

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
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Sedit Poetry,
KEEPING THE TRYST.
Next year, you said you'd see me stand,
God willing, here upon the shore,
And I will hold my true love's hand
And look into his eyes once more.
Dear heart, He has not willed it so:
I keep the tryst, to-day, alone,
And wonder if you do not know
The hour is come and you are gone.
And if the birds of Paradise
Are greater than this strip of land;
If you remember, still, my eyes,
And the light touch of my warm hand.
All foolish fancies: well, I know
You are a saint, and dwell with saints,
Who seek not of the world below,
Whose ears are closed to our complaints.
And yet, this is our tryst: I pray,
Lord, if such things could ever be,
Give him a human heart to-day,
A wish to come to me. —Ruth Hall.

UP THE LAKES.
BY A. E. C.
During our beautiful Acadian sum- mer, with comparatively little trouble and expense, many delightful excu- sions may be enjoyed in this our fair county of King's. One has not far to go to find primeval nature with every combination of water, hill and forest to please the most exacting. One of the most delightful of nature's retreats is the head-waters of the Gasperau river, and with your permission, Mr Editor, I will attempt a description of a recent trip up these charming lakes.
It was my very good fortune not long since to find myself in company with the genial ornithologist of Ken- tville and two youths of 13 en route for Lane's mills, having of course with us the necessary impedimenta, to wit, rifles, shot-guns, fishing-tackle, tent, ax (newly sharpened), and divers and sundry parcels and packages of solids and fluids intended to minister to one physical well-being.
The day was fine, and nothing marred our enjoyment as we trotted merrily along the high range known as Alton, passed the North river and the abandoned lime-kin, and gradually descended to the head-waters of the Gasperau.
At "Indian landing" we found a boat which we brought to a more convenient landing near the New Ross road and here we embarked with all our fore-said luggage. Just before leaving we were earnestly advised by two apparently disinterested men not to take that boat, but as their advice did not harmonize with our desires we did not take it, but took the boat in- stead. Possession in this case was ten points in our favor, so we pushed out leaving our advisers looking somewhat disgruntled. They had only to go a few miles however to find another boat.
To those unacquainted with the topography of this region, I may say that no one should attempt to go up these lakes without a guide. The islands are so numerous, the shoals so dangerous, the channels between the lakes so concealed, that it requires considerable skill to pilot your ship safely through its mazes. Fortunately Mr B. was thoroughly familiar not only with the islands, channels and rocks, but even with the very moods and temes of this capricious water so that he was able to conduct our expedi- tion to a most successful issue.
We first crossed the little lake and enter the large lake or Seven-mile lake through the narrows, where a "boom" of logs must be pushed aside to give us a passage. The course is laid for the dry tree, a somewhat conspicuous ob- ject on an island in the distance. After passing this we steer for Schoon- er Island, which has two trees some- what resembling mast, then for Green Island, and Hawk's nest. After pass- ing these we turn southerly, and leav- ing Meadow brook on the left, make for South channel leading into Two- mile lake. On our way up, we at- tempted to bag some loons, *Columbus Glaucialis* or Great Northern Diver. The loon, so well known by his loud and sonorous voice, is an extremely wary bird. His dexterity in diving and swimming under water is aston- ishing. They can remain under water from five to eight minutes and overtake and capture fish in their arrow-like speed. It is almost impossible for the sportsman to capture one unless he finds him on land, where he is nearly helpless, being unable to rise in flight when out

the water. We saw a group of three about a quarter of a mile distant crawing their necks and screaming in their usual reckless manner, and Mr B. sent a rifle-ball spinning over the lake in dangerous proximity to the divers. There was an immediate disappearance, but shortly after one of them in an apparently helpless condition floundered towards an island. We pulled cautiously to the spot, hoping to make a more intimate acquaintance with his loonship, and our sportsman landing, crept noiselessly around the island, expecting to see *Columbus* on the farther side. No *Columbus* appeared however, but about three-quarters of a mile away we saw the three birds sit- ting gracefully on the water and giving forth their notes of triumph. The old bird had evidently with malice pre- posed lured us to this island while the others took an opposite direction to- wards *Columbus Glaucialis* himself after his effective ruse. We kept on our way with an increased respect for the intelligence of the Great North- ern Diver.
The entrance into Two-mile lake is called South channel. This has in the dry season an alarming preponderance of rocks over water, and it requires muscle as well as seamanship to get a boat through it. We had a portage here of about two rods. The ornitho- logist at this place bagged two ducks. This is the species known as the dusky duck (*Anas Obscura*). This as all sportsmen know is a very wary bird and very difficult of capture. It is quite abundant in some parts of these lakes. We saw the young on the beech lake, but were unable to get them. We took dinner here and then pulled across the Two-mile lake, wrenched through an- other channel and found ourselves in the last and most beautiful of the lakes, called the Four-mile lake. In this lake there are no dry up-lytchly treads and very few rocks. The islands and banks are wooded down to the water's edge, and whichever way you may look the view is picturesque in the extreme.
On the left of the lake as we ascend, West river enters. This is sometimes good fishing ground, but we did not visit it. At the head of the lake is a white sand beach. Here we landed and had a very enjoyable swim. We then passed Entry Island and entered "Still Water," a deep sluggish stream running into the lake. I was informed that trout might be caught here, so we set up our rods, baited our hooks with the tempting *Lumbricus Terrestis*, and cast into the placid stream. The two thirteen-year-old boys pro- pelled us slowly forward, and presently Mr B. felt a decided pull on his rod. The next moment my line was running out with a vigor that promised good piscatorial sport. All listlessness was gone. One of the boys seized a landing-net, and in a few minutes a fine twelve-inch beauty was lying in the boat. Others followed in quick succession, and in the course of an hour or so we had about twenty fish ranging with a few exceptions from 12 to 14 inches in length.

