Choice Miscellany.

The Two Homes.

Two homes are in sight of each other
In a green little vale that I know,
One a mansion as fair as a palace,
One a cottage in groves nestled low.
The housewife in one ever singeth,
Though her good man is often away,
In the other the lady is silent,
With her lord at her side every day.

And the woman down there in the cottage
Never mansionward looks with a sigh,
While she of the mansion oft looketh
Cottageward with a tear in her eye.
And oft, when her lord at his pastime
Or a stroll through his acres is seen,
This lady will steal to the paling
That standeth the gardens between.

She never would cross the brief limit,
She is proud and her station is pat,
While the woman beyond it is humble,
And vulgar, and poor, and all that;
But my lady down there at the paling
Just bends her proud ear to the line
And listens in lip-parted silence,
As though for a choir of the Nine.

With eye, lip and ear attent strangely,
She lists with her heart and soul,
As though for the sweetness of music
That ever from Paradise stole.
There it is! How her breast heaves with rapture!
How she drinks in the sound as it comes!
A melody of sweet childish voices,
With a din of toy trumpets and drums.

Then a silence—a quarrel made merry—
Then a baby's fat crow over all;
Then a sweet little bable of joyance
Over mud pies or "ketcher" or ball.
Ah! she hangs heart-enthralled, on that music
Till the sound of her lord at the gate,
Or his yawn from his finished siesta,
Calls her back, proud and sad, to her state.

So the fates that draw lines of division
Severe 'twixt the high and the low
Never fail to compensate the weaker
By some means; and the cause you now know
Why the woman down there in the cottage
Never mansionward looks with a sigh,
While she of the mansion oft looketh
Cottageward with a tear in her eye.

Camping Out.

My boy, when you go out a camping, don't "rough it" too much. Don't go without tents. A camp without a tent is like an orchard without apples. And don't move into a hotel cottage and call it "camping." That is about as much like camping as paying a dollar a pound and fishing in a stocked fish pond is like trout fishing. Take a tent, the army wall tent is the most comfortable, and enjoy yourself. The guide book will tell you, as it told us, that a tent is unnecessary. That "the outhor and his friends have camped in the Adirondacks, sleeping in the open air every night, for," I forget whether it was three months or three years, and never felt a drop of rain. Well, maybe that is true. We caught about five weeks of rain in the month of June. You had better take a tent. There may be some more rare Junes where this one came from.

But the great charm of the tent does not lie in its utility as an umbrella. It shows off to best advantage on a windy night. That is why I recommend the wall tent, rather than the "A" or wedge tent. We have both varieties in our camp, but when the winds are boisterous the wall tent has a few fancy steps that the "A" tent can never hope to imitate. Night has fallen. On the other hand, the wind has gotten up. I retire to the cot that sags down like a watering trouth to receive me, and the circus begins. I am not afraid that the tent will blow over—it takes a terrific wind to capsize a well pinned, neatly adjusted tent. But I don't see why it can't stand still. I hear the wind waving among the trees. I look at the cot where the Prince is sleeping and half wish I hadn't brought him out into this land of furious storms. I lie down again, look at the swaying lantern and think I will get up and put it out. Suddenly the tent squats down like a collapsed balloon, and then before I can throw my arms over the Prince to keep the ridge-pole from hitting him, the tent stands straight up three feet higher than its best standing record. Another tempest through the trees; the four sides of the tent bulge out until it is as round as a Sibley tent; then it collapses and sucks in until there is hardly room inside for the lantern. Then three sides stiffen up like sheet iron, while the fourth flaps itself mad for no particular reason. The tent squats again, and when it stands up this time the fly begins to flap and pound over your head faster than you can think, with the roll of a muffled drum, varied now and then by a crack like the shot of a gun. A moments lull, suddenly the wind seems to be rending the forests and both tent poles, fore and aft are seized with the delirium tremens, and shiver and shake and tremble in oscillating spasms, while the walls dance up and down, flutter, bulge, collapse and stretch, and the frantic fly, "as fast as millwheels strike," smites the top of the tent in furious, loud-sounding whacks, that make the very lantern burn blue with fear; the moaning of the wind in the woods rises to a shriek; under the impression that the whole mountain is flowing away I spring to my feet, rush to the tent door, tear it open.

