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Select Poetry.

The Seamstress' Story.

Idly she sat in her rocking-chair,
A woman of forty, pale and plain,
There were streaks of gray in her scant,
light hair,
On her brow deep furrows of care and
Needle and thread from her hands had
dropped,
The hands that nervously clasped and
As with voice that faltered and often
stopped
She spoke of the days when she was
"Yes, it's twenty years since I saw him
last—
Twenty years since we said 'good-bye.'
I've heard folks say time goes so fast—
They couldn't have known such years
as I.

"Twenty years! I remember yet
Just how he spoke and looked and
stood.
When he said 'Now Mary, you mustn't
All you have promised,—as if I could!

"There'll be many to tempt you away
from me,
Never heed them, whatever they say;
Wait for me, Mary, wait patiently, [day,
And think of me always, by night and

"Never mind if the years are long,
I shall write when I've time to spend,
I shall be true, and you must be strong,
And look to the end, Mary, look to
the end!

"One thing more, Mary, give it due heed,
Bear your joys and your sorrows alone;
Then when I come I shall feel indeed
You have been always and truly my
own."

"So he left me—'twas hard to bear—
My lonely life with never a friend,
But he wrote, as he said, when he'd time
to spare,
And I treasured his words and looked
"I thought of him always, by night or
by day,
Just as he bade me; his will was my law;
And I asked no help on my weary way,
'Though often my heart was sad and
sore.

"Waiting thus for the years to pass
I never counted them as they rolled;
Perhaps if I'd cared to look in the glass
I might have seen I was growing old."

"And so, when fifteen years had gone,
He sent for my picture from over the
sea;
Ah! when I sent it, I might have known,
If I had been wise, what the end would
be.

"By the very next mail a letter came—
Not his—she couldn't be so unkind,
But his sister wrote and he signed his
name,
To tell me that 'John had changed'

"You see," she said "you are old and plain,
Too old for John's wife to tell the truth!"
I laid down the letter and cried with pain,
For hadn't I given him all my youth!

"Well there was nothing to do or to say;
John had a right to change his mind;
I just went on in the same old way,
Only—I left my hopes behind.

"There were some that tried to comfort
me then
Saying, 'Best be rid of a fickle heart,'
And John was no better than other men,
But that never seemed to ease the
smart.

So she ended her simple tale,
"Twas an old, old story, told oft before,
For one heart will trust and one will fail
Until time and change shall be no more!

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"They have!" vehemently, and smiting
the rock where she sat with her
hand, as she spoke. "But this is truly
awful!"

"Then you do not care for him?"
questioned Jo, joyfully.

"Care for him?" repeated Cyn, irri-
tably. "Of course I care for him!
Is it not my pet scheme that he should
marry Nattie? Certainly it is, and
has been from the first! And now,
if he has gone and fallen in love with
me, a nice predicament we will all be
in. But you must be mistaken! I
cannot believe him capable of such a
thing! The only reason I have to
fear it is that I would not have credit-
ed it of you yesterday!"

"But you see I do love you. You
believe I do, do you not, Cyn?" asked
Jo, too eager to press his own suit to
give much thought to Nattie and Clem.

"Why will you not try and love me, as

you do not love Clem? Am I so
homely as to be repulsive to you?"

"Homely? Nonsense!" replied Cyn,
momentarily putting aside her newest
anxiety for the previous one, "now I
come to think of it, I had rather mar-
ry you than any man I know!"

"Would you? Would you really!"
seizing her hand hopefully. "Then
why will you not?"

Cyn allowed her hand to remain in
his as she said slowly and impressively,
"I cannot marry. That is entirely
out of the question for me. Of my
life, love can form no part!"

"But I thought you believed in
love?" said Jo, looking perplexed, but
clinging to her hand as a sort of an-
chor.

"I do. I believe it is the best hap-
piness of life. But it cannot be for
me. Why, I will tell you. I owe this
much in return for what you have
given me; what I prize even though I
am compelled to refuse it. What
stands between us is the memory of a
love—gone forever."

"What!" exclaimed Jo, astounded
in his turn. "You do not mean to say
that you—that you—you, the gayest
of the gay—that you—" Jo stopped,
unable to proceed.

