THE ACADIAN
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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.

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Wolfville, N. S

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POETRY.

Life.

Thank God for life: life is not sweet always;
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts careful,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
And dreams divine end in awakenings dull,
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.
—*Coolidge.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff that life is made of.—*Franklin.*

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look to it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal you win.
—*Francis Anne Kemble.*

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

"Ah, then, I suppose you gave Mr Angus the full confession of your roguery as you came along?"

"He would not let me speak," said Josephs. "He said it was no affair of his."

"No? Then you will be so good as to favor me with the pretty story."

Dick lit a cigar and seated himself. The sham baronet looked undecidedly at a chair.

"Certainly not," said Dick; "you can stand."

Josephs told his tale demurely, occasionally with a gleam of humor, and sometimes with a sigh. His ambition to be a gentleman, but with no desire to know the way, had come to him one day in his youth when another gentleman flung a sixpence at him. In a moment Josephs saw what it was to belong to the upper circles. He hurried to a street corner to get his boots blackened, tossed the menial the sixpence, telling him to keep the change, and returned home in an ecstasy, penniless, but with an object in life. That object was to do it again.

At the age of eighteen Josephs slaved merrily during the week, but had never any money by Monday morning. He was a gentleman every Saturday evening. Then he lived; for the remainder of the week he was a barber. One of his delights at this period was to have his hair cut at Truefitt's, and complain that it was badly done. Having reproved his attendant in a gentlemanly way, he tipped him handsomely and retired in a glory. It was about this time that he joined a Conservative association.

Soon afterwards Josephs was to be seen in Rotten Row, in elegant apparel, hanging over the railing. He bowed and raised his hat to the ladies who took his fancy, and, though they did not respond, glowed with the sensation of being practically a man of fashion. Then he returned to the shop.

The years glided by, and Josephs discovered that he was perfectl content to remain a hair-dresser if he could be a gentleman now and again. Having supped once in a fashionable restaurant, he was satisfied for a fortnight or so with a sausage and onions at home. Then the craving came back. He saved up for two months on one occasion, and then took Saturday to Monday at Cookham, when he passed as Henry K. Talbot Dovercourt. He was known to the waiters and boatmen there as the gentleman who had quite a pleasure in tossing them half-crowns, and for a month afterwards he had sausage without onions. So far this holiday had been the memory of his life. He studied the manners and language of the gentlemen who came to the shop in which he was employed, and began to dream of a big thing annually. He had learned long ago that he was remarkably good looking.

For a whole year Josephs abstained from being a gentleman except in the smallest way, for he was burning to have a handle to his name, and feared that it could not be done at less than twenty pounds. His week's holiday came, and found Josephs not ready for it. He had only twelve pounds. With a self-denial that was magnificent he crushed his aspirations, took only two days of delight at Brighton, and continued to save up for the title. Next summer saw him at the Anglers' Retreat, near Dome Castle. "Sir Clement Dowton" was the name on his Gladstone bag. A dozen times a day he looked at it till it frightened him, and then he tore the label off. Having done so, he put on a fresh one.

Josephs had selected his baronetcy with due care. Years previously he had been told that he looked like the twin-brother of Sir Clement Dowton, and on inquiry he had learned that the baronet was not in England. As for the Anglers' Retreat, he went there because he had heard that it was frequented by persons in the rank of life to which it was his intention to belong for the next week. He had never heard of Colonel Abinger until they met. The rest is known. Josephs dwelt on his residence at Dome Castle with his eyes shut, like a street Arab lingering lovingly over the grating of a bakery.

"Well, you are a very admirable rogue," Dick said, when Josephs had brought his story to an end, "and, though I shall never be proud again, your fluency excuses our blindness. Where did you pick it up?" The barber glowed with gratification.

"It came naturally to me," he answered. "I was intended for a gentleman. I dare say, now, I am about the only case on record of a man who took to pickles and French sauces the first time he tried them. Mushrooms were not an acquired taste with me, nor black coffee, nor caviare, nor liqueurs, and I enjoy celery with my cheese. What I liked best of all was the little round glasses you dip your fingers into when the dinner is finished. I dream of them still."

"You are burst up for the present, Josephs, I presume?"

"Yes, but I shall be able to do something in a small way next Christmas. I should like to put it off till summer, but I can't."

"There must be no more donning the name of Dowton," said Dick, trying to be stern.

"I suppose I shall have to give that up," the barber said, with a sigh. "I had to bolt, you see, last time, before I meant to go."

"Ah, you have not told me yet the why and wherefore of those sudden disappearances. Excuse my saying so, Josephs, but they were scarcely gentlemanly."

"I know it," said Josephs, sadly, "but however carefully one plans a thing, it may take a wrong turning. The first time I was at the castle I meant to leave in a carriage and pair, waving my handkerchief, but it could not be done at the money."

"The colonel would have sent you to Silchester in his own trap."

"Ah, I wanted a brougham. You see, I had been a little extravagant at the inn, and I could not summon up courage to leave the castle without tipping the servants all round."

"So you waited until you were penniless, and then stole away?"

"Not quite penniless," said Josephs; "I had three pounds left, but—"

He hesitated.

"You see," he blurted out, blushing at last, "my old mother is dependent upon me, and I kept the three pounds for her."

Dick took his cigar from his mouth.