The bluest skies, the brightest stars, the loveliest night in all this land greets me with the blessing of peace. The night wind is singing softly in the gently swaying tree-tops, a lullaby of the summer night, a liquid whisper, the very undertone of the zephyr, scarce so loud as the purling murmur of this drowsy little brook, crowing itself to sleep in the starlight. That is all.

But why should it sound so like bedlam inside the tent? That's what I want to know.—*Burdette.*

The Miser's Death.

Sixty-seven years had breathed upon him with the many voices which the Psalmist tells us speak of God, before he was called away. He lived without making a single heart happy, and he died without making anyone sad. In life he had no thought of the good, the pure, the beautiful, and in death there could be no hope that he was blest. The heavens to his dull soul, had declared the glory of God, and he had not heard a whisper above the chink of his dollars; the firmament, through those sixty-seven years, had showed His handiwork, and the low-browed miser had seen nothing but the acres upon which his hirelings toiled; "Day unto day uttered speech" from those sighing forests, but he heard it not; "Night unto night" showed him no knowledge, brought him no repentence. But friends who read these lines remember as we did how dreary a procession were these years of toil, to the heart-broken, toil-worn woman, who took him for better or for worse; listen, while we, who are not of his kin, tell you that no son honored him, no daughter loved him, and when he died no neighbor whispered a kind word over his grave. No kind words, no tears, no sad, yet sweet memories of his life, and what he said and did, "things more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." All he left was seventy-five thousand dollars worth of land and a reputation, which, if it followed him to judgment, would make the better class of angels hold their noses as they passed by.—*Guardian.*

Lonely Men.

There are many men who all their lives spend more than half the twenty-four hours in loneliness absolute, yet do not seem to mind it. Who can be more lonely for instance than the tenant of chambers who sits in them all day working or waiting for clients, and all night reading or sleeping; and perhaps when the clerks are gone, the only man left on the ghostly staircase? Yet men live on in this solitary way, sometimes without even a club, and never complain of loneliness, and never seem afraid of ghosts. Not long ago there was a man who died at the ripe age of eighty-ono, and had lived for thirty years all alone in a country house, seeing no one and not even admitting a woman to clean up, and not taking the trouble to clean up the place himself, so that when he died the female population to a woman made haste to visit the house in order to gaze and gloat upon the dust. Yet he was quite happy. Men, in fact, live alone from the time they leave school to the time when they marry, which is very often a long spell. They have their little distractions—their clubs, their friends, their theatres; but they spend most of their evenings and all their nights alone in their room. Women, on the other hand, seldom live alone; young women never.

It is Unlucky.

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buz-saw in motion on Friday.

To break the mirror your wife's mother gave her.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To speculate with other peoples' money, and get caught.

To get wet when you fall overboard while boating on Thursday.

To dream of snakes after drinking cider in a Scott Act town.

To see a bill collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To see a bull-dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To see your overcoat over either shoulder as you pass out of the shop of your uncle.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bet his money on another.

To marry on Wednesday a girl who practices with ten-pound dumb-bells.

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving knife.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

The Port of Glasgow.

The Clyde forms Glasgow's entrance to the sea, and Glasgow has made it one of the fine harbor views of the world. Originally it was a sluggish and unnavigible stream, but by the dredging of forty years it now admits the largest ocean vessels, and at the wharves of Glasgow you will find ships from all parts of the world. The Harbor of Glasgow is two and one-half miles long, and below it ship-building yards line the Clyde for many miles on its way to the sea. Glasgow is the ship-building centre for the world, and she builds ships for every nation of note. Great Britain has fiftyfive percent of the carrying trade of the world, and her steam vessels have increased in tonnage over 200 percent within the past ten years. She pays her seamen less than half the wages of the sailors of the United States, and gets moreout of them. The average wages of English sailors are $195 per annum; those of American sailors $475 per annum. So that the American sailor gets $260 more a year than his British brother.

