

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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No. 4

## Poetry

### To-morrow.

Time and tide for no man wait  
Runs the adage trite and olden;  
Call it musty if you will,  
Yet it speaks a truth that's golden.

Why so oft do plans conceived  
Wisely, bring chagrin and sorrow?  
Seek the answer in delay—  
Putting off until to-morrow.

Chances for a life's success—  
Pleasure in anticipation—  
Of fruition often fail  
Through the blight—procrastination.

Alas, because of that one fault,  
In obscurity grow hoary  
Men who could have made their  
mark—  
Names that might survive in story.

Lacking promptitude, success,  
Like a phantom flies us ever;  
And that word of promise, now,  
Wanting this, is changed to never.

Opportunities once lost  
We can neither beg or borrow;  
Fortune fair attends to-day,  
Failure grim awaits to-morrow.

## EVERY DAY THROWS A SHADOW.

### CHAPTER III.

(continued.)

Harry Nash rose, and placed his hand on Wilmot's shoulder.

"Add not yet further to my father's troubles," said the young man, darting fire from his grey eyes. "If he has wronged you, he has repented. Taunt him not on the fulfilment of your evil course. Leave him and me to our fate, both old and young are ruined, and will leave together."

The solemn way in which this last speech was spoken awed Wilmot.

"I desire not further to taunt your father, Harry Nash," replied his uncle; "for your sake I will spare him. My own dear sister was your mother, and my blood also flows in your veins. Your father's feelings will punish him sufficiently for his crime. Come here, Harry; you shall act as mediator between us. Nash, your hand."

The old attorney burst into tears, and he heartily clasped the hand held out to him.

"Forgive me, Wilmot," he said

"that money has been a curse to me. The thoughts of you, and of your poor brother, who died of grief, have prayed upon me sufficiently—a weight hung over me, and bent me down, it has furrowed my cheeks and dimmed my eye—aye, and ruined my son. Had it not been for that property, I should not have speculated this last time, I should not have been a pauper."

Wilmot was greatly touched, and he turned his eyes toward his nephew.

"Tis hard, Nash," said he, thoughtfully, "that your folly should have ruined your son."

"That son is doubly ruined," replied Harry Nash, huskily, "since he has, in consequence, been compelled to break his troth with her who in one month was to be his bride."

"Poor boy," observed Wilmot, "tis hard, very hard, indeed."

He passed his hand across his forehead, and considered for a moment.

"Nash," he observed, "your throwing that property into Chancery, and devouring it all yourself, though it left me then destitute, has made my fortune. By the dint of care, and with good luck, I am now worth ninety five thousand pounds."

"I would your poor brother had thus fared," said the attorney.

"His breath was feeble," returned Wilmot, "and his misfortune killed him."

Poor fellow! I am the only one left to bewail his loss."

Mr. Nash groaned.

"Your penitence comes late, but not too late," said his brother-in-law, "and I forgive you. For your son's sake the debt must be paid. Harry," said he, sitting down and writing a note to his bankers, "you shall yet marry her you love."

Mr. Nash and his son rose from their seats, and grasped Edward Wilmot's hand.

"There is one favour, dear uncle, which I would ask further," said Harry Nash.

"Tis already granted," returned Wilmot.

"Then I should wish you would live with us, and be—"

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure, my dear boy," said his uncle, "than to be always with you, and, he added, with a sly laugh, to welcome the future Mrs. Nash."

"Every day throws a shadow," The darker the morning shadows is, the brighter will the day prove. Life may be dull at the outset, but a clear day shall dawn. Surely then, let us place this foremost among our list of proverbs—"Every day throws a shadow."

THE END.

## Slander.

Alas, how many hearts have been saddened, how many young lives filled with blooming prospects have been blighted, how much pain, remorse and agony have been caused by just one little word of slander, in envy or in malice spoken.

Some coated tongue, backed by an impure heart, first whispers the base accents. Oh, that it could rest here! But no! An eager ear catches the vile words and ready lips repeat it. Would that there were fewer eager ears to listen to slander, and fewer ready lips to repeat it.

There are also persons who will give credence to any scandal, and from the various motives of envy, malice and love of gossip, will spread the report. No matter how heavily it may be barbed with shame, woe, sorrow and agony when received, there will be added, by repetition, a little more diabolism to the already diabolical report.

Many young men, who have started out to live honest, sober, virtuous have been turned away from the paths of ruin by vile scandal. The young man, in some dark hour, submitting, perhaps, to his friends, yields to the temptations around his path. 'Tis then that the scandal does the most effective work. The young man feeling sorry for his actions would fain return to the right path, but scandal denies him the right. The result generally is, the young man, thinking himself deserted by all his former friends, naturally seeks refuge in the lower ranks where dissipation and riot rule the hour; he tries to drown his remorse and disgrace in the cup.

Slander, however false, will cause all friendship for the one assailed to perish. There is a story told of a beautiful, delicate humming-bird that in a lily lay dreaming the bright spring morning away, that was killed only by the report

of a gun, fired in sport by an idle boy.

Thus it is with slander; though it be report, merely sound, it kills friendship. How much less anguish, sorrow and sin there would be in this world if every one, instead of "rolling every piece of scandal beneath his or her tongue as a precious morsel," would let it rest with the originator.

Mr. Spurgeon says that the reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a certain preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place, he read his sermon, in the second, he did not read it well; and in the third, place, it was not worth reading. Only Mr. Spurgeon's natural modesty prevented his giving the name of the preacher, of course.

## W. & A. Railway

### Time Table.

1883—Fall Arrangement—1883.

Commencing Monday, 5th. Nov.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.F.S.		Exp. Daily
		A. M.	P. M.	
Annapolis Leave		6 15	1 45	
1 Bridgetown "		7 11	2 33	
28 Middleton "		8 10	3 21	
42 Aylesford "		9 17	4 03	
47 Berwick "		9 40	4 21	
59 Waterville "		9 55	4 30	
59 Kentville d'pt	6 15	11 15	5 05	
64 Port Williams "	6 37	11 35	5 21	
67 Wolfville "	6 45	11 45	5 30	
69 Grand Pre "	6 59	11 57	5 40	
72 Avonport "	7 10	12 10	5 51	
77 Hantsport "	7 26	12 30	6 08	
84 Windsor "	8 15	1 15	6 30	
116 Windsor June "	10 15	3 40	7 30	
130 Halifax arrive	11 00	4 30	8 25	

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily	Accm. M.W.F.	
		A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 45	7 00	3 00
14 Windsor Jun—"	8 22	8 30	4 00
46 Windsor "	9 45	11 05	6 03
53 Hantsport "	10 05	11 33	6 31
58 Avonport "	10 20	11 53	6 40
61 Grand Pre "	10 29	12 05	7 03
64 Wolfville "	10 42	12 22	7 16
69 Port Williams "	10 50	12 30	7 25
71 Kentville "	11 25	1 15	7 40
80 Waterville "	11 46	1 51	
83 Berwick "	12 02	2 03	
88 Aylesford "	12 16	2 25	
102 Middleton "	12 58	3 35	
116 Bridgetown "	1 45	4 26	
130 Annapolis Ar'ive	2 30	5 30	

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

The 1.45 p.m. Train from Annapolis will not be detained when Steamers happen to be late.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
General Manager.  
Kentville, 3rd November, 1883.