having first been settled by Benjamin Wheeler, in 1767, and was so known till 1794, when the name was changed by certain patriotic citizens who were not insensible to the courageous spirit of John Hampden.

Sitting in the little pavilion on "the ledges," when the pencil of the evening had drawn its long lines of shadow down the stream, or sunset had begun to golden the sails of upward sailing vessels, we have experienced the dreams and visions peculiar to the scene. We have looked down the dim postern of departed time, and seen the high shores, whereon now gleam the lights of sequestered cottages, clothed with old forest trees, where wild men and wild creatures of the wood roamed unmolested by the white man. The sweep of the wave on rocky cliff, the swirl of ripple on curving beach, the rustle of oak and maple, or the sigh of pine tassels, were the sounds that broke the solitude. The Indian—not the hybrid that steers out from the island at Old-town, but the prime and undegenerate savage,—plied his canoe on these lovely waters. Perhaps one day the Norseman's prow cut the smooth pathway below our perch or, in an evening like to this, the Frankish Knight, and his henchman, who was to leave a grave in the woods marked by a mossy cross, came seeking Norombega. Then Champlain and his men came sailing by,—a genial, adventurous soul, the glow of a true manhood in his honest face. Later, the belligerent British, with intent less pacific than the sons of France, appeared on the scene. Up-stream on a stilly day you may discern the bleaching ribs of the English sloop of war that here met her fate, down through the clear water. Yonder, whence the bells rings out the hour of noon from the village academy, the men of Hampden met the British regulars who charged up and over the hill; and in the little burial yard back of the Town-House some of the slain red-coats were buried.

But Hampden, that boasts the home of a national Vice-President—Maine's sturdy man of the people, of their own plain tastes and simple straightforward habits—Hannibal Hamlin;—a grayish brick house on its knoll, among its enclosing trees,—has other claims to distinction. It was the roving ground of the poetess, Mrs. Frances L. Mace, in her girlhood days,

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Hood's Pills

and it was the home of her mother. The Parker home, a rare old farmhouse, with spacious chambers, and friendly-spreading roof, emmosed, overshadowed by balm-of-gileads, with wide fields and near-hand woods for roaming and dreaming was an ideal place for a poet, and much she loved it. But Hampden is not only made memorable by the love of statesman and poet, it is also to be regarded as the birth-place of a world renowned philanthropist, Dorothea Lynde Dix.

A recent article concerning her, written by Mrs Helen Coffin Beedy, appeared in the Bangor Commercial, from which a few facts are drawn. Some uncertainty had existed among writers of her biography concerning the actual place of her birth; till the matter was investigated by a lady citizen of our town. "In 1862, Dr. Bowdoin Reed Buker and his wife, Eliza Thomas Buker, Hampden, went as assistant nurses into the hospitals of Alexandria. While on an official visit to Washington. Dr. Buker was introduced to Miss Dix. When she learned he was from Hampden, Maine, she said to him: 'I was born there, but have not visited the place since I was twelve years old.' On their return to Hampden, Dr. Buker and his wife sought out the 'oldest inhabitants,' or rather the town historian, who proved to be none other than the Wasgatt sisters. Mrs. Mary Ann Wasgatt Jackson was able to tell them where the house stood in which the great philanthropist was born,—and more, she had herself searched out the town records and found written thereon: 'Joseph A. Dix his wife, their children, Dorothea Lynde Dix, born April 4, 1802,' thus confirming Miss Dix's statement 'I was born on the fourth day of the fourth month.'

A venerable matron of the town, not many years departed, seemed unaware of the woman so widely known and so highly useful, but remembered the sequestered child who was the companion of her girlhood. She was asked if she remembered Dorothea Dix, and she replied: "No, I never knew Dorothea, but the little Dolly Dix who lived on the Isaac Hopkins place, I knew her well and have played with her many a time; and," added Mrs. Jackson, "I remember the house well, though only a part of the cellar now remains. When I was a child of only four years old I was sent over there to get a live coal as our fire had gone out." The neighboring towns of Dixfield and Dixmont drive their present names from Dorothea's father. The lot of land on which the house stood is now owned by Capt. Thomas C. Lennan, superintendent of pilotage in New York harbour, a lover of, and frequent visitor to his native town. "When this genial gentleman," writes Mrs. Breedy, "learned that the woman of Hampden were interested in preserving and in some way marking the birthplace of Dorothea Dix, he very generously offered them all the land they desired for that purpose, and is now only waiting for a fitting organization of trustees to whom he may make out the deed." The last resting place of this worthy woman is at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass, where she was laid in July, 1887. She is justly said to have been one of the most useful and distinguished woman America ever produced.

The connection of Hampden with the city of Bangor by an electric railway has opened it to other sources of distinction. The State Woman's Suffrage Association recently held its Annual Convention here, and among other noted visitors there appeared Miss Susan Anthony. For days after the convention was ended the venerable lady whose courage and independence are not open to question, lingered here in a charmed hospital. She said to me: "I love your little town which has the advantages of rural beauty and retirement, and is one of the places where the rude and noisy world is not broken in." This was once as strong hold of Methodism, and the Penobscot at this point was one of the boundaries of the primitive Itinerant, Jesse Lee. Our town was the latest home and the burial place of Charles B. Dann, one of the wittiest, wisest and most eloquent ministers of our State.

