

Choice Miscellany.

WHEN HE WAS LITTLE.

At nightfall, by the firelight's cheer, My little Margaret sits me near, And begs me tell of things that were When I was little, just like her.

At little lips, you touch the spring Of sweetest, sad remembering; And hark and heart flash all aglow With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's bedside sit, Youngest of all who circle it, And beg him tell me what did he When he was little, just like me. —Lucile Moon.

TURNED AWAY.

"Well, yes, I can spare you a dime, I guess," he said as he propped the coin and handed it to an old man, whose eyes might almost on sight be a vagrant.

"What made you do that?" inquired a bystander, when the mendicant had passed on. "Don't you know that every cent given to that class is an encouragement to vice?"

"Wait a bit until you hear my story. I was only a boy when I first left England. Like some other boys I got into a bit of trouble with the law, and, as a matter of fact, I ran away. Father was terribly put out with me, and the last words he spoke were to disown me. I wrote several letters home after reaching this country, but never a one was replied to, and I finally decided to paddle my own canoe and make the best of it. Ten years after my arrival here, and when living in Chicago, I stood in front of a theater one bitter cold night, and an old man came up and began to tell me a pitiful story, I was waiting and looking for a party who was to meet me, and therefore paid little attention to the beggar. I did not even give him a square look in the face. He turned from me to another with his story and I heard him say:

"I am hungry and penniless. For God's sake have compassion on a poor old man!"

"You go away or I'll have you arrested!" was the unfeeling reply, and the old man staggered off into the night.

"Well, later on in the evening I got to wondering where I had heard the old man's voice before. I felt that it had a familiar sound, and yet I could not place it, and the thing worried me so that I could not sleep before midnight. Next morning, as I reached the corner of State and Sixteenth street on my way to work I saw a crowd gathered before a door, and a boy told me the body of an old man who had been frozen to death on the street was inside.

"It came to me like a flash that this was the one whose had addressed me, and I entered the place. They had his face covered, but I removed the handkerchief. As true as there is a Heaven beyond us that was the dead body of my old father! I learned in time that mother was dead, and that father, finally forgiving me for my boyish prank, had set sail for America to hunt me up. Thieves plundered him of his every dollar, and he had tramped a year like an old vagrant, hoping to find me. As I had not written to him for years he had no clue, but depended solely upon accident. Accident brought us face to face at last, but I repulsed him. He was granitic and puny, and I refused him a paltry trifle. I tell you it went hard with me to call up these things with his pinched, pale face before me and his voice forever stilled!"

JAY GOULD'S LAST DRINK.

In the days when Jay Gould was a surveyor in a small way and was mapping a country, on the practical plan of getting lodgings and meals of the farmers in exchange for making correct maps and plans, I tell you it went hard with me to call up these things with his pinched, pale face before me and his voice forever stilled!"

MAYBE HE WAS.

For two or three hours yesterday forenoon a man walked up and down in front of the Grand Circus Park having a sign on his breast reading: "I am blind." While some pedestrians passed him without notice, others contributed to his wealth, and at noon he sat down in one of the parks to enjoy a bit of bread and cheese. This sign was placed on the bench beside him, and the two young men who sat down opposite had no idea of his ailment. Pretty soon one of them began to mock the old man as he ate, and it wasn't a minute before the mendicant shouted:

"You want to quit that, young man!"

"What?"

"I'll want you! I'm old and ragged, but I won't put up with any impudence from any young rascal."

"Oh you hitch yourself to a lead wagon!" sneered the young man.

"What's that? I'll learn you to make fun of me!"

He rushed for the boys and ran them out of the park. Then returning to his bench he finished his luncheon, hung the sign to his neck, and calmly returned to his promenade on the sidewalk.

LEARN TO SAY "NO."

I care not how orthodox is a man's creed, or how eloquent may be his prayers in public, if he has never learned to say "no" to the demands of fashion, and pride and luxury, he is but a sorry specimen of the Christ man.

editor you with him well and bid him good day. Editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with him; don't try to do it; he has no time for argument while at his work. When you write to an editor for publication, make it short—hold it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject, and be sure and stop writing when you are through. Editors always like to have something fresh and original in the way of communication, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be the judge of what is worth publishing. Of course every writer thinks his own production the best, just as every mother thinks her own baby the prettiest that ever was born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If he is too stupid to appreciate a good thing, you can't expect to remedy his dullness. You may think you are a good deal smarter than the editor, and that may be true, but the editor may be responsible, and you are not. There is no class of men so anxious to please the majority of the people as editors are. There is no class of people so conscious of the good opinion of others. It is well to remember that.

EAGER TO ADVISE.

It is laughable to witness the satisfaction and interest with which four or five hundred people watch the antics of a busy horse on a crowded highway. Such an episode never fails to create a feeling of friendship and intimacy among the lookers-on. The little formalities of life are forgotten, and every man's neighbor is his brother for the time being. A horse recently balked in Chicago, says a Western paper, and a reporter took down the following utterances from the crowd immediately assembled.

