

THE ACADIAN.

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The Acadian,

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Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Mated for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS.
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Select Poetry.

A Persian Song.

Ah, sad are they who know not love,
But far from passion's tears and smiles
Drift down a moonless sea beyond
The silvery coast of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear, warm mouth of those they love;
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk—
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray,
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smiles by day
And nestle in his heart by night.

Change.

Where is the web of gold the sun
Wove at noon through the windowpane?
A wind from the west 'ere an hour was
done.

Bore on its wings the sound of rain;
And the trees were moaning like souls in
pain,
And the gold was dross; nor that day
again
Shone the sun.

Where is the love that a year gone by,
Built such palaces in the air?
A fleeting month, and the dear days die,
And love and brightness are both despair;
And never again the heart may wear
Such a crown of joy, or such gladness
share
Never again.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEREVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Never!" cried Jo heroically. But you must confess that this affair is taking undue advantage of a fellow. A wired romance is something entirely unexpected!

"And besides, viewed telegraphically, there is nothing at all romantic in the whole affair!" said Nattie, who, between her confusion at the turn the conversation had taken, and her alarm lest something should be said about that chubby Cupid—whom it will be remembered she had suppressed in her former description to 'C'—was decidedly embarrassed.

Before Jo could express his satisfaction at this statement, Clem exclaimed, reproachfully,

"Oh! do not say that! not even to spare our friend's feelings can I deny the romance of our acquaintance."

"I quite agree with you," said Cyn; "I really believe Nat is going over to Jo's ideas. Never mind! just wait until your turn comes, you unsentimental Jo."

"Madam!" cried Jo, "when I find myself in the condition you describe, I will come and place the disposal of myself in your hands!" and he made her a profound bow.

There is many a true word spoken in jest, and none of the little party there assembled imagined how true, indeed, these words were to prove, as Cyn gaily answered,

"It is a bargain, Jo, and I shall have no mercy on you, I can assure you."

"And we must not forget that we are indebted to Quimby for the unravelling of all this mystery," said Nattie. She smiled on him where he sat, in his dimmed isolation, as she spoke, and although it was the warmest smile she had ever yet bestowed upon him, he was rendered no happier by its warmth.

"Yes, how fortunate it was, Clem, that you locked him up!" said Cyn. Nattie wondered that she could pronounce the familiar name so easily. She was quite sure she herself could not.

"Was it not?" exclaimed Clem, delightedly; "and what is better than all,

I am coming here to room with him!"

At this Jo shook him cordially by the hand, Cyn and Nattie gave exclamations of pleasure, and Quimby suddenly started into life. "I—I beg pardon," he said, hastily, "but I—I really—I thought you said you had rather be farther down town, you know."

"Yes, that was my first inclination, but as you urged me so much, and as I find so many old friends here, I have concluded to accept your offer, my boy, so consider the matter settled," replied Clem.

And in his own entire satisfaction and unconsciousness, Clem did not observe but what Quimby looked as happy as might be expected, at this intelligence.

"Oh, won't we have a jolly time," sang Cyn, and Clem, Nattie and Jo—but not Quimby—took up the chorus.

And obtuse as he was, Quimby could not but observe that Nattie's eyes were shining in a way he had never seen them shine before, that the ever-coming and going flush on her cheeks was very becoming, and that there was an expression in her face, when she looked at Clem, that face had never held for him. Nor could he fail to think, that the romantic commencement of the acquaintance of these two, even the episode of the musk-scented impostor, all now enhanced the interest Nattie had once felt for the invisible 'C'; neither did he need a prophet to tell him that the two girls would sit up half the night, talking confidentially over this unexpected and happy denouement, or even that Nattie's sleep would not be quite as sound as usual.

Love, it is said, is blind. So, to some things, perhaps, it is, but never to a rival.

And when at last Clem tore himself away, with the remark,

"What a fortunate day this has been! Quimby, my dear boy, how can I thank you? I shall take possession of my half of your apartment at once to be sure no one shall again usurp my place; until then, au revoir!" and, in parting, perceptibly held Nattie's hand longer than was absolutely necessary, Quimby followed him with dejected mien, fully aware that of all the mistakes he had ever made he committed the worst, when he asked his old chum to call on some lady friends of his!

CHAPTER XI.

MISS KLING TELEGRAPHICALLY
BAFFLED.

Miss Betsy Kling was quite uneasy in her mind about this time, not only because the Torpedo refused to see himself in the light of that other self, and fled whenever he saw her approaching, but also because some subtle instinct told her that under her very nose, was going on something of which the details were unknown to her, and that listen as she would, could not be ascertained. This good-looking young man, who had so suddenly appeared on Mrs. Simonson's premises, who and what was he! From Mrs. Simonson she learned that he was an old friend of Quimby's; that she believed he was also an old friend of Miss Archer's, or Miss Roger's, or of both, and that his father was very wealthy.

