THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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POETRY.

Alaska.

Six sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal,
And a moon or so from the end of the line,
And you stand at the foot of the great white wall—
That is white with the snows that fall, and fall,
O'er the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine
That grow at the feet of Alaska.

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray,
With her white pall pulled o'er her stony breast;
Frowning and rigid and far away,
She has ever stood, as she stands to-day,
In the desolate wastes of the wide Northwest—
Stands this hoary old woman, Alaska.

Unmolested for thousands of years,
Isolated, remote and alone;
Her hard face glacial with frozen tears,
While over her shoulders and in her ears
The winds of the North-Land wail and moan
In the ears of old Mother Alaska.

A party of prospectors passed that way
And they thought the old face had forgotten its frown,
And pausing, they lifted her white robe away
And found her treasure: "Ah, q'est que q'est?"
Said the French-Canadian, kneeling down
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story and men went wild,
And pawned their chattels and joined the race.
The old croon jingled her gold and smiled,
And the gold-mad men of the world beguiled
With a promise of fortune in that far place,
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But O, the rivers are wide and deep,
And the north wind breathes with a killing breath;
And ever the mountains so rough and steep
The old dread reaper shall come and reap;
The rime old reaper that men called Death
Shall reap the white fields of Alaska.

—*Cy Warman.*

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Continued.*

It was the day of the Sunbury Regatta, but the party from the "Tawny Owl" twisted past the racers, leaving Dick, who wanted a newspaper, behind. When he rejoined them beyond the village, the boat was towing the punt.

"Why," said Dick, in some astonishment to Rob, who was rowing now, "I did not know you could scull like that."

"I have been practising a little," answered Rob.

"When he came down here the first time," Mrs Meredith explained to Sir Clement, "he did not know how to hold an oar. I am afraid he is one of those men who like to be best at everything."

"He certainly knows how to scull now," admitted the baronet, beginning to think that Rob was perhaps a dangerous man. Sir Clement was a manly gentleman, but his politics were that people should not climb out of the station they were born into.

"No," Dick said, in answer to a question from Mr Meredith, "I could get only a local paper. The woman seemed surprised at my thinking she would take in the 'Scalping Knife' or 'Wire,' and said, 'We've got a paper of our own.'"

"Read out the news to us, Richard," suggested Mrs Meredith. Dick hesitated.

"Here, Will," he said to his brother, "you got that squeaky voice of yours specially to proclaim the news from a boat to a punt ten yards distant. Angus is longing to pull us up the river unaided."

Will turned the paper round and round.

"Here is a funny thing," he bawled out, "about a stick: 'A curious story, says a London correspondent, is going the round of the clubs to-day, about a walking-stick of a well-known member of Parliament, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. The story has not, so far as I am aware, yet appeared in print, and it conveys a lesson to all persons who carry walking-sticks with knobs for handles, which generate a peculiar disease in the palm of the hand. The member of Parliament referred to, with whom I am on intimate terms—'"

Rob looked at Dick, and they both groaned.

"My stick again," murmured Rob.

"Read something else," cried Dick, shivering.

"Eh, what is wrong?" asked Mr Meredith.

"You must know," said Dick, "that the first time I met Angus he told me imprudently some foolish story about a stick that bred a disease in the owner' hand, owing to his pressing so heavily on the ball it had by way of a handle. I touched the story up a little, and made half a guinea out of it. Since then that note has been turning up in a new dress in the most unlikely places. First the London correspondents swooped down on it, and telegraphed it all over the country as something that had happened to well-known Cabinet Ministers. It appeared in the Paris 'Figaro' as a true story about Sir Gladstone, and soon afterwards it was across the Channel as a reminiscence of Thiers. Having done another tour of the provinces, it was taken to America by a lecturer, who exhibited the stick. Next it travelled the Continent, until it was sent home again by Paterfamilias Abroad, writing to the 'Times,' who said that the man who owned the stick was a well-known Alpine guide. Since then we have heard of it fitfully as doing well in Melbourne and Arkansas. It figured in the last volume, or rather two volumes, of autobiography published, and now, you see, it is going the round of the clubs again, preparatory to starting on another tour. I wish you had kept your stick to yourself, Angus."

"That story will never die," Rob said, in a tone of conviction. "It will go round and round the world till the crack of doom. Our children's children will tell it to each other."

