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A LITTLE FOREST MOTHER.

A legend of the ancient time
From monkish scroll was told to me,
A story of Saint Valentine
Still held in goodliest memory.

This ancient Saint loved forests wide,
And everything that dwelt therein.
The birds came flocking to his side
Their mating season to begin.

The last month of the winter came,
And happy birds would mated be,
The good Saint paired them off by name
But one must still unmated be.

The story saddens to relate
How very lone that bird must be,
In forests wide without a mate
To nest with her upon the tree.

She fluttered in the good Saint's breast
And breathed aloud a note of woe
"For me no soft and downy nest,
No love of birdlings ever know."

The good saint smoothed her ruffled wing
Looked kindly in her sad brown eyes;
"Another note is yours to sing,
Not heard before in sunny skies."

"A sweet, sad note of pitying love,
That orphaned birds shall learn full
well,
When making their sad plaint for food,
To mothers slain by archers fell.

"Tis yours to brood the unfledged things
To feed them with a mother's care,
To teach them how to spread their wings
With timid launch into the air."

The legend farther says 'tis true
This little bird of ancient time
In forests wide sings love-note new
The day that comes Saint Valentine.

For The Acadian.

COURTING.

Courting is the complaint we have down here, at present. It is raging chiefly among the unmarried. The men have it thoroughly: and since New Years day the women have been showing terrifying symptoms of having it too. I don't blame the women, they have a right to it; the almanac gives them a year now and then to work at their trade and I am pleased to see them work. I can't help but wish them success, and sincerely hope that the few circulars they have already issued saying they are "at home" may only be an inkling of what is coming. It is surprising how many of them a person can stand!

Courting for some years has been the leading industry in this locality, and it is flourishing as prevalently now as at any time since the flood. It is an old habit; but it shows no more signs of going out of fashion than finger nails. It is as natural to man as it is to post-masters to read post-cards, or

students to undervalue boarding-house food. When he takes it once, and has it bad, he is very prompt to take it again when the law allows; and in eleven cases out of nine he does.

The late Solomon once said—I don't want you to think by my speaking so familiarly of this gentleman that he was an intimate friend of mine: if he had been I would not have mentioned him, for I hate the way of advertising ones self by naming "big-bugs" they are acquainted with: I call him Solomon because I forget his surname—Well Solomon once said: "A man is as prone to wander as a hen is to want to set"; but it seems to me that he is just as prone to court and perhaps a shade prouder. There may be, however a considerable wander in man but there is more courting. The wanderingest man that ever lived was a courting man. He could wander up and down the streets, on Sunday nights, for two hours and a half after church was dismissed, and then tell his mother he stopped to enquiry meeting. I would here mention that the ignorance of this poor mother might be blissfulness I guess. Courting may be considered as a preface to house-keeping and gathering catnip. It is a transplanting of affections; that is, taking affections from a natural father and mother and setting them out in artificial ones, via their daughter. It changes a man's whole disposition as quickly and completely as seven dollars and a glass of brandy will change a voters attachment for a councillor. He then loves everybody, but more especially his new parents which he calls pa and ma, father and mother, or papa and mamma, whichever the daughter does. He loves every one of the family too, including the cat, as ardently as he does the parents. He declares the mother looks seventeen years younger than any of her younger sisters; and that the father is honest enough for an assessor. He knows their piano has a finer tune than any in the town (that is if they have a piano; if they have an organ it is their organ that has.) Their house is so pleasantly situated that he can't bear to leave it; and it never occurs to him until he hears the servant girl shaking at the hall stove, that it is to-morrow morning and that his father is calling him at home to get up and help milk. About this time, he inclines largely to hair oil; and he won't go anywhere except to bed without an external application of a hair and clothes brush.

Courting may be contagious but it is not dangerous. It makes the old feel young again. A man may get too old for tooth-ache and mustache dye, and occasionally too old for a young man in a trade, but he never gets too old to court.

The first courting I ever saw with the naked eye was done by a pair well

advanced in years. The man was 76 winters old, but he said he didn't feel as old as he did at 14 when he joined the Division; and the girl was 24 years by her teeth, and 53 by her mother's big Bible; but their courting hadn't a fault. Their hearts appeared to beat as one, and their chairs were one; and the happiness emanating from that chair, happiness brought on by a huge accumulation of affection in their brains, was pleasant to look upon. Smiling and feeling hands, interspersed with "This is the one I long have sought and mourned because I found him not, etc." feelingly melodized by the girl, comprised the entertainment. I was just thirteen when I saw this, young as I was though it made a deep impression on me. I concluded it must be something, and unadulterated at that, when it could make an old man forget his rheumatism and his first wife, and a fifty-three year old (we always go by the Bible up here) girl smile and sing.

Yours in ink,

H. HARBIE.

PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING

In his address to the editors of Indiana, at their recent meeting at Fort Wayne, Col. Pierce, of Chicago, presented the following thoughts with reference to advertising:

In presenting a beautiful sheet typographically one should remember the advertisers as well as the readers. A man lives to have his advertisement pleasing to look upon, catching the eye, and indicative generally of the advertiser. This class of patrons are so important to success that they should receive encouragement. Particularly should they be impressed with the desirability of keeping their wares before the public. A man never realizes the full benefits of advertising till he has placed the matter before the same people fifty or a hundred times. The first advertisement is good, but the one-hundredth is worth five hundred times as much as the first. Some one has said that the

First time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it.

The second time he does not notice it.

The third time he is dimly conscious of it.

The fourth time he faintly remembers something of the kind before.

The fifth time he half reads it.

The sixth time he turns up his nose at it.

The seventh time he throws the paper down impatiently.

The eighth time he ejaculates: "There's the confounded thing again."

The ninth time wonders if there's anything in it.

The tenth time he thinks it might possibly suit somebody else's case.

The eleventh time he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried it, or knows anything about it.

The twelfth time he wonders if the advertiser can make it pay.

The thirteenth time he rather thinks it must be a good thing.

The fourteenth time he happens to think it is just what he wanted.

The fifteenth time he, for a long time resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it.

The sixteenth time he examines the address carefully and makes a memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time he is tantalized to think he is hardly able to afford it.

The eighteenth time he sees painfully how much he is in need of that particular article.

The nineteenth time he counts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it.

The twentieth time he rushes frantically forth and buys it.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Nothing lasts so long as an amusing custom. For more than three thousand years it has been usual for young people to indulge in sports of a peculiar kind in the middle of February, some faint shadow of which still survives. There have been different accounts given of the origin of St. Valentine's Day. The following is one of them:

In the earlier ages of Rome, February was the last month of the year, and for that reason it was much devoted to the service of gods. The Latin verb *Februare* means to purify and to expiate, and hence this month was called by the ancient Romans *Februarius*, or the month of purification. The old Romans, doubtless, felt at the end of the year very much as we do, and said to themselves, "Let us clear off old scores, make up for neglected duties, and start afresh."

The most singular religious festival was held on the 15th of February, in a place called the Lupercal, where Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been nurtured by the she-wolf. There was a grove near by, in which there was an altar to Lupercus, the god of fertility, and hence the festival was called Lupercalia.

As time went on, and the gods were held in less reverence, the Lupercalia became more riotous, and the whole people gave themselves up to extravagant festivity.

But what of St. Valentine? How did his name become connected with a pagan festival? That is a point upon which "commentators differ."

St. Valentine, according to the old Christian records, was an eminent bishop, or presbyter, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, about the

Concluded on Fourth page.)