

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
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Acadia Mines, Colchester Co., N. S.
J. E. BIGNEVY, Editor & Proprietor.

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The Week's Doings.

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—OF—
THIS PAPER
SENT FREE
TO ANY ADDRESS
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“New to the Time, Let the Chips fall where they May.”
J. E. BIGNEVY,
Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. 3. ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887. NO. 6

Falconer and Durning's
AND
SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS!
NEW GOODS
FOR
Spring & Summer!

Tailoring Department!
Tweeds, Worsteds & Tailors' Trimmings;
a New and Complete Stock. We will not mention
PRICES, but will assure our friends that as times are
hard and money scarce, the prices will be **VERY MUCH**
BELOW any heretofore given, in fact we will make this
A LEADER,
as our STOCK IS LARGE AND WELL BOUGHT.

A LARGE LINE OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
to be sold at very small advance on Cost.
SEE OUR MEN'S TWEED SUITS at \$5.00!
“ “ “ “ “ “ 5.75!

the **VERY BEST VALUE** ever offered in
Acadia Mines!

DRESS GOODS & TRIMMINGS!
PRINTS & CRETONNES,
HATS, CAPS AND STRAW
GOODS,
HOSIERY & NOTIONS,
A Large New and Fresh Stock
just opened, Marked Low!

NEW STOCK OF
ROOM PAPER & BORDERING!

NEW STOCK OF
**AMHERST BOOTS
AND SHOES!**

Our Stock of Flour, Feed, Meal & General
Groceries always Fresh
and Complete.

A LARGE STOCK OF
CROCKERY
JUST IN, AND MORE TO ARRIVE!

ORDERS TAKEN FOR E. T. SIBLEY & CO.'S SLAT BLINDS.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Wholesouled hearts revealed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal pans where heart-strings glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words,
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance makes gentle friends.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and from—
Down lowly ways, if that wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Sincere rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul,
That takes the pains to win it.
O there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hearts contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We've had known without them,
O this should be a happy world,
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it be not—
This life is what we make it.

“NOTHING TO DO.”

Nothing to do in this world care!
Where waste spring up with fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

Nothing to do, then Christian soul!
Thou'lt take the pains to win it.
With the garments of righteousness,
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

Nothing to do! There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day.
There are tears to moist within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

Nothing to do! There are minds to teach,
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving words,
From the grimest haunts of sin's delirium.

Nothing to do! There are hands to feed,
The precious hope of the church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

Nothing to do! And thy Savior said,
“Follow thou me in the path I tread.”
Love, lend thy help the journey through,
Lost, faint, we cry, “So much to do.”

In Spite of Himself

BY E. P. ROE.
(Continued.)

Mr. Martell, in the spirit of the most friendly interest, soon learned these facts after his return, and also the gossip, which brought a sudden palpens to his daughter's cheek, that he was engaged, or the same as engaged, to Addie Marchmont.

While Clara was kind, she seemed to avoid him; and he found it almost impossible to be alone with her. She had always dwelt in his mind, more as a cherished ideal, a revered saint, than as an ordinary flesh-and-blood girl with whom he was fit to associate, and for a time after her return her manner increased this impression. He explained the recognized fact that she shunned his society, by thinking that she knew his evil tendencies, and that to her believing and Christian spirit, his faithless and irregular life was utterly ungenial. For a short time he had tried to ignore her opinion and society in reckless indifference, but the loveliness of her person and character daily grew more fascinating, and his evil habits lost in power as she gained.

For some little time before Mrs. Byram's party, he had been earnestly wishing that he could become worthy of at least her esteem and old friendly regard, not daring to hope for anything more.

It never occurred to him that gossip had compiled his name with his cousin Addie, and that this fact influenced Miss Martell's manner as well as his tendencies toward dissipation. He laid it all to the latter cause, and was beginning to feel that he could live the life of an ascetic, if this lovely saint would only permit his devotion.

