

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE ACADIAN.

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Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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## Select Poetry.

BETTER.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmolested, on his flowery strand,  
Of God's occasions drifting by!  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needs of this godding air,  
Than, in the lap of seasonal ease, forgo  
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim  
to know.  
—J. G. Whittier.

## THE FORSAKEN FARMHOUSE.

Against the wooded hills it stands,  
Ghosts of a dead home, staring through  
Its broken lights on wasted lands  
Where old-time harvests grow.

Unploughed, unown'd, by scythe and urn  
The poor forsaken farm-holds lie,  
Once rich and rife with golden corn  
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
The garden plot no housewife keeps;  
Through weeds and tangle only left  
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A flint spiny, once blossom clad,  
Sways bare before the empty rooms;  
Beside the roofless porch a sad,  
Pallid red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of death,  
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,  
And in the feline chimney's mouth  
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall,  
Resounds no more on hunking eaves;  
No cattle low in yard or stall,  
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost  
Some haunting presence makes its sign;  
That down yon shadowy land some ghost  
Might drive his spectral line!  
—J. G. Whittier, in Atlantic.

## Interesting Story.

The Slide.

BY PICA.

As I go loafing about the street, or take an occasional jaunt into the country, nothing strikes me so like a club as the fact that constant and never-ending change is the theory of life in this age. I don't like this world. There is no stability in it, nothing one's mind can hold fast onto—this constant transmigration disturbs me and bewilders me. I wonder if all old fellows feel as I do sometimes—as though they had stepped to rest and the world had had red dust put on, and now they could not catch up any more, try as they may? I don't like it. Why, even my daily walk down street is always exasperating. I become used to making a certain place, and I like to make friends with places. I get acquainted with all the old houses, with moss on the shingles and grooves worn by the feet of time in the door-step, and they get to be old friends. Then some day I come along and the whole front of my friend is torn out and his insides are ruthlessly exposed to the public gaze. I watch the workmen as they break his bones, and tear away his hide, and carry off his scalp, while children and old cronies plunder splinters and fragments, and it all looks like murder. The next day there is a big hole, and in a week great brick walls, and in a month a gaudy, new, painted, plate-glassed, flaunting, bedied thing that I could never make friends with—and that's another change.

People don't walk as they used to, they don't dress the same, they don't plow and sow and reap and mow as when I was a boy, they don't do anything the same. The churches are not the same, nor the pastors—they could not be, the people wouldn't have 'em. The girls are not the same, and we have dudes and slims and lunks now that when I was young we didn't. I was feeling around the house yesterday and ran across an old tinsy of myself, taken when I was just beginning to think I was a man and wasn't, and then I went and looked in the mirror—and it made me feel sick. I wasn't so bad looking then, though my nose was a little off plumb, and my hair the color of un-dressed tallow, and no eyebrows to speak of, with ears that flopped forward, and feet like—well, considerable feet, and now, gosh! Everything is changed.

This is an age of slam and rush and bang. Railroad trains want to go sixty miles an hour, and steamboats twenty, five, and bust their boilers trying to do it. People put up a telephone to talk with the fellow in the next block, because it saves time, and they swallow their food without chewing and get dyspepsia and liver complaint, because it saves time. They put on a pair of rollers and chatter around over a big wooden floor, instead of waiting for tea, because it saves time. They can't even wait to die decently, but fall off of places, or blow themselves up, or break down bridges, or blow out the gas, or themselves. Yes, we're getting to be a fast crowd all around.

When I was a boy it was good enough fun for me to sleigh-ride down such hills as the Lord had provided and the farmers and the postmen permitted. That's the fun we used to have on a winter's day when I was a youth. And glorious fun it was after we had got things into shape. Our sleds were built of two pieces of board for runners and one piece of board on top for a seat. To this day it has never to my knowledge been definitely settled whether round, half round, or flat sled shoes are the best. At one time I remember we inclined towards round, from the fact that there was only one sled with that description of shoe in the settlement, but when a visitor from the neighboring town jugged out a city-made concoction with green paint and the picture of a dog on it, we went over to his side in a body and became converts to the flat shoe. This lasted for over half an hour, until on a question of precedence the school trustee's son kicked the visitor from the town and bloodied his nose. This destroyed our faith in flat shoes, and we compromised for the time being on round ones.

Now days they don't sleigh-ride, they toboggan. A toboggan is an elaborate affair, besides which the sled of my boyhood looks man and of not much account. It is long and flat, and turns up at the end like a Guelph girl's nose. There is a little rattling along the sides of it to hold on by, and if it belongs to the first families, has a cushion. The Indians used to slide down hill in a sitting posture, but I one of them discovered that it was a good scheme to put a flat piece of wood under himself to save his pants. That is how the toboggan came to be discovered. The first white men who ever used a toboggan in the second one is believed to be Hon. James French. The word toboggan is an Indian phrase, and signifies, "You'd better stand back! I'm coming." I went up to the slide in the Queen's park the other day to see what this new-fangled fun looked like. I know all about it now.

