

Notches on The Stick

As a thunder storm, especially when it occurs at night, is among the sublimest of natural phenomena; so the passages of our literature descriptive of an electrical storm are among the most majestic. In some instances the poets are surpassingly magnificent, as, for instance, is Byron, in his well known description of the passing of a thunder-storm in the Alps. Following the exquisite picture of the setting in of evening, comes the tempest in a burst of exultation. You can almost hear the crash and roll of the thunder:

"Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud,"

But Browning is even more magnificent in the passage in "The Ring and the Book," which Mr. William Sharp terms "the high water mark of modern blank verse":

"I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky, or sea, or world at all;
But the night's black was burnt through by a
blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and
bore

Through her whole length of mountain visible;
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea."

But surely not less noble, and even more vivid, are the oft-quoted lines in "Pippa Passes":

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned through the pine-tree roof, here burned and
there,

As if God's messenger through the close wood
screen
Punged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me; then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

But these can scarcely surpass the rapid lines in which Burns describes the ride of Tam O' Shanter through the midnight storm. Byron's lines are spirited, but fire and motion spin through the Scottish bard's galloping syllables:

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed."

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightning flashes from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Aldway seemed in a blaze."

We do not marvel if Burns got excited over that? It will be some time yet before its excellence is surpassed. Is it by any resemblance that one's thought is suddenly transferred to poor demented Lear and his unsheltered misery:

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vault couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Sing my white head! And thou, all shaking thun-
der,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!"

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard."

Shakespeare is master yet. And again:
Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning.

Then in the "Tempest" we have, once more a magnificent description of a sea storm in the tropics, and behold

"Jove's lightning's the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder claps more momentary
And sight out-unning were not; the fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake."



Little wonder people are prejudiced
against shoe dressings—little wonder
indeed—so many shoes do crack
nowadays, so many die, as it were,
prematurely.

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or blood poisoning. Hood's
Pills stimulate the stomach,
rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, con-
stipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.
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Longfellow may in general be behind his
fellow bards in rendering the magnificent
in nature,—the "storm-cloud lurid with
lightning;" but there is one passage in
"The Ballad of Carmilban," that we may
not forbear to quote:

"Eight bell! and suddenly a shaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.
"The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two,
A ragged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeball through."

So Shelley in that splendid opening of
"The Revolt of Islam:

"Sudden the firm earth was shaken,
As if by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.
So as I stood one blast of muttering thunder
Burst in far perils along the waveless deep . . .
Hark! 'tis the rushing of the wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean! See! the lightning yawn
Deluging heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
glitter and boil beneath."

Tennyson shows us a picture of the
future day of aerial navigation, "With the
standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunder storm"; and Milton wakes the
echoes with the thunder rolling "through
the dark aerial hall." Kirke White gives us
one sounding stanza:

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peaks it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies."

Thompson expands a like conception in
blank verse:

"'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud:
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise attains—till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crash'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth."

The reader will be able from his own
memory to supply many more examples

We are not displeased to find Dr.

Theodore H. Rand expressing sentiments
agreeable to those conveyed in our
"Notches" of last week. To him "the
war is a forward movement," and does
not mean a backward step in history; but
it is indeed painful to know some of its
processes, or those leading to it. But
there is an overruling power, and it would
seem as if something were needed to show
our American friends that Great Britain
is the mother of liberal institutions and
their defender, and that the unwise desire
of so many Americans in the past to have
the United States forever hostile in feeling
toward her is inimical to the welfare of
humanity. It is the outcome of the
war, as it seems highly probable, one
giant step forward will have been taken,
and the world will enter on a new era.
For nothing is clearer than that the na-
tions of Continental Europe are hostile to
free governments, and the day is hastening
when they will try conclusions with the
Mother of us all. Poor Spain is a fit ob-
ject for sympathy, with all her faults, and
I have nothing but disdain for the meth-
ods of jingoism wherever availed of."

The Second Edition of Dr. Rand's
book, "At Minas Basin," is selling at a
lively rate, which indicates the Canadian
public are learning to appreciate good
things. Several new works by Canadian
authors are heralded. "Roberts, I learn,
is to bring out this season the second of
his trilogy (of which 'The Forge in the
Forest' was the first)—the 'Sister of
Evangeline.'—Miss Marshall Saunders
has an Acadian French Novel (modern)
in press at Boston, 'Roza a Charlotte.'
I believe it will appear in England and
Canada also. I have read the Ms. It is
an interesting and faithful picture of the
Acadian life of to-day,—history touched
with romance. It is bright, full of life.
The book will sell.—Herbin has a Ms.
which he publishes this summer, I be-
lieve,—a sketch of the French occupation
about the Minas Basin. It is written from
a sympathetic view-point with the French,
as the outcome of Richard's book. His
primary purpose is to supply a book for
the numerous summer travellers; but I
have reason to think that the results of

his study will by and by find expression in
verse."

