

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1900.

No. 39.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:

\$1.00 per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line

for every insertion, unless by special ar-

angement for standing notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

editor, who may require a deposit.

Advertisements for the Acadian should be

sent to the printer at least one week

before the date of publication.

The Acadian is published weekly, except

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Compensation.

Our women in furs and velvets:

Another in equal rage:

One, rolled by in her stately carriage:

The other, stood on the steps.

Our women, alone in her carriage:

By the other, a little child,

Wh, watching the passing hours,

Lined up in her face and smiled.

She stepped to her boy and kissed him,

And gave him a hoarded crust:

The other had just left costly blooms

Where her one son lay in dust.

One back to her darkened mansion,

Where cannot hold death-stay:

One, back to the hut where labor

Brought bread for the coming day.

Perhaps, as over the sands of life,

Time's great tide ebb and flows,

More fates among us are equal.

Then their outward seeming shows.

—All the Year Round.

LAZY DICK.

CONTINUED.

So Katherine stopped a fortnight

with the Normans, and they all grew

very fond of her, she was so merry and

obliging. Dick was mightily attracted

never went to Woodrich once during

her visit, but when enough afterwards,

it must be confessed, when he declared

that the Edgars were remarkably nice

people, and he went pretty regularly to

call upon them. He got his sister,

too, to invite them to her parties, and

Miss Travers also, "for of course it

would look too rude to leave her out,"

would remark this sly young man.

Before Miss Travers went away,

however, he had undertaken to show

her all the beauties of the place, both

of land and water; for Dick Elton was

the best boating man in the club, and

had won already three cups and a

medal. Of course he had no objec-

tion to exhibit his prowess to Miss

Travers, and, having persuaded her

to let him teach her how to row, soon

proceeded to be very proud of his pu-

pils progress.

One day, coming back after one of

these lessons, she was in the end of the

boat steering, and Dick, who was fac-

ing her, presently leaned upon his oars,

and so, floating with the current, they

fell into a conversation.

"I wish life could be always like

this," he said lazily; "wouldn't it be

pleasant?"

"No," said Katherine thoughtfully;

"I don't think anybody is worth much

if he is willing to be idle when there is

so much work to be done." She spoke

in all simplicity, unconscious of her

own thrust. But how was Dick to

know that? He coloured painfully.

"But then just think," he continued

reassuringly, "how dreadfully work tires

one."

Katherine looked at the brown, stal-

warted fellow and sighed, and then she

said, "I wish you were a former occa-

sion, that I might be as idle as you are

now."

"Upon my word that's a hard hit,"

said Dick meekly; "I wish I could

do it, but I can't," and for the first

time in his life he was ashamed to

meet the clear glance of a woman's

eyes.

Miss Norman burst with some-

thing that Miss Travers was not

obliging to be a governess. She became

one on account of her father's second

marriage. Home was no home to Kath-

erine with a stepmother in it, though

she had borne that condition of things

for three years for the sake of her

young brother Robin, a boy of four-

teen; the one person in the world that

only one in the world who loved him.

This was the boy's profound conviction

and if any one dared to differ from him,

if it wasn't a woman he'd just ask him

to step out for a moment and knock him

down before he could say Jack Robin-

son. As for Katherine, she was more

like a mother than a sister to him; she

watched over him, prayed for him,

made a hundred sacrifices for him—in

a word, loved him. Robin always

wrote to his sister every week, and the

following letter is so characteristic of

one boy that I lay it before the reader.

My Darling old Kate of Kate:—I

like you like the Dickens and I wish

you were here. School is ever so

much pleasanter than home, and I

like the rows better because you can

fight the people who make 'em. I

play cricket every day and you bet it's

fun. When I am a man see if I

don't take the shakes out of anybody.

Steppy sent me a cake the other day

and I was exceedingly obliged to her.

I meant to send her a civil thank you

but found out it was stale just in time,

though goodness, so I gave it to the

boys in the lower form and ever since

they've treated me with apples. I

didn't do it for that you know. I

think perhaps when I'm a man I'll be

champion cricketer of the world, but

if any one beats me I shall go into a

circus. I've been only thrashed once,

and had the taws on the hand five times

since I came here, and all the fellows

say that's pretty good for a boy that's

been a whole month in the school.

Write often mind. I always sleep

with your last letter under my pillow,

but you're not to tell that to anybody.

It keeps away bad dreams. I think

I'll have to stop now as I've tipped over

the ink twice, and the boy who's been

working it up for me can't stay much

longer. So good-bye Kate, your dar-

ling blessed old girl.

Your loving brother,

ROBIN.

His sister smiled tenderly over the

letter, and may be she'd say, "two

Oh, tyrannical, a legitimate, impetuous

boyhood, who can help glorifying in

you?"

Katherine became a great favorite

with the Edgars, and brought her pu-

pils on wonderfully, their parents said.

The time passed quickly, as time al-

ways does with busy people, and Kath-

erine found herself looking forward to

Christmas, and to a speedy meeting

with Robin. She was sitting alone one

afternoon, about a week before the

holidays, looking out of the window

at the postman, when Dick

Elton came in. She told him that Mr.

and Mrs. Edger had gone for a drive

with the children; however, he did not

seem at all to mind their absence, but

was all about his own business.

He was sitting with her for a good

while. They were quite old friends,

or perhaps something more, by this

time. Presently a servant brought in

a letter for Katherine, and begging

Dick to excuse her she proceeded to

read it. It gave him an opportunity

of looking at her, and he was sorry to

say that the important young man took

it, until he saw a deep flush of annoy-

ance rise into her face and something

like tears in her eyes. Then Dick

(who, as we have said, numbered

among his other peculiarities an inate

refinement) rose and walked over to

the window, standing in the most

careless manner, though all the time

he felt his heart beating fast with sym-

patry and an intense desire to be of

some use to her.

But Katherine spoke

out directly almost, growing quite con-

fidential in her anger.

"It's a shame, a shame!" she cried;

"it's not true; she has done it to spoil

our Christmas."

Dick tried to sound in an instant

to a serious standing fashed and de-

clared, "you've got to cry, but he saw

the sign of it are under her long lashes

and he looked so lovely, so, it was as if

she were gone down and kissed the hem of

her garments. So, consequently, however,

he preserved his sense, and, in this in-

stance, he was not at all surprised to

acquire himself with great credit.

"What is it?" he said gently.

"Tell me, Miss Travers; I'm sure I

can help you. You say that she has

done it, and she's a gentleman, but

by no means a successful diplomat.

"Nobody can help me when Steppy is

against me," said the girl pitifully, using

Robin's name as if it were a talisman.

"What she is to do is to tell me what

she is to do, and I'll do it for her."

"I don't know what to do," she said

slowly, and then remembering how rude