"You hardly expected to find me in
the role of the victim of a broken heart,
did you?" questioned Cyn, with a half-
sad, half-humorous smile. "I admit I
do not exactly answer to the average
description, and my heart is not broken
—there is only a blank in it—some-
thing dead that can never live again.
Once I loved a man with all my heart—
Jo sighed—"with all the illusion of
youth, and he loved me. The differ-
ence between his love and mine was,
that mine was forever, and his was for
a day."

"Impossible!" interrupted Jo. "No
man who once loved you could ever
change."

"He happened to be one of the kind
who could. I never really knew the
cause—it might have been a
other woman. You know there has
been another woman."

"Or another man," added Jo gloom-
ily.

"Yes," assented Cyn, and continued.
"He was one of the kind, I think now,
who are incapable of appreciating a
woman's love, and consequently un-
worthy of it. But unfortunately, I
did not know this, and wasted mine on
him. So he and love, went out of my
life forever. But," with a proud rais-
ing of her head, "I would not be weak
enough to allow all my life to be ruined
because one part of it was wrecked;
with so much gone, there still remained
something, and of that I made the
most. This is why my art is every-
thing to me, and why I cannot marry
you."

"But it seems to me unreasonable,
that because you loved one man who
was unworthy, you should refuse the
love of another who would try very
hard to make you forget that first sad
experience," argued Jo. "Give me
what you have left, Cyn! If it be
but dead ashes, I will thank God for
the gift, and perhaps, at some future
day, in response to my devotion, even
from those ashes shall arise another
love, so strong, so intense, that, in com-
parison, the old shall be but as some
half-forgotten trouble of childhood,
whose remembrance cannot awaken
even a passing pain."

The fervor of an honest affection
made Jo truly eloquent, and his true
blue eyes met the dark ones of Cyn,
glowing with earnestness and love, and
for a moment she looked at him and
hesitated. Then she arose, saying res-
olutely,

"No! Jo! no! Do not tempt me!
The experiment would be too danger-
ous! To give you a warmed-over
affection in return for your whole
heart, would only be misery for us
both—more misery than I am bringing

to you now. I respect and esteem
you as I said before—we will be
friends—comrades—always—no more!"

As she spoke, she extended her hand
to him, in farewell to all his hopes.

And so understanding he clasped it,
a sadness on his face she had never
seen there before.

"As you will, Cyn," he replied, hap-
pily, "but I shall love you—fore-
ever!"

As he spoke, from below came the
cry,
"Cyn! Jo! where are you? we are
going!"

"Coming!" Cyn's clear voice an-
swered back.

"One moment," Jo said, detaining
her, "may I—may I kiss you once,
Cyn? Once, and for the last time?"

There were tears in Cyn's eyes.
She bent her handsome head, their
lips met, then, without a word, they
went on together to join those who
awaited them.

And it was thus Fate decreed for
these two.

Love brings the most intense sor-
rows, the keenest joys of life. But
there must always be some lives, into
which comes only the sadness, and
none of the bliss, of loving.

CHAPTER XVI.

O. K.

Leaving Clem, on their arrival at
the hotel, to bear the burden of the
green stuff they had brought from the
woods, Cyn, with a trace of melancholy
on her sunny face, followed Nattie to
her room. For Cyn's joyous picnic,
with its gay beginning, had ended sadly
enough to her.

"I want to ask you something," Cyn
said, with frank directness, as she
carefully closed the door behind them.

"And that is, are you, can you be
foolish enough to imagine, that Clem
and I are in love with each other?"

The small basket Nattie held in her
hand fell to the floor, at this unex-
pected question. Had Cyn drawn forth
a Bowie knife, and playfully clipped off
her nose, she could not have been more
astounded.

"If you can possibly reduce your
eyes to their ordinary size, and give
me a candid yes or no, I will be obli-
ged," Cyn said, rather petulantly, after
waiting in vain for an answer. The
events of the day had sorely tried her
usually even temper.

A little tremulously, while a burning
flush covered her face, Nattie answered
her,

"I—I have heard it intimated!"

"You have heard it intimated! That
means yes, to my question," said Cyn;
then sinking despairingly on the lounge,
she added, "here is a crisis of which I
never dreamed!"

Not understanding very well, and
moreover much agitated by the sub-
ject, Nattie knew not what to say.