"Yes," said Dick, "and say it happened to a friend of theirs."

A field falls into the river above Sunbury in which there is a clump of trees of which many boating parties know. Under the shadow of these Mrs Meredith cast a table-cloth and pegged it down with salt-cellars.

"As we are rather in a hurry," she said to the gentleman, "I should prefer you not to help us."

Rob wandered to the river side with Will, who would have liked to know whether he could jump a gate without putting his hands on it; and the other men leaned against the trees, wondering a little, perhaps, why ladies enjoy in the summer time making chairs and tables of the ground.

Rob was recovering from his scare, and made friends with Mary's young brother. By particular request he not only leaped the gate, but lifted it off its hinges, and this feat of strength so impressed Will that he would have brought the whole party down to see it done. Will was as fond of Mary as a proper respect for himself would allow, but he thought she would be a lucky girl if she got a fellow who could play with a heavy gate like that.

Being a sharp boy, Will noticed a cloud settle on Rob's face, and looking towards the clump of trees, he observed that Mary and the baronet were no longer there. In the next field two figures were disappearing, the taller, a man in a tennis-jacket, carrying a pail. Sir Clement had been sent for water, and Mary had gone with him to show him the spring. Rob stared after them; and if Will could have got hold of Mary he would have shaken her for spoiling everything.

Mrs Meredith was meditating sending some one to the spring to show them the way back, when Sir Clement and Mary came into sight. They did not seem to be saying much, yet were so engrossed that they zigzagged towards the rest of the party like persons seeking their destination in a mist. Just as they reached the trees Mary looked up so softly at her companion that Rob turned away in an agony.

"It is a long way to the spring," were Mary's first words, as if she expected to be taken to task for their lengthened absence.

"So it seems," said Dick.

The baronet crossed with the pail to Mrs Meredith, and stopped half-way like one waking from a dream. Mrs Meredith held out her hand for the pail, and the baronet stammered with vexation. Simultaneously the whole party saw what was wrong, but Will only was so merciless as to put the discovery into words.

"Why," cried the boy, pausing to whistle in the middle of his sentence, "you have forgotten the water!"

It was true. The pail was empty. Sir Clement turned it upside down, and made a seat of it.

"I am so sorry," he said to Mrs Meredith, trying to speak lightly. "I assure you I thought I had filled the pail at the spring. It is entirely my fault, for I told Miss Abinger I had done so."

Mary's face was turned from the others, so that they could not see how she took the incident. It gave them so much to think of that Will was the only one of the whole party who saw its ridiculous aspect.

"Put it down to sunstroke, Miss Meredith," the baronet said to Nell; "I shall never allow myself to be placed in a position of trust again."

"Does that mean," asked Dick, "that you object to being sent back again to the spring?"

"Ah, I forgot," said Sir Clement. "You may depend on me this time."

He seized the pail once more, glad to get away by himself to some place where he could denounce his stupidity unheard, but Mrs Meredith would not let him go. As for Mary, she was looking so haughty now that no one would have dared to mention the pail again.

During the meal Dick felt compelled to talk so much that he was unusually dull company for the remainder of the week. The others were only genial now and again. Sir Clement sought in vain to gather from Mary's eyes that she had forgiven him for making the rest of the party couple him and her in their thoughts. Mrs Meredith would have liked to take her daughter aside and discussed the situation, and Nell was looking covertly at Rob, who, she thought, bore it bravely. Rob had lately learned carving from a handbook, and was dissecting a fowl; murmuring to himself, "Cut from a to b along the line f g, taking care to sever the wing at the point k." Like all the others, he thought that Mary had promised to be the baronet's wife, and Nell's heart palpitated for him when she saw how gently he passed Sir Clement the mustard. Such a load lay on Rob that he felt suffocated. Nell noticed indignantly that Mary was not even "nice" to him. For the first time in her life, or at least for several weeks, Miss Meredith was wroth with Miss Abinger. Mary might have been on the rack, but she went on proudly eating bread and chicken. Relieved of his fears, Dick raged internally at Mary for treating Angus cruelly, and Nell, who had always dreaded lest things should not go as they had gone, sat sorrowfully because she had not been disappointed. They all knew how much they cared for Rob now, all except Mary of the stony heart.

