

THE ACADIAN

Drifting Away.

Drifting away from each other,
Silently drifting apart.
Nothing between but the cold world's
seas,
Nothing to lose but a heart.
Only two lives dividing
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.
Only a man's heart straining
Bitterly hard with its doom;
Only a hand, tender and bland,
Slipping away in the gloom.
Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.
The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb, and women change;
Nothing here is worth a tear,
One love less—nothing strange.
Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart—
No wrong to each that the world can
reach,
Nothing lost but a heart.

The Sly Granger.

"Tickets, please," said the conductor of a train going east out of Detroit as he entered the car. There was a very general response in the shape of pasteboard until he came to a farmer who was very earnestly looking out of the window says the *Detroit Free Press*.

"Ticket, please," said the conductor. The man paid no attention.

"I'll take your ticket, if you please."

The man looked at him. "Haven't got any," he answered slowly.

"Well, the money then. Where are you going?"

"Haven't got any money."

"Well, then, what are you on here for? If I don't get either money or ticket I must put you off the train."

"You would not get an express train just to put one man off, now would you?"

"Wouldn't I? You'll soon see whether I will or not. Now I want your ticket or the cash without any more fuss."

"Nary one."

The conductor paused for a moment or two and then called the brakeman.

"Now are you going to get off without a fuss or will we have to throw you off?"

The man sighed and said he would get off quietly. When they got out on the platform and the conductor had his hand on the bell-rope the passenger cast his eye over the flying landscape and said—

"Ain't there no way we can fix this up?"

"Certainly. Tickets or money?"

After another look the man shook his head. "Let her go, captain."

The conductor pulled the rope. The air-brakes screeched and the train came to a stop. The man stepped off and handing the conductor a bit of paste-board said—

"I don't want no railway company, captain. Here you are."

"Why in thunder didn't you give me this before? You can ride five miles further on this ticket. Step aboard lively, now."

"Never mind, captain. I would have to walk five miles back if I did. I live over yonder. So long, cap."

The Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a graceful look, comes to bless him again. Not a peony dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no evidence of encouragement even upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet. When none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he will hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he had wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pale and fair and good all the rest of the world seems to him, and how cheerless and dusky and dreary seem his own pitch appear. Why even one lone isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average, ordinary man, and what must be the feeling of the man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, and how, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once—*Endeavor*.

Stand by the Church.

Many persons join the preacher instead of the church. If the preacher preaches them, they will support the church and be regular in their attendance on the means of grace, but if they do not like the preacher, their place in the house of God are vacant, their contributions are withheld, and what influence they have is practically thrown against the church. Such persons are unworthy of the church, for they can be placed among them you never know when to draw the line, for the cause. The church is greater than the preacher. If the preacher is not what we could desire, for the sake of the church we should be more faithful and endurable, as far as we can, to him for his sake. We may come and go, but the church remains, and for her our hearts should fail and our humble prayers continually ascend. Whether you like the preacher or not stand by the church.

The Real Evil of Gambling.

Every community is more or less infested with gamblers, who live by their wits and compel susceptible persons to contribute to their maintenance. They belong to a class of nonproducers in the world's hive of industry, and their calling is disreputable and dishonest in the general acceptance of these terms. If they could be compelled to flee one another in their attempts to live without manual labor the harm would fall where it naturally belongs, but like birds of prey generally they are not worth the trouble of blocking, and they must necessarily look to the industries for means of existence. Every dollar won at the gambling table by them must first be earned in some honorable calling before it can reach their pockets, and here is where the real evil of gambling is found.

From Bootblack to Preacher.

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The Chute, Hall & Co. Organ!

YARMOUTH, N. S.

BEST IN THE MARKET!

Superior Quality. Popular Prices. Terms to Suit the Purchaser.

B. O. DAVISON, AGENT.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Call or write for particulars.

A Word to Women.

Affability, cordiality, kindness simplicity are all wonderfully charming qualities in women, and all need to cultivate them.

There is never yet was a woman so grieved, wealthy, beautiful, or high in social position that she was not married by a cold, distant, and supercilious husband. There are so many sorrowful things in life, however, that we are good, positive blessings to humanity; others are of doubtful value.

There is never yet was a woman so grieved, wealthy, beautiful, or high in social position that she was not married by a cold, distant, and supercilious husband. There are so many sorrowful things in life, however, that we are good, positive blessings to humanity; others are of doubtful value.

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