

## Notches on The Stick

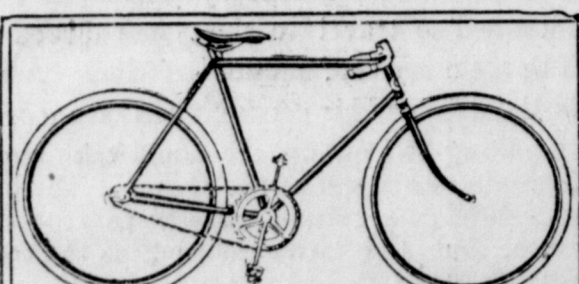
The illness of Rudyard Kipling is destined to have a very appreciable influence on his literary fame and fortune. He has given the world a gauge by which to test his importance, and they have applied it in an unmistakable manner. "Kipling will awaken," one writes, to find himself famous anew. Journeying back from the gate of Death he will see fresh laurels awaiting him in the hands of Life. His will be the unique satisfaction of reading in convalescent flesh the obituary eulogistic comments of the American and English press upon him and his status in the world of letters. Thus the ill wind that pursued him in his holiday will have blown the good will of kingdoms and republics to the "Browning of the Brutes," and in its current carried a storm of banknotes—the price of literary pleasure paid by the buyers of books that are stamped with the hall mark of a rare productive mentality." As indicating the great stimulus given to the sale of his books all over the country, a California newspaper says: "When his brain passed into eclipse behind the menacing cloud of a dangerous illness, the people of San Francisco, who read literature, went to the bookstores. They went so early and so often that a Kipling famine threatened the bookshelves. Old editions were soon exhausted and new ones rushed to press. The popular demand was for 'Departmental Ditties and Barrack-Room Ballads,' although, Kipling's prose found an eager market, the 'Junglebooks' being rather in lead. The boom is on. It invades the bookstalls of two continents."

Kipling has found out that two railroad stations, on the upper peninsula of Michigan, have been named after him, and he has been joking about that happy fact. One of the stations, located in an agricultural district, is named "Rudyard," and the other, in a part of the country where iron ore is mined, is named "Kipling." On learning of the matter Kipling is said to have sent Mr. Fred D. Underwood, the manager of the road, a photograph of himself, with the following lines written on the back:

"Rudyard" and "Kipling."  
"Was is the child who knows his sire,"  
The ancient proverb ran.  
But wiser far the man who knows  
How, where and when his offspring grows,  
For who the mischief would suppose  
I've sons in Michigan?  
Yet am I saved from midnight ills,  
That was the seal of mine,  
Nor do I make me walk the floor,  
Nor hamper at the doctor's door;  
They deal in wheat and iron ore,  
My sons in Michigan.  
Oh, tourist in the Pullman car  
(By Cook's or Raymond's plan),  
Forgive a parent's partial view;  
But maybe you have children too—  
So let me introduce to you  
My sons in Michigan.  
—Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling is an author of the most unquestionable originality, owing less to books than to the force and clearness of his own penetrating imagination, and the opportunity he has had for observation and experience. Only once has his claim to literary properly been called in question, and in relation to a now very obscure English author; but, even in this case, it is not certain but that this is only one of the curious coincidences of literature. Richard Flecknoe, an Irish wit and poet, of Jesuitic inclination, who belonged to the age of Dryden, and whose work and name survive by that great writer's unjust but powerful satire, more than by superior merit, wrote a fable on "Love and Death," which runs as follows:

Love and Death o' th' way ones meeting,  
Having passed a friendly greeting,  
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,  
Lay them down themselves reposing;



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When this fortune did befall 'em,  
Which after did so much appal 'em,  
Love, whom divers cares molested,  
Could not sleep, but, while Death rested,  
All in haste away he past him;  
But his haste full dearly cost him;  
For it chanced, that going to sleeping,  
Both had given their darts to keeping  
Unto Night; who (Ere's mother)  
Blindly knowing not th' one from th' other,  
Gave Love Death's, and n'er perceived it,  
While as blindly Love received it;  
Since which time, their darts confounding,  
Love now kills instead of wounding;  
Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,  
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

The conception is worthy a poet, and the four concluding lines have the touch of beauty. Kipling, with more incisiveness and greater neatness, has written:

The Explanation.  
Love and Death once ceased their strife,  
At the Tavern of Man's Life.  
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—  
Each his quiver on the grass.  
When the bout was o'er they found  
Mingled arrows on the ground.  
Hastily they gathered then  
Each the loves and lives of men.  
Ah, the faithful dawn deceived!  
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;  
Death's dread armory was stored  
With the shafts he most abhorred;  
Love's light quiver groined beneath  
Venom-headed darts of Death.  
Thus it was they wrought our woe  
At the tavern long ago.  
Tol me, do our masters know,  
Looming blindly as they fly,  
O dream love, while young men die?

