

# POOR DOCUMENT

6

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1899.

## Literature.

### TIM'S INITIATIVE.

"I don't think we shall need you after tonight, Timothy."

The blow had fallen at last. Tim had expected it for weeks. In fact, from the moment Lawyer Dodd had remarked to his partner, "Well, we'll try him anyway," Tim had known he would not suit; and time had only confirmed him in this conviction.

The lawyers were so sharp and quick their remarks full of strange turns, hard to remember, and despatched to strange places, hard to find. And when he was left alone in the office, and other lawyers came in, all quick and sharp, like his own employers, how confused he grew!

How he blundered at the telephone! How he always failed to say the right thing to clients! How he hit upon the utterly wrong thing to say to the judge one day, and saw Mr. Dodd slap his long yellow envelope on the desk and swing his chair around and look at him, as much as to say, "You born dunce!"

"You don't seem to take hold as we would like to have you," explained Mr. Dodd, counting out two two-dollar bills, a dollar over Tim's usual week's pay, but the last that he was to receive from his employer—the last perhaps, he was to receive from anybody, he thought, as he shuffled disconsolately down the stairs.

It was a sad story to tell his mother; though, of course, being his mother, she would be easier than anyone else.

"Well, it's too bad, Timmie, losing your very first place, but I suppose you can look about for another one."

"Oh, yes," replied Tim, choking up at her sympathy. But when he went to his own room and looked out of the window, it really did not seem any use. It was the recommendation from his grammar school that had got him this place; but now he hadn't any recommendation. And who would take a discharged office boy?

However, next morning he faithfully copied out all the "Boy Wanted" advertisements in the Saturday paper, and on Monday started out early to try his luck. At noon he came home discouraged; at supper he had no appetite at all.

Sometimes the place had just been taken by another boy. The "Help Wanted" column had many readers, it seemed. Sometimes a bigger boy than Tim was wanted, and how Tim wished he was tall! Sometimes it was a smaller boy, and Tim regretted his long trousers.

Sometimes the faces of the women clerks, looking sideways from their desks at the candidate for Harry or Charlie's position, froze his courage completely. His voice sank low, and he grew in his own esteem twice as shabby and humble as he really was. Then he saw clouds of doubt gathering on the face of the manager or floor-walker, and heard him conclude the examination with a blunt "You won't do"; or, perhaps the more evasive, "Well, I think we'll make other arrangements; or, gentlest of all, but knelling with no less certainty the doom of his modest application, "Leave me your address, so that if we should need you we shall know where to send."

Two weeks of constant rejection sapped Tim's hopes most lamentably. He dreaded to turn an office door-knob. He began to look upon employers as a class apart from other men, of stern, inquisitorial temper and disposition that could not be pleased.

"It's too bad we haven't some friend who could get you a place, Timmie," said his mother. That was just what Tim had been thinking, himself. Naturally, he and his mother had certain traits in common. "But I can't think of any; so you keep on trying, like a good boy, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, replied Tim, "I'll keep trying."

But two months went by, and he had not energy left for a real hearty try. To be sure he dreamed every night of golden strokes of fortune, and usually started toward town in the morning determined to "do something, anyway." But even this vague determination faded away after he had crossed his threshold; and the upshot of every journey was a random saunter through the streets with his hands in his pockets, and a far-away, desolate look in his eyes.

Now and then he would stop at a store window with a sudden jerk, then turn aside after a short survey, move to the next corner and halt a minute before he decided whether to proceed to the right or to the left. He ran to all the fires. He stood in line with the crowd on the curbstone to watch the procession. He idled into the reading-room of the public library; everywhere an easily recognized picture of irresolution and failure.

One evening, as Tim came home, tired, despondent and a little sulky, he met Nellie at the gate. This was no unusual occurrence, as Nellie lived next door, and their families used the same passage-way.

