

Notches on The Stick

In the afternoon they came unto a land, and the place which they should inhabit; they saw, but dimly, the soil named Pemaquid, and the sky which, wherever it bends, loses not its aspect of friendship and familiarity. The scenes they had known long and loved well, still dominated their inward vision; and they were in no mood to pronounce on what beneath their eyes seemed fair or foul. They came with some of the exile-feeling; they still saw faces they knew looking towards them from the pier, and the white flutter of farewell. As they sat at evening, while the frogs piped outside, in concert with the dreamy monotone of the falling stream, they saw the cheerful hill top, and the watery vale, where, whichever way their eyes were turned, they rested on natural forms goodly to look upon. Serenely the river ran at their feet, and wound distantly away; the rambling stone wall, overgrown with shrubbery and overhung by its line of gnarled apple-trees, surmounted the green slope: Still would they see the dim-shaded street,—its vista leading to the shore; the white walled church, with its pigeon-haunted belfry, and the neat white parsonage, with its green painted shutters, crouching below; the neighboring homes, that seemed to send a hail of companionship with every morning sun. To efface these pictures, and lose their hale, to paint another series, and give them a celestial hue, this is not the work of one changing day, but of many.

"They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us. And forget us when another year is gone! O the toll that needs no breaking Oh the Heimweh O the black dividing Sea and alien Pain!"

For to be precipitated from sea sickness to homesickness is as much as mortal can well endure.

Yet shall they learn to call this new found region Home, and to welcome the air and voices of the sea, and find consolation in the kindly faces they move amidst. Already their little household world is rounding into form, and something like the accustomed habitude is restored, with calmer thoughts and more orderly movements. If they had seen Pemaquid from no other point of rest than the parsonage windows, they might demur at the word Beautiful. The creek is somewhat dull; the river somewhat tame; the shores and fields in prospect somewhat rude; the fish-house below them too nude and shanty like; the human traces in their foreground too few and far away. But in justice it may be said the scene has some fairness of its own. The ripples of Pemaquid stream, and the waves of the inlet below, brightening in this morning sun, bring something of freshness and gladness. Some musing one must this day correct himself, who said yesterday evening—

"Glory and loveliness have passed away."

Not so fast, Sir Cynic! In the manifold offices of life, you say, one dollar fast behind another, is man's surest friend. Where we looked for a favor comes an exaction. Unto him who hath shall be given, and for him there shall be an abundance; but to the impecunious Fate is inexorable. A measure of truth, Sir Cynic, and not Truth's whole face and value. We have met more unexpected kindness and servableness than we have known how to be thankful for;—and that is an embarrassment, you know:

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With coldness still returning; Alas! the gratitude of men Hath oftener left me mourning."

Let this be confessed, in justice to our kind. Certainly our company who journeyed to Pemaquid have on this score no cause for complaint. In a strange country they were surrounded by gentle hearts and by hands swift to minister. They talked of the day's sunshiny side, and gave the vocal ring to make to-morrow look bright. What justified the genial pride in the spoken words,—Our Pastor, come among us? If they were ill content it were ingratitude to reveal it wantonly to eyes so quick to discern and to hearts so kind. The youngest scion of the house, at any rate, took not his transplantation amiss. He immediately became as happy a rover of new fields as change ever charmed. He was at once disposed to secure a fishing privilege on the Pemaquid river; and its alewives (our happy childhood knew them as gaspereaux) have become the joy of his heart. How about that boy-companion he has, after five years of

tumbling over the fence together, been left on the hill at Hampden? Is that a privilege of childhood—to feel no pang of regret?

