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4 10th 1883

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. II.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., OCTOBER 26, 1883.

No. 2.

Poetry.

At Rest.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry
stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in some leaf shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Weary thy storm beaten soul has longed
to be,
Wild blast and angry sea
Touch not this favoured shore, by sun
A home of rest. [mer blest.

Ah, favoured heart, the grass is green and
Where thou art laid asleep; [deep
Kissed by soft winds and washed by
gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart, too long in this mad world
Take now thy rest. [oppress

I to, perplexed with strife of good and ill
Long to be safe and still;
Even is present with me while I pray
That good may win the day;
Great Giver, grant me thy last gift and
The gift of rest. [best,

EVERY DAY THROWS A SHADOW.

CHAPTER I.

(continued.)

The young man staggered towards the
door.
"I must have time to consider. I
cannot make up my mind to give up
my life at once. Believe me, father, I
am not for myself; but I cannot break
my troth, and at the same time break
my heart which I have no power to give
up."
"You had better go now," groaned
Nash. "I have given you pain,
Harry; but I have told you what is at
stake, and the only means I know of
avoiding ruin. You are too disturbed
to talk now. Go now, there's a dear
boy, and think over what I have said.
I don't desire to press you; but think
what Jane Hamilton would marry a
pauper?"
His son was stung to the quick.
"I had never thought of that. Father,
I must know all; without her
consent I cannot do what you advise."
He turned hastily and left the room.

"Stop rash boy," said his father.
"Would you tell our secret to a frivo-
lous girl, to have it blown over the
world?"
But Harry Nash was out of hearing.

CHAPTER II

It was a large drawing-room, and
well furnished, that opened, as some
do nowadays, into a small room at one
end with folding doors, into which the
solicitor's son was shown; everything
around bore the traces of comfort and
happiness. He was alone in the room
for some short time, and as he gazed
around, he gave way to his own sad
thoughts.

"And yet I must give her up be-
cause of a father's folly," he said, bit-
terly. "All her comforts, and a suffi-
cient income, cannot keep her heart
from breaking. Oh! those cruel words,
'think you Jane Hamilton would marry
a pauper!'"

He thought he heard something
move in the adjoining room, he turned
hastily round, and was about to open
the folding doors, when Miss Hamilton
came in from another entrance.

She saw the alarmed and sad ex-
pression cast over her lover's face.

"Harry!" said she affrightedly, "is
anything the matter?"

He caught her in his arms, and gave
way to his emotion in a violent flood
of tears.

"Jane!" he groaned, "I know not
how to tell you what has happened—
we can no longer be betrothed!"

"Oh, Harry, surely——"

"No, Jane," answered the young
man, "for your dear sake it must not
be—I am a beggar."

She stared vacantly in his face.

"Blame not me!" he ejaculated,
wildly; "it is my father—my father
has ruined me, and unless I marry
another, his ruin is involved in my own."

He was surprised to see her so quiet
in such a trying moment. She was so
stunned that she could scarcely speak.

"Ruined!" she cried, plaintively,
"and by a father? Why should ruin
separate us? Poor dear Harry, you
cannot help another's folly."

Harry Nash flung himself into a
chair.

"You shall know all, Jane. I should
do wrong to keep anything from you.
My father is insolvent to the amount of

forty thousand pounds, and I must
marry one who will keep him from a
debtor's prison."

"But they will wait for the money.
They must know that Mr. Nash's prac-
tice is good, and would warrant——"

"No, dear. The debt must be paid
in two months or our ruin is inevitable."

"Then think no more of me," cried
the generous girl, in vain trying to re-
press her sobs. "Think no more of one
who would ruin you, Oh, Harry——"

She fairly broke down, and could
say no more.

"You shall never be his ruin, Jane,
trust me," said a voice.

And the folding doors at the other
end of the room opening, Mr Hamil-
ton stood before them.

