# THE ACADIAN

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name 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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### "Extra!"

"Extra pa-per! Extra!"
It sounded here, now there;
And "All about the battle!"
Rung on the frosty air.

My lady of the mansion
Leaned o'er the balustrade,
And soon a lusty trio
The beckoning hand obeyed.

She paused to peer at headings.
Above the newsboys' din,
There came an eager whisper,
"Please, mama, did they win?"

Surprised, she dropped the paper,
A "wee one" stood below.
"I hope they did," she faltered.
"Why do you want to know?"

The faded cheek was glowing,
And she felt a little queer,
As the urchin proudly answered,
"My dad's a volunteer."

"Ah!" said the dear old lady
"Then you and I are kin,"
And picking up the paper,
She bade the boy "come in."

They conned the sheets together—
Clouded eyes and clear;
The colonel's gray-haired mother
And the son of a volunteer.

—*Helen M. Dickson.*

## His Majesty the Baby.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Until the bus stopped and the old gentleman entered we had been a contented and genial company travelling from a suburb into the city in high good fellowship, and our absolute monarch was evidently the wife of a well doing artisan, a wise looking, capable, bonnie young woman, and Baby was not a marvel of attire nor could he be be called beautiful He was dressed after a careful, tidy, comfortable fashion and he was a clear skinned healthy child; that is all you would have noticed had you met the two on the street.

In a bus where there is nothing to do for 40 minutes except stare into one another's faces a baby has the great chance of his life, and this Baby was made to seize it He was not hungry and there were no pins about his clothes and nobody had made him afraid, and he was a human soul. So he took us in hand one by one till he had reduced us all to a state of delighted subjection, to the pretended scandal and secret pride of his mother.

His first conquest was easy and might have been discounted, for against such an onset there was no power of resistance in the elderly woman opposite—one of the lower middles, fearfully stout, and, of course, a grandmother He simply looked at her—if he smiled, that was thrown in—for, without her knowledge, her arms had begun to shape for his reception—so often had children lain on that ample resting place. "Bless is little 'eart; it do me good to see 'im." No one cared to criticise the words, and we remarked to ourselves how the expression changes the countenance. Not heavy and red, far less dull, the proper adjective for that face is motherly.

The next passanger, just above Grannie, is a lady, young and pretty, and a mother. Of course; did you not see her look Baby over, as an expert at her sharpest? The mother is conscious of inspection and adjusts a ribbon his majesty has tossed aside, and then she meekly awaited approval. For a moment we were anxious, but that was our foolishness, for in half a minute the lady's face relaxed and she passed Baby. She leaned forward and asked questions and we overheard scraps of technical detail: "My first—14 months—sixteenth—always well." One was a lady the other a working woman; they had not met before; they were not likely to meet again, but they had forgotten strangeness and differences in the common bonds of motherhood. Opposite me a priest was sitting and saying his office, but at this point his eye fell on the two mothers, and I thought his lips shaped the words, "Sancta Maria" before he went on with the appointed portion.

Baby had wearied of inaction and had begun another campaign, and my heart sank, for this time he courted defeat. On the other side of Grannie and within Baby's sphere of influence was a man about whose profession there could be little doubt even if he had not had a bag on his knee and were not reading from a parchment document. After a long and serious consideration of the lawyer's smooth cut, clean shaven, bloodless face, Baby leaned forward and tapped gently on the deed, and then, when the keen face looked up in quick inquiry, Baby replied with a smile of roguish intelligence, as if to say: "By the way, that parchment would make an excellent drum; do you mind—a tune has just come into my head."

The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed and frowned at the insolence of the thing. No, he did not—there is a soul in lawyers if you know how to find it—he smiled. Well, it was not a first rate smile, but it was genuine and the next time he did it better and afterward it spread all over his face and lighted up his eyes. He had never been exposed in such a genial, irresistible way before, and so he held the drum, and Baby played a variation on "Rule, Britannia," with much spirit, while Grannie appeared for applause. "If he don't play as well as the band in Hyde park of a Sunday."

