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Select Poetry.

ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Now doth the pensive painter's brush
Renew the merchant's sign,
And, perchance above the sidewalk,
Cause
Regilded age to shine.

Now doth the busy housewife tear
The carpet from the floor,
And scrub with mop and whitewash
brush
The peaceful dwelling o'er.

And now the husband seeks divorce
From home and kindred dear,
And washes down house-cleaning dust
With draughts of potent beer.

Now doth the editor sneak out
When long-haired poets bring
Great rolls of manuscript to him
Containing songs of spring.

And now the speculator bold
Goes long on future wheat,
And tells of growing crops destroyed
By frosts and storms of sleet.

And many other things take place
About this time of year,
Which cause mankind to hold the
spring
Above all seasons dear.

—Detroit Free Press.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I—I beg pardon, I am sure, for calling so late, but my business will not wait, and I wanted Clem as witness—he and Cyn—so as to make no mistake now!" then turning to the astonished Nattie, he went on,

"Nattie, I—I—my feelings for you have long been of adoration—no, please, hear me—" as she made a gesture to interrupt him. "To-night, in this room, I addressed another—Celeste—" here he moaned, but recovered himself and went on, "in the dark, you know, with words intended for you. I want to know now, what, had I not been so deceived, you would have said?"

"But what difference can it make now?" asked Nattie, hesitating, and wishing to spare him, as he paused for a reply.

"Every difference!" said Quimby, wildly. "I beg you to—answer me truly, in order that I may know what course to take!"

"Then since you wish," replied Nattie, with a pitying glance, "I will tell you that as a friend I think very highly of you, and always shall. But, that is all."

"Then come on, Celeste!" exclaimed Quimby, in a burst of despair. "She—she says, she loves me, and I—I may get used to it in time! all but her teeth," he added, in his strict honesty, "to those I never can!"

Cyn felt a mischievous desire to hint that time might relieve him of his objection, but restrained herself and said,

"But you can explain the matter to her, you know!"

"Just what I have been telling him," said Clem. "No woman would force herself on a man under such circumstances!"

"She would, I feel it!" answered the unconvinced Quimby. "Miss Rogers—Nattie, I—I thank you, I—I shall always remember you as something unattainable and dear, and hope somebody more worthy may be to you what I would have been if I could. But I—I was born to make mistakes, you know, and I—I am used to it—and ought to be thankful it was not Miss Kling!"

"I am very, very sorry!" murmured Nattie, and Clem saw there were tears in her eyes.

"Moral—never make love in the dark!" said Cyn, looking with solemn warning at Clem.

"Be sure that all—the gas in the room is lighted if ever you propose!"

added Quimby, miserably, to his friend.

"I will remember," said Clem, glancing at Nattie. "There are worse mistakes made in the dark than on the wire, it seems!"

"Far—far worse!" groaned Quimby, as Nattie hastily turned her head aside. "But now, really, Quimby!" urged Cyn, seriously, "do be sensible. Do not be foolish enough to marry a woman you do not want, because you cannot have the one you do!"

But Quimby, with the fear of old Fishplate, and a breach of promise suit, and a dread of explanations in his mind—moreover, having firmly decided that a little more or less of misery did not matter, could not be persuaded to take any steps himself, or allow them to be taken, to free himself from the result of his latest mistake.

Therefore, it came about, to the surprise of those not in the secret, and the unaccounted exultation of one of the parties immediately concerned, that the engagement of Quimby and Celeste was announced.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

The week that decided Quimby's fate so unexpectedly and brought him so much woe, to Cyn brought good tidings. Her success at the concert had been so decided that she was the recipient of many offers for the coming season, and was enabled to accept those that promised most advantageously. No one was more honestly glad than was Nattie in her congratulations; Nattie, who had fought and overcome that selfish pain and bitter wonder of hers, why Cyn should have everything and she nothing.