And Clara, so sensitive where he was concerned, thought she saw a change in him for the better, and in the spirit of womanly self-sacrifice was resolving to see more of him than was prudent for her peace of mind, if by so doing she could regain her old power to advise and restrain.

With gladness she recognized her influence over him at Mrs. Byram's party, and as we have seen, made the most of it. But with surprise and some strange thrills at heart, she noted that he and Addie Marchmont did not act as an engaged couple naturally would, and observed, with disgust that Miss Marchmont seemed more pleased with Brently's attentions than Lottie Marsden had been.

That a man of Harcourt's force and mind should be captivated by such a girl as Miss Marchmont, had been a mystery, and she thought, when seeing them together in Mrs. Byram's parlors:

“They take it more coolly than any people I ever saw.”

Addie appeared engaged with the attentions of others, and Harcourt not in the least jealous or annoyed. In brief, they acted like cousins, and not in the least like lovers.

But in the sensitive delicacy of her character she would not permit her mind to dwell on the problem of their relations, and bent all her thoughts upon her effort to win Harcourt to a better life.

And she had moved him that evening more deeply than she could now. She, and no finite power, could plant righteous principle within his soul and transform his character; but she had created, for the time at least, an utter distaste for all low and sensual pleasures and an honest and absorbing wish to become a true, good man. He felt that he could not be in her society, and breathe the pure atmosphere of her life and be his old self.

Never did a man return from a fashionable revel in a more serious and thoughtful mood, and equally glad to escape the trifling chat and gossip of Addie and Belle Parton, to

the welcome solitude of his own room.

CHAPTER XVIII.
HEMSTEAD'S HEAVY GUN AND ITS RE-
COIL.

The day after the ball' has its proverbial character, and Saturday was so long and dismal to several of the revellers, that it occurred to them that their pleasures had been purchased rather dearly. It seemed an odd coincidence, that those who had been bent on securing all the pleasure possible, with no other thought, suffered the most. Belle and Addie could scarcely endure their own company, they were so weary and stupid; and the yawning through the day, irritable and dishevelled, for it was too stormy for callers.

De Forrest did not appear at dinner, and then came down moody and taciturn. Addie and Belle had heard of his illness the evening before, with significant glances, and Mrs. Marchmont partly surmised the truth, but politely ignored the matter, treating it only as a sudden indisposition; and so the affair was passed over, as they usually are in fashionable life, until they reach a stage too pronounced for polite blindness.

De Forrest had dimly recollected the preceding evening. He was quite certain, however, that he had been drunk, and had made a fool of himself.

Though his conscience was not over tender upon this subject, and though such occurrences were not so exceedingly rare in fashionable life as to be very shocking, he still had the training and instincts of a gentleman to a sufficient degree to feel deep mortification.

If he had become tipsy among those of his own sex, or while on a fishing excursion, he would have regarded it as a light matter; but even in his eyes intoxication at an evening party, and before the girl in whose estimation he most wished to stand well, was a very serious matter. He could not remember much after going a second time to the supper-room in compliance with Lottie's request, but had a vague impression that she and Hemstead had brought him home. He was left in torturing uncertainty how far he had disgraced himself, because it was a subject concerning which he could not bring himself to make inquiries.

That those he met at the dinner table treated him with their usual quiet politeness proved nothing. Human faces mask more thoughts than are expressed. Hemstead's grave silence was somewhat significant; but De Forrest cared so little for his opinion that he scarcely heeded the student's manner.

Lottie Marsden was the one he most wished, and yet most dreaded to see. But Lottie did not appear.

Whether it was true, as she believed, or not, that she was the most guilty, she certainly was the greatest sufferer, and that Saturday became the longest and dreariest period of pain that she had ever experienced. She awoke in the morning with a nervous headache which grew so severe that she declined leaving her room during the day. Belle, Addie and her aunt, all offered to do anything in their power, but she only asked to be left alone. She was so unstrung, that even words of kindness and solatid jarred like discord.

