

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
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J. E. BIGNEV, Editor & Proprietor.

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The Week's Doings.

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“New to the Time, Let the Chips fall where they May.”
J. E. BIGNEV,
Editor & Proprietor.

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BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Wholesouled hearts revealed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal pans where heart-strings glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words,
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance makes gentle friends.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and from—
Down lowly ways, if that wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Sincere rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul,
That takes the pains to win it.
O there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hearts contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We've had known without them,
O this should be a happy world,
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it be not—
This life is what we make it.

"NOTHING TO DO."

Nothing to do in this world care!
Where waste spring up with fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

Nothing to do, then Christian soul!
Thou'lt take the pains to win it.
With the garments of kindness and sin;
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

Nothing to do! There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day.
There are tears to moist within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

Nothing to do! There are minds to teach,
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving words,
From the grimest haunts of sin's delirium.

Nothing to do! There are hands to feed,
The precious hope of the church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

Nothing to do! And thy Savior said,
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Love, lend thy help the journey through,
Lost, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breeze fan our cheeks;
And our words carry,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throbb and beat,
Sweet, helping hands are stretched,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathing almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
Thy hand have thou, or to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
So faint to feel us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
"The easy road to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, to close the ear,
To wrap in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to That from This.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are—
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side—
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle keeping glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Our joy be the reality;
Our suffering life, the dream.

Newspapers.

No newspaper ever published pleased
everybody, and every sensible taker of a
paper, in passing judgment upon it decides
the matter upon the whole appearance of
the publication from week to week, not
condemning it because he finds something
printed therein that displeases him, or
considering it infallible because it ex-
presses, from week to week, his exact
views. Otherwise the only successful
newspaper would be the one which was
neutral upon all subjects, or one which
never expressed any views on a point of
interest, confining itself to mere items of
news. These two classes of papers were
never known in an intelligent and
conscientious, after being considered upon
that principle for any length of time, for
a community is judged by the outside
world by the newspapers which it sup-
port.—Ed.

In Spite of Himself

BY E. P. ROE.
(Continued.)

Mr. Martell, in the spirit of the
most friendly interest, soon learned
these facts after his return, and also
the gossip, which brought a sudden
paleness to his daughter's cheek,
that he was engaged, or the same
as engaged, to Addie Marchmont.

While Clara was kind, she seemed
to avoid him; and he found it al-
most impossible to be alone with
her. She had always dwelt in his
mind, more as a cherished ideal, a
revered saint, than as an ordinary
flesh-and-blood girl with whom he
was fit to associate, and for a time
after her return her manner in-
creased this impression. He ex-
plained the recognized fact that
she shunned his society, by think-
ing that she knew his evil tenden-
cies, and that to her believing and
Christian spirit, his faithless and
irregular life was utterly uncon-
genial. For a short time he had
tried to ignore her opinion and
society in reckless indifference, but
the loveliness of her person and
character daily grew more fascinat-
ing, and his evil habits lost in power
as she gained. For some little time
before Mrs. Byram's party, he had
been earnestly wishing that he
could become worthy of at least
her esteem and old friendly regard,
not daring to hope for anything
more.

It never occurred to him that gos-
sip had compiled his name with his
cousin Addie, and that this fact in-
duced Miss Martell's manner as well
as his tendencies toward dissipation.
He laid it all to the latter cause, and
was beginning to feel that he could
live the life of an ascetic, if this
lovely saint would only permit his
devotion.

And Clara, so sensitive where he
was concerned, thought she saw a
change in him for the better, and
in the spirit of womanly self-sacrifice
was resolving to see more of
him than was prudent for her peace
of mind, if by so doing she could
regain her old power to advise and
restrain.

With gladness she recognized her
influence over him at Mrs. Byram's
party, and as we have seen, made
the most of it. But with surprise
and some strange thrills at heart,
she noted that he and Addie March-
mont did not act as an engaged
couple naturally would, and ob-
served, with disgust that Miss Mar-
chmont seemed more pleased with
Brentley's attentions than Lottie
Marsden had been.

That a man of Harcourt's force
and mind should be captivated by
such a girl as Miss Marchmont, had
been a mystery, and she thought,
when seeing them together in Mrs.
Byram's parlors:

"They take it more coolly than
any people I ever saw."

Addie appeared engaged with
the attentions of others, and Har-
court not in the least jealous or
amused. In brief, they acted like
cousins, and not in the least like
lovers.

But in the sensitive delicacy of
her character she would not permit
her mind to dwell on the problem
of their relations, and bent all her
thoughts upon her effort to win
Harcourt to a better life.

And she had moved him that
evening more deeply than she could
now see. She, and no finite power,
could plant righteous principle
within his soul and transform his
character; but she had created, for
the time at least, an utter distaste
for all low and sensual pleasures
and an honest and absorbing wish
to become a true, good man. He
felt that he could not be in her
society, and breathe the pure at-
mosphere of her life and be his old
self.

