

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Published every FRIDAY MORNING,
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 25c.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be
charged in not paid in advance.
Rates of Advertising.
One inch, one insertion . . . \$3.00
Two inches, one insertion . . . 5.00
Each continuation one-fourth of first in-
sertion.

The Week's Doings.

“How to the Time, Let the Chips fall where they May.”
VOL. 2. ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1887. NO. 97

CLEARANCE SALE!

To our friends and Customers we would
like that having purchased a LARGE
STOCK of

Winter Goods

Greatly Reduced
Prices to Clear!
Fur Caps and Capes,
A LARGE ASSORTMENT
NET COST!
UNDERCLOTHING

Ready-Made
CLOTHING!
OVERCOATS
CHEAPER THAN EVER

DRESS GOODS
CHEAPER THAN EVER!

FALCONER
DURNING!

WHAT RULES THE WORLD.

They say that a man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
Over lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power, and stronger,
Min from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

A CONSCIENCE STILL.

“So George Burton had a bit of
good luck,” said Martha Hale. “We
heard of it up at the foundry. Two
hundred and fifty dollars! Well, it
isn't much to pay off his scores. Well,
it'll help him to pay off his scores, and
then he'll be able to do what he likes
with his money.”

“What money?”
“The money,” he guessed.
“What money?”
“The money,” he guessed.
“What money?”
“The money,” he guessed.

Several months ago, Judge John A.
Williams, of Pine Bluff, Ark., went, on
account of a matter of circuit, to a new
town to hold court.

“I never had it made so plain
before. The fact is, Mr. Hemstead,
I don't know much about God, and
I don't half understand myself. This
day seems like an age. I have had so
many strange experiences since I stood
with you in the breakfast room this
morning, and have been so near, perhaps,
a stranger experience for which I feel
little prepared, that I am excited and
bewildered. I fear you think very
poorly of me.”

“You do often puzzle me very
greatly, Miss Marsden,” he replied.
“But I think you are prone to do
yourself an injustice. Still, that is
far better than hypocrisy. I think
of myself as a plain, unassuming
person. Whatever your fault is, you
conclusively acquit this evening,
that you have a kind, generous
heart, more than all, you have shown
yourself capable of the noblest things.”

“Long enough to get red of him,”
he said to himself.
“Oh, yes, he is as kind as a lamb
to his prey,” he replied to the man.

NOBODY BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

In Spite of Herself

BY E. P. ROE.
(Continued.)

“But if you were in the rapids
above the Falls, would you not permit
a strong hand to lift you out?
Why should you look down into the
gulf? Why not look up to heaven?
This is ‘always there’ just
as truly!”

“Do you feel sure that you would
have gone to heaven if you had
been killed to-night?”
“Yes, perfectly sure.”
“You are very good.”
“No; but God is.”
“A good God ought to prevent
such awful things.”
“He did, in this case.”
“No; you prevented it.”
“Suppose the horses had started
to run at the top of the hill instead
of where it was level; suppose a
fine had broken; suppose the horses
had taken the bits in their teeth—I
could not hold two such powerful
animals. Do you not see that
many things might have happened
so that no human hand could do
anything, and that it would be easy
for an all-powerful being to so ar-
range and shape events that we
would either escape or suffer, as he
chose, in spite of all that we could
do. I am glad to think that I can
never be independent of Him.”

“It is ever God's will that they
should stop, what was the use of your
doing anything?”
“It is ever God's will that they
should do our best in all emergen-
cies. He will help only those who
try to themselves. He calls us His
children, not His machines. The
point I wish to make is, that when
we do our best, which is always re-
quired of us, we are still dependent
upon Him.”

“I never had it made so plain
before. The fact is, Mr. Hemstead,
I don't know much about God, and
I don't half understand myself. This
day seems like an age. I have had so
many strange experiences since I stood
with you in the breakfast room this
morning, and have been so near, perhaps,
a stranger experience for which I feel
little prepared, that I am excited and
bewildered. I fear you think very
poorly of me.”