It was torture to think, and yet her brain seemed unannaturally active; Everything presented itself in the most painfully bare and accurate manner. She glanced fided out of her gay young life, and she saw only the hard lines of fact. Hemstead's words kept repeating themselves over and over again, and in their light she questioned the past closely. It was not in keeping with her positive nature and strong mind to do things by halves. With fixed and steady scrutiny she reviewed the motives of her life, and estimated the results. They were unsatisfactory as to sterner her. Although the spent years had been

filled with continuous and varied activity, what had she accomplished for herself or anyone else? Were not all her past days like water spilled on barren sands, producing nothing?

As she had before intimated, she had been receiving homage, flattery, and even love, and her life, and yet now her heart had no treasures to which she could turn in solid satisfaction, nor could memory recall efforts like that she saw Miss Martell making in behalf of Harcourt. The adulation received was now empty breath and forgotten words, and nothing substantial or comforting remained.

But if memory could recall little good accomplished, it placed in long and dark array many scenes that she would gladly have forgotten.

What can be worse—what need we fear more—than to be left alone forever with a guilty and accusing conscience, and no respite, no solace? What perdition note a man shrink from more than to go away alone from his earthly life, to where memory—a pale and silent spectre—will turn the pages of his daily record, and point to what was, and what might have been?

A shallow-minded girl would have been incapable of this searching analysis. A weak, irresolute girl like Belle Parton would have taken a solatid, and escaped a miserable day in sleep. But with all her faults, Lottie abounded in practical common sense; and Hemstead's words and her own experience suggested that she might be doing herself a very great wrong.

She felt that it was no light matter to make one's whole life a blunder, and to invest all one's years and energies in what paid no better interest than she had received that day. Her physical pain and mental distress acted and reacted upon each other until at last, wearied out, she sobbed herself to sleep.

Both De Forrest and Hemstead were greatly in hopes that she would be at the supper table, but they did not see her that day. The former, with his aching head and heavy heart, learned, if never before, that the way of the transgressor is hard. But though the latter could not be regarded as a transgressor, his way was hard also that long day, and he whom Lottie, in the memory of his reverend words, regarded somewhat as her stern accuser, was more than ready to take all her pains and woes upon himself, could he only have relieved her.

He now bitterly condemned himself for having been too harsh in the wholesome truth he had brought home to the flattered girl. It was rather severe treatment; still she was vigorous, and would be all the better for it. But now her faithful physician, as he heard how ill and suffering she was, almost wished he had but faintly suggested the truth in homoeopathic doses.

At the same time he supposed that her indisposition was caused more by shame and grief at the conduct of De Forrest, than from anything he had said. The impression that she was attached or engaged to De Forrest was becoming almost a conviction.

Though Lottie had never, by a word, bound herself to De Forrest, yet her aunt, and all the household regarded her as virtually engaged to him, and expected that the marriage would eventually occur. With Hemstead, they regarded her illness and seclusion as the result of her mortification at his behavior, and underneath their polite politeness were very indignant at his folly. But they expected that the trouble would soon blow over, as a matter of course. The mantle of charity for young men as rich and well-connected as De Forrest is very large. And their this slip could be regarded somewhat in the light of an accident; for when it became evident that Belle understood the nature of De Forrest's 'spell' as the coachman called it, Lottie had then pains to insist that it was chiefly to blame, and had also said

as much to Mrs. Marchmont. Thus they all concluded that her relations with De Forrest would not be disturbed.

Harcourt was the happiest of the party; but it must be confessed that, cleared than any law points, he saw among blooming exotics a being that seemed far more rare and beautiful, who stood before him the whole day with clasped hands and entrancing eyes, whose only request was, “be a true man.” Under the inspiration of her words and manner he began to hope that he might eventually grant her request.

As far as Lottie's interesting image would permit, Hemstead concentrated all his energies on the great sermon, the elaborate effort of many months, that he expected to preach on the morrow. He hoped Lottie; and indeed that all would be there, for it seemed that if they would only give him their thoughtful attention he would prove beyond a shadow or a doubt that they were in God's hands, and that it would be worse than folly not to submit to his shaping and moulding discipline.

