

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. II.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., NOVEMBER 9, 1883.

No. 3.

Poetry.

The Little Traveller.

Straight down the city's crowded street
A little Traveller went;
The eager throng, with hurrying feet,
On gain or pleasure bent,
Made free for him a narrow way,
But none among them bid him stay.

Only a child, yet for his sake
Wealth, thoughtful, stepped aside,
Power waved a while its right of place,
And Rank forgot its pride,
While many a head a moment bent,
As on the little Traveller went.

A stranger from some far-off land
Spoke then in doubtful tone:
"Tis said your race bow not to kings,
But unto Worth alone,
Who, then, is this to whom all pay
Such homage in the crowded way?"

"A Traveller, more noble far
Than kings of noblest age;
Purer than any praying priest,
Wiser than any sage,
He rests in yonder holy place;
Come, thou, and look upon his face."

The tender lights fell soft and dim;
The air was thrilled with psalms;
He lay in coffin white and small,
With lilies in his palms—
Serenely peaceful, as those sleep
Who have no longer watch to keep.

O happy Traveller! thus to win,
While yet unsoiled by tears,
The home that we shall hardly find
Through weeping, weary years,
Whose small, unsandalled feet may stray
On heights for which we vainly pray!

EVERY DAY THROWS A SHADOW.

CHAPTER II

(continued.)

"I suppose it's some confounded tick or other, and the old boy won't fork out." Harry Nash reached the office, and walked into his father's private room. Mr. Nash was not there.

"Jameson, how long has my father been out?"

"About half an hour, sir. I expect him here every minute."

The young man slammed the door, and left.

He went to his father's residence, and shut himself in his own room.

The old housekeeper, who had often nursed him when he was a child, came to see him in very great perturbation.

"Now, what's the matter wi' ye Master Harry?" said the old woman. Sure you're not a going to be ill wi' the fever, or none o' them disorders? Bless the boy! how his forehead burns."

And she placed her great hand on his brow.

"No, Martha; it's only a headache. I shan't move out of the room to-day. The best thing I can do is to keep quiet."

"Well, poor soul, he shall do as he likes," rejoined Martha. "I'll bring ye up soup and pudding soon and it'll do ye good."

And she moved out of the room, thinking, as all housekeepers do, that the best cure for all ailments is eating and drinking.

Harry Nash paced the room, and found little rest during the night.

"I will not marry that woman," he said to himself, "I cannot. I should but embitter my own life, and hers as well. If I do not marry Jane, I will have no other. No! I will go to sea, and leave my wretched father to his fate."

He got up late next morning, fully determined to act upon his resolution. He went to the office to acquaint his father with his plans.

Mr. Nash was absent. The head clerk said he would probably be there soon.

"Then I will wait till he comes in." He had not been there five minutes before there was a rap at the door.

"There is a person I have never seen before in the waiting-room, sir," said Jameson; "he has the appearance of coming from abroad. He has asked several curious questions about the family, and says he should like to see you till your father comes."

"Show him in," said Harry Nash, his lips quivering with the thought that it might be some one come to proclaim his father's poverty.

CHAPTER III.

The stranger entered the room. He was a tall, dark man, with moustache and beard, the length of which showed that it was nursed in a warmer climate than ours.

"Mr. Harry Nash, I presume?" said the stranger.

The young man bowed.

The other threw himself into a seat in a lounging position.

"You don't remember me, possibly?" the stranger began; "and I should not have known you had I met you. The last time we met you were a child scarcely a year old."

"And might I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"Edward Wilmot, is—"

The young fellow started.

"My mother's name was Wilmot," he said.

"It was," rejoined the other. "She died a few months after your birth. Harry Nash," he continued, rising, and shaking him warmly by the hand, "I am your uncle!"

"And you have not been in England for years," said his nephew, returning his warm shake of the hand.

"Not for twenty-three years," replied Wilmot. "I should never have left my country had it not been for your father's—"

At this moment Mr. Nash entered. He fell back against the wall at the sight of Wilmot, and a ghastly paleness overspread his face.

"You're here!" he gasped. "I thought you were dead long since!"

"It is not your fault that I am here!" said Wilmot, sternly.

"Had you had your wish, I were starved to death years ago."