Now Nellie was as brisk a girl as ever swung a broom, which was just her occupation this evening. She had the gift of making things and people go her way. The babies, no matter how many, could not override, for a minute; and arm skin-bo, with a stamp of her foot, she could scare the surliest prowler from her yard. Moreover, unlike Tim, she liked to talk to people, to put out into the world and expand her knowledge and experience.

With these qualities, she made an excellent housekeeper for her father, and

although barely sixteen assumed capably the place of the mother who was gone.

Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows; her eyes were on Mamie and Eddie, straying a little too far up the street; and the open house door showed that she had left some unfinished task behind her.

"Hello," she said, as the wanderer shambled in.

"Hello, Nellie."

He saw that her eyes were fixed on him critically, and felt that he was not altogether fit for inspection.

"Aren't you working yet, Tim?"

Now this question, when put by anybody else than, of course, his mother, was in Tim's sensitive ears a thrust, a veiled innuendo, an unfavorable verdict. But he and Nellie had for a long time made friendly eyes at each other and exchanged intimate confidences. For, if Tim was unfortunate, he was also, according to the standard of that neighborhood, distinctly "nice." So Nellie's voice had a ring of sympathy in it, which added to the brightness of the most embarrassing question.

"No," said Tim, "not yet."

"Why can't you get a place, Tim?"

"I don't know," he answered, with a sickly little smile. "I wish I could."

"I guess you try hard enough."

"Oh, yes, I've tried," Tim was truthful. He put his statement in the present perfect tense. "But it's pretty hard."

"Other fellows get jobs. There's Jack White, only graduated with you, and now he's clerk in a dry goods store."

"Yes, but Jack White's a fine writer, and I'm no good at writing."

"Well, there's Walter Craig works in a meat shop."

"Yes, I know. He got the place I was going to get. His big brother goes with the man that started the store and—"

"Oh, well, there lots of other places. Don't you ever see any chances?"

"Yes," replied Tim, slowly. "Yesterday I went in to get a place, but the man asked me if I could make change, and I never made change—"

"But you could! Of course you could! And you've got to make them think so. Spunk up to anybody. That's the way to get along. Why don't you try selling papers?"

"Oh, I'm too old to sell papers?"

"You aren't as old as the Martin boy."

"Oh, well, he always sold papers."

Nelly flicked some dust off the wooden gate. "I know what I'd do. I'd get a wagon and peddle."

"Oh, people wouldn't buy anything of a boy like me."

"Nonsense! You went round with Dineen last summer, and everybody said you hollered fine."

Determined as he was to deny himself every imaginable virtue, Tim could not contradict Nelly's last assertion. His voice was famous, both for power and quality, although curiously enough, when he tried to say the simple words, "I saw in the papers this morning that you wanted a b-b-boy," it would sink to the feeblest, huskiest whisper that any employer ever heard from an applicant.

"Anyway, I haven't any wagon or anything," protested Tim, more fertile in imagining obstacles than expedients.

"That wouldn't cost much," said Nelly, a little doubtfully, because the price of wagons was beyond her range. "How much do you have to pay for a horse?"

"Ten dollars. That's what Dineen paid for his."

"And a wagon—a second-hand one, I mean!"

"Oh, I don't know anybody that has one to sell."

"Well, if I was a boy, I'd make one," said Nelly, sharply, and when Tim looked in her eyes this time, he saw that they were not quite like his mother's, after all. They were sympathetic, but they also seemed to be examining him, probing him, just like the eyes of those terrible managers and floor walkers and employers.

"Where's Dineen's wagon? He isn't peddling this year," said Nelly.

"Oh, I forgot that. But that's all—old and kinder—"

"Couldn't you paint it up?"

"Oh, I'm no good at painting."

"You're too—too bashful to live, Timmie Tighe. You just want somebody to plant you in a chair, and put a pen in your hand and tell you what to write, and you'll write it. But they never will; and you'll write to the bad, if you don't look out. That's what you'll do."

"Oh, no, I won't do that, Nellie."

"I wish I was a boy."