After a well deserved rest of 40 seconds, during which we wagged our heads in wonder, Baby turned his attention to his right hand neighbor, and for the balance of the minute, examined her with compassion—an old maid without question, with her disposition written on the thin lips and cold gray eyes. None of us would care to trifle with her. Will he dare? If he has not! That was his chief stroke of genius, and it deserved success—when, with an expression of unaffected pity he put out his soft dimpled hand and gently stroked her cheek, acting as if to say: "Poor thing, all alone, 'lone 'lone! I'm so solly, solly, so velly, velly, velly solly." Did I say that her eyes were tender and true enough to win a man's heart and keep it, and that her lips spoke of patience and gentleness? If I did not I repair my neglect. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth—no, no to-day, just when she inclines her head and Baby strokes her cheek again and cooes. "Pretty, pretty, pretty, and so velly, velly, velly good." Was that not a lovely flush on her cheek?—oh, the fool of a man who might have had that love! She opens a neat little bag, and as this is public affairs we watched without shame. Quite so; she is to be away all day and has got a frugal luncheon, and—it's all she can do in return. Perhaps he cannot eat it. I don't know, nor does she. Baby says are a mystery to her; but would he refuse that biscuit? Not he; he makes an immense to do over it and shows it to his mother and to all his loyal subjects, and he was ready to be kissed, but she did not like to kiss him. Peace be with thy shy, modest soul! The Christ child come into thy heart!

Two passangers on Baby's left had endured these escapades with patient and suffering diginity. When a boy is profoundly conscious that he is—well, a man, and yet a blind and unfeeling world conspires to treat him as—well, a child—he must protect himself and assert his position. Which he does to the delight of everybody with any sense of humor, by refusing indignantly to be kissed by his mother or sisters in public, by severly checking any natural tendency to enthusiasm about anything except sport, by allowing it to be understood that he has exhausted the last remaining pleasure and is fairly burned out. Dear boy, and all the time ready to run a mile to see a cavalry regiment drill and tormented by a secret hankering after the zoological gardens. These two had been nice little chaps two years ago and would be manly fellows two years hence. Meanwhile they were provoking and required chastisement or regeneration. Baby was to them a "kid," to be treated with contempt, and when in the paroxysm of delight over that folly of a law paper he had tilted one of the young man's hats that blase ancient had replaced it in position with a bored and weary air. How Baby had taken in the situation I cannot guess, but he had his mind on the lads, and suddenly, while they were sustaining an elaborate concern he flung himself back and crowed—yes joyfully crowed—with rosy, jocund countenance in the white of the eyes of the two solemnities One raised his eyebrows, and the other looked at the roof in dispair, but I had hopes, for who could resist this bubbling, shortling mirth? One laughs a glad, boyish chuckle, and the other tickles Baby just at the right spot below the chin—has a baby at home after all and loves it—declaiming aloud that he is a "jolly little beggar." These boys are all right. There is a sound heart below the little affections, and they are going to be men.

The outburst of his majesty cheered us all mightily, and a young woman at the top of the bus, catching his eye, waved her hand to him with a happy smile. Brown gloves, fine, but, perhaps 6, much worn, and a jacket also not of yesterday, but everything is well made and in perfect taste. Milk white teeth hazel eyes, Grecian profile—what a winsome girl!—and let me see, she takes off a glove—yes is wearing an engagement ring; a lucky fellow, for she must be good with those eyes and that smile. A teacher, one guesses, and to-day off, and then the three—her mother that dear woman with hair turning gray—will go upon the river and come home in the sweet summer evening, full of content. As soon as he gets a rise in the office they will marry, and she will also have her gift as every woman should. But where am I now? let the baby bear the blame.