The steadily increasing demand for . . .

and beauty of Bliss Carman's latest volume. Of all recent books of verse it by its excellence claims first attention. "We have become familiar with the style of this writer through the magazine in which his shorter poems have appeared. He stands in a commanding place among his fellows, and we find the true poetic ring in his words and the true poetic glow in his thought. The art of Keats, Shelley, Rapheal and Verlaine kindles his imagination. In his reflections upon nature it is very noticeable how deeply he is affected by the beauty of the rain, and the words he chooses to paint pictures of it for our enjoyment are remarkably vivid in the effect. There are numbers of phrases describing the falling rain in this volume [By The Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies.] which are exceptionally beautiful. With the prejudice of the artistic temperament a prejudice which seems to be accepted by the artist as an essential of his mental equipment—Bliss Carman takes up the cudgels—or more properly we might say, wings his arrows—in defence of the personal failings and sins of men great in the art life of the world. Those who love musical, chaste, and satisfying phraseology, coupled often with most exquisite appreciation of nature's varying moods, will find By the Aurelian Wall a well-spring of pleasure." We select a few of the passages to which the above writer alludes.

"The ghostly houses of gray rain."
"The marching sweep
Of blown white rain
Go volleys up the icy kills,"
"Like the lulling of a sigh
Uttered in the trembling grass.

When a shower has gone by
And the sweeting shadows pass."
"There was manna in the rain."
"The rain-winds loose from reverie."
"April frost and iron rain."
"The roosting mountain rains."
"Creeds are sown like rain at sea."
"The nunc dimittis of the rain."
"Thy lullaby the rain."
"The pale and wandering rain
Will roam on the hills forever."
"Wind of the April rain,
Win of the dawn."
"Lulled to rest at last from roving
To the music of the rain."
"The shining rough month March
Crumbles into sun and rain"

The "Exhibition Number" of "Farming," published at Toronto, marks it as in the front rank of agricultural journalism in America; and perhaps agriculture is as intelligently and as systematically prosecuted in Canada as anywhere in the world. This copy of an enterprising monthly, is most excellently printed and abounds in illustrations, and well written articles, by orchardists, stock raisers, and practical farmers in all parts of the Dominion. We were particularly interested in an article entitled "Agriculture," which relates to a new Text-Book on that subject for public schools prepared by C. C. James, of Toronto, and published by Geo. N. Morang, of that city. We meet the frequent sneer at the farmer by book and rule, which may not be amiss in cases where books and rules are applied without brains. The wide awake may, however, profit by inquiry and speculation, and a high grade of intelligence is needed today in the operation of the farmer. Articles attractive to us are, "The Agricultural Outlook in Nova Scotia," by J. E. Hopkins, Dairy Supt. Nappan, N. S., "A Typical P. E. Island Farm," by J. Hamilton, New Perth, P. E. I.; "Dairy Progress in New Brunswick," by Harvey Mitchell, Dairy Superintendent, Sussex, N. B.; and "Handling the Apple Crop," by J. E. Starr, Starr's Point, N. S. Among the illustrations, "An Ontario Road Scene," "An Ontario Orchard in Bloom," "View of Mixed Forest Belt," "A Seventy-Year-Old Apple Tree," "Contentment,"—a croup of cattle—and "Ayrshires in Scotland" are worthy of special mention.

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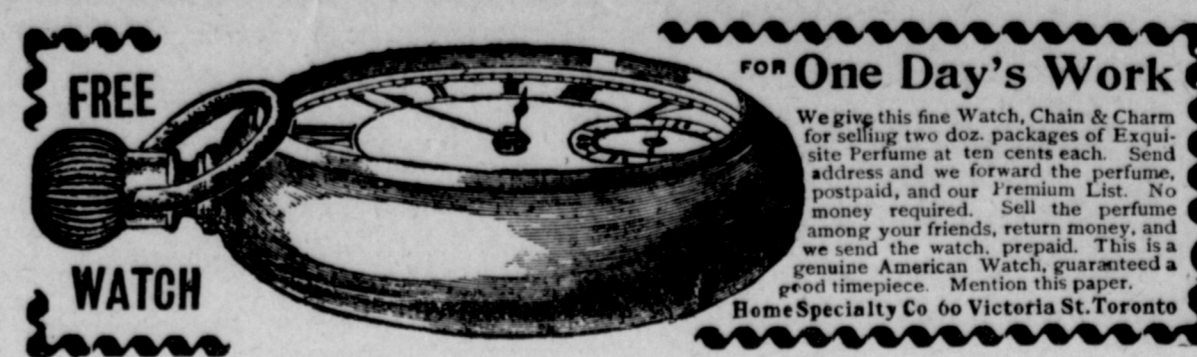
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Gabriele D'Annunzio sees the "tragic death of Elizabeth of Austria" through a haze of fancy. In the thought of the great Italian she dwells in an apothecistic realm with the daughters of poetic romance. The assassin has elevated her above the stars; she walks with Iphigenia, with Sappho, with Artemis: "The swift, unerring stroke suddenly revealed to our eyes, in extraordinarily pure relief, the secret beauty of this imperial life, as the immortal statue suddenly shines forth from the stone which the blow of the brutal hammer breaks. . . . A harmonious death at the fitting moment' . . . Were not her sorrow and her dream as ripe as those fruits of September which she ate sitting on the lacustrine rock, watching the beautiful waters? . . . Had she not desired a sudden death 'beneath the splendor of the sky?' The poetry of her wish was surpassed by the real glory of her final moments. The words of Goethe were in the silence of her sanguineous lips: 'Thus, then, O Realization, most beautiful daughter of the august Father, thou descendest to me at last' . . . A Latin poet must sing the praises of this Far Off Empress, this heroine of the dream. She knew how to create a world for herself, and to live in it according to the strength of her liberated soul. She must be celebrated. Perhaps she would have disappeared in the oblivion of men, if, by virtue of the steel, her image had not been violently thrown out from the shadow in an empurpled splendor. It is necessary to celebrate the hermetic beauty of her immobile face under the heavy autumnal color that dulled her tresses, and the silence of her close-set lips where the sweetness of fruits mitigated the bitterness of tears, and her soul, her secret soul which bore in its centre that Medusa's head with which Pallas armed her golden aegis."

