

Written for the Acadian.

Blue Jays.

Beautiful birds from the woodlands,

In your plumage of dark blue and grey

Welcome, three welcome to Wolfville,

And long may you peacefully stay.

I have heard that some boys want to kill you,

But I hope and I trust you'll be spared.

I cannot believe they would do it,

If they knew how much somebody cared.

It was not to be shot with an air gun,

And stuffed to be sold or to show

That God made you so active and useful

And gave your sweet voices, I know,

In His marvelous plan of creation

How useful the birds are to be found.

And He tells us that without His know-

ledge

Not a sparrow 'e'en falls to the ground,

Sent by your Maker, "Our Father,"

To lighten these dark winter days,

Fed and preserved by His goodness,

Sweetly you warble His praise.

Secretly you tell me about Him

Of His power, His love, and His care.

Dear little minstrel, you help me

Whisper of sorrow to bear.

Whenever you come to my window

And sit on that plum tree and sing,

You charm me away to your woodlands,

And I fancy the winter is spring.

And again in the wood's green recesses

I wander and see of your

Gathering favorite flocks of

And mosses, and ferns, from their throats,

Hearing the wind through the branches

That so thickly meet over my head,

Watching the sunlight glint through them

And fall on the mossy bed

Where my feet rest—while 'e'er me

And around me the birds chirped and sang—

And deep in my spirits recesses

The words of the Master sang,

As He spoke to the listening thousands

Of the grasses, the birds, and the flowers,

And then—how, in the woods, on the

mountain

He communed with His Father, and

our.

Beautiful birds from the woodlands,

Now a brook's music falls on my ear—

Beats of leafy moss sloping close to it,

Grassful ferns growing lovingly near,

Large trees from both sides meeting o'er

it.

As they bend low and lower to hear

A brook that I loved in my childhood,

A brook that to girlhood was dear.

Broad and deep it flowed on the re-

ceding,

O'er the stones that I stepped on to

cross,

Now and then playfully flinging

Its bright waters over the moss.

And afar through that cool, quiet wood-

land

Flushed and dreamlike its melody

grew.

Perhaps you have bathed in its water—

Perhaps you remember it too.

Beautiful birds from the woodlands—

Come to my window each day.

Welcome, three welcome to Wolfville,

And long may you peacefully stay.

Wolfville, January, 1900.

A Budget of Wit Compressed Into a

Small Space.

Should men who smoke wear "stove-

pipe" hats?

Let's see. On Fridays that marketmen are

the most sold.

To the women of fashion the sea's

beauty is only skin deep.

The man who woos a girl for her

money hopes to be clock-made.

"The Man With the Hoe" gets in a

good many digs at the plutocrats.

At the meeting of the Toppers' club

there is usually a full attendance.

The best way to throw dice is to throw

them away and quit gambling.

The minute a man tries to be a

"sponge" somebody ought to "soak"

him.

Whether or not a hero gets a monu-

ment depends on his dying at the right

time.

Benjamin Franklin, with his bottle

and his pen, was the first real

calculator.

Since he "stood on the bridge at mid-

night," it seems proper we should speak

of him as the late Mr. Longfellow.

A self-respecting man would be patron-

ized by a parrot. Even an orator, no

matter how shrill, from being "soaked."

Darwin's theory that man descended

from monkey is indignantly denied by

some men, so, doubt, monkeys are

just as indignant about it.

Pure Liquid Air.

The color of pure liquid air is a beauti-

ful pale blue. Before an eastern collie

Just What South Africa is.

You land in South Africa at the foot

of a mountain 2600 feet high. They call

it Table Mountain, and the wall of mist

that, excepting on very clear days, over-

hangs it, South Africans are pleased to

term the "tablecloth."

Presenting a front of solid rock 1000

feet in height, perpendicular as a wall

and for half a mile on top quite level,

this mountain offers the best natural

signboard on earth. Time and again

have English firms attempted with fabu-

lous sums to secure it for advertising

purpose, but as yet there has been no

success.

Table Mountain marks the tip and of

the Dark Continent. Below it lies the

city of Cape Town, a beautiful bay

stretching out in the foreground. On

the west the mountain breaks off abrupt-

ly, and the railroad skirts about it to the

interior. On the east it slopes off into a

hilly, picturesque formation known as

the "Lion's Back," and then gradually

descends into the Drakenburg mountains.

This is the only great mountain range

south of the Zambesi, and by noting its

location one may understand at a glance

just what South Africa is geographically.

Steaming along the east coast of Cape

Colony northward, you have the Draken-

burg in view nearly all the way to Beira,

a distance of 2000 miles. In Cape

Colony and Natal the mountains in

many places dip to the water's edge, and

with a field glass one may see on their

crags and peaks smoke curling up from

the native villages.

