

R-I-P-A-N-S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

WAYSIDE WARBLERS.

Continued from page 5.

blossoms. Along it is situated the little village of Grand Pre, the scene of one of the blackest and most inhuman crimes recorded in history, viz., the expulsion of the Acadians by the English soldiery with all its attendant horrors. I did not have either the time or money to take this trip, however much I would have liked to, and after taking my fill of all that was worth seeing I bade perhaps a last farewell to this beautiful little town and its kind and unsophisticated inhabitants and

STARTED DOWN THE DIGBY ROAD

as I wanted to get a view of the country. I had not gone far when I was overtaken by an old gentleman by the name of Potts, and together we walked along for a distance of seven miles until we reached his home at Upper Clementsport. He asked me in, and as I was completely tuckered out with the journey, I asked and obtained permission of a lodging and supper and breakfast, which I got at a reasonable figure. They were plain, quiet common sense people, not at all afraid of a stranger and I had no reason to be afraid of them, as my instinct, sharpened by travel and association with strangers

QUICKLY DETECTS ANYTHING WRONG

in the people or surroundings, so I got into an excellent bed and "peacefully slumbered till morning."

Next morning I started early and walked to the Clementsport station of the D. A. R., and after waiting around for a considerable time the train came along and I got on board and made the run to Digby. The scenery along the route especially at Moose river, Bear river and Goat island is picturesque and interesting and the little town of Digby, half beneath the hill and half on top, is quite well worth going to see. I sauntered around, fraternizing with the people and making the acquaintance of the kids, but I did not feel justified in taking the liberties with them that I would with those of my own city, and I might also add that they

DID NOT TAKE THE PRIVILEGES WITH ME

which certain of our boys do. After dinner at Murphy's restaurant (a man like myself, with only one arm) I wait around the wharf for the return of "The City of Monticello" on her homeward passage and at last am gratified with a sight of her herculean form "steaming through the blue," and getting on board am soon on my return journey, but before leaving Nova Scotia, I must not neglect to bear witness to the cordial welcome given me by the editors and staffs of the Annapolis Spectator and Digby Courier.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I might add that the courtesy, respect and even distinguished attention shown to me all along the trip both in St. John and Nova Scotia has gone far to knocking completely out of my brain the few remnants of that cynicism, skepticism and distrust in God and man that descended as a legacy to me from

YEARS OF ILL TREATMENT AND NEGLECT

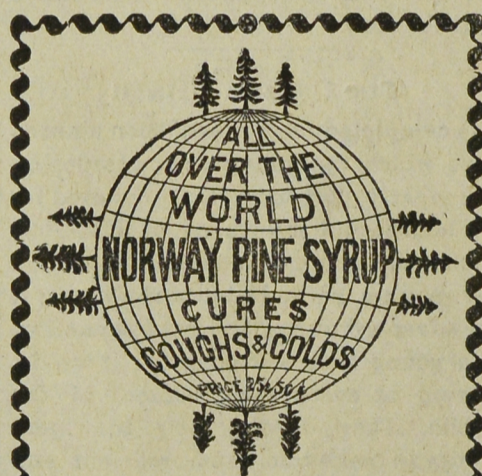
in the old dark days, gone, I hope, never to return. I can now feel as a man among my fellow men, entitled to all lawful privileges and received on a footing of complete equality; with what little abilities I have, duly recognized, and in some cases magnified, which I could never do in Maine, the boasted "land of the free," where I was almost denied the right of existence and expected to make an apology for living in the world: maimed and disheartened, and

CRUELLY TURNED ADE'FT

by the Shaw Bros. I forgive each and all, but I can never forget.

In due time we arrive in St. John after a stormy voyage, where I go to my hotel, and on the next day, (Friday,) take in the exhibition, which space forbids me to describe if I had the ability. The trip up in the David Weston next day was pleasant and agreeable and I reached home at 4 o'clock after one of my pleasantest outings, never having been for a moment homesick during the whole time. I can only add in connection that the memory of the courtesies shown me by the Star Line, the officials of the Monticello and the Press and people of St. John and Nova Scotia, has struck a note of harmony in my soul that will go sounding down the ages until it is picked up by angel harps and makes one unceasing sound in the glorious "TO BE"

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