Since the approach of summer, a much-talked-of project among them had been a little picnic party in the woods and as Clem now proposed to get it up in honor of Cyn's success, the plan was immediately carried out. Mrs. Simonson, with a feeble protest, because Miss Kling was not invited, accompanied of Cyn, Nattie, Clem, Jo, and the newly betrothed ones.

Nature was kind to these seekers of her solitudes, and gave them a perfect day; one of those that occur in our uncertain climate less often than might be wished, but that penetrate everywhere with their sunshine, when they do come, even into our hearts where sunshine seldom glances. So, for the nonce, our friends forgot all their little troubles; even Quimby brightening up, and ceasing to think of his engagement, as they stood underneath the green trees, by the banks of a small river; sunshine everywhere, and the music of birds in the air.

"Is it not glorious?" cried Cyn, like a child, in her exuberance.

"Why not camp out here, and stay all summer?" ecstatically suggested Clem, as he fondled his fishing tackle.

"But it might not always be like this," said practical Mrs. Simonson.

"When the sun shines we forget it may ever storm," said Jo, and looking admiringly at Cyn as he spoke.

"Is our artist a philosopher, as well as all the rest we know he is?" asked Cyn, laughing.

"A very little one; five feet six!" replied Joe.

"Well, we will have no shadows to-day," said Cyn.

"No shadows to-day!" echoed Jo; then turning to Mrs. Simonson, asked, "I hope you do not still regret Miss Kling!"

"I suppose she would spoil it all!" that good lady committed herself to say.

"Well, really, I must say," remarked Celeste, who now gave herself many airs, and evidently looked upon Cyn and Nattie as commonplace creatures not engaged!—"I must say, now that you are speaking of her, that she does Kling in a way that is not pleasant sometimes. She actually annoys pa!"

"I thought she entertained a high regard for the Tor—for your father!" said mischievous Cyn.

"That is exactly it!" replied Celeste. "Too high a regard! Truly she behaves very ridiculously! Why, she positively waylays pa! so indelicate in a woman, you know!" with sublime unconsciousness of ever having indulged in the pastime of waylaying herself "Such an old creature too! she is always coming and wanting to mend old clothes and stockings! Poor pa actually has to lock himself in his room some times!"

The vision "poor pa" thus pursued was too much for the gravity of the company, and there was a general laugh.

It is true, asserted Celeste. "Now, isn't it, Ralfy?" appealing to her betrothed with appropriate bashfulness.

Everybody stared at this. No one before ever really knew that Quimby possessed a front door to his name, and he, as any one at the cognomen Love had discovered, fell back on a rolling log, and clutched his leg to that extent that they must have been black and blue for a week afterwards.

Clem saved the discomfited "Ralfy" the necessity of replying, by interposing with,

"Come! come! let us not talk on such incongruous subjects this lovely day! let us rather talk sentiment!" and he gave a prodigious wink in Jo's direction.

I fear we are not a very sentimental party!" laughed Cyn, adding except of course Quimby and Celeste!"

"Oh! I—I am not, I assure you; I am not in the least you know!" protested Quimby, taking a roll on the log; "never felt less so in my life."

"Why Ralfy!" exclaimed Celeste, reproachfully and to his distress went up close to him, and would have sat down by his side, but for the uncontrollable rolling propensity of that log, which made it impossible.

How is it with you, Jo?" queried Cyn: "can you not for once forget your horrible hobby, and be a little sentimental, in honor of the day!"

Jo who was throwing sticks into the water: the great disturbance of the bugs and plainly-shown annoyance of a frog, made a somewhat surprising reply.

Seriously, he said,

"I fear if I should attempt it, I might get too much in earnest!"

"Oh! we will risk that; so please begin!" said Cyn, but staring at him a little as she spoke "Jo sentimental! Just imagine it!"

"Will you ask it?" he asked, still serious, and with so peculiar an expression that she could reply only by another, astonished stare.

"But really, it does not pay to be sentimental, as you all ought to have found out long ago! as Jo and I have!" Nattie said, jestingly, yet with an undertone of earnestness.