Sir Clement began to tell some travellers' tales, omitting many things that were creditable to his bravery, and Rob found himself listening with a show of interest, wondering a little at his own audacity in competing with such a candidate. By-and-by some members of the little party drifted away from the others, and an accident left Mary and Rob together. Mary was aimlessly plucking the berries from a twig in her hand, and all the sign she gave that she knew of Rob's presence was in not raising her head. If love is ever unselfish his was at that moment. He took a step forward, and then Mary, starting back, looked round hurriedly in the direction of Sir Clement. What Rob thought was her meaning flashed through him, and he stood still in pain.

"I am sorry you think so meanly of me," he said, and passed on. He did not see Mary's arms rise involuntarily, as if they would call him back. But even then she did not realize what Rob's thoughts were. A few yards away Rob moving blindly, struck against Dick.

"Ah, I see Mary there," her brother said; "I want to speak to her. Why, how white you are, man!"

"Abinger," Rob answered, hoarsely, "tell me. I must know. Is she engaged to Dowton?"

Dick hesitated. He felt sore for Rob. "Yes, she is," he replied. "You remember I spoke of this to you before." Then Dick moved on to have it out with Mary. She was standing with the twig in her hand, just as Rob had left her.

"Mary," said her brother, bluntly, "this is too bad. I would have expected it from any one sooner than from you."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mary, frigidly.

"I am talking about Angus, my friend. Yes, you may smile, but it is not play to him."

"What have I done to your friend?" said Mary, looking Dick in the face.

"You have crushed the life for the time being out of as fine a fellow as I ever knew. You might at least have amused yourself with some one a little more experienced in the ways of women."

"How dare you, Dick?" exclaimed Mary stamping her foot.

All at once Dick saw that though she spoke bravely her lips were trembling. A sudden fear seized him.

"I presume that you are engaged to Dowton?" he said, quickly.

"It is presumption certainly," replied Mary.

"Why, what else could anyone think after that ridiculous affair of the water?"

I shall never forgive him for that," Mary said, flushing.

"But he—"

"No. Yes, he did, but we are not engaged."

"You mean to say that you refused him?"

"Yes,"

Dick thought it over, tapping the while on a tree-trunk like a woodpecker.

"Why?" he asked at last.

Mary shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing.

"You seemed exceedingly friendly," said Dick, "when you returned here together."

"I suppose," Mary said, bitterly, "that the proper thing in the circumstances would have been to wound his feelings unnecessarily as much as possible?"

"Forgive me, dear," Dick said kindly; "of course I misunderstood—but this will be a blow to our father."

Mary looked troubled.

"I could not marry him, you know, Dick," she faltered.

"Certainly not," Dick said, "if you don't care sufficiently for him; and yet he seems a man that a girl might care for."

"Oh, he is," Mary exclaimed. "He was so manly and kind that I wanted to be nice to him."

"You have evidently made up your mind, sister mine," Dick said, "to die a spinster."

"Yes," said Mary, with a white face.

Suddenly Dick took both her hands, and looked her in the face.

"Do you care for any other person, Mary?" he asked, sharply.

Mary shook her head, but she did not return her brother's gaze. Her hands were trembling. She tried to pull them from him, but he held her firmly until she looked at him. Then she drew up her head proudly. Her hands ceased to shake. She had become marble again.

Dick was not deceived. He dropped her hands, and leaned despondently against a tree.

"Angus—" he began.

"You must not," Mary cried; and he stopped abruptly.

"It is worse than I could have feared," Dick said.

"No, it is not," said Mary, quickly. "It is nothing. I don't know what you mean."

"It was my fault bringing you together. I should have been more—"

"No, it was not. I met him before. Whom are you speaking about?"

"Think of our father, Mary."

"Oh, I have!"

"He is not like you. How could he dare—"

"Dick, don't."

Will bounced towards them with a hop, step and jump, and Mrs Meredith was signalling that she wanted both.

"Never speak of this again," Mary said in a low voice to Dick as they walked towards the others.

"I hope I shall never feel forced to do so," Dick replied.

"You will not," Mary said in her haste. "But, Dick," she added, anxiously, "surely the others did not think what you thought? It would be so unpleasant for Sir Clement."

"Well, I can't say," Dick answered.

"At all events, he did not?"

"Who is he?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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