

THE ACADIAN

Married and Gone Away.

I open the door of a quiet house,
Unlocked my tears as well;
The odor of flowers is all about,
But she is not here, our Nell.
I dimly see through my falling tears,
Each in its old familiar place,
The many trifles her hands have touched
Sob as I miss the laughing face.

A vacant place at the table waits,
A thousand thoughts chime in all
At even when the deer ones gone
And those stretch the time to fall.
Married and gone away—our Nell—
The life of the home they say,
Ah, we could smile and see her wed;
But married and gone away!

The Way of the Old Traveller

When we reached Toledo I looked at my watch. We had barely ten minutes to get across to the Union depot and catch the Canada Southern train. It looked impossible, but to an old traveller there is no such word as *f*, *s*, *t*, *c*. I tossed my key into the nearest carriage, hurried my sister after him, ran down the platform like a mad man, tore the checks off my luggage (I always call my room my apartment), the check on my trunk, the checks, and my family physician, my physicians; there is so much embouchure and comp d'este in a pluriel, dragged my trunk to the carriage myself, and shouldered to the astonished hackman, "an extra dollar if we catch the Canada Southern!" How that man did drive. Easkey sat over the pavements of Toledo, over a telegraph messenger boy on this corner, and within an inch of going over a wheelbarrow at a crossing, but the wheelbarrow being alone, was more active than the messenger boy, and so got out of the way. Over the bridge like an arrow, to the Island house and here we are. I thrust the hackman's pay and extra fee into his house-pal, had the trunk off the carriage before he could touch it and whisked it up to the baggage room. "Train?" I yelled. "Lively now—have tick's in mind?" Away I flew to the ticket office, knocking people right and left, followed by the impudent, others and pleasant remarks of the multitude. "Ticket? Train?" I shouted to the agent, snatched up my ticket, threw down my money, ran away without my change and found my trunks checked. I seized it by the remaining handle, yanked it off the truck, and had the my now stricken family along with the other hand, I flew toward the truck where the Canada Southern should be standing. But a quiet, grave-looking man with a railway uniform stopped me. "Where are you going?" he said quietly. "Detroit?" I yelled. "Gone, of my way, I'll ride you down."

"But your train is not ready," he said, persuasively, "it doesn't start for nearly an hour yet. You should not get excited. The baggage master will take care of that trunk and I will call you when the train is ready. The waiting room is just at the further end of the station."

Any man's water liable to run down who looks above railway stations and stop, but that is no reason why they should be lost. There is too much hand waving, gesticulating about our American railway stations. There should be more privacy, more exclusiveness. At every railway station where people of the upper classes are liable to be mixed as to the standard and running time of detective watches and then led into somewhat extravagant action, there should be a long, deep, dark hole, about fifteen miles long, extending under the nearest range of mountains for the citizens of the upper classes to retire into until the coarse hilarity of the vulgar crowd should have expended itself.—*Berkeley in Broadway Eagle.*

Zulu Courtship.

When a young Zulu gains his "gown ring" (which is a ring worn upon the crown of the head, and is obtained by performing some deed of valor, or by special gift of the king, and which stamps him as more distinguished from a "boy"), his first duty is to get married, and if he has not the necessary means to purchase a wife, he must raid some one's kraal and steal them. When he has chosen the lady, he makes their intentions known to the family, and they commence operations by praising him when he is present, as he never was praised before and never will be again, until he gets another wife. The girl, after some coaxing, consents to see him, and he, washing and oiling dress, and sending a messenger to announce his coming, presents himself with a shield and assegai to the family, who will be squatting in a circle near the house of the lady. He squat among them, and presently the lady of his dreams appears, attended by two or three female friends about her own age.