The first thing I saw was an erect motionless figure. I had an indistinct idea of a big wooden structure and of some people about, and trees and buildings and sleighs and bells; but they only formed the framework of which it was the setting. It was most gorgeous. Moccasins, red and white striped stockings, a coat made out of a white blanket, with all the red and blue stripes left on the outside, knickerbockers of the same material, blue cap and red and white fringed sash, and a cap that looked like a stocking pulled down over the head with the foot of the garment hanging down over the shoulder, and a tassel tied to the toe. I thought it was a figure creased from some wax works, or a Nihilist dynamiter who had jumped prison in Siberia and came around by the overland route. Presently it moved; it could speak; it said:

"Hello, Pica."

I was paralyzed. It turned out to be my friend Joblets got up in the uniform of the Toboggan Club. He said:

"Are you going down the slide? It's great fun going down the slide."

We went over to the slide. Up on the top of a hill they had built a wooden tower.

From the ground it looked about fifty feet high; from the top it looked one hundred and eighty. There was a steep ascent to the summit of this tower, with slides on the inside and steps to go up by on the outer edge. These slides ran from the summit of the tower down the steep incline and then along the plain a thousand feet.

When we got over there something went past, whilst I was a toboggan. I said I guessed I wouldn't go down the slide. I had no doubt but it was great fun, but the fact was I was too old for that sort of thing, and I always did believe in a quiet kind of a life anyhow. I didn't mind such exhilaration as could be deduced from stand-

ing on the rear platform of a street car, but when it came to throwing one's self over a precipice, why, my duty as a moulder of public opinion, and leader of thought, and general guardian of the interests of the great body of electors, admonished me to take no unnecessary risks. Joblets, he laughed, and said I was afraid. I said it wasn't fear, but my lumbago had been troubling me again lately, and besides I had just remembered that there wasn't a shred of copy on the book, and I would have to hustle off down to the office.

So I turned hurriedly around, and—  
"There she stood, looking like a winter queen, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, a merry smile, and a blanket costume that knocked me silly. Joblets introduced us and then ran off to someone else. Confound that man, I'll just about kill him."

"Won't you please draw my toboggan to the top of the slide?" she said. I looked with terror at the tremendous height of that row of steps, but as Mrs. Pica said afterward when I told her, "there's no fool like an old fool," I said certainly I would, nothing would give me greater pleasure, in fact, I was just waiting for some such excuse to go up there, I always did like high places. The beautiful creature said she was so glad, and tripped on before and talked while I pulled wearily up 1,047 steps, afraid to look over the edge for fear I would fall, and told her how much I really did like climbing and that when I was young I was a good climber in our district. (So I was, climbing out of the way of work.) She said yes, she could see that I enjoyed it, and then she laughed. I wonder why she laughed? I couldn't see anything to laugh at. All this time toboggans with two and four people were whizzing down past us, and every time one went by I would clutch the hand rail and groan. Her ladyship would throw up her hands and cheer. I couldn't see any cause for cheering, except perhaps she was glad at our continued and multiplying escapades.

Finally we got to the top and found ourselves in a kind of a pen full of people waiting their turn. A little above us two men were shoving off the toboggans as fast as they were loaded, and the chatting and talking and screaming and laughing and yelling was a perfect babel. I looked on in perfect and unmix'd wonder, but all the same, the genuine fun going on all about me was too much, and as I was standing where I could not look over the edge of the platform nor see the slide, I began to feel quite coltish. Joblets came prancing up with a real sweet young lady in tow, and shouted:

"Glad to see you're going down, Pica. That's right; you'll enjoy it immensely."

I said I was going to walk down.

"Oh! but you can't," said my fair companion, "you can't get back that way, you have to go down on the slide."

Just then we got up a step or two further out of the pen, and the whole slide came in view, a trailing, narrow ribbon of ice with a lead just getting ready at the top, about three feet from where we stood. I looked down that strip of ice in the wake of the flying toboggan. Whirr, whizz, zip, and it was scudding over the frozen plain. Scores of people dragging toboggans were coming up the sides.

"You'll come down with me, won't you, please?" and the roguish eyes put on a pleading look that nearly knocked my hat off.

"Of course he will," said Joblets. (I will kill him.) "We're all going down together."

I had to go. I said I would. I looked down over that ice strip again, and then at the starters. Only three feet between me and possible death. I looked away over the snow-covered landscape, at the trees in the park, at the sun sinking down in the west, behind a broad bit of day-colored clouds, turning the snow on the roofs blood red, and I thought of my poor wife and the little ones at home, and what they would ever do if no husband and father ever came back, and then my thoughts went farther, and travelled to that old home up west, where—

"Here you are," yelled Joblets. The two girls were already seated, and the two starters banded me on behind

them. I gave one last inward groan, clutched the litter side rails of the machine with both hands and shut my eyes. Joblets was already on behind me.

"Let her go," he said.

We began to move, and I dipped downward.

"Stop the car," I shrieked, with a wild idea of climbing down to the ground by the timbers of the tower. It was no use. Away we went. I felt we were falling, falling, falling. Down, down, down, always down.