At last Sunday morning came. It was a cold, chilly, leaden day and even a glance from the windows gave one a shivering sense of discomfort.

The gloom of nature seemed to shadow the faces of some of the party as they gathered at a late breakfast; and of none was this more true than of Lottie Marsden, as pale and languid she took her wonted place. Her greeting of De Forrest was most kindly, and he seemed reassured and brightened up instantly. But Lottie's face did not lose its deep dejection.

To the others she seemed to take very little notice of Hemstead; but he thought he observed her eyes furtively seeking in face, with questioning expression. Once he answered her glance with such a frank, sunny smile that her own face lighted up, as they were passing into the parlor, he said in a low tone:

“I wished a hundred times yesterday that I could bear your heart-ache for you.”

“That is more kind than just. It is right that I should get my desert,” she replied, shaking her head. “Heaven save us from our desert,” he answered quickly.

“Before she could speak again De Forrest was by her side, and said: ‘Let me wheel the lounge up to the fire, and I will read you anything you wish this morning.’

“Oh no, I am going to church.”

“Miss Lottie, I beg of you do not go. You are not well.”

“Yes, I am; the air will do me good. It's the Sunday before Christmas, Julian, and we ought both to be at church.”

“I beg, your sermon will do me good, Mr. Hemstead. I'm usually blind,” she said, as she left the room to prepare for church.

“I think it will,” he replied, “for I have prepared it with a great deal of care.”

The building was small but pretty gothic structure, and its sacred quiet did seem to Lottie somewhat like a refuge, with an interest such as she had never felt in the elegant city temple, she waited for the service to commence, honestly hoping that there might be something that would comfort and reassure.

But Hemstead went through the preliminary services with but indifferent grace and effect. He was embarrassed and awkward, as is usually the case with those who have seldom faced an audience, and who are naturally very diffident. But as he entered upon his sermon, his self-consciousness began to pass away, and he spoke with increasing power and effect.

NEWSPAPERS.

No newspaper ever published pleased everybody, and every sensible taker of a paper, in passing judgment upon it decides the matter upon the whole appearance of the publication from week to week, not condemning it because he finds something printed therein that displeases him, or considering it infallible because it expresses, from week to week, his exact views. Otherwise the only successful newspaper would be the one which was neutral upon all subjects, or one which never expressed any views on a point of interest, confining itself to mere items of news. These two classes of papers were never known to exist in an intelligent community, after being considered upon that principle for any length of time, for a community is judged by the outside world by the newspapers which it supports.—Ed.

YOU

can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better and delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address, and find out if you wish you will do so at once. If HAZENRICK CO., Portland, Maine.

1887. SPRING & SUMMER. 1887. NEW COTTON GOODS,

PRINTS. JUST OPENING IN CINCHAMS, CHEVIOTS, OXFORD. Sheetings Greys and White.

Also, a full assortment of Parks Shirtings, at Wm. Cummings, Sons & Co.

March 4th, 1887.

Commercial Union. The Hamilton Spectator has the following on the subject: Commercial union between the two countries, in the shape it has assumed, is impossible; it is out of the question, and is not more likely to be adopted by the United States than Canada.

The tariff of Canada cannot be so adjusted as to admit of free trade between her and the United States while England is shut out from our market. This is what commercial union with the United States would mean, and that will never occur while Canada is a part of England.

Under her national policy of protection her manufacturers have been nurtured. The example was taken from the policy of the United States. The latter's people believe in the virtues of a protective tariff.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Friday, June 17, 1887.

TO THE READERS OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

FRIENDS.—At the present crisis it becomes necessary that I address a few words to you. Since the establishment of this paper there has never been a period of such deep depression in trade as that through which we have recently passed.

We rejoice in seeing the fulfillment of our hopes. We are glad to have been permitted to take a part in this agitation which has reached such a successful culmination, and to know that the WEEK'S DOINGS has taken a share in producing such a result.