She looks him over for some time, and finally requests him, through her brother, that is not being etiquette to speak to him direct, to rise and turn round and round, displaying his proportions, under a running fire of mischievous comments from the girl friends of the finance department; she, keeping a discreet silence, awards him permission to squat again, and retires. The family rush to hear her decision, but she is not inclined to be hasty, or seem too easily won. "I have not seen him walk—he may limp," she says, and so the poor fellow will be come again next morning when he will probably be accepted.

The idea that the Zulu or Kaffir girl has no voice in the matter of choosing a husband is a mistake one, and although powerful moral reasons may be brought to bear, no conscientious Zulu would dream of raising his hand to beat a woman or girl into submission. He may

kill his wife, for she is his, he bought her; but he will not ill-treat her. Of course, there are exceptions; but such a husband would find a difficulty in procuring more wives.

Would not Exchange.

I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belong to a man who totally refrains from all that can invigorate his brain or strengthen his nervous structure, the elasticity with which he bounds from his coach in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and grandeur of surrounding nature, I say sir, I would not exchange my consciousness being as a steady temperature, the sense of renovated youth, the glad play with which my pulse now beats healthful music, the bound vivacity with which the life blood courses its exciting way through every fibre of my frame, the communion high which my healthy ear and eye hold with all the gorgeous universe of God, the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky, the bloom, the beauty, the variety of the earth, the music of the air, and of the water, with all the grand poverty, though associations of externa, nature reposed to the five avenues of sense; no sir, though some point its due finger at me as I passed through want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save my critics need my walking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and noblest wrath that ever encircles a statesman's brow; nor if some angel commissioned by heaven or some demon sent fresh from hell to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempe me back, with all the vanity and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind; this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path, so help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my feet all the gifts the universe could offer and live and die in sin, post and sober.—*Extract from Marshall's great speech when he gave up drinking.*

The Seven Books of the World.

The seven Books of the world are the Koran of the Mahomedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Books, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians was first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikas of the Buddhists contain sublime moral and pure aspirations, but their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings—king meaning web of cloth, or the wrap that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethical-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindus, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson, and Whately, that they are not older than eleven centuries B. C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zarathustra, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries B. C., and, therefore, has a clear margin of 300 years older than the more ancient of the other sacred writings.

The Pulpit not a Bill Board.

Demonstrations are being made against the two common practice of clergymen being utilized as a means of advertising meetings and entertainments of various kinds. Barely over a Sunday passes on which a number of secular amusements are not made from the pulpit, the effect of which is that the minds of the people are burdened with a batch of business affairs, to the exclusion of better things. The pleasure and profit of the services are interfered with, and instead of thinking about the sermon the congregation finds itself trying to keep in mind the date and hours of the meetings they have heard announced. Pulpit advertising is very much out of place and the clergy should set their faces against it. True enough, it is not the clergy who are primarily to blame, but those who put these business announcements in their hands; but a remonstrance from the clergymen would have a salutary effect. Strictly congregational announcements can hardly be avoided, although even these should be as few and as brief as possible, but for the semi-secular, semi-religious announcements there is no excuse. The pulpit was never intended for a bill board.—*Montreal Star.*

NOTICE TO MORTGAGEES.—Are you disturbed at night and troubled of thought by a sick child suffering and crying with a toothache? If so, send us one cent and a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no substitute about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, relieves the stomach and bowels, eases pain, cools, softens the tongue, reduces inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP" and take no other kind.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Use Stevey's East India Liniment. 12

The Nova Scotia Telephone Co. are putting their wires on the poles between Truro and Amherst.

Strength in Quietness.

Quiet women are the women of power.

Youth fades, love drops, the leaves of friendship fall—

A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

She will not believe her dimpled darling must die. The baby eyes look to her for help—and there is help. Hasten to the nearest druggist and procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Emulsion. This is the best remedy for your child may be required for its consumption.

One pill a dose. One pill a dose.

"Parson's Pills contain

nothing harmful, are

safe to take, and

cause no inconvenience.

A perfect specific, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Love that Lives.

Youth fades, love drops, the leaves of

friendship fall—

A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

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