He glared fiercely at the attorney from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Ah!" he continued, "you may well be concerned, you may well sink down in a chair. You ruined me and my only brother; you deprived us of our father's hard-earned money. The greater part of that money passed into your own pocket. You laughed coldly at me when I asked you for a few pounds to pay my passage to Australia. I cursed you—in this very room I cursed you—and prayed that the money of which you robbed us, might canker your heart and devour you. 'Gold is current coin,' you said, 'and leaves no stain on the holder's hand.' I have always remembered those words—they have gnawed my bosom. I have burnt with passion when I recalled your cold sneer, 'You yet owe me much, and if you do not at once leave the office your body shall wither in a debtor's prison. Nash! if any man deserved a beggar's fate 'tis you!'"

The old solicitor groaned and writhed in his seat.

"Curse me not for the past, Wilmot,"

groaned he, "your wish is fulfilled—I am a beggar and an outcast!"

Wilmot started back in amazement.

"It is true," said he, clasping the back of his chair convulsively, "I am in debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds. There is the letter I received but yesterday," and he staggered up and unlocked a drawer; "read it for yourself, and glory in the downfall of the man who ruined you."

Harry Nash rose, and placed his

(to be continued.)

W. & A. Railway Time Table.

1883—Summer Arrangement—1883.

Commencing Monday, 18th June.

| GOING EAST. | Accm. Daily. | Accm. | | Exp. Daily. |
|--------------------|--------------|-------|-------|-------------|
| | | A. M. | P. M. | |
| Annapolis Leave | | 6 15 | 9 00 | |
| 1 Bridgetown " | | 7 11 | 9 06 | |
| 28 Middleton " | | 8 10 | 9 33 | |
| 42 Aylesford " | | 9 17 | 4 16 | |
| 47 Berwick " | | 9 40 | 4 30 | |
| 50 Waterville " | | 9 55 | 4 38 | |
| 59 Kentville dpt | 6 | 10 35 | 5 12 | |
| 64 Port Williams " | 6 37 | 11 35 | 5 28 | |
| 66 Wolfville " | 6 45 | 11 45 | 5 3 | |
| 69 Grand Pre " | 6 59 | 11 57 | 5 54 | |
| 72 Avonport " | 7 10 | 12 10 | 5 53 | |
| 77 Hantsport " | 7 26 | 12 30 | 6 03 | |
| 84 Windsor " | 8 15 | 1 15 | 6 32 | |
| 116 Windsor June " | 10 15 | 3 40 | 7 50 | |
| 130 Halifax arrive | 1 10 | 4 20 | 8 25 | |

| GOING WEST. | Exp. Daily. | Accm. | |
|--------------------|-------------|----------|--------|
| | | M. W. F. | Daily. |
| Halifax—leave | | 7 45 | 7 00 |
| 14 Windsor Jun— | | 8 22 | 8 30 |
| 46 Windsor " | | 9 40 | 11 05 |
| 53 Hantsport " | | 10 01 | 11 33 |
| 58 Avonport " | | 10 18 | 11 53 |
| 61 Grand Pre " | | 10 25 | 12 05 |
| 64 Wolfville " | | 10 29 | 12 22 |
| 66 Port Williams " | | 10 45 | 13 30 |
| 71 Kentville " | | 11 15 | 1 15 |
| 80 Waterville " | | 11 36 | 1 51 |
| 83 Berwick " | | 11 46 | 2 03 |
| 88 Aylesford " | | 12 00 | 2 25 |
| 102 Middleton " | | 12 35 | 3 33 |
| 116 Bridgetown " | | 1 15 | 4 38 |
| 130 Annapolis Ar'v | | 1 55 | 5 20 |

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

W. & A. R. Commencing Monday, Sept 17th and until further notice, the Star "Empress," will leave St. John for Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8-00 a. m., and will leave Annapolis 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

Co. IN S. S. Scotia, Machine. Warranted. hand. high arm. auto. parts of wood. COMPANY. Street. SS. needs no itself where rapid increase guarantee of be glad to refer them. other machines the Boston as nents free we be outfit, with following extra: Miller, 1 er, 1 Card- of 6 Plate drawn one month INS! styles, American including the in the ch and Woods, ranging from in stock can port notice. due for old instr either Pianos, y at close manufacturers. Be buying elsewhere. CKWELL & 1883

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