

Choice Miscellaneous.

The Highest, the Best.

Reck't thou the Highest, the Best,  
The flower can to thee reveal it—  
Man hath small power to express,  
Nature no power to extol it.  
Cloudy the truth of man's preaching,  
Sun clear the violet's teaching.

What, for his anxious pains,  
That the philosopher galleth?  
Knowledge in composite grains,  
Wisdom's pure gold ne'er attaineth.  
Only doing—the task on the shore;  
Not being—the sea to explore.

Not thus the violet's fate;  
Springing—growing—completion!  
Reaching of perfect estate,  
Being, to utmost repletion.  
Earth lays it, and waxes it, and blows;  
Unaware of its friends at its feet,  
Not refusing, or choosing, it grows!

Learn of the flower, O Soul,  
Way of thy highest attaining!  
Being, not doing, the goal,  
Growth to completion thus gaining,  
O'er thee, as over the flower,  
Emulate diverse country.

Yet hath it naught of thy power  
Of selection, rejection, desire!  
Sole to like perfect completion  
Grow by supreme volition.  
—How Elizabeth Cleland.

The Story of a Mark.

Let me tell you before you read this, if you are not in sympathy with me, do not begin, for I cannot bear to be laughed at, and even if the tale of my life cannot strike a heart note in you it may in another. At any rate here it is, though it be only the story of a mark. It was one morning when I came into existence a bright, sunny morning when all the world was throbbing with joy.

The purple morning-glory bells danced and swung on their trellis as if trying to ring out their happiness in sound, and the lilac bush down the path, a mass of rosy purple, waved its great plumes to and fro that fragrance might reach all, and quite fill the little dining room, where the happy little breakfast was going on.

Soon there was the sound of a chair pushed from the table and a laughing, dark-haired boy came and placed himself with head erect against the door. "Now, papa, come quick and see if I ain't almost four feet high." "Three feet nine inches," declared the deep voice of papa, as I appeared upon the smooth surface of the door with name and date besides. "Now Nanna, measure Nanna," shouted the boyish voice, and a soft little hand with masses of golden hair waving around a rather awe-stricken little face that "she was to be measured with papa's ruler" was pressed against the door. "Hold your head up straight, now Nanna," and another mark with "Nanna, three feet two," appeared as Nanna slid quickly away and stood off to contemplate it. "Now Nanna, let's see how tall mamma is." "Yes, mamma, of course; now, no cheating," said the deep voice, and a firm, large hand rested very softly on the brown coils of hair as another mark appeared with "mamma, five feet one" beside it. "And papa too," shouted the imperious boyish voice, and a dark head was placed high up against the door. "Why, Walter, I can't reach you," said the soft voice, but a chair was brought and the mark made "papa, six feet and one half." But that was not all. "Why, if we haven't forgotten Dimmie!" and baby was picked up from the floor, crowing in blessed unconsciousness of coming events. The downy head, with its little rings of gold, placed against the door, the dancing feet held still while papa made the mark, "two feet four inches." "Why, baby, you will be a great boy before I know it!" and he was smugged down in mamma's arms, as though he could never let him get larger and leaner "baby."

Many days we stood there, five marks on the bright surface of the door, and the girl with her busy cloth was told to spare us.

At last something happened, I don't know what it was, but the happy breakfasts were ended. Papa ate hurriedly and disappeared, mamma nibbled a piece of toast and I saw her no more; baby and I were waited on by the girl, and dancing little golden-hair never came at all. But one day this was changed; a bustle pervaded everything, and yet there was a strange quiet over all. I felt it in the air; the door, even, tried to close more softly, but the girl could be felt in that awful quiet. At last it opened and they all came in. I say "all"—where was little golden hair? Papa's face looked very white and almost stern, Harry all red with weeping, mamma, with colorless, quivering lips, placed baby on the floor, and, as she did so, her eyes caught sight of the mark with "Nanna, three feet two" beside it, and, with a sobbing cry of "Oh, Walter, I cannot, cannot bear it," she sank down by the table, her face hidden in her arms. The strong face above her worked, as, holding her close to him, he tried to say words of comfort, but who can give comfort to a mother's empty arms but he who sends both joy and sorrow? Soon, still supporting her, they left the room with Harry sobbing with them, leaving baby gurgling and laughing on the floor in his vain endeavor to catch a dancing anbeam. The next day the house was filled with people and there were flowers, white flowers everywhere, with the fragrance of the spring rising above all—springing, which I had so often seen decking the "little golden head." By and by I heard a solemn voice, and then sweet child voices singing, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," then there was a rustle, and down past the lilac bush and blooming yew I saw them carrying a tiny casket covered with flowers and black clad figures following;