"Twist his ears."

"Kick his knees."

"Blindfold him."

"Be gentle with him," this in a feminine voice.

"Tie a rope around him."

"No, don't."

"Show him an ear of corn."

"Kick his knees."

"Recite poetry to him."

"Hitch another horse to him."

"No, no!"

"Let me take the reins."

"No you don't."

"I'll hit him with my loss for 'bout a minute and a-half."

"I'll start him."

"Milk you would."

"You'd see."

The horse suddenly walks away; so also does the friendly crowd.

TEA.

In 1662 the duke of York held court at Heliwood as High Commissioner, and introduced tea into Scotland. The acceptance of the herb was slow; for many years it was used as a medicine, and the price of a pound, even as late as 1715, was twenty-five shillings sterling, or six dollars and twenty-five cents.

A century ago Scotch farmers' wives used to prepare tea for their guests by carefully removing the liquor in which the tea was boiled, as it was thought to be unwholesome. The boiled tea-leaves were served up with butter or honey.

When tea was becoming a beverage British country magistrates and civic corporations denounced it, on the ground that its consumption might produce national enmity. A convention in 1763 passed a resolution condemning the use of tea, or the ground that it lessened "the consumption of malt liquors and spirits made of grain [whiskey], the growth of the country."

At a meeting the farmers pledged themselves to refrain "from indulging in that foreign and unwholesome luxury called tea," as it would be an improper diet to qualify them "for the more manly and robust parts of our business."

What a touching lesson of self-denial we behold in every crutch, and in every "empty sleeve" of those heroes in blue whom we yet meet on all our public thoroughfares! These noble men counted not their limbs dear, if only the nation might be saved, and freedom might triumph—yet there are thousands of professed Christians who are unwilling to deny themselves the paltry gratification of a glass of wine, or ale, in order to help the sentiment of total abstinence to become popular, or to aid in saving the weak brother who stumbleth. "They know they are setting a bad example when they use or offer the poison-cup. They know that they are throwing their influence on the side of tipplers. Yet because it is "genteel" to partake of wine or punch they do not hesitate to "take a drop" in the social circle. Perhaps they thrust the deceiver before some weak temptible friend, to his everlasting damnation! If the drunkard shall "not inherit the kingdom of heaven," what right has a professed Christian to ask to be admitted to heaven if he has helped to make a drunkard of his neighbor? I fear that God will say to the "pious" tempter, "That man's blood will I require at thy hands."

Paul acted with a truer spirit of Christ when he uttered the noble precept, "It is good not to drink wine whereby my brother stumbleth."

SCIENCE AND THE WEATHER.

The day before the recent terrific storm on the Atlantic coast signals were up at the government stations from morning till night. Vessels were warned not to put out to sea that day, but to hug the harbor. The warning was obeyed, and the ships stayed at home. The storm came to time duly, and was a howling tornado. Telegraph wires were blown down in the eastern states. In several places ferry boats could not make their usual trips. At Conway Island great damage was done. Pavillions were blown away utterly. At New York not an iron-bound steamer could cross the past Sandy Hook. Several waited outside until the blow was over. It was one of the severest storms known for years. Yet such were the precautions taken in consequence of the signal-service warnings, that very little damage was done to vessels. One schooner, already out at sea, was wrecked. Fifty years ago such a storm would have been widely disastrous.

A new way to make an apple pudding is, make a patty of flour, sweet milk and one egg, with baking powder in proper portion; pare and core six tart apples, stem them in a very little water until they are quite soft then heat the apples into the patty. This is to be baked in a buttered earthen pie plate, it should be a deep plate, this is to be eaten with cream and sugar, or if cream is an impossibility use butter instead.

If you have any doubt of the value of Egan's Preparation as a cure for Consumption, Scrofula, Rheumatism, and all wasting diseases, write to any Physician whose name are on the circular, and get their opinion about it.

W. & A Railway.

Time Table

1885—Winter Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 23 November.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accom Daily, Accom T.F.S. Daily, Exp. Daily. Rows include Annapolis, Heliwood, etc.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accom M.W.F. Daily, Accom Daily. Rows include Heliwood, Annapolis, etc.

N. E. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, one hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Empress will leave St. John for Annapolis and Heliwood every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning same days.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning same days.

The steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis every Thursday p. m. for Boston and returns from Boston every Monday p. m.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday p. m. on arrival of W. C. R. Y. train from Digby. Returning leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.30 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Yarmouth, Portland and Boston. Returns of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Yarmouth, Portland and Boston at 6.30 a. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Jones, General Manager, Kentville, Oct. 26, 1885.

W. B. & N. CO.

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HEAD THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS: Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

Dr. Norton: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Burdock Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs. John Grant

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

As Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denson, was sick with Rheumatism for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liniment and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

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June 26, '85, 1 1/2