Never did a man return from a
fashionable revel in a more serious
and thoughtful mood, and equally
with Lottie and Homestead he was
glad to escape the trifling chat and
gossip of Addie and Belle Parton, to

the welcome solitude of his own room.

CHAPTER XVIII.
HEMSTEAD'S HEAVY GUN AND ITS RE-
COIL.

The 'day after the ball' has its
provincial character, and Saturday
was so long and dismal to several
of the revellers, that it occurred to
them that their pleasures had been
purchased rather dearly. It
seemed an odd coincidence, that
those who had been bent on sear-
ing all the pleasures possible, with
no other thought, suffered the most.
Belle and Addie could scarcely en-
dure their own company, they were
so weary and stupid; and the
yawning through the day, irritable
and dishevelled, for it was too stormy
for callers.

De Forrest did not appear at
dinner, and then came down moody
and taciturn. Addie and Belle had
heard of his illness the evening be-
fore, with significant glances, and
Mrs. Marchmont partly surmised
the truth, but politely ignored the
matter, treating it only as a sudden
indisposition; and so the affair was
passed over, as they usually are in
fashionable life, until they reach a
stage too pronounced for polite
blindness.

De Forrest had dimly recollected
the preceding evening. He was
quite certain, however, that he had
been drunk, and had made a fool of
himself.

Though his conscience was not
over tender upon this subject, and
though such occurrences were not
so exceedingly rare in fashionable
life as to be very shocking, he still
had the training and instincts of a
gentleman to a sufficient degree to
feel deep mortification.

If he had become tipsy among
those of his own sex, or while on
a fishing excursion, he would have
regarded it as a light matter; but
even in his eyes intoxication at an
evening party, and before the
girl in whose estimation he most
wisely stood well, was a very
serious matter. He could not re-
member much after going a second
time to the supper-room in compli-
ance with Lottie's request, but had
a vague impression that she and
Homestead had brought him home.
He was left in torturing uncertainty
how far he had disgraced himself,
because it was a subject concerning
which he could not bring himself to
make inquiries.

That those he met at the dinner
table treated him with their usual
quiet politeness proved nothing.
Human faces mask more thoughts
than are expressed. Homestead's
grave silence was somewhat signifi-
cant; but De Forrest cared so little
for his opinion that he scarcely
heeded the student's manner.

Lottie Marsden was the one he
most wished, and yet most dreaded
to see. But Lottie did not appear.

Whether it was true, as she be-
lieved, or not, that she was the most
guilty, she certainly was the great-
est sufferer, and that Saturday be-
cause the longest and dreariest
period of pain that she had ever
experienced. She awoke in the
morning with a nervous headache
which grew so severe that she de-
clined leaving her room during the
day. Belle, Addie and her aunt, all
offered to do anything in their
power, but she only asked to be left
alone. She was so unstrung, that
even words of kindness and solite-
dude jarred like discord.

It was torture to think, and yet
her brain seemed unannaturally active;
Everything presented itself in the
most painfully bare and accurate
manner. She glanced fided out of
her gay young life, and she saw only
the hard lines of fact. Homestead's
words kept repeating themselves
over and over again, and in their
light she questioned the past closely.
It was not in keeping with her
positive nature and strong mind to
do things by halves. With fixed
and steady scrutiny she reviewed
the motives of her life, and esti-
mated the results. They were un-
satisfactory as to sterner her
Although the spent years had been

filled with continuous and varied activity, what had she accomplished for herself or anyone else? Were not all her past days like water spilled on barren sands, producing nothing?

As she had before intimated, she
had been receiving homage, flattery,
and even love, and her life, and yet
now her heart had no treasures to
which she could turn in solid satis-
faction, nor could memory recall
efforts like that she saw Miss Mar-
tell making in behalf of Harcourt.
The consolation received was now
empty breath and forgotten words,
and nothing substantial or comfort-
ing remained.

But if memory could recall little
good accomplished, it placed in long
and dark array many scenes that
she would gladly have forgotten.

What can be worse—what need
we fear more—than to be left alone
forever with a guilty and accusing
conscience, and no respite, no solace?
What perdition note a man shrink
from more than to go away alone
from his earthly life, to where mem-
ory—a pale and silent spectre—
will turn the pages of his daily re-
cord, and point to what was, and
what might have been?

A shallow-minded girl would have
been incapable of this searching
analysis. A weak, irresolute girl
like Belle Parton would have taken
a sedative, and escaped a miserable
day in sleep. But with all her faults,
Lottie abounded in practical com-
mon sense; and Homestead's words
and her own experience suggested
that she might be doing herself a
very great wrong.

She felt that it was no light mat-
ter to make one's whole life a blun-
der, and to invest all one's years
and energies in what paid no better
interest than she had received that
day. Her physical pain and mental
distress acted and reacted upon each
other until at last, wearied out, she
sobbed herself to sleep.

