

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at Acadia Mines, Colchester Co., N. S.

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor. All communications to be addressed to The Editor of The Week's Doings.

Subscription.—One Dollar per year; six months 50 cents; three months 25 cents. One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged if not paid in advance.

Advertisements.—One inch, one insertion, 50 cents. Two inches, one insertion, 1.00. Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance; Single Copies 2 cents.

VOL. 2.

"New to the Line, Let the Chips fall where they May."

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor.

ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1886.

NO. 72

SAMPLE COPIES

THIS PAPER

SENT FREE

TO ANY ADDRESS

ON APPLICATION.

FALCONER & BURNING'S COLUMN!

How easy it is to spoil a day! The thoughtless word of a cherished friend, The selfish act of a child at play, The strength of a will that will not bend, The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,

The smile that is full of bitter things— They all can tarnish its golden glow, And take grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day! By the force of a thought we did not check, Little by little we mould the clay, And little flaws may be viewed as wreck, The careless waste of a waste-winged hour,

That held the blessings we long had sought, The sudden failure of wealth or power, And, by the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life— And many are spoiled ere we begin— The home-light darkened by sin and strife, Or downward course of a cherished one!

By toil that robs the form of its grace, If only a paradise it may be sweet; By the peevish temper, the frowning face, The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain; Some good should come as the hours go by; Some tangled maze may be made more plain, Some lowered glance may be raised on high, And life is too short to spoil like this, Let us kind together our thorns of life, And nourish the flowers around our feet.

A Night in an Indian Canoe. A STORY OF ACADIA.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue despoiled her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon; while the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light lashed lashed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed great God Father of the Miemans, revered and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the saintlight; and spring to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current.

Now she saw that the scow had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and a quiet look came into his eyes as he watched the fire until the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—"Brave daughter of the pale-face, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Poodon-saghtlight's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves. The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone, and what he would do. It seemed a long time when

he returned, alone, and motioned her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer-horns fixed to the bow, and deer skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew that it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not of the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief's. As she came near them, each in his turn laid his hand on his flowing hair, and said,—"You are welcome, brave child of the pale face."

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe. "Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you, and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe. The women had handed into the water, and laid her side low on the deer-skin, and kept very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

With steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in their paddles, and lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore. But the driving storm behind was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crowned billows rolled and surged on after it like angry powers.

An hour and more of this speed and the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side, and the men paused and looked back, then bent to their work with the energy of such men in a struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like wands, and the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam, and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow, and the land was almost reached when again the canoe trembled, and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won their race, and the storm was upon them. Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water with unabated strength, and soon in the gray morning light they could see the shore, now white with the surf of the waves that had outsped them.

The Indians could not possibly return till the storm was over. But Madrine, knowing the price set upon their lives, and fearing the possible early return of the men, dared not offer them shelter. So with a few hasty words of farewell she hurried through the morning gloom and storm to the house near by, the brave man carrying the canoe up the shore where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain with safety till the outgoing tide of the next night. Entering the house, Madrine found a bright bed of coals under the palced ashes, and soon had a glow-

Poetry.

HOW EASY IT IS.

The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,

The selfish act of a child at play,

The strength of a will that will not bend,

The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,

The smile that is full of bitter things—

They all can tarnish its golden glow,

And take grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

By the force of a thought we did not check,

Little by little we mould the clay,

And little flaws may be viewed as wreck,

The careless waste of a waste-winged hour,

That held the blessings we long had sought,

The sudden failure of wealth or power,

And, by the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere we begin—

The home-light darkened by sin and strife,

Or downward course of a cherished one!

By toil that robs the form of its grace,

If only a paradise it may be sweet;

By the peevish temper, the frowning face,

The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;

Some good should come as the hours go by;

Some tangled maze may be made more plain,

Some lowered glance may be raised on high,

And life is too short to spoil like this,

Let us kind together our thorns of life,

And nourish the flowers around our feet.

A Night in an Indian Canoe.

A STORY OF ACADIA.

Madrine saw this raging torrent,

and knew from old associations its dangerous character.

But to-day she had not thought of it,

and as she now looked across its crested waves,

the land she had been working so hard to gain

seemed in the darkness farther away than when

she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the

bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash

purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue despoiled her,

and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into

the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift

with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank

of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high

top of Blomidon; while the water looked darker

in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff

had towered above her and beyond her sight;

and now, as the silver light lashed lashed it,

making it appear to rise almost to the sky,

Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenom-

enon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection

that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so

flushed with strange light, was the supposed

great God Father of the Miemans, revered and

feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful

light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of

her childhood united to produce the spirituality

of the saintlight; and spring to her feet at the

risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she

loosened her long black hair, and throwing it

in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched

her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful

light, and cried to God to rescue her from

peril, and send her safely across the foaming

current.