Our voice has ever been on the side of sound morality—not advocating that mendacious sentimentality which so often hinders the cause it seeks to build up, but that sturdy determined adherence to those principles which are founded upon something higher, viz., the Divine teachings.

The Guardian is constantly rolling up a large score of inconsistencies. A few days ago the editor was interviewed in Boston relative to Wm. O'Brien's visit to Canada.

Mr. Blake Retires.

Press Excursion to Boston via Yarmouth!

(CONTINUED.)

Grand Pro of to-day is one of the most charming villages of this Province. Its situation is most picturesque. Fine houses, surrounded by beautiful orchards, and sometimes almost concealed from sight by foliage, are seen on every side.

This town is of especial interest to our party as it is the seat of Acadia Seminary, Academy and College. As well as that of the leading County Paper of Kings—the Acadia.

The Guardian in referring to our editorial makes use of a few expressions that seem hardly in keeping with the general tone of the utterances of the legal or fighting editor of that journal.

When the Guardian, a sheet the principal object of whose existence seems to be to slander and malign the character of Hon. A. W. McLELLAN and other honorable gentlemen; a sheet that continually resorts to the lowest kinds of abuse, talks about the interests of pure journalism the readers are given another example of the glaring inconsistencies of that paper.

The Rev. C. Jost opened the conference this morning at nine o'clock. Devotional exercises and the Lord's Supper occupied the first hour. Rev. J. Gags of Yarmouth was then elected president, with Rev. A. D. Morton Secretary.

THE "INNOCENTS ABROAD."

Press Excursion to Boston via Yarmouth!

(CONTINUED.)

This car, made principally from native woods, was built at the Company's work shops at Kentville. It reflects the highest credit on the Co. and on the workmen.

We were in hopes that at this point we would be joined by one of the editors of the Acadia but were disappointed. We have since learned that the pressure of important business prevented a representative of this enterprising weekly being present.

It is not probable that either press excursionists or the travelling public will have to take the steamer from Annapolis to Digby much longer as the Dominion Gov't have introduced a Bill to provide half a million dollars for the completion of the Western Counties Railway from Digby to Annapolis.

Some nine miles farther on than Middleton, we hear our conductor call out "Pawlish, Nova Scotia." We presume he does this in order that the stanger may make no mistake. It is quite a pretty place, yet we think that it did not receive its name on account of possessing any greater charms than many other villages which lie along this line of railway.

The above is the latest edition of the Truro Guardian, and its production must have taxed, to its utmost capacity, all the latent energy of the editor. Just how many more of these rare curiosities he can produce and still live we are not prepared to say, yet we trust that he is possessed of sufficient vitality to give the world a few more, as such exquisite gems are highly appreciated.

DARING ROBBERY.

One of the most daring cases of store-breaking that was ever committed in this place occurred on last Tuesday night.

The entrance was made by the front door. Tools had been procured from the carpenter shop of Mr. B. P. Fletcher. The burglars obtained these by removing a pane of glass and going in. The tools were broken about 1800 lbs. was moved up its position by the force of the explosion some two inches.

The work is evidently that of experts as Mr. Cox was in the office till very late and when the coke-oven men passed to their work at about 3 o'clock all was quiet as usual. The hole drilled was some seven inches, which must have required a considerable time. Efforts have been put forth to discover the guilty parties but there seems to be very little hope of accomplishing anything.

Suspicion points very strongly to three characters of some notoriety, who were around town on Monday and Tuesday, but who never have been seen or heard of since the robbery. One of these fellows already carries a scar received at a similar burglary expedition. It will be too bad if these fellows escape justice this time, as it is thus reasonable to think that this is but the opening of a campaign of such work. If they escape now it is more than probable that others will be victimized. We think extra efforts should be put forth to discover the guilty parties. While the loss sustained in this instance only effects one firm yet every business man in this county should be interested as no one knows when his turn may come. It is now very certain that professional burglars, well equipped for such daring deeds, are abroad, and a business man knows when he leaves his office at night whether he will find everything all right on his return in the morning. It is true precautions may be taken to remove all money from safe, yet the safes may be destroyed and other property suitably injured. Last Tuesday night's burglary was never designed by the villains to be confined to one store as they also attempted to enter the store of G. R. Smith and probably were about as well as in more public place. On Wednesday the whole topic of conversation turned upon the robbery and universal sympathy was expressed for Mr. Cox in his heavy loss.

