

Notches on The Stick

Bright and beautiful Iduna, the smile of the gods,—behold the radiant, wondrous spirit descend upon the world! How in the light of her eyes the face of man and of nature rejoices: The landscape changes from white to green, and all the birds of the snow take their flight, to make way for the thrush and robin. A breath of incense is abroad, and a joyous sound is in all the realm of Asgard; while under every flowering shade trembles anew the harp of Bragi.

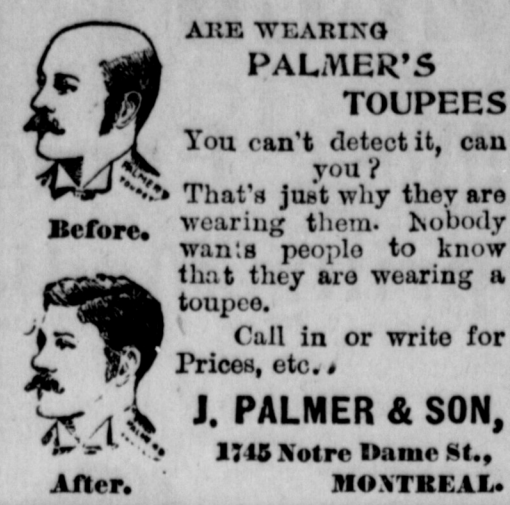
Long time the beautiful Iduna had departed. Rapt by violence and seduced by guile, she was borne far from the city of the gods and the realm of Asgard with all her golden apples. Long the Æsir mourned for her for with her, life and the joy of life had vanished away. The incessant Loki lured her with a breath of south wind and a glimpse of his mocking beauty; he betrayed her to the wild-winged Thiaasi, who came roaring out of the Northland, and congealed her warm blood with frosty breathing. Like an eagle he bore her away to the dreary Nifheim the region of darkness, where summer never comes, where no green leaf appears, no cheering ray of light, where no flower peeps above the dark soil. The singing of the bird is never heard there, for Bragi and his harp are far away. A grey unsightly region, even at the border, it is; but onward are bogs and rotting woods and dreadful spectres. Iduna saw the dismal forms moving around her. Thiaasi brought her to the bank of Hela. In this region of gloomy death she lay and gazed into the fiery pit. As she looked downward her face grew thin and wax white; her eyes grew large and fearful; she trembled and shivered, as one stricken with the cold. Long she lay, weary and full of woe, and yet she kept her golden treasure of life. The evil giants of Nifheim sought to rob her of her powerful fruit; but she would not bid them eat, nor would she partake herself, but kept it for her dear companions in the realm of Asgard. So she waited for her deliverance.

But the Gods grew weary for her, and said: "Where is Iduna?" Despair and hunger has come to the hearts of the Æsir. Long time ago they sat at their last feast of the golden apples, and now they pined for the smile of the goddess and for her immortal fruit. The all-suspecting Gods wrung this evil secret from Loki, Odin frowned, and lifted his voice in thunder as he turned on the traitor, "Depart," he cried "from our presence, and return; but return not without the radiant goddess Iduna. Thy life for hers; if thou betray, thou shalt perish." Then Loki departed. But till his return the realm of Asgard languished. They who no longer knew the light of Iduna, who had fed on her immortal food, grew ghastly. Gaunt and hungry, were their forms, their faces were full of pain, and their eyes despairing. The meadows lay without grass or flowers; the forests were naked and withered, and the skies were cold and clouded. The stubble of the field was black after the silver frost. All the world is woful when the spirit of the light and beauty is away. Her smile revives the year.

On their high ramparts stationed, the Gods looked outward toward the Kingdom of Dis. Anxiously they scanned the horizon to see the soft wings of Loki fanning the air with the breath of spring, and bearing home the long desired goddess, Iduna. At last they saw him coming, bearing his fair charge, but eagerly pursued by the swift and sounding pinions of Thiaasi, who with his breath withers the bloom of the world. Loki flies swiftly; he gained the wall of the city, and overpassed it. Then the Gods hasten to light the pile of pine boughs they had prepared. Down fell Thiaasi in the flame, singed and smothered. Consumed, there remained the frosty jewels of his eyes. In the deep sky they set them, as light at the gates of the north.