A short distance above this we camped near a fine spring of water. The sharp ax now came into play, procuring fir-boughs for our tent and a generous supply of fire-wood for the night. The frying-pan (borrowed at Walton's) was ordered to duty, and a choice dish of trout with "rain-deer" coffee, made a welcome addition to our other delicacies. A beautiful star- light succeeded. Pegasus was chasing Andromeda in the east, further up was Cygnus with extended wings and out- stretched beak, in the zenith rested the Harp; while in the west Arcturus kept watch and ward over the Northern Bear. In the north, Capella was just rising from the mists of the horizon, while far to the south, shone the ser- yiced Antares in the tortuous Scorpion. The stillness of this far far-away camp was broken only by the occasional hoot of the owl. Brain did not put in an appearance much to his advantage, for our hunter slept with two loaded guns at his side.
The morning woke bright and beau- tiful, and so woke also the sleepers in the tent. The ear of the first notes of his favorites, and he was able to identify several species of warblers and fly-catchers, the Rusty black-bird, the

Nut-hatch (*Sitta Carolinensis*), Black snow-bird, Robin winter wren (*Troglodytes Hymenitis*), Black and White creeper (*Mniotilta Varia*), a very useful bird, the Black cap chickadee (*Parus Atricapillus*), and others. On inquiry, I was informed that the Mer- ganser or Goo-sander (*Mergus Merganser*) is found on these lakes. This bird when in full plumage is one of the most beautiful of the swimming birds, his brilliant red back and eyes contrast- ing finely with the deep black of his head and back and the soft white of his breast. He dives and swims under water as easily as the loon, but re- mains under only from one to two minutes, in which time he makes zig-zage in many directions after fish, often rising 300 feet from his place of diving. Another bird common in these waters is the great Black-back gull (*Larus Marinus*), much larger than the common Herring gull of Minas Basin. He nests in the unfrequented parts of the lake. We often saw them soaring above us with their majestic sweep. In the spring the Summer yellow-bird (*Dendroica Aestiva*) is very common in this region, nesting upon almost everyone of the islands so abun- dant here. The owls of this district are the Barred owl (*Syrnium Nebulosum*) and the Great horned owl (*Bubo Virginianus*), good specimens of which may be seen in the Kenville col- lection.
After breakfast, which caused a fur- ther disappearance of trout, get re- embarked and spent the morning in fishing, hunting and exploring. In the afternoon we visited Round Pond, two miles distant. This was an exit into Four-mile lake and an inlet, along slugh- ish stream, "Still Water," connecting with upper Round Pond. This Still- water is a famous fishing-place, and has yielded many large catches. The pond is nearly covered with lily-pads and is a favorite resort for the *Anas Obscura*. These birds feed on the seeds of the yellow lily. A trout from this Still-water had in its stomach the same seeds, showing that this fish is a vegetarian when animal food fails. Near this water the Indian pitcher plant (*Sarracenia Purpurea*) abounds beyond anything I had ever noticed before.
The threatening appearance of the weather determined us to hasten back to our camp. On our return our attention was attracted to the curious appearance of the granite in many of the boulders so common here. The minerals in the rock were in many instances very imperfectly mixed, the quartz, felspar and mica standing out distinctly in large particles, the latter especially showing its foliation beau- tifully. The ornithologist proposed to carry about a hundred weight of this to the boat for a sample, but we after- wards contented ourselves with smaller specimens. We broke camp about 16 o'clock, and pulled down carefully through Still-water, desirous of securing a few more speckled beauties. Our supply of the *Lumbricus Terrestis* was unfortunately about exhausted so that we could not offer our usual in- ducements. We took nearly a dozen however, the last one I captured scoring fourteen inches.

