

Home Pictures.

HOW CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO BECOME Obedient and Liable.

"Tommy, you have disobeyed me, and I am going to punish you, so walk right into this dark closet."

The voice was cold and stern, and the manner was equally unyielding. Tommy crying and struggling with all his might, was pulled and dragged into the closet, which was certainly dark enough for all practical purposes, and the key was turned in the lock.

"Mamma, it's so dark! I'm afraid. Please let me out," pleaded the subject Tommy. But he was not yet subdued. The mother stealing noiselessly up to the door, groaned in a horrible manner and rattled a piece of chain.

"Oh, mamma," shrieked the frightened child, "please let me out. I'll never be had any more."

Then the door was opened and the little prisoner came out, white faced and wild eyed.

This was Tommy's first lesson.

"Here, Tommy, dear, take this nice medicine the doctor left for you. Come now, open your mouth and take your good medicine."

"I thought you said it was good," shrieked Tommy, when he had gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"So it is, dear—good for sick boys," was the calm reply, as the mother put away the spoon and bottle.

That was Tommy's second lesson.

Tommy had been standing at the gate for more than an hour watching for his mother. The day was cold and the wind blew upon him incessantly, but still he waited, his eager little face pressed against the bars of the gate.

At last he saw her coming, away down the street, and then he went rushing down to meet her, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining.

"Give to me, mamma! Oh, give it to me!" he cried, holding up both his hands.

"Give you what, Tommy?" asked the mother, pushing past him.

"Why, my candy, mamma! The candy you promised to get me."

"I forgot it, Tommy. You'll have to do without this evening."

"But, mamma, you promised it," cried Tommy, in the midst of copious tears, as though that reason were enough.

"But didn't you hear me say I forgot it?" said the mother as though that, also, was reason enough. And then Tommy was sent to bed supperless because he cried.

There were several lessons for Tommy in this—I really cannot tell how many.

"Mary," said Tommy's father one day in a pained voice, "how does it come that Tommy is growing to be such a coward? I wanted to send him upstairs after my slippers last night, and nothing could induce him to go because it was dark. The idea of a boy being afraid of the dark! He's going to be a perfect milk-and-water!"

And then the mother said she couldn't account for it in any way in the world. She was sure there had never been any cowardice in her family. They had never dreamed of such a thing as being afraid in the dark when she was a child, and it was a mystery to her how Tommy got such notions into his head.

"Mary," said Tommy's father again, a few days later, "twice lately I have caught Tommy in a deliberate lie, and have suspected him of lying half a dozen times in as many days. Now, lying is one thing I positively cannot stand. I have tried so hard to teach the boy to be perfectly frank and honest and to tell the truth at whatever risk."

And Tommy's mother said that she really couldn't understand it, that Tommy's training had been of the most careful kind, but that Tommy must have learned to tell falsehoods from that last servant girl. As for herself, she had never told a lie in her life.

Whereupon Tommy was called up and lectured and talked to and talked at until his brain was in a whirl. He did not say anything in his own defence. He might have said a great deal, but he was no orator, and besides he did not understand the whole situation himself. Even if he did understand it all it would not have been very politic, would it, for Tommy to say that his first lessons in cowardice, and meanness, and selfishness, and deceit were taught him by his mother?

He'd advertise them.

Talk of advertisements! Can anyone beat this, which an exchange vouches for as literally true:

A merchant in a western town and a prominent member of a church who in the absence of the minister sometimes fills the pulpit, after returning from New York where he had been selecting a stock of new goods, he found that the minister had been suddenly called away. Here was a good chance. Rushing into the pulpit after the congregation had assembled and throwing his hat behind him, he exclaimed, panting for breath: Brethren, you must excuse me for being late, but I have just returned from New York where I have purchased one of the handsomest and best assorted stocks ever exhibited in this city, and which will be duly advertised in the papers. Let us pray.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the physicians, because they are free from chemical and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

A bald headed woman is unusual before she is 40, but gray hair is common from childhood, and baldness and grayness may be prevented by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

What it Was.

A gentleman who traveled in the rural districts of the west some years ago says that to this day he has a "creeping sensation" when he recalls his experience in spending the night at a farm house. It was late in the summer, and the farmers were doing their threshing, while their wives were emptying their ticks and refilling them with clean straw.

Just before dark the traveler reached a comfortable looking house, where a hearty welcome was accorded him when he asked if he might stay all night. While eating his supper he heard the farmer's wife say to her husband and son:

"The straw tick from the spare room bed will have to be filled. I emptied it to-day and forgot all about it till this minute."

When the tired guest was shown to his room he undressed hastily and climbed into bed. Every movement of his body caused the straw to rustle under him, and pretty soon he discovered that it rustled even when he was lying perfectly still. He was of a nervous temper, and the strange noise disturbed him.