“You do often puzzle me very
greatly, Miss Marsden,” he replied.
“But I think you are prone to do
yourself an injustice. Still, that is
far better than hypocrisy. I think
of myself as a plain, unassuming
person. Whatever your fault is, you
conclusively acquit this evening,
that you have a kind, generous
heart, more than all, you have shown
yourself capable of the noblest things.”

“I wish they could,” said Lottie
recklessly. “They couldn't have a
worse opinion of me than I have of
myself.”

“But what do you intend to do
about Mr. Hemstead?”
“I don't intend to do anything
about him. I half wish I had
never seen him.”

“That you can trifle with him
after what has happened to-night,
is something that I did not think,
and even of you, Lottie Marsden.”

“Now, Aunt, that designation
‘peculiar’ is a very doubtful com-
pliment!”

“I didn't mean it for one, my
dear, though I meant no reproach
in it. You get too many compli-
ments as it is. Frank, like all
young, inexperienced people, has
many impractical ideas that time
will cure. Young enthusiasts of
every age are going to turn the
world upside down, but I note it
goes on very much the same.”

“I think evil has turned the
world upside down,” said Hemstead.
“The wrong'side is up now, and it
is our duty to turn the right side
back again. We can't carry ex-
clusiveness beyond this brief life.
Why, then, make it so rigid here?
Jesus Christ loved the world for
all the world, and though chief
of all, He was the friend of all.”

“Oh, well,” said Mrs. Marchmont
in some confusion, “we can't expect
to be like Him. Then, what is ap-
propriate in one place and age is
not in another.”

“I wish they could,” said Lottie
recklessly. “They couldn't have a
worse opinion of me than I have of
myself.”

“But what do you intend to do
about Mr. Hemstead?”
“I don't intend to do anything
about him. I half wish I had
never seen him.”

“That you can trifle with him
after what has happened to-night,
is something that I did not think,
and even of you, Lottie Marsden.”

“Now, Aunt, that designation
‘peculiar’ is a very doubtful com-
pliment!”

“I didn't mean it for one, my
dear, though I meant no reproach
in it. You get too many compli-
ments as it is. Frank, like all
young, inexperienced people, has
many impractical ideas that time
will cure. Young enthusiasts of
every age are going to turn the
world upside down, but I note it
goes on very much the same.”

“I think evil has turned the
world upside down,” said Hemstead.
“The wrong'side is up now, and it
is our duty to turn the right side
back again. We can't carry ex-
clusiveness beyond this brief life.
Why, then, make it so rigid here?
Jesus Christ loved the world for
all the world, and though chief
of all, He was the friend of all.”

“Oh, well,” said Mrs. Marchmont
in some confusion, “we can't expect
to be like Him. Then, what is ap-
propriate in one place and age is
not in another.”

“I wish they could,” said Lottie
recklessly. “They couldn't have a
worse opinion of me than I have of
myself.”

“But what do you intend to do
about Mr. Hemstead?”
“I don't intend to do anything
about him. I half wish I had
never seen him.”

“That you can trifle with him
after what has happened to-night,
is something that I did not think,
and even of you, Lottie Marsden.”

“Now, Aunt, that designation
‘peculiar’ is a very doubtful com-
pliment!”

“I didn't mean it for one, my
dear, though I meant no reproach
in it. You get too many compli-
ments as it is. Frank, like all
young, inexperienced people, has
many impractical ideas that time
will cure. Young enthusiasts of
every age are going to turn the
world upside down, but I note it
goes on very much the same.”

“I think evil has turned the
world upside down,” said Hemstead.
“The wrong'side is up now, and it
is our duty to turn the right side
back again. We can't carry ex-
clusiveness beyond this brief life.
Why, then, make it so rigid here?
Jesus Christ loved the world for
all the world, and though chief
of all, He was the friend of all.”

“Oh, well,” said Mrs. Marchmont
in some confusion, “we can't expect
to be like Him. Then, what is ap-
propriate in one place and age is
not in another.”

SAMPLE COPIES
THIS PAPER
SENT FREE
TO ANY ADDRESS
ON APPLICATION.