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THE ACADIAN.

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Wolfville, March 23, 1900.

Ordered to Africa.

All the doors in the corridor were still closed—all except mother's. She had left her's ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had call d her name. But Bob had not called; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink, and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pictures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gallant figure of Bob himself on the mantelpiece, photographed in full uniform.

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose softly, slipped on her dressing gown and slippers, and stole along the corridor to Bob's room.

Bob lay, six foot of British manhood, yellow haired, straight limbed, deep chested, sound asleep. The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrapnel, rifle and bayonet in thousands. Bob awoke to find his mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; and yet today something stirred in his breast, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his breast.

"My baby—my boy!" mother murmured. "Oh, my darling!"

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it—not a little bit; and as soon as he could wriggled himself free and asked the time.

There was time and to spare, and mother said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again and went; and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that lay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry, and putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly fledged subaltern of twenty years recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war.

Having adjusted his cap at every conceivable angle, he placed it and continued his toilet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty minutes saw him fully attired, immaculate in a brand new suit, and the stiffest and highest of shiny white collars.

Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much and did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Nearly time to be off" he cried with almost brutal cheerfulness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty.

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear here but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought-of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would like to have told Bob she was sorry, but she knew he would laugh at her for being a little goose; and besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed good-by; so she choked back the lump in her throat and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; dauntless, wounded, bloody—dying! with a little cry she rose to her feet.

Bob who had been taking careful aim at the glass globe, turned at the sound. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "what's up, Nell? you look as if you had seen a ghost." Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward!" he cried tessingly. "I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver."

Nell stopped short on her way to the door, then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing. Then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went downstairs.

In the hall Perkins, the man servant met him and hurried forward with a scared face. "Oh, sir," he cried, reproachfully, "you shouldn't really sir! I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir," he said, pathetically, as he took the case and portmanteau from Bob's hands.

"Oh, its all right, Perkins," Bob answered, with splendid condescension whereupon one of the housemaids, who was a witness of the scene, hurried off to the kitchen below.

"He's down," she exclaimed breathlessly, "a-carrying of his own portmanteau, and looking as handsome and cheerful for all the world as if he was a-going to be married, instead of off to the war."

"Poor dear," said the cook as she turned the chops; "poor innocent dear."

Perkins hurried down at that moment. "To think," he cried tragically, "that he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wages sooner than this should have happened. Supposing he's killed and I've got to remember that he waited on himself the last morning!"

"Ain't he cheerful?" said Mary the housemaid. "He don't look as if he meant to be killed."

"Oh, they none of 'em mean to be killed, but that don't make bullets blank cartridges," Perkins answered, grimly.

In the meantime mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout. Once, though, her lips had trembled; that was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then loving pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave—brave and true; and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing room could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him only she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady step across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he looked up at her with round eyes of wonder; then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment he had thrown back his little head and with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving arms. And now—she brushed aside her tears for she heard father coming.

Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth he had thought mother down stairs. He had been trying to remember, that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so prettily, whether he had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand.

"Humph!" exclaimed father, "so you have not gone down?" and his voice was not conciliatory, for he felt that every one that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone; she put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled, and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots—a buttoned and a laced up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision to thus betray himself. But there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh, how mother loved him for it. He had been such a stoic too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways, but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He shared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature, and stood for a moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently, mother, on her way downstairs tripped at the dressing room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it; I have put it down outside." Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves and went downstairs.

At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. So he refrained, and ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the far off land. The tender face of mother smiling bravely from behind the bubbling tea urn; the dainty spread table; the pleasant, luxurious room with its handsome pictures; the broad bow window, from which he could see the dear old garden where he had played as a child, the loving eyes of Nell beaming upon his across the table. Yes, home was home, although he was the luckiest subaltern in the service.

By and by the trap was at the door, and the servants gathered in the hall to wish him good luck and Godspeed. Bob shook hands with them all and thanked them, and then he stood with mother in the porch—alone. He could not see her face distinctly for the mist across his eyes; and the next moment he and father were walking quickly down the drive, along which the dogcart was going slowly forward to await them at the gate beyond. Father remarked that the new gamekeeper was giving satisfaction, and there was every prospect of the covers yielding better sport the next autumn.

"We shall have you home again before then, my boy," he said.

"Rather, sir!" answered Bob; "we shall not take long to settle this affair."

At the lodge the gamekeeper's four boys were standing in a row. They had three cornered paper hats on their heads, and wooden swords in their hands, and they greeted Bob with sundry salutes and hurrahs. And Bob laughed and gave them a penny each. "You must keep up your drilling," he said. "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by and by."

And then the gate was opened, and Bob climed to the back seat of the cart. Far away at the house something fluttered white from a window and Bob took out his handkerchief and signalled back again. Then the boys cheered afresh, and the trap turned into the lane, and home was already a thing of the past.