Joaquin Miller will hew from the rock no mortuary chamber, and will build no vaulted room for his tomb; for after death he does not look for the burial of a Christian. Rather he chooses the pyre of a Trojan. "The poet," as we learn, "has just finished at his home on the heights back of Oakland, a funeral pyre, on which he has ordered that his body be burned after death. This pyre is a solidly constructed, rectangular piece of masonry, covers one hundred square feet, and is eight feet high. It is made of six hundred and twenty boulders of various sizes, set in cement. At the top of the pyre is a coffin-shaped depression in which the poet has left orders that his body be placed and cremated, and the ashes flung to all points of the compass. Nearby a granite boulder, which weighs two tons, will form the poet's tombstone. No name is carved on it, but in white letters has been painted: "To the Unknown." If the old poet wishes to be pagan, why will he not patronize a regularly arranged crematory, by the use of which his last wishes might be more affectively carried out, and more agreeably to the neighbors, and the persons who may have the work in charge?"

William Kirby, F. R. S. C., poet, historian, romancer, author of "The Golden Dog," "Canadian Idylls," etc., writes an agreeable anniversary article on, "The Knight of Spencer Grange," who, it will be known by most readers, is Sir James Macpherson Le Moine, the gifted historian of Quebec, author of "Maples Leaves," "Legends of the St. Lawrence," and many other popular works. Mr. Kirby says: "January the 1st, 1898 ought indeed to be a pleasant anniversary to the author of "Maple Leaves;" early that morning, a year ago, a telegraph messenger was knocking at the portals of Spencer Grange the bearer of a telegram from the Earl of Aberdeen, the Governor General, announcing that "Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to confer the honor of Knighthood, for literary service rendered Canada, on Sir James McPherson LeMoine, Past President of the Royal Society of Canada." This mark of Royal favor to a Canadian litterateur of distinguished service to his native land, must have been a pleasant recognition and surprise. The guerdon in Sir James LeMoine's case, was not won without patient toil." The article is prefaced by a quatrain of George Martin's poem to Sir James on the occasion of his knighthood.

"His laurel crown provokes no frown.
No politician's wiles have won.
Distinction for her learned son,
No path unclean has soiled his gown."

A Russian paper asserts that the poems of Edgar A. Poe, having been translated into Russian, are more popular in that country than in the United States.

PASTOR FELIX.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Solomonic.

There are still judges in the world who are almost as wise as King Solomon, and veritable 'Daniels come to judgment.' Such a man presides over a local court in the Isle of Socio. An action for damages was brought against the local railway company, arising out of a serious collision. A man had lost an arm in the affair, and a young married woman has been made a widow. For the loss of the arm the judge awarded six thousand piastres, and only two thousand for the loss of the husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge justified himself in the following terms:

"My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you, turning to the woman, 'you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband who possibly may be as good, perhaps better than your dead lord.' The people cheered and congratulated each other on having such a wise judge.

An Extended Experience.

Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Pain-Ex-Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

Baby-Minding Wholesale.

The creche system—introduced into England in 1871 by Mrs. Hilton—has proved an inestimable boon to poor women. In the neat and wholesome apartments of these institutions, the children of the poor, from two weeks to five or six years old, are cared for whilst their mothers are engaged at work. The little ones are bathed when admitted, dressed in clothes belonging to the creche, and fed at intervals during the day. The charge is usually threepence for twelve hours, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., widows paying less.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

Curious Imperial Ukase.

An ordinance has lately been promulgated in Japan exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race.

There should be certain fine stones laid aside in heaven for the crown of any man whose record shows that he never bought a musical instrument on the installment plan.

If a man wants to think, don't present him evidence to the contrary; prejudice is stronger than evidence.

Raw From Ear To Jaw.

"I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease." G. WHITE, Carievale, N.W.T.

B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases and Eruptions, from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

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