We had one vacant place and that was how he intruded on our peace, but let me make one excuse for him. It is aggravating to stand on the edge of the pavement and wave your umbrella ostentatiously to a bus which passes you and draws up 15 yards ahead, to make your dangerous way along a slippery street with hansoms bout upon your life, to be ordered to "hurry up" by the impatient conductor and ignominiously hauled on to a moving bus. For an elderly gentleman of military appearance and short temper it was not soothing, and he might have been excused a word or two, but he distinctly exceeded. He insisted in language of great directness and simplicity that the conductor had seen him all the time; that if he didn't he ought to have been looking; that he (the colonel) was not a fox terrier, to run after a bus in the mud; that the conductor was an impertinent scoundrel and that he would have him dismissed, with other things and words unworthy even of a retired Anglo-Indian. The sympathy of the bus did not go out to him, and when he forced himself in between the lawyer and Grannie, and, leaning forward with his hands on his cane, glared at us impartially, relations were strained.

A cut on his cheek and a bristly white mustache half hiding half concealing, a cruel mouth, did not commend the new passenger to a peaceable company. Baby regarded the old man with sad attention, and at last he indicated that his fancy is to examine the silver head of the colonel's cane. The colonel, after two moments' hesitation, removes his hands and gives full liberty. On second thoughts, he must have got that cut in some stiff fight. Wonder whether he is a V. C Baby moves the cane back and forward to a march of his own devising, the colonel actively assisting. Now that I see it in a proper light his mustache is soft and sets off the face excellently. Had it not been the cut puckering the corner of the upper lip, that would have been a very sweet mouth for any man or even for a woman. Baby is not lifted above all human weaknesses—preserve us from perfect people—and he indicates a desire to taste as well as handle that silver head. The colonel is quite agreable—the most good natured man one could meet in a day's journey—but Baby's guardian objects, and history warns us of the danger which beset a collision between an absolute monarch and his faithful commons. We were all concerned, but the crisis is safe in the colonel's hands. He thrusts his hand within his tightly buttoned frock coat and produces a gold hunting watch—did you notice the crest—and—yes, just what every father has done for his baby since watches were invented—he blew, the lid flew open. Baby blew, the lid flew open faster and farther. "Reminds me of my boy at that age—killed on the frontier last year." Is much ashamed of his confidence, and we all look unconscious. What a fine simple old fellow he is.

"Saved up, has he," the colonel is speaking to the mother, "give Baby and you a week at Ramsgate! He's the right sort your husband. It's for Baby, not for you, to get him some folderol, you know. He's done a lot of good to a crusty old chap." And he passes something from his pocket into the mother's hand.

The conductor had taken in the scene with huge delight and closes it just at the right point. "Your club, general; just wait till the bus stops. Can you get near the curb, Bill? Now that's right; take care, sir, plenty of time."

The colonel was standing on the broad top step of the Veteran's smiling and waving his hand; the bus waved back, the conductor touched his cap, and Baby danced for sheer joy, since there is no victory like love.

### An Incident of the War.

After the battle at Modder River, a Boer, who would never fight again, lay in the corner of the garden with his rifle, a Martini Henri, poked through a crevice in the stones and still resting as he had fired it. A bloody bandage was about his left arm, showing where he had been wounded early in the day, and there was a big hole in his forehead. He wore a home-made bandolier of canvas half filled with cartridges, and his pockets were weighted with ammunition. The wall in front was spattered with blotches of lead and the garden behind littered with shrapnel

He had probably stayed there long after the others had left, holding his post to the bitter end. When the soldiers found him they stood about looking at him with respect. He had been a fighting man—they were fighting men. So they picked him up and laid him out under the shade of a tree while they dug his grave. No one knew who he was and probably no one of his friends would ever know how he died It was hard to guess his age even. He may have been thirty—he may have been forty five. The soldiers dug his grave, and they placed a cross, very roughly made but still a cross, at the head, and one of them took great pains to print the following legend on it in blue pencil:

Unknown Boer.
Died Fighting November 28,
Peace.

Then, not content, they gathered some bits of white limestone and lined out the borders of the mound.

It was Tommy Atkins all over to do this. He has a sentimental streak in him that crops out at odd intervals, and yet at times a strange indifference. Once over with the ceremony he seems to forget—funerals one day and football the next. He sings no martial songs. If he sings at all it is the "home and mother" song. As a general rule he has been kept too busy during the day, and at night is too tired. But he is generally cheerful, with an unthinking cheerfulness that reckons not the morrow or the cost.