Joyful were the Æsir at the return of Iduna to the realm of Asgard. Wasting and dying, they revived as they clustered around her. She looked at them with pity, and loved them anew, and gave them her golden fruit. The famished ones clutched at the apples of life, and life and joy returned to them again. Their skin grew fair upon them, their forms were rounded, and the warm blood went bounding in richer streams through all their veins. The Gods sat and sunned themselves in the

HUNDREDS OF MEN



light of her eyes, and their spirits came again. She went through the land, she touched the meadows and the forests, and they were all again in bloom. She sat down in their midst, and the leaves and flowers crept into her lap. The bright sun was restored in the soft warm sky, and over all sounded the notes of the harp of the minstrel, Bragi.

Then Iduna dwelt with her people, and mingled with the gods, her brothers. They hailed her with their praises, and were glad in the presence of their beautiful one. Every morning they said to her: "O Iduna, daughter of loveliness! Bright is thy face, with the immortals! Death cannot seize thy radiant limbs, thy brow and tresses of the dawn. Thou givest life and joy to thy loved ones. Beloved of the Gods, welcome to the kingdom of Asgard! Thou shinest a perpetual orb of awakening, and all the birds and flowers have gone before thy feet. Afar in the cold north sky the Gods have set the sharp eyes of Thiaasi. He can no longer harm us; for over us thou shinest as a sun; and at thy call, O ransoming goddess! rings perpetually in the green forests the sounding harp of Bragi!"

This is the legend of Iduna—the legend of the spring.

Mountain and Poet.

"Thou idle mount!" chided the teeny plain, "No useful bloom is on thy wind-swept brow!" "Thou poet," cried the crowd, "what use art thou?" Seeing him bending o'er his lyre again. Then spake the wrathful mountain: "I constrain The harvest that upon thy soil do grow; From tip of my white breast I bid t' flow Thy silver-threaded streams; I feed thy grain; I temper thy noon sun; I hold the cloud; Knead the white avalanche where thunders roll; Dissolve the crystal glacier." Then he spake—The pale-browed poet—answering the crowd: "Spare me my lyre, since from my wounded soul Gushes a stream the thirst of man to slake."

We have before our eyes a bunch of the so-called Spanish "moss" gathered during his recent trip Southward, by Hon. Charles H. Collins of Hillsboro, and sent to us, together with a disquisition, a portion which is given to our readers. As we inspect these long gray vegetable filaments, imagination can construct a picture of gigantic live-oaks, bordering the bayous of Louisiana, hung thick with these tassels, reflected again in the bosom of the still waters. It is termed "moss," but botanically it belongs to a different species, and is not properly a moss at all, but an epiphytic plant drawing its nourishment from the air, while rooting itself harmlessly in the bark of trees. Mr. Collins has compiled considerable information on the subject, but he writes also from his own observation.

"The plant has not been carefully studied, and information is scant about it in spite of all the savants of science. It is yet a mystery. A great many botanists, or pretended ones, have been sent South as emissaries from the New England universities to teach what they call the poor benighted South. These people more keen on the scent to find fault than to learn have passed under the long trailing greenish gray garland, from the live oaks and cypress without seeing anything except that some peculiar growth was swinging from the trees. A just idea of this plant as I have found it in Texas and Louisiana must discard more botanical terms and study its native habitat. It prefers the tops and branches of living trees and is denser upon those which grow in the gloomy swamps or on their borders. In the dark recesses of the deepest and most dismal cypress groves, above the exhalations of everlasting mud and water it revels in its glory and covers as with a mantling pall the great broad-armed live oaks as well as native oaks which fringe the ridge margins of the lakes and bayous. On a drive to Lake Ponchartrain or around the Spanish Fort, or in fact anywhere outside of the built up portion of New Orleans it is abundant. You may see where it has drifted from the cypress and tapers and encroached on the higher lands adjacent to the swamps, where it grows in festoons and covers with its sombre drapery other trees, even the sweet-gum, elm and ash.

"The driver of the carriage, an old resi-

dent of Louisiana and a native, told us that the Spanish moss protected the denizens of the swamps from Malaria, and that they enjoyed better health than the residents of New Orleans. To us the long pendulous pendants swaying in the wind looked like the waving plumes of hundreds of hearse, but this is a delusion. It is an established fact that this long moss is the salvation of the swamp residents.