Andrew Lang writes of Kipling: "His favorite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home and passions that do not stray far from the drawing-room and the parlor. In style, he has brevity, brilliance, selection; he wastes no words, he knows no padding. He can understand passion, and makes us understand it. He has sympathies unusually wide, and can find the rare thing in the midst of the commonplace. He has energy, spirit, vision. Refinement he has not in an equal measure; perhaps he is too abrupt, too easily taken by a piece of slang, and one or two little mannerisms become provoking. What seems cynical, flighty, too brusque and too familiar in him should mellow with years. I do not believe that Europe is the place for him; there are three other continents where I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial materials. He is an exotic romancer. His muse needs the sun, the tramp of horses, the clash of swords, the jingling of bridle-reins; vast levels of sand, thick forests, wide gleaming rivers, the temples of strange gods. This, at least, is a personal theory, which may readily be contradicted by experience. But I trust that it may not be contradicted, and that Mr. Kipling's youth and adventurous spirit may bring in tales and sketches and ballads from many shores not familiar, from many a home of Pathans, Kaffers, Pawnees, from all natural men. He is not in tune with our modern civilization, whereof many a heart is sick; he is more at home in an Afghan pass than in the Strand."

We learn from the Toronto Globe, that Mr. I. E. Suckling, of that city, seeking to make an arrangement with Mr. Kipling, by which the poet might visit Toronto, and appear before the public there, received the following letter, from which it might be inferred that his talent is purely literary and not histrionic:

Dear Mr. Suckling.—In reply to your note of the 18th inst. I can only say that it is very possible that I may some time come to Toronto; but I can't imagine myself making a public appearance in any way. I write stories, but I don't read them—in pity to the public. Very Truly yours,  
Rudyard Kipling.

I. E. Suckling, Esq., Massey Music Hall.  
Nevertheless the testimony of a Mr. Ribbontrop, Inspector General of Forests in India, might lead us to believe the Naulakha Bard the equal of a Dickens or a Riley in histrionic ability, if he would but attempt to charm a public audience.

"Very few people know it, but Rudyard Kipling is one of the best actors I ever saw. On one occasion in Lahore the people got up an amateur theatrical company, and put on a play called 'Plot and Passion,' where, in one Fouché, a character who is at the head of the police is introduced. This part was played by Rudyard, and when the initial performance came off, Rudyard, having meanwhile done very badly at the rehearsals, played the part so well, and with such marvellous understanding, that the entire cast was thunderstruck. He went at it like an old hand, and had the audience with him from the start. Everybody in Lahore advised him to go on the stage at once, but he refused, and stayed by his pencil. I tell you it was the best piece of amateur acting I ever saw, and I begged him to follow the life of an actor, but he only laughed and continued to call me the 'Gigantic Head of the Indian Forest' in his stories."

Perhaps "The Seven Seas" is Kipling's greatest accomplishment in verse; at least, it rises, here and there, above the level of

his best work in preceding volumes. Of "the meaning and origin" of the title, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole gives us a conjecture. "Many people have tried to explain the meaning and origin of the title of Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems, some even reckoning on their fingers the various seas that the author might be supposed to have crossed in the course of his wanderings. I think it more likely that the title is derived from the last line of the forty-seventh quatrain in the 1872 edition of Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam':

As the Seven Seas should heat a pebble cast,  
The term 'Seven Seas' (in Persian, 'Heft Kulzum') is used as the title of the great Dictionary and Grammar of the Persian language, containing many Persian poems."