"I have accidentally been acquainted
with news from your own lips," said
that gentleman, "from which you will
see that Jane's prospects would be
blighted by the proposed marriage tak-
ing place."

"They would sir," rejoined the
young man somewhat perplexed.
"And had I known that a listener had
caught my every word, I would not
care to recall anything I had spoken."

"Your interview was strictly what it
should be, Harry," said Mr. Hamilton,
struck by the young man's candor; "and
you must not think the worse of me for
listening to what concerned my daugh-
ter's welfare. You may, however, rely
on my secrecy; as nothing that I have
heard shall again pass my lips."

He waited for a reply, but receiving
none, resumed.

"Accordingly, it is my wish that
this interview between Jane and your-
self be brief. One short 'goodbye'
would save both your hearts from be-
ing wrung." "Then farewell, Jane,"
said Harry Nash, rising somewhat pas-
sionately from his seat. "Try and for-
get the past, since it must be so. And
you, sir," he resumed, turning to Mr.
Hamilton, "I rely on your secrecy.
Good-by."

He left the room, snatched up his
hat, and rushed into the street.

He hurried along the damp pave-
ment, his teeth firmly set, glaring fierce-
ly at every bye-passer, and looking al-
most as if he was bent on murder.
One of his fashionable acquaintances,
Captain Cole, met him.

"Hallo, Nash, old boy, how are you?"

Glad to see you."
He tried to look calm.

"Pretty well, thanks, Cole. Hope
you are well! Pray excuse me to-day,
old fellow—can't stop. I'm almost mad
with business."

He passed on, still quickening his
pace.

"In a deuced rum mood to-day,"
observed Captain Cole to himself, who
thought it very strange that young
Nash should be so full of business all at
once.

(to be continued.)

W. & A. Railway Time Table.

1883—Summer Arrangement—1883.

Commencing Monday, 18th. June.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.F.S.	Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Le'v		6 15	3 00
1 Bridgetown "		7 11	3 00
28 Middleton "		8 10	3 38
42 Aylesford "		9 17	4 16
47 Berwick "		9 40	4 30
50 Waterville "		9 55	4 39
59 Kentville d'pt	8 1	10 35	5 12
64 Port Williams "	8 37	11 35	5 28
66 Wolfville "	6 45	11 45	5 35
69 Grand Pre "	6 59	11 57	5 44
72 Avonport "	7 10	12 10	5 58
77 Hantsport "	7 26	12 30	6 08
84 Windsor "	8 15	1 15	6 31
116 Windsor June "	10 16	3 40	7 59
130 Halifax arrive "	11 10	4 30	8 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M. W. S.	Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax— leave	7 45	7 00	3 00
14 Windsor Jun—	8 22	8 30	4 00
46 Windsor "	9 40	11 05	6 03
53 Hantsport "	10 01	11 33	6 31
58 Avonport "	10 16	11 53	6 49
61 Grand Pre "	10 25	12 05	7 03
64 Wolfville "	10 39	12 22	7 16
66 Port Williams "	10 45	12 30	7 25
71 Kentville "	11 15	1 15	7 40
80 Waterville "	11 38	1 51	
83 Berwick "	11 46	2 03	
88 Aylesford "	12 00	2 25	
102 Middleton "	12 25	3 33	
116 Bridgetown "	1 15	4 38	
130 Annapolis Ar'v	1 58	5 20	

N. B. Trains are run on Railway Stan-
dard Time, 15 minutes added will give
Halifax time.

W. & A. R. Commencing Monday, Sept
17th and until further notice, the steam-
"Empress" will leave St. John for Anna-
polis every Monday, Wednesday and Sat-
urday, at 8 00 a. m., and will leave Anna-
polis for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday
and Saturday p. m. after arrival of Express
Trains. Also, the Thursday trips of the
International Steamers from St. John to
Boston has been discontinued.

Through Tickets may be obtained at the
principal Stations.

P. INNES,
General Manager.
Kentville, Sept. 17th 1883