On our way down the lake we visited Meadow brook and North river. At the former place we took a few trout and pulled a large number of lilies—the delicate fragrant water-lily (*Nymphaea Adorata*). Near by and mixed indiscriminately with its aristocratic cousin, was the plebeian yellow pond-lily (*Nuphar Odorata*). These different species usually grow in differ- ent waters. They differ in other re- spects than color and odor, for in the former the fruit ripens under water while in the *Nuphar Odorata* it ripens above water. Mixed up with these was another cousin, the Water-shield (*Brasenia Peltata*), bearing its peculiar oval centrally-peltate leaf floating on the water, the small purple flower rather obscure, and its stem and underside of leaf coated with a clear jelly that was sufficiently manifest in handling. These three plants belong to the same family, the *Nymphaeaceae* or Water-lily Family, and represent all the northern genera of this family except one.
On our way down the lake we landed on a small island and obtained a collection of the shells of the fresh- water clam (*Unio*?) (?) The wind was pretty fresh on our home- ward trip, and the lake set up a very respectable sea. We found our boat none too large to ride the waves safely, and we had to exercise great care to keep of the many rocks lying just beneath the surface. We arrived at our landing without accident or further incident, and were soon en route for Kenville, finishing the last stage of a very pleasant and successful excu- sion. Nothing had occurred to mar the enjoyment of the trip except the readiness with which the despicable yellow perch (*Perca Flavescens*) would take the bait intended for his more respectable neighbor. His persistence in this direction was really remarkable. Our Kenville scientist calls this un- welcome fish "smoked herring," not I suppose from any inborn antipathy to that unpopuular but useful product of our inshore fisheries, but from a general resemblance between the two in color and form. Each re-appearence of *Perca Flavescens* would elicit the salute, "Here comes another smoked herring." We were especially favored by the entire absence, during our trip, of those blood-thirsty diptera which are such an annoyance to anglers during the last days of May. They appear in force the insinuating black-fly (*Simulium Molestum*), well named, to be followed by the different species of gnats or mosquitoes of which the *Culex Pipiens* is a good example. There are about thirty species of the *Culex*, each worse than the others, or as it has been well said, they mutually excel one another in the fine art of blood-letting.
So, gentle reader, if you wish to enjoy the beauty of these lakes with- out molestation, to capture trout with- out offering an oblation to the dagger-like labrum of the *Simulium Molestum*, to rest your wearied limbs at night undisturbed by the notes of the *Culex Pipiens*, make your trip in mid-summer.

Father and Son.
Blood tells in men. Sir Charles Napier, to whose military genius Wellington appealed to save India, was descended, on his father's side, from Napier, the inventor of logar- ithms, and from Montrose, the heroic Highlander; and, on his mother's side, from Henry the Fourth of France. His father, Col. Geo. Napier, was the handsomest man of his day, and so strong as to be able to squeeze a pew- ter quart flat in his hand. When Lord Cornwallis became Lord-Lieuten- ant of Ireland, he made Col. Napier comptroller of army accounts, saying, "I want an honest man."
The descendant of the accounts to order, and recovered several millions of pounds for the treasury. His first act was to abolish all fees, thereby reducing his own salary from twenty thousand pounds to six hundred per annum. Everybody was surprised at this unprecedented self-denial, for it was an age of jobbery, and office was valued for what one could make out of it.
Years after, his son Charles sur- prised Ali Pacha by a similar act of honesty. He had been sent by the

British Government on a confidential mission to the cruel, wily vizier of Epirus. The Pacha was fascinated by the Englishman, and gave him six thousand pounds to recruit soldiers for him. But when Ali refused to heed Napier's advice, the money was return- ed; and for a few days the Pacha's mind was perplexed at an act of hos- tility of which so Oriental imagination could conceive.
While resident at Cephalonia, as representative of the British govern- ment, he made the foudal chiefs under- stand that no oppression would be allowed. One day, a poor man bought a very fine fish in the market. As he was about to take it, the steward of a feudal lord came up and, seeing the fish, insisted on having it for his lord.
The peasant and the fish-dealer both hesitated to refuse. At that moment Napier was seen on horseback, at the end of the market. "Take your fish," said the dealer to the peasant. "We have laws now, and here comes the man who will enforce them!"
While he was in command of an army in India, he aimed to acquire moral influence over his troops. One day, at a festival, a native sword-play- er offered to cut an orange in halves on a man's hand, without injury to the member. No one of the soldiers, who were gathered around the swordsmen, offered his hand. But their general, who happened to be looking on, held out his right hand to receive the orange. The rank of the man made the swordsmen nervous, and he declared the hand unfit for the experiment. The left hand was promptly presented; it was fit, but the man hesitated.
"Perform your trick!" said Napier, sternly, placing the orange on the ex- tended palm.
The swordsmen, with a deep-drawn breath, cut downwards, and the orange fell in halves, the skin being but slightly halved, but not cut through. The soldiers cheered their comander.

The First Sign
Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.
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I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an al- terative, and must say that I honestly be- lieve it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D., 205 N. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.
It would be impossible for me to de- scribe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary re- lief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is com- pletely restored.—Mary Hain, Spring- field, Mass.

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