I tried to speak once more, but the sound was flattened out by the wind and crumpled back down my throat. There was a terrible grinding and crashing, and tearing, as we tore through the air that deafened me. My hat went off, and while the wind tore furrows across my bare scalp I wondered which would strike bottom first—my body or the hat. Down, down, down. A piece of snow struck me in the face, and I realized that the end was immediate. One by one my inquiries rose before me, but I wasn't much troubled with them. I wondered if the old fellows up home, whom I had tormented and played tricks upon, would be glad or sorry, when they read the heading in next morning's paper, "Horrible death." The Mangled Remains strewn across the Frozen Plain, and knew it was me. I wondered which reporter would get out the snap first, and if any of them would get scooped. I hoped that *The News* would have the best account. Then the thought came over me that if they had to leave the remains where found until the coroner saw them they would be scattered over so much territory that if any snow came the greater part of them would be lost and it would be only half a funeral, and Mrs. Pica could never really say that she had followed her husband to the grave. I thought I wouldn't like it either to go around in the next world and have it east up to me that my mortal inward were top-dressing the Queen's park and adjacent territory. All this time we were falling, falling, falling. I could feel that the wind was tearing me away in atoms. I knew that my hands were all right, but I had no evidence of lower extremities or ears. I was afraid there wouldn't be much of me left when the grand plash took place when we struck the bottom. Then I thought of how Deacon Jones would feel who had always prophesied that I would be hung. And I thought of perhaps eight or nine hundred other things. Suddenly I became conscious that we were no longer falling, that we were not moving, and that the wind had died away. And was this Death?

A slight shuffling noise caused me to open my eyes. We were at the lower end of the slide, the sun was shining, and all around was bustle and activity and fun. The others were standing about looking at me. I was not then dead, as yet.

"Telephones for the ambulance," I said, faintly.

"What do you want the ambulance for?" inquired Joblets.

"To take me to the hospital."

"What for?"

"Don't you see I'm nearly killed?" Then they all laughed. I got up. I wasn't nearly killed. I wasn't even hurt. Hadn't lost a hair.

But you'll never get me on a toboggan again. The people of this generation want to go too fast for me.—*Toronto News.*

## An Officer Who Never Drank.

When General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered together at his headquarters. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command. A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and Grant said to him, "You are the officer, I believe, who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was.

"Then," continued the general, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the Commissary Department."

meant, and I order that you be detailed for that duty." He served all through the war in that responsible department, and afterwards, when General Grant became President, the officer who never drank was again in request. The President, needing a man on whom he could rely for some important business, gave him the appointment.

## Not Taking Risks.

"You say you live with your parents," said a chivalrous dealer who was putting a lot of youngsters through a civil service examination for the position of errand boy in his establishment.

"Yes, sir."

"And are you quick at figures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, suppose I had dropped around the corner to get lunch, and a lady should come along who wished to purchase two dozen cups and saucers at a dollar and a half a dozen."

"Yes, sir."

"After agreeing to take the goods she hands you a five dollar note. How much change would you hand to her?"

"Two dozen cups and saucers?" asked the boy, gazing toward the ceiling.

"That's what I said."

"She must be a boardin'-house keeper."

"Never mind what she is. How much change would you hand her?" asked the dealer.

"A dollar and a half a dozen?"

"Yes, sir. Now then?"

"Don't you think that's pretty darn high for—"

"Never mind whether it's high or low. How much money would you return to the lady?"

"But then five dollars might be bad," ejaculated the boy, winking at the store cat.

"We will suppose the bill to be good," said the dealer, sharply.

"I don't see what one woman wants to buy all them cups and saucers for, anyway. When my sister got married she didn't set up housekeeping with near none."

"Then you can't give me the answer?"

"What, 'bout the change?"

"Yes, yes."

"Oh!"

"Come, what is the answer?"

"Wall," murmured the boy, shifting to his other foot, and keeping his eye on the cat, "I'd just tell the lady to call round when you was in and get her change, for the bill might be a bad un, and I don't never take no risks."

"You're engaged," ejaculated the dealer.—*California Maverick.*

## How He Got Even.

Last year a Mississippi farmer sold a country merchant a bale of cotton. The country merchant and shipped it to his cotton factor in New Orleans, where it was sold for exportation and finally found its way to Manchester, Eng. When the bale was opened by the spinner it was found to contain the half of a gristlestone weighing about fifty pounds. Of course the spinner made reclamation through his American buyer on the New Orleans merchant, and that party in like manner made reclamation on the Mississippi merchant, the piece of gristlestone accompanying the demands as a voucher. When it had reached Mississippi there was pasted on it a slip of paper giving its weight and a history of its voyage.

The Mississippi merchant was somewhat thick and hesitated to charge the farmer with fraud in false packing, so he concluded to abide his time. About a month ago the farmer came to town with more cotton to sell, but the merchant declined to buy it, saying that he was not in the market that day, but that he would be glad to sell him anything in line at bottom prices, in fact, "so cheap as never before was."

When the farmer had sold his cotton and priced goods at other stores he returned to the first merchant, and, finding their prices so much below those of other merchants, he bought quite a large bill from him, among other things a barrel of sugar at one cent per pound less than to be had elsewhere.