As they drove through the village there was not a doorway that had not some one standing on the threshold to bid him Godspeed.

"'Tis the young squire off to the war,' they cried one to the other, and the men's eyes flashed and their voices rose; but the women's eyes filled with tears as they saw him drive past. "God keep him," they said, "and comfort his mother's heart." For they knew that the men gave willingly their lives for their country, but that the gift of women was something dearer than life.

All this while Bob's heart was singing to him; he did not know that the song had come down to him from the long ago time when the Sea Kings had gone forth with their battle songs to be the terror and conquerors of distant lands. He did not know; but so it was, and 'twas a goodly heritage, of which Bob in his joy and impatience recked little.

So the station was reached and the last good by was spoken; and the father grasped Bob's hand. "You will—do your duty," father said; "I am sure of it."

And Bob's face flushed. "Thank you, sir," he answered in a husky voice; and—my love—to mother."—*Clifford Mills in the Pall Mall Magazine.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Story of Monday.

Perhaps you have guessed that Monday is the Moon's day, because the people long ago thought that the moon was next in size to the sun.

In many ways they were not so wise as the boys and girls of to-day, and so had no idea that the twinkling stars were really much larger than the moon and only looked so small because they are millons of miles away.

So they thought that the moon should be next after the sun to be honored, and named the second day of the week for it.

Diana was the name of the goddess of the moon. Everything about her was more soft and gentle than about the sun.

While her brother, Apollo, the sun god, was driving his chariot through the sky, she remained quietly at home.

But when the day was done, Twilight opened the gates and the Moon started on her journey.

Her chariot was not so splendid as the sun's, but it was really quite nice, at least it would have seemed so to us. It was made with silver wheels, silver axles, and the body of silver, too, which shone as brightly as a new spoon.

Along the seat were rows of diamonds and moonstones.

Diana was very fond of hunting and used to go about through the groves with her bow and arrows.

So the groves were sacred to her, and many beautiful temples were built in them where the people might go to worship her, and pray to the image which was set up there and called by her name.

At a place called Ephesus, there was an especially beautiful one, which the people believed had come straight from heaven. This building was so fine that it was called one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

To that temple many people went. Once it was destroyed by fire, but as soon as they were able, it was rebuilt and made more splendid than ever.

With Diana there once lived a mighty hunter named Orion. He used to go about through the groves with Diana and they thought so much of each other that Apollo, her brother was afraid she would marry him.

Orion had the power to walk through the sea, and one day Apollo saw him walking with only his head above water. He thought this would be a good time to get rid of him, and asked Diana if she could shoot that black speck on the water. She drew her bow; the arrow struck him, and soon the dead body of Orion was washed by the waves out on the sand at her feet.

She felt so sorry then, but it was too late to bring Orion back to life. All she could do was to have him placed in the sky as a group of stars, where he is at the present time.

Beside him is Sirius, the dog-star, and before him are flying the Pleiades.

Diana was kind to people in trouble. There was once a shepherd boy named Endymion, who in some way made Jupiter angry. No one could ever do that without being punished, and Jupiter always seemed to have some new manner of punishing.

He did not cut off Endymion's head or cast him in prison, but just made him so sleepy that he could not keep his eyes open. This was quite unfortunate for a shepherd, for while he was sleeping, his sheep might all stray away and be lost. This probably would have happened except for Diana, who was so kind that she watched the sheep every day and not one was lost.

Such kindness does much toward making the world bright, I think it was not much of a mistake, after all, to honor Diana and name the second day of the week Monday or the Moon's day.

Sight Restored.

New York, April 5.—Surgeons of the Alms House Hospital on Blackwell's Island, who some days ago operated on the eyes of six sightless patients, decided yesterday to remove the bandages from the eyes of Thomas Elwood, who has been an inmate of the asylum for the blind on the island for many years. "Praise God, I can see," exclaimed Elwood, as the cloths fell from his eyes and he became hysterical. Much confusion in the hospital resulted. Many of the patients knew Elwood, whose sight had been restored, and his half crazy joy affected them strangly. At last five patients who had also been operated upon for total blindness heard Elwood proclaim that he was no longer blind, and began clamoring to have the bandages removed from their eyes. The surgeons agreed, and when the strips of linen over Peter Cambell's eyes were unwound it was found that he, like Elwood could, see with one eye. Michael Floar was equally fortunate and if the prognosis is corrected, will have the use of both eyes. More wonderful yet was the case of Mary Flanagan, a woman patient. This inmate of the asylum for the blind had been in total darkness for a decade. She could even face the sun and feel its warmth without distinguishing the least glimmer of its powerful light. This woman can now see with both eyes and is well on the way to complete recovery. Ernest Schultz, who had been through the operation with the others was overcome when he learned that he was still doomed to blindness. The crystalline lens was removed from each of the twelve eyes. In the cases where the operation was unsuccessful it is believed the optic nerve, through long disuse is powerless to act

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A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

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