THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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POETRY.

Which Are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day
Just two kind of people, no more, I say.
Not the sinner or saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find too, I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil up the road?
Or are you a leaner who let others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXXI. —*Continued.*

Gerald had not suffered from any bodily discomfort, but others on board the *Esperance* were less fortunate, and when he once more took his place in the saloon, and went up on deck, he found that work, which all his life long seemed to fall to his share, once more waiting for him. It was the work of making other people comfortable. The Harveys' little girl was very weak and fretful. She had gone through a bad time, but when Wyndham lifted her in his arms, sat down with her in a sheltered part of the deck, and told her some funny fairy tales, his influence worked like the wand of a good magician. She smiled, told Mr Wyndham he was a very nice man, gave him a kiss, and ran downstairs presently to eat her supper with appetite.

Little Cecile Harvey was not the only person who came under Wyndham's soothing influence. During this first evening he found himself more or less in the position of a sort of general sick nurse. But the next day people were better, and then he appeared in another *role*. He could entertain, with stories, with music, with song. He could recite; above all things he could organize, and had a knack of showing off other people to the best advantage. Long before a week had passed, Wyndham was the most popular person on board. He was not only popular with saloon passengers, but with the emigrants. There were several on board, and he often spent some hours with them, playing with the children, and talking with the mothers, or, rather, getting the mothers to talk to him.

They were flying south now, and every day the air grew more balmy and the sea smoother. The emigrants, boys and girls, fathers and mothers, used to lie out on the deck in the sun, and a very pretty picture they made; the children rolling about laughing and playing, and the mothers, most of them were young mothers, looking on and regarding them with pride.

There was scarcely an emigrant mother on board that ship who had not confided her story, her hopes and her fears to Wyndham, before the voyage was over.

Soon that thing happened which had happened long ago at Jewsbury-on-the-Wold, which had happened in the small house in Park-lane, which had happened even with the odds against him to his wife—everybody loved Wyndham. Hearts warmed as he came near, eyes brightened when they looked at him. He was in the position of a universal favorite. That sometimes is a dangerous position. But not in his case, for he was too unselfish to make enemies.

All this time, while his life was apparently drifting, while the hours were apparently gliding on to no definite or especial goal, to a landing at Melbourne—to a journey across a new Continent—while his days were going by to all intents and purposes like anybody else's days, he knew that between him and them lay an immeasurable guilt. He knew that he was not drifting, but going very rapidly down a hill. The fact is, Wyndham knew that the end, as far as he was concerned, was near.

His father-in-law had planned one thing, but, he had planned another. He told no one of this, he never whispered this to a living creature, but his own mind was inexorably made up. He knew it when he bade his father good-bye that last Sunday; when he looked at Lilias and Marjory, and the other children, he knew it; he knew it when he kissed his wife's cheek that last morning when she slept. In his own way he could be a man of iron will. His will was as iron in this special matter. Only once had his determination been shaken, and that was when he pleaded with Valentine, and when he hoped against hope that she would listen to his prayer. The last lingering sparks of that hope died away when the captain refused to touch at Plymouth. After that moment his own fixed will never wavered.

His father-in-law had asked him for half a death; he should have a whole one. That was all. Many another man had done what he meant to do before. Still it was the End—the great End. No one could go beyond it.

He made his plans very carefully; he knew to effect his object he must be extremely careful. He would die, but it must never be supposed, never breathed by mortal soul that he had passed out of this world except by accident. He knew perfectly what the captain thought of him during the first couple of days of his residence on board the *Esperance*.

"Captain Jellyby is positive that I am touched in the head, thought Wyndham. "I must undo that suspicion."

He took pains, and he succeeded admirably. Wyndham was not only a favorite on board, but he was cheerful, he was gay. People remarked not on his high but on his good spirits.

"Such a merry, light-hearted fellow," they said of him.

Wyndham overheard these remarks now and then. The captain openly delighted in him.

"The ship will never be lucky again when you leave her," he said. "You're worth a free passage to any captain. Why you keep us all in good humor. Passengers, emigrants, sailors and all. Here, come along. I thought you rather a gloomy young chap when first I set eyes on you; but now—ah, well! you were homesick. Quite accountable. Here, I have a request from the second mate, and one or two more of the jack tars down there. They want you to sing them a song after supper. They say it isn't fair that we should have you to ourselves in the saloon."

Gerald laughed, said he would be happy to oblige the sailors, and walked away.

"As jolly a chap as ever I laid eyes on," muttered the captain. "I liked him from the first, but I was mistaken in him. I thought him gloomy. Not a bit. I wonder his wife could bear to let him out of her sight. I wouldn't if I were a lass. There, hark to him now! Bless me, we are having a pleasant voyage this time."

So they were. No one was ill; the amount of rough weather was decidedly below the average, and cheerfulness and contentment reigned on board.

The ship touched at Teneriffe, but only for a few hours, and then sped on her way to the Cape. It was now getting very hot, and an awning was spread over the deck. Under this the saloon passengers sat, and smoked and read. No one suspected, no one had the faintest shadow of a suspicion that black care lurked anywhere on board that happy ship, least of all in the breast of the merriest of its crew, Gerald Wyndham.

The *Esperance* reached the Cape in safety, there some of the passengers, Gerald amongst them, landed, for the captain intended to lie at anchor for twenty-four hours. Then again they were away, and now they were told they must expect colder weather for they were entering the Southern Ocean, and were approaching high latitudes of polor cold. They would have to go through the rough sea of the "Roaring Forties," and then again they would emerge into tropical sunshine.