"The homes along the dark margins of these extensive morasses enjoy as perfect health and as great immunity from disease as those do which are located in the mountains. This is singular but true, and is another evidence of the necessity of studying conditions and not being deceived by outward appearances. As already said the moss is not a parasite. A parasite clings to a dead tree or a rock as well as to a live tree. In fact it kills the tree, and then riots and revels over the dead trunk. It derives its sustenance, life and vigor from the tree and is a vegetable vampire. The Spanish moss derives no sustenance from the tree, it is an epiphyte (an air plant) and serves a great and beneficent purpose, as it feeds on the malarious elements in the atmosphere. It consumes them, purifies the surrounding air, which would, but for this plant, be loaded with poison for human lungs and skin, from the rapid decay of southern vegetation. The reason it cannot live on a dead tree is because the bark among the crevices of which its tendrils creep has slipped off; hence, when the tree dies, the moss soon turns black and drapes itself in mourning, as if for the tree, its mother. This is the reason there is so much black moss in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. Many persons have only seen this kind. No scenery in Nature can so impress any but the dullest mind more than a moss covered swamp. As you push your pirogue (or canoe) through the lofty wreaths and greenish gray arches of the living moss, amid the solitudes of the swamp, you notice the tall columns of cypress rise up on every side, like huge stalagmites, upholding the verdant cavern above. From the roof of this cavern depend long masses of moss like innumerable stalactites, so shutting out the sun as to make it twilight at noon. As I have said the living moss is a greenish gray color. It has long branching fibres or filaments and at each bifurcation produces tiny, trumpet shaped flowers, smaller than tobacco flowers, and of a peach blossom color. It grows rapidly and is easily propagated. A single thread blown from one tree to another soon grows into a mass of moss. In good localities the bunches will grow twenty or thirty feet long. Often a single live oak tree, such as may be seen near the mouth of the Atchafalaya, will in addition to the enormous weight of its own ponderous horizontal branches carry twenty to twenty five tons of green moss.

"A curious feature of the Spanish moss is that it has apparently no beginning and no end. You may experiment for hours—in vain you will search for a discovery of this fact."

Myron Reed, a very talented and a very independent preacher, recently deceased in Denver, Colorado, has had poetic tributes from diverse sources, and some of what orthodoxy would regard as of questionable character. One, evidently "of the people," embodies the following anecdote:

"Bill Nye tells this story of him (an 'o' course it must be true): One when Reed wuz humbly prayin', some one 'way back in a pew Shouted, 'Louder!' An' the preacher paused, an' slowly raised his head: 'I'm addressin' God Almighty, and not you, sir,' Myron sed."

Such an episode during divine service has a free and easy, not to say farcical, sound, at both ends. We suspect it to be as humorously and philosophically true as Bill Nye usually was. Mr. J. Gordon Temple goes on with his poem, giving us

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

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"SEAL BRAND"—JAVA and MOCHA

BEST COFFEE GROWN IN THE WORLD.

Carefully Selected from Private Plantations, every kernel is perfect.

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the following points of what perhaps will be the popular preacher in the near future! "He cud see good in the operry; good of ackters he wud speak. Why, he eved se he lived upon 'Shore Akers' fer a week.

When Reed talked he sed somethin', an' the people tuk it home. No discourse on 'our futury life;' ye got yer muny's wurth. He talked of problems heer an' now—things need-ful on this erth.

For 'Equality' an' 'Justice,' an' sich themes he liked the most. An' 'Humanity' ment more to him than did the 'Holy Ghost.' I ken see him in his pulpit now, a-givin' out his text; Ken see his featurs, hear his wit, a-wunderin' what cum next. I ken hear that purty musick thet wuz rendered by the q'ntire; Thet wud make a feller better, an' wuz shure to lift him hie.

His 'Tims to Gitt Together,' I distinkly reckerlekt; An' 'Charity Begins at Home' wun fer him grats respect; He didn't hav prayer meetin's, ner no forin mis-shun plate; E've wanted to help others, look inside yer own yard gate.

He thot a heap o' Robert Burns, Tom Paine an' Emerson; O'Rilly, Thoreau, Dickens, an' of all who good hev dun. An' Robert Looy Stevenson his thot; wud much engage; Abe Linkin wuz his idle, an' when men get close to him The chances for their bein' wrong, I think, air mitey slim."

Miss Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston, Ont., well known for her writings in prose and verse has won the Montreal Daily Witness prize for the best patriotic Canadian song. This is the first stanza of "Canada Forever," the successful poem:

Our Canada, strong, fair and free,
Whose sceptre stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
And front the polar star;
Not for thy greatness—hardly known—
Wide plains our mountains grand,
But as we claim thee for our own,
We love our native land.