Gen No. 2. The Editor of that organ of advanced thought and pig iron, the WEEK'S DOINGS, has just returned from Boston, and after basking in the blaze of intellectual glory for three days he feels constrained to say the Guardian is a weak and ill-informed journal. We feel that the italics are ours and must express a peculiar sensation on the part of the writer.

A LIBEL CASE.—The case of J. E. DIGNES, editor of the WEEK'S DOINGS, Acadia Mines, who was, on the application of Messrs. Russell & Congdon, committed to trial for criminal libel at the preliminary investigation held some time ago before Justice Crowe, at Truro, was on Tuesday taken up by the grand jury. A true bill was found against DIGNES, whose trial was going on at Truro yesterday. He is charged with printing and publishing in his own, his practically a confession regarding the Liberal party had ceased to exist as a united and homogeneous body, and since then matters have been going from bad to worse.

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Local & Provincial.

Pro iron seems to be moving pretty lively.

Spring Hill is to have a jubilee celebration. Success.

Rev. Mr. Stevens discussed from the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sabbath last.

A. T. PATTERSON, Esq., Liquidator of the Steel Co. of Canada has been in town the greater part of the week.

Work is progressing pretty rapidly at the rolling mill and it will soon be in shape again for the manufacture of bar iron.

Mr. A. McE. McDonald, arrived home yesterday morning from Toronto, where he had been purchasing his studies in Pharmacy.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT occurred at Halifax on Sunday. Mr. Kenney and Miss Coe were out driving, and the horse ran down Sackville street. Miss Coeconi was thrown out and dragged along the street for about 50 yards. When taken up, her boots were torn from her feet with the scraping on the rough street. It is doubtful if she will recover.

THE WALLACE grey stone quarried are at full blast, and a very healthy season is counted on.

Several Batty & company, with several New Yorkers, have opened up the old Batty quarry, and employ a large number of hands.

The Huesits quarry is being worked under the supervision of Syd. Huesits. Altogether, Wallace has reason to be proud of the stone.

THE HILLS surrounding our town have donned their summer dress and look very beautiful. Few places are more richly endowed by nature with scenes that please the eye than Acadia Mines.

WM. ARCHIBALD Esq. of Great Village lost a valuable horse on Monday night. The animal had appeared all night throughout the day and had been worked during the afternoon but before 11 o'clock was dead.

At TRURO, on Friday, J. C. Amburg, a theological student, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for forgery. Timothy Clifford, convicted of larceny, and Holwood, convicted of breaking plate glass windows, received six and nine months respectively in the county jail.

We understand a most interesting missionary meeting was held in the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening in connection with the district meeting held here. Addresses were delivered by several of the clergy present.

The twentieth annual convention of the Y. M. C. Association of the Maritime Provinces is to be held in Summerside P. E. Island. The convention begins on Tuesday Aug. 4th. No doubt an interesting time may be expected. Is Acadia Mines to be represented?

MR. SUTCLIFFE returned on Sabbath morning from New York, where he had been detained for some weeks on account of a severe attack of Rheumatic fever. We are glad to see him back, and trust that he will soon regain his wonted health and vigor.

MR. SUTHERLAND has purchased the saw mill which stood near the store of G. W. Cox & Co. He is now removing it near the rink, where he purposes running a saw with water as a motive power. We sincerely hope that Mr. Smith's enterprise may be amply rewarded.

AMONG the pleasing and noteworthy events of the recent press excursion was the introduction of the first time since our arrival in Yarmouth of the editor of this paper to Mr. J. Murry Lawson of the Herald. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Delano of the Boston Dial—Yarmouth Times.