Husband and Wife.

A man has an eye for beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and fit of her gown with a sort of pleasurable pride, even after time and trials have dimned the glamor of first love. The successful wife must represent to her husband all the virtues; must be sympathetic, and at the same time sensible. She must be bright, entertaining and agreeable at home as well as abroad and she must know how to preserve silence when it is desirable to hold her tongue, even though she is ready to burst with indignation. If she does not possess these qualities let her cultivate them most assiduously. And there is no trait that is such a powerful factor in household harmony as assimilation—to become one in thought and purpose, to have kindred tastes and kindred wishes. The theory of the affinity of opposites was hopelessly exploded long ago. The picture of a petite blonde Desemona clinging to a swarthy Othello is very pretty, but if Othello's mind is out of tune with Desdemona the affinity cannot exist.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which as will be seen is in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders,

Publication	*Regular Price*	*Clubbing Price*
Farmer's Advocate	$1 00	$1 75
Toronto Weekly News	1 00	1 50
Toronto Daily News	4 00	4 00
Alden's Juvenile Gem	75	1 60
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 00
do with Cyclopædia		2 40
Toronto Weekly Globe	1 00	1 75
London Free Press	1 00	1 75
Youth's Companion	1 75	2 25
Book Worm	25	1 15
Weekly Messenger	50	1 40
Weekly Witness	1 00	1 75
Canadian Dairyman	1 00	1 50
Grip	300	3 00
Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal,	1 00	1 75
do with Premium	1 25	2 00
Buds & Blossoms (new)	75	1 50
Detroit Free Pree	1 00	1 85

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach 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 female 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. 39

THAT TIRED FEELING.—The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, but common complaint, known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Dr Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggst.

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JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher
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STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK,
ALBANY, Feb. 11.

The Board considered the proceeding of the Royal Baking Powder Co. (or whoever was responsible for its publication) in advertising the Board's action, through its analyst, in support of their Powder and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

RESOLVED, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Co., quoting the State Board of Health of New York as recommending through one of its Analysts, its purity, etc, is a misrepresentation.

True copy from minutes of State Board of health of New York, Feb'y 11th, 1885
Signed LEWIS BALCH.
Secretary.

Albany, June 30th, 1886.

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JAMES B. MARTIN } Admrs
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Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885. tf

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W. & A Railway.

Time Table

1886—Summer Arrangement—1886.

Commencing Monday, 14th June.

	GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. TT.S	Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Annapolis Le've		5 30	1 30
14	Bridgetown "		6 25	2 08
28	Middleton "		7 25	2 45
42	Aylesford "		8 32	3 18
47	Berwick "		8 55	3 32
50	Waterville "		9 10	3 40
59	Kentville "	5 40	10 40	4 15
64	Port Williams"	6 00	11 00	4 28
66	Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 34
69	Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 43
72	Avonport "	6 40	11 35	4 52
77	Hantsport "	6 58	11 55	5 05
84	Windsor "	7 50	12 45	5 30
116	Windsor Junc"	10 00	3 15	6 50
130	Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

	GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M W.F	Accm. daily.
		A. M	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax— leave	7 00	6 00	2 30
14	Windsor Junc"	7 38	7 05	3 30
46	Windsor "	8 55	10 00	5 35
53	Hantsport "	9 17	10 32	6 03
58	Avonport "	9 30	10 50	6 20
61	Grand Pre "	9 39	11 05	6 33
64	Wolfville "	9 42	11 20	6 46
66	Port Williams"	9 55	11 30	6 55
71	Kentville "	10 25	12 20	7 10
80	Waterville "	10 45	12 57	
83	Berwick "	10 52	1 12	
88	Aylesford "	11 05	1 35	
102	Middleton "	11 37	2 45	
116	Bridgetown "	12 13	3 42	
130	Annapolis Ar've	12 50	4 35	

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