In a new land they sleep, and they dream. Again their belated steamer is within the glimmer of the lights of Rockland, and the rattle of trucks, the tramp of feet, and cries of backmen are heard. Again their care is lightened by a friendly appearance, and the reassurance of a voice that any weary traveller loves to hear at his journey's end. So while the good wife and the misses, with the little lad, are trundled away to supper in the coach long waiting, James and Starret wait to see to the landing of their effects. Again they sit in a home, where gentleness, taste, with elegance, preside; their generous host [Louis Frederick Starret, author of "Poems and Translations"]—lawyer, gentleman, poet, lover of German songs, and dreamy as any man of affairs dares to be—is awake to the business of hospitality, and makes it a pleasure—to himself, as well as the recipients. But, ah, how short the time has been out for chats upon matters of mutual interest by the late arrival of that steamer! Nevertheless they have their stories, jokes, and bon mots, their recitations, in sweet sing-song, of German poetry,—for their friend is an accomplished translator, and his library is well stocked with the Muse's Teutonic product. The Doich is dear to him as the Doric to another. When they rise from the table it lacks two hours of midnight and they must be awake at five; but the convivial session is prolonged till that charmed hour arrives, for the dues of friendship must be paid, and even on the brink of fate we yield our gracious tributes to the divine consentences of art and rhyme. How good it is that world-tired wanderers may cheer themselves at the Inns of Friendship, and listen to her old music! Accordant minds equal the harmony of the spheres.

Again, at half past six in the morning, they board the little steamer, Merryconrag, [Does that name result from an abortive attempt to pronounce—American Eagle?] destined to sea-sickness from frying varnish when steam is at last turned into the pipes,—but, finally, to New Harbor and Pemaquid. Again they see their household gods treated roughly, by the deck-hands, who are furious at the sight of a whole Pantheon, which they are expected, but did not expect, to handle. They shrink into themselves at the sight of brutal looks, and the sound of oaths so lurid and sulphurous they might be collected into thunderbolts. Would their ruffian heads become the lure? Our teacher did once horrify us with a tale of rude men who defied the Almighty, when his thunders were abroad, and fell stricken by his bolt.

"The heavens serene, Though heavy with armed justice, do not lean Their thunders that way."

As the poet of the Season will tell us, it is as likely to be "young Celadon and his Amelia" as any one else.

The goodwife gazes out of the window at the far-away, and seeing what the eye cannot discern, quivers at the chin and moistens at the eyelid. Mayie is locked in her room, with tears for her meat at high noon, for this home is so unlike the old. The youngest maiden of their house, young Gracie, sorrowed most on the evening of their arrival; and was kissed and consoled by their neighbor Bessie. Bessie is also a maiden, not without bloom outwardly, but with a heart radiant and fragrant of forget-me-not and other old fashioned sweetness. She has been found very good for comfort. They will like their near neighbors, the Fords.

Among the greetings from afar which have found us here none are more fit to share with our readers than the following:

In Pemaquid.

O Friend! the morning skies were fair, And breath of bloom was in the air, And birds went singing everywhere,— The redwing and the robin tame, The oriole like a bit of flame,— That morn'g your welcome letter came From Pemaquid.

I musing tread each gar' en row And watch how weeds an onions grow, But how I cannot say or know;— For faith to tell my thoughts still strays To tide-washed coasts, to land-locked bays, Where his nets the fisher lays In Pemaquid.

Or if beneath my orchard trees I hear the hum of golden bees, It seems an echo of the seas That you may see in twilight dim, When angry storms with visage grim Have sobbed into a low, soft hymn, In Pemaquid:

If I might only look away, Across the ocean old and gray, At sunrise, or at sunset day,— On sea-gull sailing wild and free, And breathe the salt air from the sea,— Two dreamers roaming—'you and me,— In Pemaquid,—

What would I give?—A dish of greens! My longest row of garden beans! If I could greet you, wife and weans;—

Tonight

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On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

Just clasp you warmly by the hand, Or with you roam along the strand, Or watch the sea-light from the land, In Pemaquid.

May 11th 1899.

Our friend, the High School Teacher, to whom we read these lines, suggests a facile descensus, or something of that kind—omitting the naughty word that usually goes in this connection—into the semi-humorous. It is, indeed, an easy descent; but it should be borne in mind that there is every difference between coming down because one wishes to and because one must. Dr. Leggett is a bird who has folded his wings unexpectedly in dropping to the nest.

"A Ken of Kipling," by Will M. Clemens, [New Amsterdam Book Company, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York] is a biographical, critical and anecdotal handbook, from which he who runs and reads may get a comprehensive view of the most lauded and admired of modern writers. It deals with "Kipling the Man;" concerns its reader with "His work in Prose and Verse;" calls special attention to his "Poems For A Purpose;" deals with Kipling's Religion; and revels in anecdotes and instances concerning him, some of which are worthy the extensive reproduction accorded him. Kipling was lost; Kipling is found; Kipling [was neglected, turned down by the publishers, unrecognized by the public. Kipling was discovered by Edmund Yates, who told the learned critics how great he is, when eyes were generally opened to receive it; Kipling was suddenly lifted to his pedestal, and now the carriers of incense inform all poets of the study and the cloister that "The day of the destiny's over, the star of their has declined."