It may be that Kipling has written for effect, that he does not know everything, that he may misjudge what he sees, etc. etc; but this is what he says, in discussing the subject of American abuse of England: When we had chanted 'The Star Spangled Banner' not more than eight times, we adjourned. America is a very great country, but it is not yet Heaven, with electric lights and plush fittings, as the speakers profess to believe. My listening mind went back to the politicians in the Saloon, who wasted no time in talking about freedom, but quietly made arrangements to impose their will on the citizens. . . . I went to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregated. They were not pretty persons. Some of them were bloated [referring to such local politicians of San Francisco as Rainey and Kelly], and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch chains on their fat stomachs rose and fell again; but they talked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. . . . Then I began to understand why my pleasant and well educated hosts in San Francisco spoke with a bitter scorn of such duties of citizenship as voting and taking an interest in the distribution of offices."

George Martin, the Canadian poet having escaped the clutches of "Mons Lagrippe," has been, with his wife, wintering at Palm Beach, on the East coast of Florida. That he finds the place a delightful one is evident from recent communications: "In five minutes, after leaving the train, I was environed by palms, oleanders, hibiscus and other growths, new to me. . . Such palms! Some fifty feet high, some bearing clusters of coconuts, all picturesque, and so graceful in the curves, and arching of their drooping branches. They awakened in me a feeling of reverence, such as I had never before experienced in the presence of any inanimate thing. We were down on the sea beach this forenoon. My wife gazed on the face of old Ocean—whereon was no wrinkle but a smile of serene joy instead—and she grew eloquent in her admiration. She says she will never again believe in what she has been told of the terrors of the sea, the roar of its waves and merciless engulfings. She is ready to embark on any part of the earth, anxious to be waited over the illimitable deep. . . We sat out among the palms in front of the Hotel yesterday eve, listening to the band and watching the dancers as they illustrated 'the poetry of motion,—sat till a late hour. The grounds were illuminated by a vast number of colored electric lamps, making altogether a picture unequalled by anything in the Arabian Nights. The garden of our famous sire, Adam, was but a potato patch in comparison.' In the Palm Beach Daily News the poet vents his admiration in rhyme:

I heard of the beauties, Palm Beach,  
Beyond the north-bound fry line,  
But 'tis not in the power of speech  
To picture such glories as thine.  
One must see thee to know what thou art,  
Not trust to a traveler's tongue,  
A joy that sinks deep in the heart,  
A charm to the aged and young.  
Well named, from thy Eden of Palms,  
Whose graces no artist can trace;  
Sons-brothers pay homage, in psalms,  
And swoon in their gentle embrace.  
Oh! Ocean comes up from the east  
To scatter his gifts at their feet;  
Like Worth, on the east, like a priest,  
Chants laurels the song birds repeat.  
Farewell to thy glories, Palm Beach,  
Reluctant I bid thee adieu;

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In the North, where winter winds blow,  
Palm Beach, I shall dream of thy flowers  
And wish when half-smothered in snow,  
For a day in thy tropical bowers.

Palm Beach! Let me dwell on the name—  
It is the honey-dew in the mouth—  
Thou art worthy the notch of fame,  
Thou champion gem of the South.

The following lines are by the Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, addressed to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Laura G. Collins of Marysville, Ky., upon the publication of her late volume of poems, "Immortelles and Asphodels" by the Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati. Mrs. Collins has also published some memorials of her highly-gifted husband, who died at New Orleans, I., June 10, 1850. This young lawyer inspired large hopes of a successful career, was the friend of the well known Sargent S. Prentiss; and one of the last pieces to fall from the orator's pen was an editorial memorial, which is included in this little book before us:

### Eve's laments.

The river flows beside the hills  
Where friends await your call,  
The mistress of love's heart,  
In cottage and in hall.  
For you the ivy, as of yore,  
Trails pleasant in the light,  
For you the woodbine's fragrance  
Is borne upon the night.  
The breath of summer fills the soul,  
And grace shall crown your hours,  
And fairy birds on whistling wings  
Shall greet you 'mid the flowers.  
Your "Immortelles" recall again  
That dreamy far-off time,  
When for you rang out loud and clear  
Youth's joyous wedding chime.

Yet still supreme you reign in love,  
The heart still has its throne,  
And home has its heritage,  
As all are made your own.  
No years can dim the kindly face,  
Unsullied by thought of guile,  
Whose trust has crowned a life with faith,  
And charmed it with a smile.

The world, dear friend, is still as young,  
The trees are still as green;  
No winter snows more pure than thou,  
Who still to us art queen.  
The earth for you shall not be bere,  
Nor time add to your care,  
As long as those you knew of old  
Your lot still live to share.