Now she saw that the scow had left the

faces of the braves and the stony look of the

chief was gone, and a quiet look came into

his eyes as he watched the fire until the

arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his

feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands

gently on her head, and gravely said,—"Brave

daughter of the pale-face, you shall go to your

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at Acadia Mines, Colchester Co., N. S.

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor. All communications to be addressed to The Editor of The Week's Doings.

Subscription.—One Dollar per year; six months 50 cents; three months 25 cents. One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged if not paid in advance.

Advertisements.—One inch, one insertion, 50 cents. Two inches, one insertion, 1.00. Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance; Single Copies 2 cents.

VOL. 2.

"New to the Line, Let the Chips fall where they May."

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor.

ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1886.

NO. 72

SAMPLE COPIES

THIS PAPER

SENT FREE

TO ANY ADDRESS

ON APPLICATION.

FALCONER & BURNING'S COLUMN!

How easy it is to spoil a day! The thoughtless word of a cherished friend, The selfish act of a child at play, The strength of a will that will not bend, The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,

The smile that is full of bitter things— They all can tarnish its golden glow, And take grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day! By the force of a thought we did not check, Little by little we mould the clay, And little flaws may be viewed as wreck, The careless waste of a waste-winged hour,

That held the blessings we long had sought, The sudden failure of wealth or power, And, by the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life— And many are spoiled ere we begin— The home-light darkened by sin and strife, Or downward course of a cherished one!

By toil that robs the form of its grace, If only a paradise it may be sweet; By the peevish temper, the frowning face, The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain; Some good should come as the hours go by; Some tangled maze may be made more plain, Some lowered glance may be raised on high, And life is too short to spoil like this, Let us kind together our thorns of life, And nourish the flowers around our feet.

A Night in an Indian Canoe. A STORY OF ACADIA.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue despoiled her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon; while the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light lashed lashed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed great God Father of the Miemans, revered and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the saintlight; and spring to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current.

Now she saw that the scow had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and a quiet look came into his eyes as he watched the fire until the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—"Brave daughter of the pale-face, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Poodon-saghtlight's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves. The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone, and what he would do. It seemed a long time when

he returned, alone, and motioned her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer-horns fixed to the bow, and deer skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew that it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not of the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief's. As she came near them, each in his turn laid his hand on his flowing hair, and said,—"You are welcome, brave child of the pale face."

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe. "Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you, and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe. The women had handed into the water, and laid her side low on the deer-skin, and kept very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

With steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in their paddles, and lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at Acadia Mines, Colchester Co., N. S.

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor. All communications to be addressed to The Editor of The Week's Doings.

Subscription.—One Dollar per year; six months 50 cents; three months 25 cents. One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged if not paid in advance.

Advertisements.—One inch, one insertion, 50 cents. Two inches, one insertion, 1.00. Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance; Single Copies 2 cents.

VOL. 2.

"New to the Line, Let the Chips fall where they May."

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor.

ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1886.

NO. 72

SAMPLE COPIES

THIS PAPER

SENT FREE

TO ANY ADDRESS

ON APPLICATION.

FALCONER & BURNING'S COLUMN!

How easy it is to spoil a day! The thoughtless word of a cherished friend, The selfish act of a child at play, The strength of a will that will not bend, The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,

The smile that is full of bitter things— They all can tarnish its golden glow, And take grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day! By the force of a thought we did not check, Little by little we mould the clay, And little flaws may be viewed as wreck, The careless waste of a waste-winged hour,

That held the blessings we long had sought, The sudden failure of wealth or power, And, by the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life— And many are spoiled ere we begin— The home-light darkened by sin and strife, Or downward course of a cherished one!

By toil that robs the form of its grace, If only a paradise it may be sweet; By the peevish temper, the frowning face, The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain; Some good should come as the hours go by; Some tangled maze may be made more plain, Some lowered glance may be raised on high, And life is too short to spoil like this, Let us kind together our thorns of life, And nourish the flowers around our feet.

A Night in an Indian Canoe. A STORY OF ACADIA.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue despoiled her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon; while the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light lashed lashed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed great God Father of the Miemans, revered and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the saintlight; and spring to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current.

Now she saw that the scow had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and a quiet look came into his eyes as he watched the fire until the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—"Brave daughter of the pale-face, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Poodon-saghtlight's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves. The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone, and what he would do. It seemed a long time when

he returned, alone, and motioned her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer-horns fixed to the bow, and deer skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew that it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not of the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief's. As she came near them, each in his turn laid his hand on his flowing hair, and said,—"You are welcome, brave child of the pale face."

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe. "Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you, and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe. The women had handed into the water, and laid her side low on the deer-skin, and kept very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

With steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in their paddles, and lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at Acadia Mines, Colchester Co., N. S.

J. E. BIGNBY, Editor & Proprietor. All communications to be addressed to The Editor of The Week's Doings.

Subscription.—One