"I am sorry to hear this, Josephs," he said, "because I meant to box your ears presently, and I don't know that I can do it now. How about the sudden termination to the visit you honored the colonel with last Christmas?"

"I had to go," said Josephs, "because I read that Sir Clement Dowton had returned to England. Besides, I was due at the shop."

"But you had an elegant time while your money held out?"

Josephs wiped a smile from his face.

"It was grand," he said. "I shall never know such days again."

"I hope not, Josephs. Was there no streak of cloud in these halcyon days?"

The barber sighed heavily.

"Ay, there was," he said—"hair oil."

"Explain yourself, my gentle hairdresser."

"Gentlemen," said Josephs, "don't use hair-oil. I can't live without it. That is my only stumbling-block to being a gentleman."

He put his fingers through his hair, and again Dick sniffed the odor of oil.

"I had several bottles of it with me," Josephs continued, "but I dared not use it."

"This is interesting," said Dick. "I should like to know now, from you who have tried both professions, whether you prefer the gentleman to the barber."

"I do and I don't," answered Josephs. "Hair-dressing suits me best as a business, but gentility for pleasure. A fortnight of the gentleman sets me up for the year. I should not like to be a gentleman all the year round."

"The hair-oil is an insurmountable obstacle."

"Yes," said the barber; "besides, to be a gentleman is rather hard work."

"I dare say it is," said Dick, "when you take a short cut to it. Well, I presume this interview is at an end. You may go."

He jerked his foot in the direction of the door, but Josephs hesitated.

"Colonel Abinger well?" asked the barber.

"The door, Josephs," replied Dick.

"And Miss Abinger?"

Dick gave the barber a look that hurried him out of the room and down the stairs. Abinger's mouth twitched every time he took the cigar out of it, until he started to his feet.

"I have forgotten that Angus and my father are together," he murmured. "I wonder," he asked himself, as he returned to his own chambers, "how the colonel will take this? Must he be told? I think so."

Colonel Abinger was told as soon as Rob had left, and it added so much fuel to his passion that it put the fire out.

"If the story gets abroad," he said with a shudder, "I shall never hold up my head again."

"It is a safe secret," Dick answered; "the fellow would not dare to speak of it anywhere. He knows what that would mean for himself."

"Angus knows of it. Was it like the chivalrous soul you make him to flout this matter before us?"

"You are hard up for an argument against Angus, father. I made him promise to let me know if he ever came on the track of the imposter, and you saw how anxious he was to keep the discovery from you. He asked me at the door when he was going out not to mention it to either you or Mary."

"Confound him!" cried the colonel testily; "but he is right about Mary; we need not speak of it to her She never liked the fellow."

"That was fortunate," said Dick, "but you did, father. You thought Josephs was a gentleman, and you say that Angus is not. Perhaps you have made a mistake in both cases."

"I say nothing against Angus," replied the colonel, "except that I don't want him to marry my daughter."

"Oh, you and he got on well together, then?"

"He can talk. The man has improved."

"You did not talk about Mary?" asked Dick.

"We never mentioned her; how could I, when he supposes her engaged to Dowton? I shall talk about him to her, though."

Two days afterwards Dick asked his father if he had talked to Mary about Angus yet.

"No, Richard," the old man admitted, feebly, "I have not. The fact is, she is looking so proud and stately just now that I feel nervous about broaching the subject."

"That is exactly how I feel," said Dick, "but Nell told me to-day that, despite her hauteur before us, Mary is wearing her heart away."

The colonel's fingers beat restlessly on the mantel-piece.

"I'm afraid she does care for Angus," he said.

"As much as he cares for her, I believe," replied Dick. "Just think," he added, bitterly, "that these two people love each other for the best that

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is in them, one of the rarest things in life, and are nevertheless to be kept apart. Look here."

Dick drew aside his blind, and pointed to a light cast on the opposite wall from a higher window.

"That is Angus's light," he said. "On such a night as this, when he is not wanted at the 'Wire,' you will see that light blazing into the morning. Watch that moving shadow; it is the reflection of his arm as he sits there writing, writing, writing, with nothing to write for, and only despair to face him when he stops. Is it not too bad?"

"They will forget each other in time," said the colonel. "Let Dowton have another chance. He is to be at the lodge."

"But if they don't forget each other; if Dowton fails again, and Mary continues to eat her heart in silence, what then?"

"We shall see."

"Look here, father, I cannot play this pitiful part before Angus forever. Let us make a bargain Dowton gets a second chance; if he does not succeed, it is Angus's turn. Do you promise me so much?"

"I cannot say," replied the colonel, thoughtfully. "It may come to that."

Rob was as late in retiring to rest that night as Dick had predicted, but he wrote less than usual. He had something to think of as he paced his room, for, unlike her father and brother, he knew that when Mary was a romantic school-girl she had dressed the sham baronet, as a child may dress her doll, in the virtues of a hero. He shuddered to think of her humiliation should she ever hear the true story of Josephs—as she never did. Yet many a lady of high degree has given her heart to a baronet who was better fitted to be a barber.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Did you really lie still and see a burglar walk off with your watch?"

"Yes. My wife had just quit talking and gone to sleep, and I wouldn't have had her wake again for all the gold watches in creation."

A wealthy young lawyer spent two days and nights over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell which side he was on. It was a case of champagne.

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