Chorus:
God bless our mighty forest land
Of mountain lake and river,
The loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

We are informed "that a very favorable and generous offer has been received from a Montreal firm" for the publication of the Memorial Edition of Archibald Lampman's Poetical Works and that it "will probably be accepted." PASTOR FELIX.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Angew's Ointment. Dr. Angew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during the teething time. 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown and all Druggists.

Hunting Votes.

In England a candidate who is ambitious to annex M. P. to his name must personally canvass the district and solicit the voters one by one, to cast their ballots for him. The solicitation is often 'sugar coated,' as in the case mentioned by a London journal.

'Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?' inquired a candidate for the coming by-election in the Midlands the other day, who was on a tour round the constituency, as he leaned over the front gate.

'Certainly, sir; there no is possible objection.

They are lovely darlings, said the would-be M. P., after he had finished the eleventh. I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they yours, ma'am?

The lady blushed deeply. 'Of course they are, the sweet little treasures. From whom else, ma'am, could they have inherited those limpid eyes those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures, and those musical voices?

The lady continued blushing. By the way, ma'am, said he, may I bother you to tell your estimable husband

that Richard J. Spouter, parliamentary candidate for this division, called upon him this evening?

'Excuse me, sir,' said the lady; I have no husband.

But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?

I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!

A DYSPEPTIC'S RELEASE.

Suffered from this Distressing Malady for Many Months—Found Only one Medicine to Help Him

The farming community at Port Robinson and many miles around, are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 23 years of age, who farms in summer and follows a steam thresher in Autumn and winter. While yet so young he has had his share of pain and sickness. Our reporter hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he learned the reporter's errand he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words:—"I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am not afraid to say a kind word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In the summer of 1897 I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. I felt as though I had an oppressive weight on my stomach and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He doctored me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail and for a year I could find no remedy that could cure me. I felt perfectly worn out, had no strength, appetite or energy. I was prevailed upon by a friend from a distance to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased two boxes in June, 1898. Although I thought myself beyond cure, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after using nine boxes I feel as good a man as ever an' I am in splendid flesh. I can eat, digest and sleep well, while before all food soured on my stomach and caused awful distress. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from untold suffering.

Pleasant as a Caramel.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not a nauseous compound—but pleasant pellets that dissolve on the tongue like a lump of sugar, just as simple, just as harmless, but a potent aid to digestion and the prevention of all the ailments in the stomach's category of troubles. Act directly on the digestive organs. Relieve in one day. 35 cents.

PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH.

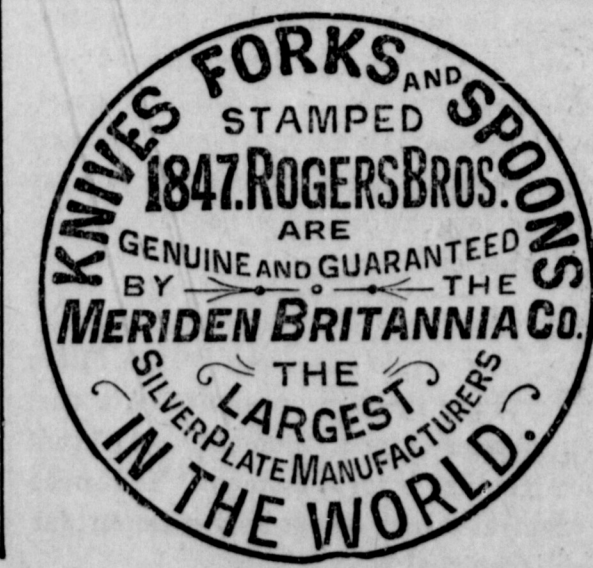
Insidious Disease Lurks Everywhere.

A bright young man in Grey County Ont. thoughtlessly plunged into the lake at a summer resort when the blood was above the normal heat. The shock stopped the kidneys work. Poisons which should have been carried off were circulating through the system. Dropsy was the result, and one bright autumn the mourning badge was on the door, and a promising young life was snuffed out. He trusted himself to skilled physicians, but they failed to do what South American Kidney Cure would have done. It clears, heals and puts and keeps the kidneys in perfect action. A specific for all kidney ailments. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

The only place some people have to go is back to work.

Discontent is a thorn on the rose-bush of life.

Some good resolutions are like blank cartridges—nothing comes out of them.



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