"Besides,"—the idea of the peddler's wagon haunted him strangely—"I'd have to have a license, anyway."

"What of it?"

"Where'd I get the money?"

"Your mother has some. She could set you up. You could get a license easily enough, and a wagon, too, and a horse, and stock, and everything, if you weren't—such a great big baby."

Tim looked once more in Nelly's eyes. Now Nelly was not a queen nor a heroine of any sort. But the fire which she flashed forth at that moment was the very inspiration which had urged kings and conquerors to their greatest achievements—some of them no more adventurous in the beginning than our halting friend, Tim Tighe. Tim read it correctly. He saw fate in those eyes; he saw initiative. They said "Must"; they said "Will"; they refused with scorn to accept any paltering negative like "Can't."

A week later he announced casually to

Nelly that he had bought Dineen's old horse and wagon; and the look in her eyes was friendly once more. It had been hard work to persuade his mother to advance so much money; but if a boy cannot persuade his mother, what hope has he of moving the world outside?

Tim's first investment was a stock of blueberries. Columbus journeying westward, in momentary peril of falling over the brink of the world; Nansen, pushing north, nearer and nearer to the pole, but farther and farther from kin and moor,—neither of these heroes could have felt more venturesome than Tim Tighe, daring to drive his newly-painted wagon through the strange city streets, and to send into the cold ears of residents and passing pedestrians that loud clamor of his:

"Blueberries—all ripe—three quarts for a quarter."

The first time he shouted, the sound of his own voice startled him; he seemed to hear the words thrown back in derision. But Willy, Nelly's ten-year-old brother, who sat on the wagon seat to "mind the team," seconded his effort with such a shrill, cheery chirp, "Yeer they are—blueberries—all ripe!" that Tim felt ashamed of his timidity.

They had resolved to experiment in a distant quarter of the city. For fully fifteen minutes their cries were unanswered; but at last a neat old lady called Tim to her doorstep, inspected his berries, and ordered three quarts.

That three quart order was the making of a man. Tim did not sweep the berries off level with the top of his measure. Far from it! They rose in a great mound from the middle of the box, and when he turned them into the lady's brown earthenware dish, they actually spilled over at the sides.

He counted out the change with his left hand with a new feeling of importance; and the very horse started with excitement when he tossed the measure back into the wagon and sang out boldly, with florid variations of his tune:

"Nice ripe blueberries yee—three quarts for a quarter!"

At dusk one great box of berries was empty and another well hollered in the middle; Willy was hoarse, and Tim, who did the walking, was tired; but his pockets were heavy with silver, which he jingled for Nelly's satisfaction—she happened to be at the gate again—and counted out on the table for his delighted mother.

Next evening the return was larger. Gradually customers began to watch for him and he for them. His cry was a warning signal which in quiet quarters could be heard a block away. It distinguished itself sharply from other peddler's cries. Really it was like a song compared with theirs. Perhaps that was why the nice old ladies called him so often to their door steps.

His being a boy did not deter them in the least.

For a week he did not venture to peddle in his own neighborhood. But one evening as he was driving home, a stray customer tempted him, and his call was heard by some schoolboy acquaintances, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Hello, Tim! Where's Dineen?"

"This isn't Dineen's team."

"Whose is it?"

"Mine."

The others raised their elbows before their faces, which, being interpreted, meant "Get out."

"It is, too!" said Willie, on the wagon seat.

"Where did you get it?"

"His mother bought it," said Willie.

"Did she? Aw, you can't jolly us!"

"I ain't trying to."

"Gee! You've got the cheek!"

A week before Tim would have wilted at this contempt. Now his views had changed; he knew it was a compliment. It was their way of saying he was enterprising.

The period of his awakening was vacation time one year ago. This summer Tim's stock includes all kinds of fruit and vegetables in their season. If you should see him reaching over the tail-board to fill a peak measure with tomatoes, to peddle he really recognizes the desolate sander who used to stop so often at the store windows. Watching him expand the "orrible flex" of his mouth to emit the full fortissimo of his splendid lungs, you would not believe that he could ever say, "I saw your advertisement for a b-boy," in such a half-inaudible whisper that the employer quite mechanically doubled the volume of his stenorian "What?"