Soon after they left the Cape, little Cecily Harvey fell ill. She caught a chill and was feverish, and the doctor and her mother forbade her to go on deck. She was only eight years old, a pretty, winsome child. Gerald felt a special tenderness for her, for she reminded him of his own little sister Joan. During this illness she often lay for hours in his arms, with her little feverish cheek pressed against his, and her tiny hot hand comforted by his firm cool clasp.

"Mr Wyndham," she said on one of these occasions, "I wish you wouldn't do it."

"Do what, Cecily?"

"Run up the rigging as you do. I heard one of the sailors talking to Mrs Meyrich the other day, and he said you were too daring, and some day you'd have a slip, and be overboard, if you did not look sharp."

"Oh, I'll take care of myself, Cecily. At one time I thought of being a sailor, and I was always climbing, always climbing at home. There isn't the least fear. I'm not rash. I'm a very careful fellow."

"Are you? I'm glad of that. Had you tall trees at your home?"

Gerald gave the little hand a squeeze.

"They were like other trees," he said. "Don't let us talk of them."

"Musn't we? I'm sorry. I wanted to hear all about your home."

"I haven't a home, Cecily. Once I had one, but you can understand that it is painful to speak of what one has lost."

"I'm very sorry for you, dear Mr Wyndham. Did you lose a little sister, too? Is that why you squeeze me so tight?"

"I have lost many little sisters; we won't talk of them, either. What is the matter, Cecily? Do you feel faint?"

"No, but I hate this rough, choppy sea. I want it to be smooth again as it used to be. Then I can go on deck, and lie under the awning, and you can sit near me, and tell me stories. Will you?"

Gerald did not answer.

"*Will* you, Mr Wyndham?"

"I can lie to everyone else but not to the child," muttered Gerald.

He roused himself, and sought to divert her attention.

"We are in the 'Roaring Forties' now," he said. "Isn't that a funny name? The sea is always very choppy and rough here, but it won't last long. You will soon be in pleasant weather and smooth seas again.

Cecily was not satisfied, and Gerald presently left her and went on deck.

The weather was not pleasant just now, it was cold and squally, always veering about and causing a choppy and disagreeable motion with the ship. Some of the ladies took again to their beds, and went through another spell of sea-sickness; the more fortunate ones sat and chatted in the great saloon—not one of them ventured on deck. Gerald, who was not in the least indisposed in body, found plenty to do in his *role* of general cheerer and comforter. When he was not nursing little Cecily he spent some time with the emigrants, amongst whom he was a great favorite.

On this particular day a round faced young woman of five and twenty, a certain Mrs Notley, came up to him the moment he appeared on the lower deck.

"They do say it, sir, and I thought I'd speak to you, so that you wouldn't mind. They do say you're over rash in helping the sailors—over rash, and none so sure footed as you think yourself."

"Folly," said Gerald, laughing good-humoredly. "So I can't run up a rope or tighten a rigging without people imagining that I am putting my precious life in jeopardy. Don't you listen to any foolish tales, Mrs Notley. I'm a great deal too fond of myself to run any risks. I shan't slip, if that's what you mean—for that matter I have always been climbing, since I was a little chap no bigger than that urchin of yours there."

"Ay, sir, that's all very well, but it's different for all that on board ship; there may come a lurch when you least look for it, and then the surest-footed and the surest-handed is sometimes outwitted. You'll excuse my mentioning of it, sir, but you're a bonny young gentleman, and you has the goodwill of everyone on board."

"Thank you, Mrs Notley, I like to hear you say so. It is pleasant to be liked."

"Ah, sure you are that, and no mistake, and you'll forgive me mentioning it, sir, but you'll be careful, won't you? You ain't married for sure, for your face is too lightsome for that of a married man. But maybe you has a mother and a sweetheart, and you might think of them, sir, and not be over daring."

Wyndham's face grew suddenly white.

"As it happens I have neither a mother nor sweetheart," he said. Then he turned away somewhat abruptly, and Mrs Notley feared she had offended him.

The sailors prophesied "dirty weather;" they expected it, for this was the roughest part of the voyage. Gerald was very fond of talk to the sailors and getting their opinions. He strolled over to where a group of them were standing now, and they pointed to some ugly looking clouds, and told him that the storm would be on them by night.

Nothing very bad, or to be alarmed at, they said, still a rough and nasty sea, with a bit of a gale blowing. The women and children wouldn't like it, poor things, and it would be a dark night too, no moon,

Gerald asked a few more questions.

"I have a great anxiety to see a storm," he said. "If it gets really stormy, I'll come up; I can shelter beside the man at the wheel."

"Better not, sir," one or two said. "The vessel is sure to lurch over a good bit, and it takes more sea-weather legs than yours to keep their footing at such a time."

"All the same," remarked a burly-looking sailor, who was to take his place at the wheel for some hours that night, and thought Gerald's company would be a decided acquisition, "I could put the gent into a corner where he'd be safe enough round here, and it's something to see a gale in these parts—something to live for—not that there'll be much to-night, only a bit of a dirty sea; but still——"

"Expect me, Loggan, if it does come," said Wyndham. He laughed and turned away. He walked slowly along the upper deck. Captain Jellyby came up and had a word with him.

"Yes, we're in for a dirty night," he remarked.

Then Wyndham went downstairs. He chatted for a little with the ladies in the saloon. Then he went into his own cabin. He shut the door. The time had arrived—the hour had come.

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