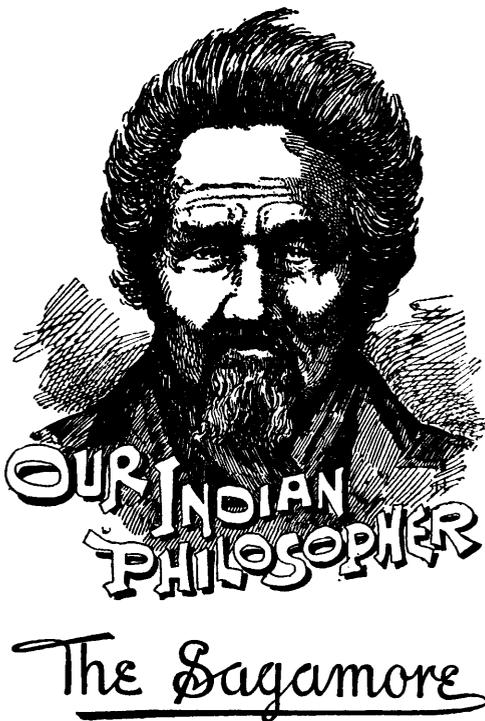


VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



From countless buds burst forth the miracle of leaf and blossom, and never fairer vision gladdened human heart. The benediction of the rain had fallen on the field and forest, and the loving sunbeams' ardent touch had flushed with new and tender consciousness the brow of the enraptured earth. All things were bright and warm and beautiful. The pall of winter had been folded up by hands of mystery and put away from sight. Through woodland shine and shadow nesting birds were flitting, or from a thousand branches pouring forth their tuneful notes to blend with other voices of the wild in changeful harmony. The brook, along whose marge the alders bent to see their new array reflected on its gleaming surface, murmured to itself a song of gladness that the bonds of winter had been broken, as it rippled over rapids or swirled around the roots of some projecting tree. The air was fragrant with

the mingled perfume of a countless host of trees and tender plants, and buds and blossoms. A time for universal joy and hopefulness.

And yet, just such a time had come a year ago—had come year after year through long gone ages of the past. How many hearts that had been gladdened by its coming had long since ceased their beating! How many voices that had joined in songs of gladness had long since sunk into eternal silence! The self-same sun year after year had called new life to be upon the earth—had seen it bloom without a thrill of joy, had seen it fade without remorse. Year after year, age after age, the earth, cloud-curtained, as it whirled through space, had been the theatre of this recurring scene, in which new actors ever and anon appeared, but on whose stage a form that once withdrew appeared no more forever.

The one thought followed the other in the mind of the reporter as he saw the venerable sagamore standing amid the springing flowers of the woodland path. Old and gray, with dusk, impassive face, and eyes that seemed to look across the years at scenes of other days not less than that by which he was surrounded, the Micicete was surely out of harmony with that fresh glory of the dawning summer time.

"My brother," the reporter queried, "you are glad the spring has come?"

"Ah-hah."

The laconic response had not much of cheerfulness in it, and the old man's face was lit by no gleam of pleasure. "It ain't so hard for me to keep warm," he added, by way of explanation.

"But you like to see everything fresh and green, and hear the birds once more," suggested the reporter.

The sagamore nodded, and swept a slow glance through the trees, where the birds were singing as gayly as if age and pain and parting were the incidents of life on other planets only.

"I hear 'um good many summers," the old man said. "Mebbe I won't hear 'um any more."

"Nonsense! You are good for a dozen years yet," asserted the reporter with an air of confidence. "What did you have for breakfast?"

"What makes you ask that?" was the counter question.

"You have the blues. And a man very often gets that

trouble by way of his stomach," replied the reporter. "Now, I am using a remedy for indigestion that I got from an old woman the other day——"

That was as far as the reporter got. The myriad voices of captivating spring might not move the old man from his accustomed calm; but to have that old story about the virtues of a spring medicine recommended by an old woman thrust upon him was too much for the composure even of a sagamore of four score years or thereabouts. The more so that he professed some skill in medicine himself. He chased the reporter for a good half mile, and warmed the person of the latter with an axe handle at every second step.

The earth, meanwhile, continued to whizz along through space.

Stray Notes.

Women are not cruel to dumb animals. No woman would wilfully step on a mouse.

"Talk about striking a tender chord," soliloquized the tramp at the woodpile, "this is one of the toughest cords I ever struck."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

They were talking about trees. "My favourite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favourite?" "Yew," he replied.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Teacher: "Can you mention a species of cold blooded animal which multiplies with astonishing rapidity?"
Boy: "Yes; the creditor. That's what pa says."

"At your models again," said the inventor's wife, jocosely; "when will you get through that nonsense? Models, models, day in and day out. The house is full of 'em."

"There is one model I haven't in the house, and that I wish I had."

"Why don't you make it?"

"There is no material at hand."

"What is it?"

"A model wife."