It was only occasional. He would lie still for a moment, and then the straw would rustle loudly. He fancied that he felt something moving under him. The rustling grew more frequent, and he wondered what caused it. It might be a rat!

He sat up in bed. At once the rustling became more violent than ever, and he distinctly felt movements under him. He jumped from his bed, lighted his candle and looked at the straw tick. All was still now.

"I guess it's nothing but grass-hoppers or crickets," he said. "I'm not going to be cheated out of my rest by some harmless insect."

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He got back into bed, but passed a restless, wearisome night hearing the rustling sounds frequently. The next morning he said to his host:

"I beg your pardon, but I think that a mouse or some small animal was in the straw you put into the tick on my bed last night. I heard and felt something rustling around constantly."

"We must see about it," said the man. "Henry, you pitch the tick out on the grass and empty out the straw. Like a rat, some of them plaguey field mice got into it. It was so dark we couldn't have seen it if it had been a ground hog."

A few minutes later Henry appeared at an open window with a black snake fully four feet long dangling from the end of a stick.

"There you air," he said, logically. "That's all it was. He was terrible mad, and come at me the minute I let him out. But I tamped the life out of him no time."

"And I slept all night with that thing in my bed!" gasped the stranger, shuddering from head to foot.

"Shucks!" said the farmer; "he wouldn't have hurt you none if he had bit you. Them kind of snakes ain't no poison."

Patriotism under Difficulties.

A long, lonesome man, who was most all nose and thin duster, and who had no doubt been inspired by that fluid which bleeds like a serpent, called a crowd around him at the foot of Woodland avenue yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press, and began:

"Fellow patriots—Tomorrow is the glorious Fourth of July. Let our banners wave! Let the walking ring with your shouts of victory! The haughty British Government attempted to—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted one of the crowd. "Don't say a word agin the Eng. lib, or off goes your head!"

"Well, then, a certain European government put its foot—"

"Name your gov.," shouted a second man. "Don't throw no slurs on France."

"I don't see he means Sherman I can lick him," added a third.

"Right, well, let us slip that. This government declared its independence, and on a hundred battlefields shed its precious blood!"

"There weren't fifty fights in the whole revolutionary war," shouted a man.

"All right, reduce my figures, then. At Bunker Hill the proud tyrant was hurled to the dust amid the victorious cheers of the colonists."

"Not much!" called a voice. "We fought 'em at Bunker Hill," but lost the day."

"Well, nebbs we did," continued the orator, "but turn to the picture of Washington at Valley Forge. In 1793, poorly armed, freezing in the wintry blasts, our gallant army met and defeated four times their number."

"What a whopper!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "There was no battle at all at Valley Forge."

"There wasn't!"

"No, air."

"Very well. I cease. I quit. I subscribe. It is evident that oratory is an unknown quantity in this town, and that patriotism is dead. Who'll treat to the luncheon?"

We and our neighbors think there is nothing that will build up a person as quick after a severe attack of La Grippe as Dr. Norton's Dred Blood Purifier, which we believe saved very many of our lives in this place this spring and returned us to health soon.

Mrs. DAVID BEVARY, River Philip.

Driving the Boy off the Farm.

In driving along a certain highway in one of our counties not long since, we observed a lad of tender years with a spade in hand in a great ten-acre field latching with thistles, which were numerous enough to keep ten boys many days. Our thoughts went back to the days of long ago when, upon another farm we were sent to cut thistles with a butcher knife, when they grew from two to six to the square foot. The task then appeared overwhelming, and became overwhelming it was irksome. The very hopelessness of getting over it bred discontent, and many a time we wished the thistles far away and the writer, too. We pitied the boy and deplored the lack of judgement which put him alone at a task which, like the story of the king and the locust, was literally without any end. If there is anything calculated to break the spirit of a boy more than another, it is toiling in loneliness at a task which has no hope of completing. If our farmers desire to drive the boys from the farm, this method of doing it will prove very effective. The thought of victory always stimulates; and when a lad is given a task, let it be of a nature which holds out the hope of some termination, and, if at all possible, associated with help. We have great faith in the efficacy of the spud as a means of exterminating weed life; but whenever its use is made the means of exterminating forever in the youthful breast the love of rural labor and rural life, it furnishes, in large measure, the elements of regret.—Canadian Live Stock Journal.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy. As if there were no notes in an embryo! O, comes among stars! Or catarrhs in peaceful virgins! But one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all other remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patients die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing service. And here's the proof—

Try one of both. If they don't help, call the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., and yet get your money back again.

Correct.

There is a charming young widow in South Minneapolis who retains a 6-year-old girl as the only pledge of her dear departed. The little one has just begun to learn her alphabet. A gentleman called upon the widow the other evening. Of course the fond mother wanted to show off her child. Taking up a newspaper and pointing to the big letters in an advertisement, the mother said:

"What letter is that?"