then all was still. Days went on again much as before, but mamma's happy laugh was not heard so often, and papa seemed more tender of her than before, and, in fact, baby seemed the only one who was happy in the old fashion. He grew like a little weed, and was just beginning to talk. Harry had already shown him the marks on the door and taught him to say "Nanna," measuring every day to see if he was not getting nearer that mark. When one day something happened again; the same only worse than before. The breakfast was brought in and cleared away, and no one ate, the brown head with the soft coils did not even appear behind the coffee urn, and I began to feel that the stillness and quiet were connected with her, and soon I knew it was. The door to her room opened and I saw in. The sun was just going down, and the light fell in long level rays through the open window across the room, making almost golden the brown hair that streamed over the pillow and gleaming on the rings that hung loosely on the thin hand resting on the dark head bowed beside her. Then the door swung to and I saw no more. But it opened again and papa came forth bearing baby in his arms. Could that be he? That face of pain? With a groan he fell into her little chair, his face hidden against the table. Baby slid down from his lap and nestled against his father's hands, hanging straight down beside him. I could not bear it, and did not even look up when Harry came in and knelt down, hiding his face on his father's knee. So they sat until the darkness came on, and the girl came and took the sleeping baby away. The next morning came the same stir in the stillness I remembered so well; the smell of flowers, tube roses, their heavy fragrance filling all the air seemed everywhere. Then the coffee hush, a man's voice rising in thrilling accents, a deep sob from somewhere. Then the hearing away of a long, slender box that the last rose petals kissed as it passed by, and it was over. They did not come back; in a few days came strange faces, bearing away the furniture from the cozy rooms, and I saw a tender-faced, gray-haired lady placing little nick-knacks in boxes, while her tears dropped fast as she murmured: "Poor boy, poor boy." Then everything was gone and I was left alone gazing out into the empty room and through the open door into the room I remembered so well.

A Prayer for Reporters.

In the Minnesota Senate the other day, the chaplain started that august body by closing his prayer with a word for the newspaper men. He said:—"And now, dear Lord, bless our reporters, whose nimble pens catch our every word almost before it is uttered. Like Thyself, they are omnipresent and almost omnipotent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth they are there. They meet us in the jungles of Africa; they wail us in the solitary canyons of Colorado, and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole, behold they are there. May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and when the general assembly of heaven convenes, let no reporter be excluded. Amen!"

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Bosch's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle as *Bosch's German Syrup* sold, by year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada.

REWARD OFFERED to any person showing a case of headache, toothache, cramp, bruise, sprain, cough, cold, croup, quinsy, hoarseness, larynx or numbness of the limbs that cannot be cured by *MIRAPOL'S LIMENT*. It is good as a gargle in diphtheria and ulcerated throat, and is perfectly harmless when given according to directions.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co., Sole Proprietors for the Dominion and Newfoundland.

"I said in my haste all men are liars" It is supposed that David delivered himself of this comprehensive compliment after listening to a conversation in which the blind man said, "Yes I see?" the deaf man observed, "I hear they are having hot times in Europe?" the armless man remarked very sympathetically, "I feel for you?" and the man without legs of putting his best foot forward.

—Hobart Transact.

INVESTMENT SOLICITED.—There is no surer investment offered the people than *MIRAPOL'S LIMENT*. *MIRAPOL'S LIMENT* PILLS (sugar coated), *MIRAPOL'S LIMENT* BALM and *NELSON'S CHERRY VINE MIDGEE*. For the small sum of \$1 you can save many doctor's bills during the year, besides having the pleasant feeling that you are safe from disease.

Gertie hates to go up stairs alone at bedtime, but it sometimes happens that she must. Gertie and she was afraid, but her mother reminded her that the angels are all about us, in the dark as well as in the light. But when Gertie got out into the passage and found the stairway dark, her faith was put to a severe test. Her mother found her on the bottom step a few moments later, one little foot raised, trying to make herself go on up the stairway. She summoned up all her courage an instant later and started, but her mother was electrified to hear her call out cheerfully as she trudged up the gloomy stairway, "Come on, angels!"—*Boston Record*.