It is to be regretted that the fraternity
of authors cannot derive more benefit from
public association with the members of
their craft. A greater esprit de corps,
a deeper feeling and conviction of the dig-
nity and importance of their art and voca-
tion, would result from such contact; while
the author would lose the sense of isolation
and obscurity that too frequently, and to a
very great degree, handicaps and depre-
sses him. Editors have their guilds, and
their annual or semi-annual conventions;
as do the workers along social and relig-
ious lines, and much good work, privately
executed has its initial impulse from such
assemblies. The trade and art guilds en-
joy the pleasures and benefits of federation
and intercommunion; nor is it the least of
their felicities when groups of authors, like
those of Cambridge or Concord, are per-
mitted to associate frequently with each
other. But in Canada, and in the State
of Maine, exist groups of self and gifted
spirits, if they could be brought togeth-
er, who enjoy and respect each other, scat-
tered and isolated as they are. Yet they
have never met, and there seems no pre-
arranged occasion or opportunity for such
meeting. It they could meet in an annual
convention, to commune and compare notes
who will question the result in a general
improvement in literary work, and a
heightened esteem for the literary calling
and its votaries.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan's Handbook of
Biography "The Canadian Men and
Women of the Time," is winning golden
opinions. The Earl of Aberdeen, in a let-
ter to the author, writes: "A glance at its
pages is sufficient to reveal that the volume
is the result of much careful and patient
work. The book cannot fail, I think, to
be of much practical value, supplying a
real want." The Montreal Star says—
"To test its excellence the book must be
carefully examined by individual critics.
That it will stand the test of examination
we have thoroughly convinced ourselves."

Maurice Thompson very appropriately
discusses, in the Methodist Review, (May
-June) on the prevailing flood of alleged
dialect, in poetry and fiction, under the cap-
tion, "The Triumph of Jargon." He
points out that certain sorts of literary
gibberish called dialects, are not such
when properly understood. He asserts
that our literary art is being debauched by
the dialect mongers, and does not hesitate
to lay violent hands on Kipling. He
points out the fact that in all classic works,
in all poems or novels approved by time,
in which any sort of argot or dialects
occurs, it exists as an incident, as nec-
essary to perfect local fidelity or the com-
pleteness of character, never for the sake
of dragging it in, to pleasure a vulgar
taste, and with all possible excess and ex-
aggeration. To his words we wish to add
our emphatic, Amen! "The literary man
who has a contempt for classical studies,
models, triumphs, aims, is a failure from
the ground up. He may have his little
day and his little pot of money, but in
the long run he will drop out and be lost.
The muses do not recognize him. What
is called 'local color' is certainly an im-
portant factor in literary art; but the ten-
dency to sacrifice the substance (to the
more superficial tints is like painting the
lichen of a ruin and leaving out the ruin,
or like taking chlorophyll for spring. Un-
grammatical talk and horseplay language
are admissible in literature only where
necessary to the perfection of a picture.
They are discords which emphasize the

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soft, buoyant, and comfortable. In
addition, it must be durable, non-
absorbent, vermin proof, and so well
made it will not work out of shape.

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you will be promptly served.

—SAMPLES AT—
W. A. Cookson, St. John.

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SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY
OF WASH DAY

harmony. The moment the dialect be-
comes the artist's aim, for his sole means,
his work is doomed, no matter what tri-
umph may momentarily crown it."

A sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," now
engaging the pen of Mr. J. M. Birrie, is
making rapid progress. It is to appear in
Scribners, but not before January 1899—
The Kipling's "Captain Courageous" is
now in its thirtieth thousand, though it has
been before the public only five months.
He has the justification of extraordinary
success—Olva Schreiner now resides at
Kimberley in South Africa.—The Scribners
will soon bring out a new edition of Mr.
Thomas Nelson Page's "Pastime Stories." There
are some twenty in number, dealing
chiefly with Virginia life. They appeared
originally in Harper's Magazine.—Cassell
& Co. have enlarged their imprint, and it
is now expressed in the cosmopolitan terms
of "London, Paris, New York and Mel-
bourne"—Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolu-
tion" in a new edition, with the author's
additions and corrections, is announced
for early publication by the Macmillan Co.

