

THE ACADIAN

Choice Miscellany.

A Tennysonian Tramp.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
O'er the railroad ties, O, dee!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the dry goods clerk,
As he yells for the cash boy small!
O, well for the schoolboy's smirk,
As he smiles on the maiden tall.

And the heavy freight glides by,
And her red lights fade from view;
O, for the smell of a home-made pie,
And the smoke of an oyster stew.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
By the side of the rails, tra-lee;
But the sweet embrace of a buckwheat
cake,
Will never come back to me.

A Bachelor's Confessions.

For a number of years I have possessed the qualifications necessary to a membership in a bachelor's club, but after watching such institutions, I have concluded that they are dangerous. Few bachelors know what a woman can do when she has an incentive.

Was I ever in love? Scores of times. Before I had reached an age of discretion I did nothing else but fall in love. My wasted affections, had they been concentrated, would have kept a wife in affluence until the celebration of a diamond wedding, but as it was, they never came to anything.

That is why I fell in love with myself. This display of amorous prodigality I find to be more satisfactory, though it doesn't yield a dividend in proportion to the amount invested.

Ah me! I have grown old and callous, but even now I look backward and see nothing disfiguring about the wart on Mary Brown's chin, while an expression of my views as to the freaks on Sally Smith's nose would give me a front seat in Boston theatres.

From the first emotion in my susceptible bosom, when I became enamored of a corpulent and somewhat antiquated nurse-maid, down to the time when, as a hulking boy, I tested the capacity of my lachrymal glands over a boyish side of femininity, wrote verses and tried to grow pale, and exhibited a singleness of devotion that would have mollified a most exacting Juno.

And it all came to naught!

How many nights had I lain planning for the future, until at last I fell asleep at half past 8, to dream that the stentorian tones of the pater familias, rolling up the stair-way in the chill of winter's dawn, were the exulting shouts of some lawless hero of boyish literature, who was spitting away my prospective bride.

It all came to naught, and the girl in the tiny pines married—but, alas, for the romantic cavities of a handi! In the commonplace manner of the nineteenth century she exchanged the quaint Scotch name of her ancestors, and, in the ordinary course of nature, is handing the new designation down to posterity. I never think of the name without wanting to thrust it into the offensive progenitor.

The dear little soul once wrote me a letter so full of happiness, of Henry and of the children, that nothing but a knowledge of the domestic relations of certain others of my acquaintance prevented me from cursing myself for a fool.

But, alone, I have jogged along by easy stages, passed many a mile-stone in the direction of the great terminus, and I have grown to appreciate crawling into a cold bed with colder feet, possessed of a certainty that the cat is out—or if it isn't, that I don't care—and that if the freeze cracks a water picher down stairs it belongs to my landlady.

If, as it sometimes happens, my lachrymal grates in the lock at what may be called unseemly hours, I feel a pardonable pride in flinging wide the door, as if scouting the bare imagination of its concealing some female Jack-in-the-box.

Yet sometimes the sad, reproachful eyes of Sally Smith, Mary Brown and the girl in the tiny float around my drowsy pillow amid the odoriferous fumes of rare half-and-half until I am unable to decide whether Sally had the wart, Mary the freckles, or the girl in the tiny float the combination, and finally compromise the matter by falling asleep.

Trenchery.

You sit on the shore with the great ocean before you—the surf breaking so gently on the sands that the sounds make a dreamy, monotonous music—the waters shimmering in the sun as if they were never to foam and rage again—plank or beam or spar lazily floating beyond the bar. The heavens are a deep blue—the wind is but a zephyr, too weak to create a ripple, and the few cloudlets are a pure white and tell of a serene day. You have no fear of the great ocean which stretches away before you to the other side of the globe. The beetle hovers in the earth beside you—the flies hum and drone in a sleepy way, and you feel at peace with all mankind. You could not feel safer in your own chamber at home.

See! Far out beyond the bar there is a commotion of the waters. There is no foam, no splashing, no warning, but those who caught the disturbance note the formation of a wave half a mile long. It is as if a great whale had silently risen to the surface and rolled the waters away from him. The wave is not form-crested. It does not approach like a wave driven by the wind. It comes stealing in silently, swiftly, menacingly. There is no roar—no confusion. A chip riding on its crest would not be lost to the eye for a minute. Like the tread of fate—like the grim front of an army—as the tiger creeps nearer before its spring, and

the half-asleep lounge on the sands whose sight is upon the white sails far away, is suddenly surrounded and put in peril of his life. In ten seconds the waters have rolled back and left the sands clear, and there is a dash of foam on the bar, as if the old wrecks lying and buried there were rejoicing in the treachery of the sea.