Both De Forrest and Homestead
were greatly in hopes that they
would be at the supper table, but
they did not see her that day. The
former, with his aching head and
heavy heart, learned, if never be-
fore, that the 'way of the trans-
gressor is hard.' But though the
latter could not be regarded as a
transgressor, his way was hard also
that long day, and he whom Lottie,
in the memory of his reverend words,
regarded somewhat as her stern auncle,
was more than ready to take
all her pains and woes upon him-
self, could he only have relieved her.

He now bitterly condemned him-
self for having been too harsh in
the wholesome truth he had brought
home to the flattered girl. It was
rather severe treatment; still she
was vigorous, and would be all the
better for it. But now her faithful
physician, as he heard how ill and
suffering she was, almost wished he
had but faintly suggested the truth
in homely domestic words.

At the same time he supposed
that her indisposition was caused
more by shame and grief at the
conduct of De Forrest, than from
anything he had said. The impres-
sion that she was attached or en-
gaged to De Forrest was becoming
almost a conviction.

Though Lottie had never, by a
word, bound herself to De Forrest,
yet her aunt, and all the household
regarded her as virtually engaged
to him, and expected that the mar-
riage would eventually occur. With
Homestead, they regarded her ill-
ness and seclusion as the result of
her mortification at his behavior,
and underneath their polite politeness
were very indignant at his folly.
But they expected that the
trouble would soon blow over, as a
matter of course. The mantle of
charity for young men as rich and
well-connected as De Forrest is very
large. And their slip could be
regarded somewhat in the light of
an accident; for when it became
evident that Belle understood the
nature of De Forrest's 'spell' as
the coachman called it, Lottie had
often pains to insist that it was
chiefly to blame, and had also said

as much to Mrs. Marchmont. Thus they all concluded that her relations with De Forrest would not be disturbed.

Harcourt was the happiest of the
party; but it must be confessed that,
cleared than any law points, he saw
among blooming exotics a being
that seemed far more rare and beau-
tiful, who stood before him the
whole day with clasped hands and
entrancing eyes, whose only request
was, 'be a true man.' Under the
inspiration of her words and man-
ner he began to hope that he might
eventually grant her request.

As far as Lottie's interesting
image would permit, Homestead
concentrated all his energies on the
great sermon, the elaborate effort
of many months, that he expected
to preach on the morrow. He
hoped Lottie, and indeed that all
would be there, for it seemed that
if they would only give him their
thoughtful attention he would prove
beyond a shadow or a doubt that
it would be worse than folly not to
submit to his shaping and moulding
discipline.

At last Sunday morning came. It
was a cold, chilly, leaden day and
even a glance from the windows
gave one a shivering sense of dis-
comfort.

The gloom of nature seemed to
shadow the faces of some of the
party as they gathered at a late
breakfast; and of none was this more
true than of Lottie Marsden, as pale
and languid she took her wonted
place. Her greeting of De Forrest
was most kindly, and he seemed re-
assured and brightened up instantly.
But Lottie's face did not lose its
deep dejection.

To the others she seemed to take
very little notice of Homestead; but
he thought he observed her eyes fur-
tively seeking in face, with ques-
tioning expression. Once he an-
swered her glance with such a frank,
sunny smile that her own face
lighted up, as they were passing
into the parlor, he said in a low tone:
"I wished a hundred times yester-
day that I could bear your heart-
ache for you."

"That is more kind than just. It
is right that I should get my des-
ert," she replied, shaking her head.
"Heaven save us from our desert,"
he answered quickly.

"Before she could speak again De
Forrest was by her side, and said:
"Let me wheel the lounge up to
the fire, and I will read you any-
thing you wish this morning."
"Oh no, I am going to church."
"Miss Lottie, I beg of you do
not go. You are not well."
"Yes, I am; the air will do me
good. It's the Sunday before
Christmas, Julian, and we ought
both to be at church."
"I beg, your sermon will do me
good, Mr. Homestead. I'm usually
ill," she said, as she left the room
to prepare for church.

"I think it will," he replied, "for
I have prepared it with a great deal
of care."

The building was small but pretty
gothic structure, and its sacred quiet
did seem to Lottie somewhat like
a refuge, with an interest such as
she had never felt in the elegant
city temple, she waited for the ser-
vice to commence, honestly hoping
that there might be something that
would comfort and reassure.

But Homestead went through the
preliminary services with but in-
different grace and effect. He was
embarrassed and awkward, as is
usually the case with those who
have seldom faced an audience, and
who are naturally very diffident.
But as he entered upon his sermon,
his self-consciousness began to pass
away, and he spoke with increasing
power and effect.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better and delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address, and find out if you wish you will do so at once. H. HAZEN & CO., Portland, Maine.