"Glimpses of Charles Dickens" is a
souvenir publication by E. S. Williamson,
of Toronto. It is printed on tinted paper
and is attractively illustrated, and has
white embossed covers. The edition is an
autograph one, of 250 copies. It is a neat
collection of Dickensiana, accumulated
during a period of about six years,—or
some account, rather, of such a collection,
—which may be seen at Mr. Williamson's
home, 118 Spencer Avenue, Toronto.
There are portraits and pictures and in-
teresting ana, which render to this imma-
culate souvenir a charm beyond that of a
dry catalogue.

Our friend, George Martin awakens re-
gret: "Have you heard of Lampman's ill-
ness? I learn that he is seriously threat-
ened by heart-disease. It would be sad to
know him cut him off in the prime of man-
hood. He has written many exquisite pas-
torals. He has no equal in the line that
was chosen by him at the outset."

"A Treasury of American Verse," Edited
by Walter Learned, is the latest of
American Anthologies; containing speci-
mens from one hundred and fourteen
authors. Here are things new and old, and
something for every mood.

PASTOR FELIX.

THE TIGER WAS PLEASED.

And the Cossack Had No Idea of His Dan-
gerous Task.

A good story has been copied in the
papers from La France du Nord about a
Cossack, ignorant of the French language
and equally ignorant of fear, who was
hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer, Pezon,
to clean the cages of his wild beasts.
Their understanding or misunderstanding
was arranged by means of gestures and
dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of
Babel hindered intelligible speech between
the Frenchman and the Cossack; and
Pezon thought that the man thoroughly
understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his
new duties by entering, with bucket,
sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame
beast as his master had done, but of a
splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep
upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke
and fixed his eyes upon the man, who
calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge,
and, untrifled, to approach the tiger. At
this moment Pezon appeared upon the
scene, and was struck with horror. Any
sound or motion upon his part would intensify
the danger, of the situation by rousing
the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till
the need should arise to rush to the man's
assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached
the animal, and, perfectly fearless, pro-
ceeded to rub him down, as if he had been
a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently
delighted by the application of cold water,
rolled over on its back, stretched out its
paws, and, purring, offered every part of
its body to the Cossack, who washed him

as complacently as a mother bathes her
infant. Then he left the cage, and would
have repeated the hazardous experiment
upon another savage from the desert, had
not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.—
Lippincott's.

FOR THE NERVOUS

And Emaciated, South American Nerve
is a Rich, Deep Health Fountain
and Never Fails.

Nervous exhaustion, bad digestion, im-
poverished blood are the diseases imprinted
on many a brow. South American Ner-
vine has a marvellous power as a nerve
tonic, a blood builder and stimulator.
Tones the system, clears, regulates and
dispels depression and restores the good
spirits essential to good health. George
Webster, of Forest, writes: "For years
I suffered much from sleeplessness, ner-
vousness, twitching muscles and palpitation.
All remedies failed but South American
Nervine. The first bottle greatly helped,
and five bottles cured me. I feel I owe
my life to it."

United by Cable.

He wanted to ask her to be his ownest
own, but the conventional words he had
studied up so carefully failed him. She
guessed his purpose, but saw no chance to
help him out.

"Did you read about the Manila cable?"
he asked.

"Yes," she said. "It's cut."

There was a long silence.

"What do they do with cables that are
cut?" she softly asked.

"Splice 'em," he answered.

She gave him a timid sidelong glance.

He woke up.

"Let's get spliced," he hastily cried.

"Let's," she gently answered.

And the ordeal which had worried him
for many weeks was suddenly forgotten.

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nam's Fainless Corn Extractor is a boon.
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acts quickly and painlessly. Beware of
substitutes.

Sale of Chinese Children.

In the poorer regions of China many old
women make a living by buying children at
\$1 to \$2 apiece, and afterward selling
them into a life of slavery or vice.

Mr. Skribbens (to new boy)—"I sup-
pose you understand what your duties are
here?" New Boy—"Sure. The super
said that all I had to do was to hustle
when old Skribbens was looking, and it
would be all right."

Bacon—"Is that man Crimsombeak in
favor of war?" Egbert—"No, indeed!
Every night he's out late he takes home
oysters or something to his wife. I think
he's for peace at any price."—Yonkers
Statesman.

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PAIN IN THE CHEST.

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