"Then," said Clem, dryly, "since it is so with us, let us fish!" and he threw his line into the stream.

Cyn, Jo, and Mrs. Simonson followed his example. Quimby declined joining in the sport, and perhaps, likening himself to the fish, balanced himself on the log, and looked on with a pathetic face. Celeste, as in duty bound, remained by his side. Nattie, too, was an observer only, and from the expression of her face was decidedly not amused.

"I think it is cruel!" she exclaimed, as Jo took a fish off Cyn's hook.

"I—I quite agree with you!" Quimby replied quickly, in answer to Nattie's observation. "It is cruel!"

"But perhaps the fish were made for people to catch," suggested the pacific Mrs. Simonson, who had not yet been able to get a bite.

"Yes," acquiesced Clem, pulling up a skinny little fish. "They are no worse off than we poor mortals after all. We must each fulfil our destiny, whether man or fish."

"Yes! it is all fate!" exclaimed Quimby vehemently. "We cannot help

ourselves!"

"You believe in fate then? I don't think I do!" said Cyn, with a glance half-humorous, half-pitying, at its victim on the log; "what incentive would we have to an effort, if we were sure everything was marked out for us in advance?"

"That is a question requiring too much effort for us to discuss on a warm day," said Nattie.

"Certain circumstances must bring about certain results, you will acknowledge," Clem gravely remarked.

"But it is said that every soul that is born has a twin somewhere; and if so, that must be fate!" said Mrs. Simonson.

"Miss Kling's theory, I believe!" laughed Nattie.

"If it is so, the right ones don't often come together," said Quimby gloomily.

"We are an exception, then, to the general rule!" simpered Celeste.

Quimby groaned, and then murmured something about the toothache.

"Poor fellow!" said Cyn, in a low voice, to Nattie.

"After all, there is something in fate," Nattie sighed.

"Perhaps so," she said.

"Well, we will not get solemn over fate," said Jo, cheerily; then, in a lower voice, as he glanced at Cyn, he added—"yet."

"And do not frighten away what few fish there are here, with your theories," commanded Clem.

Although this mandate was obeyed, and for a time silence reigned, it was not long before they were all singing a gay song, started by Clem himself, Quimby joining in the chorus with a feeble tenor. But they were tired of fishing by that time, and began to feel as if a little refreshment would not be out of place, and would indeed enhance the loveliness of nature, so a fire was made, and lunch-baskets unpacked.

"It will take a good many of those fish for a mouthful," declared Clem, who was cook.

"You may have my share, I can't eat creatures I have seen squirm," said Nattie.

"Ah, you fastidious young woman! what shall I ever do with you, if you are cast away on a desert island with me?" exclaimed Clem, in mock despair.

"Set up a telegraph wire, and then she would need nothing more," insinuated Cyn.

"And get snubbed for my pains!" muttered Clem, sotto voce. But Nattie caught the words, and an expression of distress passed over her face.

"This reminds me of that feast!" Cyn declared, as they seated themselves wherever convenient, with a dish of whatever was handy.

"Only more so," added Clem.

What feast?" asked Celeste, curiously.

"One we had once," Cyn replied evasively, glad there was something Celeste did not know about. In fact, in the matter of curiosity, Celeste was an embryo Miss Kling.

"I am sorry we have no Charlotte Russes to-day, Quimby," remarked Clem, with an expression of transparent innocence.

Quimby could only reply with a groan. The recollections awakened were too much.

"What is the matter now, Ralfy?" asked the loving Celeste.

Again Quimby muttered something about "that tooth."

"Oh!" said Celeste, tenderly, "you really must have it out, Ralfy!"

The possibility of being obliged to part with a sound tooth in self-defence, restored him for the time being. But he was not the only one to whom the retrospect brought a momentary pain. Nattie sighed as she looked back to the day that had brought Clem, but not restored as she then supposed, but taken away, her "C."

(To be continued.)