How pleasant then, with faithful friends  
Still clinging to your side,  
To gently float with ebbing years  
Out with receding tide,  
As Autumn leaves in golden tints,  
Fall softly to their rest,  
May you whose life is perfect day  
Find nature still as blest.

CHARLES H. COLLINS.

Hillsboro, Ohio, Mar., 1899.

Among the books mentioned in the Spring List at the William Briggs firm, of Toronto, are Mr. Henry Morgan's "Types of Canadian poetry," edited by Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, entitled, "A treasury of Canadian Verse," which will, as says the Globe, in some sort supplement Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion."

PASTOR FELIX.

### LONDON'S COSTLY GUESTS.

Big Sum Expended in Entertaining Dignitaries.

When the city of London entertains distinguished guests it lavishes its money, says the London Tit Bits, with a profusion more fitting an Eastern potentate than a body of thirty city men. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing for the city fathers to spend on the entertainment of a guest much more than his own weight in gold, a compliment surely of which even emperors may be proud.

The city was never moved to more prodigal hospitality than in 1876, when it entertained the Prince of Wales on his return from India. In honor of the "return of the wanderer" the Lord Mayor and corporation spent \$187,895, or sufficient sovereigns to outweigh two princes, even of his present ample proportions. Nine years earlier the city was equally lavish, when it entertained the Sultan at a cost of \$123,069. In 1893 it cost the corporation \$52,035 to welcome the Shah of Persia, although in the following year the czar was brilliantly entertained at a cost of nearly \$15,000 less.

Thanksgiving day cost the city \$65,995, or almost as much as the czar's reception; and the jubilee rejoicings of 1887 left the city poorer by \$58,000.

The Prince of Wales' wedding, thirty-five years ago, was the signal for a great display of city hospitality. The amount spent in entertainments alone was \$63,200 and, in addition to this, the corporation spent \$15,000 on the diamond necklace and earrings presented to the Princess.

When the Queen attended the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1837 the corporation spent \$40,860 in entertaining her, and the outlay when she again honored the city fourteen years later, was \$28,770. Thus on nine entertainments alone, the city has lavished no less than \$669,055, or an average of \$74,340 for each guest.

In contrast to this regal entertainment, it is interesting to note that in 1727 George

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It was entertained at a cost of \$188; King Victor Emmanuel, in 1882, for \$6,690; and Mr. Stanley, eight years ago, for \$7,755.

The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York cost the city \$19,240; in 1891 the German Emperor was entertained for \$18,820; the Shah, in 1889, for \$10,240; and the King of Denmark, in 1893, for the very moderate sum of \$8,825.

It marks the unstable character of city hospitality that it cost to entertain an Emperor, a Shah and a King less than one-third the sum lavished on the Sultan in 1867.

### A DEPRESSING SEASON.

It is Just now People Feel Most the Effect of Long Months of Indoor Confinement.

Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors overheated and impure air, makes even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down.

A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work-loving people.

E. Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes: "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did."

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### No Amateurs for Her.

"Ah, no," she sighed, "I am not worthy of you." The man stood as one stricken with a palsy. A deadly pallor overspread his countenance; he tried to speak, but his tongue would not obey him. Meanwhile the maiden's cheeks blazed, and her eyes flashed. She clenched her little white hands so fiercely that the nails of her fingers cut into her tender palms. At last, with a mighty effort, Vivian Osgood pulled himself together, and cried out:—

"Oh, this will break my heart! I cannot survive it."

Then he sank down into the chair from which he has risen up in his strong young manhood but a moment before, and resting his elbows upon his knees, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed pitifully. Beatrice Bushkirk moved upon him as a tigress approaches her prey. Grasping him a shoulder, she shook him roughly, and angrily cried out:—

"What do you mean by acting in this way?"

He looked at her with wonder on his visage.

"Explain yourself, sir," the beautiful girl fiercely continued. "No man can come into my father's house, and carry on as you have been carrying on for the past three minutes, without an explanation."

"But—but," Vivian Osgood said, "you have told me that you are not worthy of me."

"Idiot!" she returned, "you should have declared that it was false—that you would take me in spite of it! Go away somewhere, and serve an apprenticeship at love-making. Then come back to me, and we shall see!"

He begged for pity, but she was obdurate, and as he stumbled out into the unsympathetic night he was followed by low, mocking laugh.

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