### The Prince of Wales.

Here are some interesting facts about the Prince of Wales, which are condensed from his biography as written by his private secretary:

He is a colonel eight times over.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretarys, and a staff of clerks to assist him.

He receives 200 letters a day and answers most of them.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

His uniforms are worth $75,000.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England.

He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He started life with an income of $55,000 a year.

He loves to travel incognito in Paris.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost $75,000 a year.

He has friends in every nation, and speaks German, French, Italian, and Russian.

He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds.

He is 57 years old and has four grand-children.

When he was young he was very tender hearted and cried for days when a tutor left him.

He is said to be one of the best shots in England.

He sets the fashion in clothes for the whole world

He has thirteen university degrees.

He has made more speeches than any man in the world, but mostly short ones.

He owns the deepest mine in England.

He was the first christian to dine with the Sultan.


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### Believing in Yourself.

There's an entire sermon in the following which we find in an exchange, and it comes right home to every man and woman, protraying as it does the great fact that to have the right success in life we must believe in ourselves and set the mark of that success high enough so that it may demand our best efforts and loftiest inspirations. Here is the article alluded to:

There are few better protections against unworthy conduct than the fact of believing in yourself and taking a high estimate of what the future has in store for you. When men are discouraged and "down on their luck," and come to think that there is no future for them, they are particularly liable to temptation "What is the use," they think, "of trying? I do not amount to anything. I might as well take pleasure as it flies and let the future take care of itself."

Perhaps there are comparatively few of us that do not occasionly have these lowtoned moments. We loose sight of our ideals or become sceptical about them. You do not know what you are doing for a fellowman when you teach him to believe in himself by believing in him. You are bestowing a choicer gift than money or position. A great deal of the power of the gospel lodges itself in its capacity to invigorate self-respect by showing men that God cares for them, and revealing to them the dignity of their own nature and immortal destiny.

It has been verified a thousand times that when a great responsibility or dignity is imposed upon a man his best energies are enlisted in becoming worthy of it. A man who believes in his worth and future has always the inspiration of that motive. More sins often than we think can be traced to discouragement or the clouding of ideals.

### Small Fortunes Hid in Cannons.

When, five years ago, the Chinese men-of-war were about to go into action at the battle of Yalu, some of the European officers found that the native sailors had been in the habit of decorating the costly machine guns by keeping in them such articles as chopsticks, native dishes and money.

This sort of thing, says Tit Bits, is not totally unknown in the British service in the case of men who have charge of guns, and missing and eagerly sought articles have not uncommonly been found hidden away in the great guns. But cannons of the old fashioned kind have in many cases that have come to light been used as hiding-places for little hoards. Not many years ago there was found in a solitary cannon that stands in a fort at Shoreham, near Brighton, a parcel containing many beautiful gold articles of jewelry from which the precious stones had been removed, and in a gun at Peel Park, Bradford, there was not long ago found a wash leather bag containing seventy sovereigns.

At Liverpool there are certain old cannons which were taken from the Russians in the Crimean War, and from one of these, in 1897, some inquisitive children brought out a soldier's discharge papers, in which were wrapped notes to the value of over one hundred pounds. Several years before a discharged soldier had given notice to the police of the loss of his papers and the identical sum, he having been drinking when such loss took place. After the discovery he was traced and recovered the greater part of the money. The man had undoubtly hidden the money there himself for he lived close at hand. One of the cannons at Whitehall was, when cleaned, found to contain a large number of empty purses doubtless thrown there by some pickpocket.

### Fresh Eggs in Germany.

The Oregon *Agriculturist* says: "A plan for supplying the public with fresh eggs is being tried in Germany in the hope that it will increase the demand for a strictly fresh article. Egg depots are to be established in the principal cities, at which the quality and freshness of the eggs will be guaranteed. For every bad egg the purchaser is entitled to get 15 good ones. Every poultry man has to mark all eggs which he sends one of these depots in such a way that they can be traced back to him, and if it is found that he furnished bad eggs as fresh ones he will not be allowed to sell to the depots.


Minards Liniment Lumberman's Friend.