His whole air is fearless and prosperous. The very horse realizes a change. The mere way in which Tim shouts, "Get up!" or snuggles down a loose end of the blanket, or pulls Dobbin's ears under the strap of the feed-bag, or hops up on the seat and stands there, shaking the reins, his eyes alert in all direction for a customer, stamps him as an independent proprietor.

To be sure, all he owns is a peddler's wagon; but it is well-painted, not lopsided like some, and as tidy on top as any fruiterer's stall. And although Tim gives good measure, and knows that it "veys," he has learned that each wasteful generosity as that which he heaped the measure for his first sale depresses his bank account.

The other day he met Mr. Dodd, the lawyer, on the street, and the two had a chat of several minutes, at the end of which Tim politely but firmly dismissed his old employer in order to serve a customer.

Of course there is nothing he would not do for Nelly Gray. There good understanding continues. In fact they meet every morning and evening. But Nelly has grown singularly shy lately. If anything happens between them, it will have to be Tim who takes the initiative.

"Are you willing to work for your dinner?" asked the woman.

"Dat depends on wot you wants done," replied the tramp.

"I want you to beat that carpet hanging on the line over there," she said.

"Lady," answered the wanderer, "I'm poor and I'm hungry, but I'm honest, and I'm not going to begin beatin me way through de world at dis late day."—Chicago news.

Wheels. "I feel as if I had wheels in my head!" groaned the man.

"It must be the truck you ate for dinner, rejoined his wife, innocently enough."

**Cook's Penetrating Plasters.**

"Did you hear what Aunt Hetty say?"

"No. What now?"

"She says she wonders why they don't build cities in the country, where there's more room."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ikey—"Please, farder, gif me a dime for ice cream. I vas so hot!"

Father—"Ikey, mein shon, dot is a vaist of money. I vill tell you a fine ghost story dot vill make your blood run cold."

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big Commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

## Gentlemen's \$5.00 Watches.

Our line of Gentlemen's Watches at \$5.00 will attract probable buyers. The Cases are Solid Nickel and are dustproof. The Movements are Waltham, stem winding and setting.

Every Watch is guaranteed a good timekeeper. Sent by Mail post paid on receipt of price. Your money back if on examination Watch is not satisfactory.

**L. L. SHARPE,**

WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,

25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

## THE WITHOUT CHARGE.

## End-of-the-Century Offer.

AN EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

FOR LESS THAN THE

**2 PAPERS**  
AND A...  
**300 PAGE BOOK**

PRICE OF ONE PAPER

FIRST, and properly, in making a choice of reading for the home you select your own home paper. However good may be the reading of other papers, there is none that comes home so closely to you as your local weekly. It is to further increase this interest by adding to our lists that the following liberal proposition is made to subscribers. We have been careful to form combinations only where we knew we were touching safe ground and could thoroughly recommend the publications offered. Read carefully every word of this offer for it means a saving of money to you.