We are rocking lazily on the ground swell off the inlet, the men, tired of fishing, lying about smoking; the women watching the ships further out; the children washing their bare feet in the water and dropping a book occasionally for the horrid sea spiders to cling to. What danger here? Half a mile away there is a ripple on the surface. It is as if a knife blade was cutting the water. It comes in a line almost as straight as a carpenter could draw. By and by the children see it and shout and splash their feet in an enthusiastic way. They are still at it when a strong hand draws them back one by one, and next instant the great mouth of a shark opens wide where the little feet had splashed, and a hundred cruel teeth dash together just a little too late.

We sit on a rock in the shade of a pine, spyglass in hand, and read the name of a schooner making her gallant way along the coast. Every sail is new and white—every sail is rounded out by the breeze—the glass enables us to count the men as they pass along the decks. The white-eyes leap up about the speeding vessel, and under her bows is a roll of foam which tells of spray on her decks. We lower the glass for a minute to watch a bit of a wreck driving ashore. It is only for a moment, but as we lift it again there is a roar and a scream in the air. A cloud swiftly obscures the bright sun, and when it passes away the schooner is bottom up before our eyes, and her crew drowning as the white-topped waves beat them about.

Everybody's Friend.

He was that from his cradle in a negative, passive sort of way. He never cried and asserted his rights but lay still and sucked his thumb and blinked and stared at the great world as if trying to solve the riddle of being in it.

And when he became a schoolboy he was the one to stay home when mother was sick, to do the chores and run errands. And all he got was black marks against his name for being tardy, and a reprimand from his father for not learning more.

It was so in everything. He never had a slice of bread, particularly large and wide but what it fell on the floor, and always on the buttered side, and there never was any jam for his slice, but he didn't mind. He would rather go without than have somebody else miss it.

And when he came to man's estate and learned to love a dear girl, she turned a cold shoulder on him, to "glad" his brother with her soft dark eyes. And he gave her up without a murmur, only too thankful that he might suffer and be strong, in her service.

And when in middle life he was a comfortable bachelor with a snug competence, the brother failed and she would have starved, but that he came forward and offered his savings and helped them up again. And they gave him the attic bedroom and a comfortable bed to show their gratitude.

It was then he was first called "everybody's friend," but with the title was conveyed the idea, that he was a little touched in the upper story. Why should he always persist in making a vicarious sacrifice of himself if he were not a little "off," as we say nowadays; "daff" as the Scotch phrase it.

The years rolled on and "everybody's friend" prospered, in spite of helping others to their feet continually, and again he amassed a snug little fortune, when a young man in whom he had "perfect confidence," whom he trusted as "a brother," forgetting how brothers are to be trusted, asked him to sign his bond for an important official position. He did so cheerfully, and when the young man and the official funds vanished together he paid his obligation and was again penniless.

But such a cheerful beggar! The brother had gone with his family on a pleasure tour abroad, and their house was rented for a term of years. All the other relatives had months enough to feed there was no place in the world, apparently, for everybody's friend.

Just then he went and "got run over." That is the way his relatives worried it. It was the beginning of a hard, cold winter, and he was disabled. There was nothing left, so he went to the public ward of the hospital.

He was as cheerful and serene, as much everybody's friend as ever. When he could hobble about he helped everybody within reach, and took what he could get for himself. Of all the people he had helped not one came to give him a cooling orange or a bunch of grapes, or better still, a kindly word.

One day he overheard the nurse talking with the doctor.

"We want that bed for a very sick patient," she said with a backward nod of her head; "he must go into the convalescent ward."

"He must go to the poorhouse," said the doctor. "He is as well as he will ever be, and unless his friends come and take him out he will be a county charge the rest of his life."

"Well, we want that bed," reiterated the nurse, and they moved away.

He lay that night staring at the shaded night-lamps and the white beds, as he had lain and stared at the world long ago. It seemed like a long, sad dream to him—that all his hopes should have come to this, and the lights swim in tears—the first and the last that ingratitude should ever cast forth. The next morning the nurse hustled to meet the doctor and told him that the out they needed was empty. Everybody's friend had been accommodated to the last.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicine no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boerhaave's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to the increase in the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for ten cents remain the same size.

STILL ANOTHER.

DIPHTHERIA CURED.—I hereby certify that Minard's Liniment cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of Diphtheria, after all other remedies failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that dreadful disease. JOHN D. BOUTLIER, French Village, Halifax Co., Jan., 1883.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.: Gentlemen.—We consider Minard's Liniment the best value of any in the Market, and cheerfully recommend its use. Dr. J. H. HARRIS, Bellevue Hospital, Dr. F. U. ANDERSON, F. R. C. S., Edinburgh, M. R. C. S., England;

The latest news from all quarters is to the effect that the REMEDIAL COMPOUND is accomplishing all and more than all that has been claimed or could be expected of it. Its effects upon the female system is marvellous. See another column.