In Portuguese territory the mountains

recede slightly from the coast, and at

Delagoa bay there is an intervening

stretch of lowland 20 miles wide. At

Beira this has increased to 60 miles. At

the Zambesi the Drakenburg ends.

To get into the interior of South

Africa from any of the five east coast

landing places, Port Elizabeth, East

London, Durban, Delagoa Bay and

Beira, one must first cross a short extent

of lowland, and then ascend steep

mountains.

Having arrived there, the traveller is

confronted with a no less steep, five-

folded of the whole interior being a vast

plateau that extends to the Zambesi on

the north, the Atlantic ocean on the

west, and varies in altitude from 3000 to

6000 feet above the sea level.

A fringe of tropical country where

bloom the mango and the rose, where

flourish the orange, pineapple, lemon,

guava, grape, banana, and cotton and

the tea plant; a long stretch of mountains

running parallel with the Indian ocean;

the highest peaks of which are capped

with snow, and in whose valleys wave

trails of wheat and corn; a vast prairie,

dotted here and there with patches of

scrub woodland, mission stations and

immense farms with millions of sheep

and cattle grazing thereon; a few thousand

hamlets scattered like oases over a great

landscape; a dozen large towns where is

heard the clang of the American trolley

car, and the clatter of the police car;

and about which men cluster as they

gather to a jar of sweets; the remnant

of a once mighty zoological garden, in-

cluding many leopards, beautiful and

timid, baboons, antelope, jackals and

crocodiles, a few numbers of hippopotami,

and a few herds of buffalo, elephants and

giraffe; some iron ore, some coal, some

copper and a little silver; 40 miles of

gold and 100 acres of diamonds. This is

South Africa.—Ainslie.

Deception Practiced.

by Greedy and Profit-

loving Merchants,

They Try to Foist Imitation Dyes

on Their Customers When

Diamond Dyes Are

Asked For.

One of the Ladies Who Could Not

be Deceived.

Wise women are never deceived by the

untrue and deceptive statements of

greedy and profit-loving merchants and

dealers. When a storekeeper tells you

that some other make of package dye is

JUST AS GOOD as the "DIAMOND,"

he is surely trying to mislead and de-

ceive you. Successful salesmen depend

upon the use of Diamond Dyes; the use

of common dyes means spoiled material

every time.

Read the following letter sent to the

proprietors of Diamond Dyes by Mrs. A.

E. Parker, of Clarence, N. S.

"Please find money enclosed for Fast

Black Diamond Dyes for Cotton. I can

not get it here, but an effort some-

A Reconstructant

for Women.

Paine's Celery Compound

Rebuilds and Strengthens

the Disease-Injured

System.

It Bestows on Women What They

Most Require.

FULL NERVOUS ENERGY AND RICH

NOURISHING BLOOD.

The System is Perfectly and Per-

manently Built Up.

The healthy vigorous and ruddy-

cheeked woman with bright and spark-

ling eyes is joy to all around her. At

home and abroad she attracts the old and

young, and her influence is all powerful.

The half-sick and invalid woman is a

sad sight, and her presence chills the very

atmosphere that surrounds her.

Backache, headache, neuralgia, neur-

itis, nervous prostration, irregularities,

rheumatism and kidney and liver com-

plaints seem to be the general misfortunes

of women of every class.

To the women who suffer from any of

the ailments mentioned, Paine's Celery

Compound comes in at the great reconstruct-

ing, bringing to sick women the great

essentials of health—full nervous energy

and rich, nourishing blood.

Thousands of testimonials from women

establish the fact that when Paine's Celery

Compound is used, the nerves are

traced, tissue is built up, poisons are

expelled, the blood is made pure, the brain

is clear and active, and the cloudless face

and smiling eyes proclaim a condition

of perfect health.

See that you get the genuine Paine's

Celery Compound; see that the name

"Paine's" and the Stalk of Celery appear

on the wrapper and the bottle.

The Man Who Works.

The man who is so far advanced that

he likes the work he is doing, said Mr

Stogdolen, his reason for being hopeful

of himself. I suppose that the very great

majority of us go through the work we

have to get through it, skipping the hard

places when possible and thinking we'll

be glad when it's finished; but the next

job will be just the same. There will be

just about so many hard places in it,

and we'll be wishing just the same that

we could get through that job.

The fact appears to be that we are

always trying to elude the present job.

We mean well in a feeble sort of way,

and the next thing we tackle we are

going to do right up to the handle, but

when we strike that, when that becomes

the present work, don't we try to shirk

that, too? We do, indeed. And that's

what we do all through life—daily

putting off our best endeavors till to-

morrow. Kind of a miserable thing to

do, isn't it?

But occasionally you meet a man who

puts in his best ticks every day and re-

joices in the labor. He doesn't care a