## Montreal Daily Herald

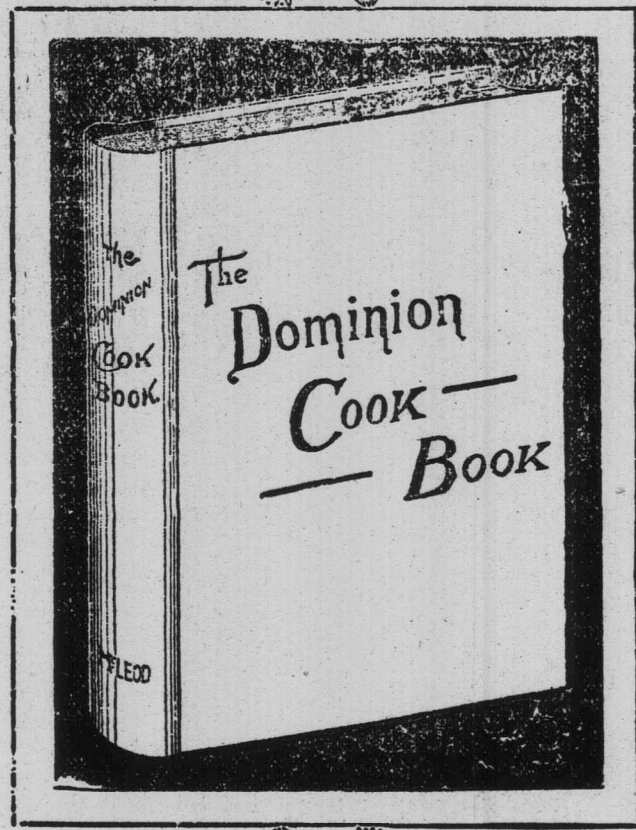
A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY

WE are pleased to announce that we have been able to make most extraordinary liberal arrangements with the publishers of one of the greatest of Canadian dailies—The Montreal Daily Herald.

The Herald has achieved a well-deserved reputation for the remarkable value it gives its readers. It is one of the most enterprising newspapers in the Dominion, and in thousands of home circles is welcomed on account of the great interest it manifests in subjects of special interest to the family. It is admittedly the favorite daily of the women of Canada. To the farmer and business man, it appeals through its accurate market reports and business columns. To the young men, through the attention it bestows on clean, manly sport. To the lover of fiction, through the excellent stories appearing regularly in its columns. To the politician, through the calm and moderate tone of its editorial expressions.

The only reason which prompted the publishers of The Herald to make us the offer, which enables us to club the two papers at the extraordinarily low price given below, is their desire to immediately introduce the Daily Herald in large numbers in this neighborhood. The offer they now make will hold good for a limited time only.

It should be mentioned that subscribers to The Herald during the next few months will enjoy to the full the opportunity which that paper is offering to all readers to secure valuable books at merely nominal figures.



**The . . . Dominion Cook Book**

**A Copy for Every Subscriber**

IN the best sense of the term this is an Ideal Cook Book—ideal in being a practical book—a book which the housewife will want to keep constantly by her side and can depend on, because of the simplicity and reliability of every recipe. Starting with a chapter on soups, naturally the first course, throughout its three hundred pages and over there are to be found more than 1,000 recipes, winding up with an excellent chapter on sick room cookery. Following the cookery section there is a department entitled "The Doctor," in which are recipes selected from eminent authorities, and which will be found invaluable where the doctor is not readily available. The recipes are numbered throughout the book, and each is prefaced with a list of the ingredients called for by the recipe, rendering it unnecessary for the housewife to read through the entire recipe and make calculation of what is wanted. Size of page is 5 inches by 8 inches, bound in handsome cloth covers. It would be a mistake to confuse this book with any paper-bound cook book that would go so places in no time.

## OUR BIG OFFER

an Ideal Local Paper, every week, from the present date to January 1, 1901..... \$1 00  
**THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD, One Year**..... 3 00  
**THE DOMINION COOK BOOK, over 300 pages and more than 1,000 recipes, bound substantially in white cloth**..... 1 00  
\$5 00

**ALL THIS FOR \$2 00**

Wisdom suggests taking advantage of this offer quickly. If you are now a subscriber to either paper, and your time has not yet expired, by taking advantage of our big offer promptly, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiry. Everything will go to you at once. The Herald, during the closing months of 1899, will make some wonderfully liberal offers to subscribers. The Cook Book is mailed to you promptly on receipt of order, and coming along Fair Time and Thanksgiving Day, and later Christmas and New Year's, you want this book beside you. Drop into the office the first time you are in town, or, if more convenient, sit down now and write a letter, enclosing amount, and everything will have our prompt attention.

Address all communications to

**Jas. A. Stewart,**  
**Gagetown, N B**