Kipling is worthy, we know; and under these circumstances what a temptation for all the rest to imitate Mr. Kipling,—as some are doing! The book is concluded with a chapter on "Kipling and Mark Twain," which consists principally of Kipling's report of an interview with the great humorist.

There occurs in the New Brunswick Magazine for May, an amusing article on "An Old Time Punster," the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, wit and poet, who was in his day rector of Trinity Church in St. John. This forms an agreeable alternative from the graver and more instructive historical papers with which this magazine abounds. Lieut. Col. Maunsell has furnished a third article in his "New Brunswick Militia series. Rev. W. O. has two papers in this number; one is on "The City Mills," and the other his eleventh article entitled, "At Portland Point," "Our First Families" (Seventh Paper), by James Hannay, together with "A Relic of Olden Times," "Some Old Advertisements," "Provincial Chronology," and "Notes and Queries," make up a very interesting addition to a work that will grow still more valuable with the passage of time.

The Centenary of the great French novelist, Honoré de Balzac is at hand,—occurring, May 20, 1899. The author of

Asthma Cured.

After Twelve Years Suffering—Toronto Physicians Advised Leaving Her Home to go to Manitoba—Clarke's Kola Compound Cured.

Mrs. McTaggart, 80 Vaneauy St. Toronto, writes: "I have been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for twelve years, which gradually grew worse each year in spite of the hundreds of dollars my husband has spent with several doctors, and almost every remedy we could procure, which I could not be on my left side, and during the past year previous to taking Clarke's Kola Compound the asthma became so severe that I had not had a full night's sleep, and during most of that time I had a doctor in attendance. We gave up several doctors, as I was becoming no better, and the last doctor, after about two months' treatment, told me he could do nothing for me, and advised me to go to Manitoba or some dry climate. We heard of Clarke's Kola Compound being a cure for asthma, and before taking this remedy made several inquiries from those who had taken it, and in each case found the result so satisfactory that we resolved to try it. After taking the first bottle I became much better and began to sleep well at night. Since taking the third bottle I have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I have during the past six months gained nearly 20 pounds in flesh and feel perfectly healthy in every way. I can assure you that I will do all in my power to induce any sufferer from this terrible disease to try it." Certified correct by Peter McTaggart, Proprietor of Toronto Dairy Co.

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the "Comedie Humaine," is now the recipient of dual honors from the lips of poet and orator, and the chisel of sculptor. M. Falguiere has obtained the prize for a statue of Balzac, made, as says M. Arsena Alexandre "for the Societe des Gens de Lettres, after that organization had won the glory of rejecting M. Rodins." This work, it is declared, reproduces the form and features of the actual Balzac;—"the famous pout, the blubber lip, the eyes emphasized by shadow the enormous mass of hair." M. Falguiere's work will be placed on the Place du Palais-Royal.

The rehabilitation of Edgar A. Poe's memory and character goes on, and this year will lend especial lustre. The society in New York for the collection and preservation of memorials of him carries on its work. In the university of Virginia a nook of the new library in the rotunda has been set apart to his writings, portraits, etc., and to all literature concerning him; and in the autumn (October seventh, the fiftieth anniversary of his death) Zolnay's noble presentation of the poet will be unveiled. The Outlook for May 6th, has an illustrated article by Hamilton W. Mabie, with which a portrait and the Zolnay's bust are given. Here are some appropriate verses on Poe, by John B. Tabb, the Southern poet.

A certain tyrant to disgrace The more a rebel's bidding place, Compelled his people every one To hurl, in passing there a stone. This done, behold, the pile became A monument to keep the name, And thus it is with Edgar Poe; Each passing critic has his throw, Nor sees defeating his intent, How lofty grows his monument.

PASTOR FELIX.

SOME VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

A Philosophical Drummer's Opinion and a Shopgirl's Experience.

The frank talk heard on railroad cars is conducted generally on the principle that every one in the immediate vicinity is stone deaf. On a suburban train a few days ago a young woman who had entered at one station was joined at the next by a young man, a drummer and old acquaintance. Without delay both plunged into intimate personal reminiscences. Said the girl:

"You heard Jim was married, didn't you?"