WELCOME.—We have received a few issues of the new paper published at Spring Hill. It is called the Spring Hill News and is a very neat little sheet of twenty-four columns. Its editorials are very well written, and the general tone of the paper is good. It promises to be quite new and will doubtless be a good exponent of the enterprising town in which it is published. We most cordially welcome it to our exchange table.

A WORTHY REPORT.—A grand musical and literary entertainment is to be given at Lunenburg on Saturday evening next, under the auspices of Colchester King Division. It is to be a "benefit" for Mr. John Ackles, who recently sustained a most severe loss by fire. This is a praiseworthy undertaking and we would recommend all to attend. Something good may be expected.

MISS HENDERSON, the Williams Bros. and the Acadia Mines Brass Band are to assist in the concert.

THE Guardian has secured a correspondent from this place, and we should judge from the tenor of his contribution that he had been asleep for the past 2 or 3 years and had just been suddenly aroused from his slumbers. Some startling facts are announced in this column, such as Miss Copp of Great Village is teaching here, and that the political principles of the "WEEK'S DOINGS" are not in accordance with those of the Guardian. It is marvellous that these facts of such recent occurrence should find their way in a Truro paper so soon.

Rev. Dr. Burns was elected Moderator at the Presbyterian General Assembly now convened at Winnipeg.

The institutions at Sackville and Wolfville held their commencement anniversaries last week. Each is reported as passing a very prosperous year. Forty one were matriculated and seventeen were graduated at Acadia College.

Rev. R. B. Mack who formerly labored in this town on behalf of the Methodist Church, and is now stationed at Musquodoboit, was in town last week attending District Meeting. He remained over Sabbath and occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church morning and evening. He was greeted with a crowded house in the evening.

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DURIN, June 9.—Mitchel Davitt made another speech at Bodice yesterday. He said he had received a letter from Mrs. Davitt, intimating that if he was arrested she would speak at evictions in his stead. Continuing, he said that for the last eight years he had counselled moderation. The result had been his imprisonment. The braven English governors had given the Irish kicks and insults for moderation. As soon as the Tory Black-guards showed impudence he would return to his favor.

AVICES TO MOTHERS.—Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislowsky's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the most terrible cases of Diarrhoea, regulate the Stomach and Bowels, cure Wind and Colic, soften the Gums, reduce inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It is the best medicine for children teething. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind and Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It is the best medicine for children teething. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it.

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THE GERMAN WOMAN'S KNITTING

Where Knitting Needles Click Repeatedly and the Sound is Musical.

I have just returned from a tour through the provinces of Brauburg...

Strangers who are admitted into the houses of German families cannot help being puzzled at seeing every German woman...

For it is one of your prettiest young ladies, fancying her looking like a doll...

The rise and progress of a pair of German stockings, which I took on several occasions...

Now, in a somewhat analogous manner to German stocking, prepared by its...

When the foot is so carefully mended, it is strictly guarded from any further...

The German ladies hold their husbands in great esteem...

Even in public places, where ladies attend, they seldom get unprovided with...

One advantage, or disadvantage, as the case may be, of this machine, is that...

I remember once to have heard Count Island described by an eccentric tourist...

Drawing Him Out.

"I am going to have the celebrated Prof. von D. dissected at the residence...

"What is his specialty?"

"Butter? Why, that's a queer job for a learned professor."

That evening, at the reception, Mrs. Sharpe opened out bravely upon Prof. von D.

"Why, what in the world do you mean by talking forever to Prof. von D. about butter and cranberries and all that sort of thing?"

"Just that his specialty? Didn't you tell me to do so?"

"Why, never in the world!"

"What is it, then, for heaven's sake?"

"Buddha, of course. He's written every number of books about Buddhaism."

"That's a marked coolness now, however. Mrs. Sharpe says that a woman who pretences to be Buddha-like 'but-ter' is hardly fit for civilized society."

What is a Crank?

A crank is said to be a man who continually thinks, talks, and writes upon the only subject he does not understand.

Freud's Signpost.