"A," responded the child.

"What comes after A?"

"B,"

"And what comes next?"

"C," replied the little one.

The inquiry was pursued still further, and along toward the end of the alphabet the little girl lost her bearings and never answered a question.

Finally the gentleman thought he would put a few questions. He began with this one: "What comes after T?"

The child looked him straight in the eyes as she answered: "A gentleman to see Mamma."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Minard's Liniment cures Dietsemper.

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

Minard's Liniment cures Garnet in Cows.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Some laugh at old school remedies. Do modern ones equal Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

A western cow is chronicled as crossing a stream with a young calf upon her horns. We are inclined to credit this as the best life of the season.

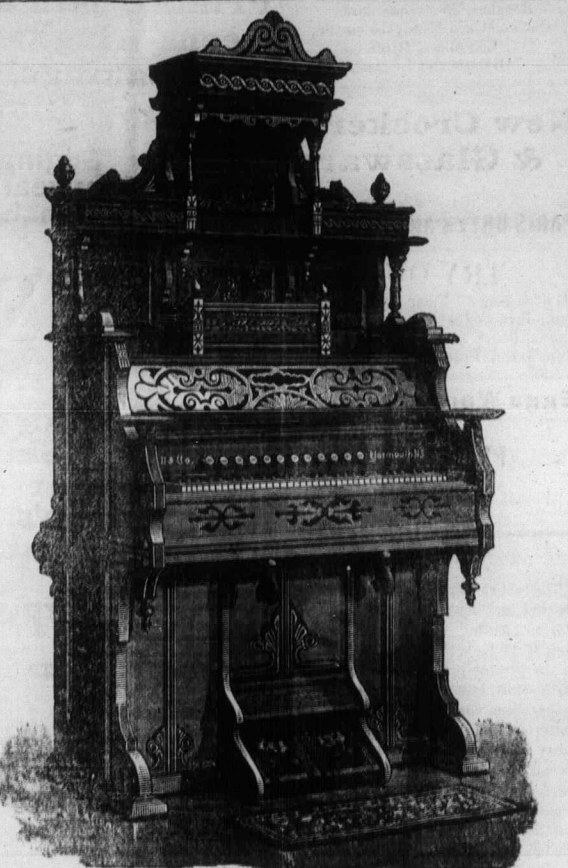
Men and Women—young and old—will find health anew by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, an unfailing blood purifier and nerve tonic. Care suppresses, bearing down pains, nervousness, general debility, and all forms of weakness. No other remedy equals them. All dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price (50c. a box). Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

He said—"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

She said—"Yes, next week; come through the alley and peep through the cracks in the fence."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Anybody disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child entering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Beyond upon its mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures by softening and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething, is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best-known physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Established 1810. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE. ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.



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.

Allen's Lung Balsam. Coughs, Colds, Croup. Allen's Lung Balsam was introduced to the public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases had been fully tested.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You! SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. OF LIME AND SODA.

MAN WANTED. To take charge of Local Agency. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. THE BEST COMET STOVE POLISH. MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES. STRAY LEAVES. "Book of Wonders."

1891. THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED.) The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. THE QUICKEST TIME. 18 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston!

Steel Steamers 'YARMOUTH' & 'BOSTON'. One of these steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings after arrival of W. C. Ry. train.

NOTICE. A small farm for sale one mile below Wolfville on main road, will sell half acre building lot by itself.

THE ACADIAN FOR 1891. ABREAST OF THE TIMES! NEWSY, INTERESTING.

Allen's Lung Balsam. Interesting Features: Editorials; Correspondence; Local News; Current Events; Crisp Articles.

W. & A. RAILWAY. Summer Arrangement! Time Table of Trains, Commencing Monday, June 23rd, and Until Further Notice.

In Book Form: THE GHOST OF HANCOCK HOLLER, BY JACK HYDE. The Hancock Correspondent to the ACADIAN. BRIMMING OVER WITH FUN! PRICE 25 CENTS.

Losses Paid Over \$5,800,000. Life Insurance. Apply for membership in the Permanent, Progressive, Equitable, Reliable Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago, Ill.

SEND US \$1.00. In stamps (simply as a guarantee of good faith) we will send you by express, C.O.D., this elegant watch which you can examine and return if you do not like it.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Acem. Daily, Exp. Daily. Lists train schedules for various routes.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Exp. Daily, Acem. Daily, Exp. Daily. Lists train schedules for various routes.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager and Secretary. K. NUTHERLAND, Resident Manager. L. J. DONALDSON, Broker of Thoroughbred Wyan-dottes and Light Brahms.