If your horses, cattle, sheep, swine or poultry are expected to pay a profit, or improvement in their general condition desired, feed them the V. C. Stock Feed & Condition Powder. Best in the world. See adv. in another column.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. (13-11-85)

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000
HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Matured and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company:

No. 1149. JAMES FOREST, Guelph, \$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium \$92.04

In the following statement the premiums are such as were paid after being reduced by surplus. The right hand column gives the interest compounded at 5 per cent till the day the Policy was paid.

1st prem \$92.04	10 yrs comp int \$57.88
2d " 92.04	" " " 50.74
3d " 92.04	" " " 43.94
4th " 92.04	" " " 37.39
5th " 92.04	" " " 31.04
6th " 92.04	" " " 25.00
7th " 92.04	" " " 19.25
8th " 92.04	" " " 13.80
9th " 92.04	" " " 8.53
10th " 92.04	" " " 3.27
Total \$733.33	Interest \$256.90
Amount of Policy paid	\$1,000.00
" of 10th yr's surplus paid	27.57
Total paid to Mr. Forest	\$1,027.57
Prem's pd by Mr. Forest \$733.35	
Comp int on same at 5% 256.90	990.25

As an investment Mr. Forest's Policy returned \$37.32 more than all premiums paid him, with compound interest at 5% added, in addition to his life insurance of \$1,000, for ten years from age 42 to 52.

Full information at Avonport, N. S.

J. B. Newcomb,
General Agent for Nova Scotia
Avonport, July 6th, 1886
Rev. J. B. HEMMEON, Special Agent.

Boar For Service.

The subscriber has for service a fine White Chester & Essex Boar. Terms, 50 cents at time of service, or 75 cents on time.
ALBERT MINER.
Wolfville Hill, Nov 12, '86

Berkshire Boar!

The subscriber has a Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar for service at reason berates. JOHN T. DAVISON, Greenfield, Oct 15, 1886

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'86-SPRING!-'86.

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Begg to call attention to his stock of Carriages for the spring trade, in CONCORD and WHITE CHAPEL styles. He is also prepared to build Carriages in any style required, including the VILLAGE CART, at shortest notice, and will guarantee stock and workmanship in every thing turned out of his establishment.
Wolfville, April 23d, 1886

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A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway.

Time Table
1886—Winter Arrangement—1887.
Commencing Monday, 22d November.

GOING EAST.	Accom.	Accom.	Exp.
Daily.	TTT.	Daily.	TTT.
Annapolis Leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
14 Bridgetown	7:00	7:10	2:30
28 Middleton	"	"	"
42 Aylesford	"	"	"
47 Berwick	"	"	"
30 Waterville	5:40	10:15	4:30
64 Port Williams	6:00	11:10	4:30
66 Wolfville	6:10	11:19	5:08
69 Grand Pre	6:25	11:32	5:18
72 Avonport	6:40	11:45	5:29
77 Hantsport	6:58	12:05	5:44
84 Windsor	7:50	12:55	6:10
116 Windsor June	10:00	3:23	7:35
130 Halifax arrive	10:45	4:10	8:10

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accom.	Accom.
Daily.	[M.W.F.]	Daily.	[M.W.F.]
Halifax—leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
14 Windsor June	7:00	6:15	2:30
46 Windsor	7:40	7:10	3:30
53 Hantsport	9:00	10:05	5:35
58 Avonport	9:22	10:37	6:08
61 Grand Pre	9:35	10:55	6:24
64 Wolfville	9:44	11:10	6:34
66 Port Williams	9:54	11:25	6:47
71 Kentville	10:30	12:25	7:10
80 Waterville	10:57	1:02	"
83 Berwick	11:22	1:40	"
88 Aylesford	11:55	1:17	"
102 Middleton	12:02	2:55	"
110 Bridgetown	12:45	3:55	"
120 Annapolis arrive	1:25	4:50	"

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Thursday for Boston direct.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday a.m. for Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 2:30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 1:15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

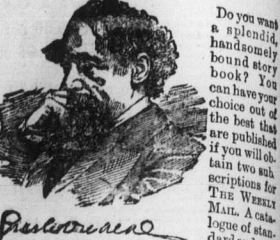
International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 8:46 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

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F. INNES, General Manager
Kentville, 18th November, 1886

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9-4-85

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Fred Annand.
Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.

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