A Place of Surprises.

A good man, a much better man than the writer will ever be this side of Jordan, asks us "if we expect to sit around puffing vile cigars in Heaven?" No, indeed (except heavily on the nose) we don't suppose they have vile ones there. To tell the honest truth we don't believe there will be any cigars in Heaven, consequently we don't expect to do any smoking there. Nor do we expect to eat any pie there; nor look at the furnace that heat things before getting to bed; nor fall around in the dark looking for the matches; nor grope around for a lost towel with our eyes full of soap; nor pin a three-penny collar to a buttonless shirt; nor leap in new boots; nor take rhubarb; nor do a great many other things we are expected to do now. Ah! dear brother, Heaven is going to be a place full of surprises, and the weak brother who indulges in a cigar as he journeys across this wilderness, is not the only one who will be asked to change his habits when he gets his harp.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle*.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the *ACADIAN* one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

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Toronto Daily News	4.00	4.00
Alden's Juvenile Gem	75	1.60
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.40
do with Cyclone	1.00	1.75
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00	1.75
London Free Press	1.00	1.75
Youth's Companion	1.75	2.25
Book Worm	25	1.15
Weekly Messenger	1.00	1.75
Canadian Dairyman	1.00	1.50
Grip	2.00	2.50
Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal	1.00	1.75
do with Premium	1.25	2.00
Buds & Blossoms (new)	75	1.50
Brooklyn Magazine	2.00	2.50
Leisure Hours	1.50	2.00
Transcript Monthly	50	1.35
Ladies' Home Journal	50	1.40
Brooklyn Magazine	2.00	2.50
Ottawa Citizen	1.25	2.00
Montreal Gazette	1.00	1.75

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Kentville, N. S., April 1st, 1887

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A Great Victory.

Another Election is over and the Grits are dependent and now need a good tonic; while the Boodlers are feasting and spending their (or somebody's) substance in riotous living, and need something to act upon their Liver and Kidneys to assist these organs in their work or they will break down and bring on sickness and death by poisoning the Blood, which should always be cleaned at this season of the year. And it has been decided by both parties BY A VERY LARGE MAJORITY that there is nothing in the market that is equal to DR. NORTON'S

W. & A. Railway.

Time Table

1886—Winter Arrangement—1887.

Commencing Monday, 22d November.

GOING EAST.

Station	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily
Annapolis Levee	6:00	1:30	
14 Bridgetown	6:55	2:15	
28 Middleton	7:55	3:15	
42 Aylesford	9:00	3:34	
47 Berwick	9:20	3:52	
50 Waterville	9:35	4:02	
60 Kentville	5:40	10:15	5:30
64 Port Williams	6:00	11:10	5:00
60 Wolfville	6:10	11:19	5:08
60 Grand Pre	6:25	11:33	5:18
72 Ansonby	6:40	11:45	5:20
77 Hantsport	6:58	12:05	5:44
84 Windsor	7:10	12:25	6:10
116 Windsor Jun.	10:00	3:23	7:35
130 Halifax arrive	10:45	4:10	8:10

GOING WEST.

Station	Exp. Daily	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. Daily
Halifax leave	7:00	6:15	2:50
14 Windsor Jun.	7:40	7:15	3:30
40 Windsor	9:00	10:05	3:35
50 Ansonby	9:20	10:37	6:08
50 Kentville	9:35	10:55	6:24
61 Grand Pre	9:44	11:10	6:34
64 Wolfville	9:54	11:25	6:47
60 Port Williams	10:00	11:35	6:55
80 Waterville	10:57	12:02	
83 Berwick	11:08	1:17	
86 Aylesford	11:22	1:40	
102 Middleton	12:02	2:25	
116 Bridgetown	12:45	3:35	
130 Annapolis Arive	1:25	4:50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves Annapolis for St. John every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, p. m., and St. John for Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, p. m.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis for Digby every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, returning every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamers "Alpha" and "Domitron" leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday, p. m.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cum berland" leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a. m.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3:30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7:15 a. m.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Yarmouth, Portland and Boston at 8:40 a. m. every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager Kentville, 18th April 1887

J. B. Norton,

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Bridgetown, N. S., Mar. 4, 1887

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