"This is awful!" went on Cyn, sav-
agely beating the pillow with her fist;
"what contrary things love affairs
are!"

Fearful of having in some way be-
trayed her secret—the only conclusion
she could draw from Cyn's extraordi-
nary outburst—Nattie stood looking
guiltily at the door a few moments,
then recovering herself, she went to
Cyn, and said, in a voice full of ex-
citation,

"I do not just comprehend your
meaning, dear, but it may be you
think I might not quite like the idea,
on account of that—that first affair on
the wire. If so, dismiss the thought.
You and Clem are suited to each other,
and—"

Nattie stopped, unable to
continue.

Cyn, who had been beating the in-
nocent pillow, as if it was the cause of
all this, while Nattie was speaking,
now threw it across the room, as she
exclaimed,

"Oh! the perversity of human na-
ture! Oh! you degenerate girl! As

if I cared for Clem in that way! Have
I not from the first set my heart on this
real life romance ending in the only
way it could rightfully end?"

A sudden light came into Nattie's
face, but it died away in a moment.

"Then you do not care for him?
Poor Clem!" she said, in a low voice.

"Poor Clem, indeed!" cried Cyn,
pacing the floor excitedly. "I cannot
—no, I cannot—believe it of him! He
certainly has sagacity enough not to
run his head against a beam in broad
daylight, even—"

"If Jo had not," she was about to
add, but checked herself suddenly.

Not for the world would she betray
Jo's confidence. What had passed
between them to-day should be a secret
always, never again to be mentioned—
but never forgotten in the friendship
and companionship of after years.

"You must be very difficult to suit,
dear, if you do not like Clem!" said
Nattie, with unconscious significance,
after waiting in vain for Cyn to finish
her sentence.

"It is not that," replied Cyn, some-
what sadly. "Do you not know I have
only one love,—music?"

"Poor Clem!" again said Nattie,
from the depths of her tender heart.

"For I know he loves you, dear. He
could not help it, who could?"

Such words would have been sweet
to the vanity of an ordinary woman.
But on Cyn they had a very opposite
effect.

"Things have come to a pretty pass
if one cannot laugh and joke, and en-
joy one's self with friends without being
made love to!" she said, annoyed.

Then looking scrutinizingly at Nattie,
she asked,

"And you—did you really wish Clem
and I might love each other?"

Nattie played nervously with the
fringe of her dress, hesitated, then re-
plied in a low tone,

"I fear I did not, Cyn!"

"Then it may come right yet!" ex-
claimed Cyn, hopefully.

Nattie shook her head.

"And he loving you? Oh, no!" she
said. "I shall never be able to say
O. K. to what you term your romance
of the dots and dashes, Cyn. In fact,
I have made up my mind that there
are some people born to go through
life missing both its best and its worst
and that I am one!"

"Pray, do not say that!" urged Cyn,
too disturbed to bring her easy philoso-
phy to bear on the situation. "Of all
things, do not get morbid."

"But it is the truth!" persisted Nat-
tie. "Even my name, for instance,
proves it! I was christened Nathalie,
a very fine poetic name. But, in all
my life no one ever called me by it!
I was always mediocre Nattie!"

"And I have curtailed you down to
Nat!" said Cyn, with whimsical mor-
tality. "But what a tangle we are in!
First it was the man of musk and
bear's grease, who came between you!
Then, when he was explained away,
came blundering I! Why did you
not lock me out of sight somewhere?
I would have done it myself had I
known—"

ironically—"what an ex-
tremely fascinating and dangerous per-
son I was!"

At this Nattie could not help smil-
ing.

"It was not your fault; it was
Fate!" she said, her smile becoming a
sigh, that Cyn echoed, for she thought
of Jo. But yet unconvinced, she
said,

"Fate! No; it cannot be! I think
better of Clem than to believe he, too,
has made a mistake, like Quimby, and
fallen in love with the wrong woman!"
then starting up, she exclaimed, tragi-
cally, "Who? ah! who shall cut the
Gordian knot and bring about a crisis
that shall cause this 'wired love' to
terminate in 'O. K.'?"

As if invoked by Cyn's words, there
came a sneeze from outside, and Miss
Kling pushed open the door uncer-
emoniously.

(To be continued.)