"So a feller told me." "Say, now, that feller ran into a great clinch. He went West to Uncle George's and got back into partnership on the ranch and then married a girl with \$3,000. They lived perfectly elegant. She's only 16, too—they marry real young out there. I wish I'd got married at 16."

"What makes you wish that?" "Oh, guss I'd be a sight better off now if I'd got a feller with plenty of money."

"Well, I don't know about that. You ain't always better off."

"Why? Don't you get along with your wife?"

"Oh yes, but then I ain't home much. I go back on Saturday night and leave on Monday morning; so we don't have much time to scrap. I tell you if you marry a travelling man you get along pretty well; but it ain't in human nature for two people to live together without gettin' to naggin' and jabbin' at one another, and if you want a peaceful home you'd better be on the road. I tell you, there's been times when she's been jabbin' at me that I felt like flyin'."

"Well, I guess it's better than being to work, anyhow, I suppose you know I'd been working didn't you?"

"You don't say."

"Well, now, that's what every one said. I was workin' in a dry goods store, and no one would believe it. People just came in to see if it was really so. Why, sometimes there'd be four or five fellers to see how I was gettin' along, and if it hadn't been for that I'd never have stood it. The manager was awful mean about it, too. It seemed to make him mad to see me say a word to any one, and after awhile I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand his sass any longer. I was this way. Some gent'l'm'n friends of mine came in and wanted me to go to the theatre with them, and as it was the busy season the girls was made to stay till 8 o'clock, and if I was goin' I'd have to leave at 6, so I spoke to the door walker—a real pleasant gent'l'm'n—and he said he'd try and fix it. At noon I went up to the desk and he was talkin' to the manager."

"This is the young lady I was talkin' about," he says.

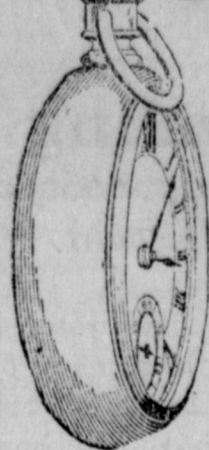
"Oh," says the manager, "and doesn't she know that we are takin' on girls to work overtime and are rushed at that?"

"Well," says the floorwalker, "she's got an engagement and wants to go at 6."

"All right," says the manager, "she can go at 6, but she needn't trouble to come back."

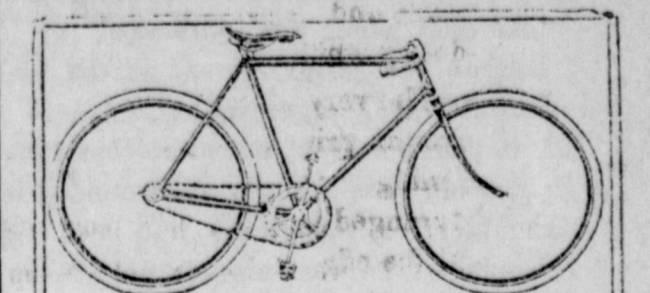
"I wasn't going to take none of his sass, so I says: 'I'll not wait till 6, and you can give me my time and I'll go this minute, for I won't work in a place where we're

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drove like slaves from mornin' till night, with never a chance to talk to a feller that comes in to see you and kept in over hours out of spite." So I came away. "Well," said the drummer, "maybe you're right. It's better to be married, for then you can boss things yourself and your husband foots the bills; and if you never see him you can enjoy life your own way." The train at this moment stopped at a station and the couple parted.

He was a justice of peace, but that did not prevent him from falling in love with a pretty widow and asking her to marry him. "But this is so sudden," she said; "you must give me time."

He was afraid of a rejection, and it upset him so that he answered hurriedly, in a judicial voice:—"Fourteen days and costs. Next case."

The old man sighed as he took the golden haired, laughing little boy upon his knee, and, stroking his shining tresses said, "Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again!"

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and, looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked, "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

Rachel: "Oh, Ithaca, I know I'm going to be thea-thick."

Isaac: "Vat, after that thplendit 'arf-crown dinner you've juth had? Rachel, Rachel, your extravaganth will bring me to beggary."