"Say, pa: listen: When Freedom from the mountain held unfurled her banner to the air, What do they call Freedom's 'free'?"

SOMETHING ABOUT FRET-WORK.

Money Can be Made with a Little Skill.

"There is a great deal of people don't know about the art of fret-work."

"This for instance the latest design of cabinet of fret-work, proposed in the art of fret-work."

"Such a cabinet stands from the base 7 1/2 inches; it is 4 1/2 inches across and 1 1/2 inches deep."

"The pattern for this cabinet, when made up will make an admirable article of furniture as any that can be made."

"I can tell you of a case in point. A young man who found it impossible to obtain employment became possessed of a foot-power scroll-saw and by its aid made brackets, card-holders, match-boxes, frames and other articles, which gave him when sold a good profit of \$1 a day."

"From a square foot of black walnut I have known to be made in a few hours a handsome clock-case worth at least \$5 and the material costing but a few cents."

"What about the wood that is used in fret-work?"

"There are more kinds than you imagine. First comes white pine, used particularly for lining the bottoms of boxes, etc."

"Butter, also known as white walnut, cuts clean, but is soft and not adapted for delicate designs."

"What about the wood that is used in fret-work?"

"There are more kinds than you imagine. First comes white pine, used particularly for lining the bottoms of boxes, etc."

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1 Car of Choice P.E.I. OATS

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Who This Week Opened 100 SUITS CUSTOM FITTING CLOTHING,

FOR MEN, YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN.

DON'T FAIL TO INSPECT THIS LOT, AS THEY SURPASS IN FINISH AND PATTERN ALL FORMER ONES.

800 prs. BOOTS, NEW STOCK, QUEBEC & AMHERST MANUFACTURE!

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NEW STOCK HATS! New Stock Cloths, Tweeds, and Tailors' Trimmings!

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All Spring Goods opened this Week

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WE SEEL Potatoes, Spiling, Bark, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths, Hay Eggs, Produce.

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A full stock of the following Choice Brands of Flour: STOCKWELL, PHAEO, KENT & ALPHA.

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2,000 bushels Heavy White Canadian Oats.

40 tons PRESSED HAY. For sale at lowest market price by THOS. MCKAY, Truro, March 30, 1887.

TRURO Marble, Frestone AND GRANITE WORKS. COLE, PRINCE & WADDEL STS.

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HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF HARDWARE!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS! INCLUDING - BOLTS, - NAILS, - AXES, - SAWS, - &C.

OUR STOCK OF CUTLERY IS COMPLETE! JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF CROCKERY, GLASS, CHINA & EARTHENWARE, &C.

We make Stoves, Tinware and Kitchen Furnishing a specialty. As this is the only Hardware Store in the Town, we can supply the trade in every line and suit every one in price.

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CANADA AND WEST INDIES. TENDERS FOR STEAMSHIP LINES. THE Advertisement of the 7th February, 1887, calling for tenders for the performance of the above service is hereby cancelled, and the following substituted therefor:-- Tenders will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, for the performance of the following steamship service, viz:-- 1st. A line of mail steamers sailing from Halifax to Havana, thence to Kingston, thence to Santiago de Cuba and Cardenas on alternate homeward trips and thence to Halifax. Trips to be made every three weeks. Steamers to be not over 1,000 tons, nor less than 700 tons registered tonnage. The contract to be for a period of 5 years. Tenders will be received for the above service of either steamers to Kingston, thence to Santiago de Cuba and Cardenas on alternate homeward trips and thence to Halifax. Trips to be made every three weeks. Steamers to be not over 1,000 tons, nor less than 700 tons registered tonnage. The contract to be for a period of 5 years. Tenders will be received for the above service of either steamers to Kingston, thence to Santiago de Cuba and Cardenas on alternate homeward trips and thence to Halifax. Trips to be made every three weeks. Steamers to be not over 1,000 tons, nor less than 700 tons registered tonnage. The contract to be for a period of 5 years.

J. M. COURTNEY, Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa, 16th April, 1887.