"Humph!" said Miss Kling, with a suspicious snuffle. "Strange that he should room with Quimby if his father is so wealthy? Why does he not have a room of his own?"

"He and Quimby are such friends, you see!" Mrs. Simonson explained.

Miss Kling gave another snuffle, this time of contempt, at such a reason being possible.

"Miss Rogers is in here about all her time when she isn't at her office, is she not?" was the next question.

"She is very intimate with Miss Archer," Mrs. Simonson replied.

"And I suppose he and that Quimby are in there with them every evening, are they not?" pursued Miss

Kling.

They called quite often, Mrs. Simonson acknowledged, as did Mr. Norton, and Miss Fishblate.

"They seem to have good times, too," added kindly Mrs. Simonson. "Young folks will be young folks, you know. And why not? Bless you! we never can enjoy ourselves again as we do when young. There are too many cares and worries when we get to our age."

Miss Kling rose stiffly; this allusion to "our age" disgusted and offended her beyond pardon, and she flew into a spasm of sneezing.

"Well, I, for one, do not think such conduct is proper," she said, as soon as possible. "I was brought up to understand that young ladies should never receive the visits of gentlemen except in the presence of older people!"

Mrs. Simonson only laughed a little forced laugh she had when she did not know exactly what to say. For her own part, although not willing to offend Miss Kling by saying so, she was glad to see her ledgers enjoying themselves; more than glad to have Clem there, as on his arrival she had promptly tacked an extra dollar on the room rent, under the plea that the wear and tear on furniture was greater with two in a room.

Miss Kling, fearing, perhaps, another reference to "our age," left her, and next attacked Celeste Fishblate, having long ago discovered Nattie to be impregnable to the process known as "pumping," a fact that had augmented her ever-increasing dislike towards her lodger.

From Celeste, she had learned that they had "such nice times!" that Mr. Stanwood was "so splendid!" and that "Miss Archer was just dead in love with him, and he with her!"

"Humph!" thought Miss Kling with a sneeze. "It's that Miss Archer then, is it?" Her next move was to arrest poor Quimby in the hall, intending to put him through a series of interrogations regarding the antecedents of his friend, and the length of his acquaintance with Miss Archer. But in this she was baffled, for at the first question, Quimby exclaimed,

"I—I don't know! Don't ask me!" and fled.

Miss Kling, much to her dissatisfaction, was therefore compelled to make the little she had gathered go as far as it would, for the present. But she lived in hopes.

It was perhaps not wonderful, that Miss Kling sitting lonely by her fire-side, and pining for her other self, should feel envious because her lodger whom she took ostensibly for company, was enjoying herself over the way evening after evening, and telling her absolutely nothing about it, but confining their intercourse to the necessary civilities.

Undoubtedly the few weeks that had passed since Clem's appearance on the scene ought to have been the happiest in Nattie's hitherto lonely life, happier even than those in which she talked to the then unseen 'C', and speculated about him with Cyn. But yet—she sometimes felt that a certain something that had been on the wire was lacking now; that Clem—while realizing all her old expectations of 'C', was not exactly what 'C' had been to her. One season of this she knew was her own inability to conquer a sort of timidity she felt in his presence, a timidity from which Cyn was certainly free. Well aware that beside the gay and brilliant Cyn, she was nowhere, Nattie had a sensitive fear that he might be disappointed in her. But she did not yet know that the foundations of all these misgivings of hers was a selfish emotion, the same that had prompted that jealous pang at Cyn's "we" the day he first discovered himself, and this was, that on the wire "C" had been all hers, but in Clem, Cyn seemed to have the

largest share.

Twice he had called on Nattie at the office, but neither time could stop, and as it happened on each occasion, she was in the midst of a rush of business, that left no chance for conversation. But one rainy Saturday afternoon, when a general dullness prevailed, and she was fervently wishing the hands of the clock might move on faster towards six, Clem holding a very wet umbrella and with water dripping from his curly locks, presented himself. If he was not, he certainly ought to have been flattered by the blush with which Nattie involuntarily welcomed him.

"Did you rain down?" she hastily exclaimed, hoping by this trite commonplace to distract attention from the blush, of which she was conscious.

"It appears like it, doesn't it?" he answered merrily, giving himself a little shake, and placing his wet umbrella and hat in a corner. "It was so dull at the store, I thought I would run around to the scene of former exploits. Do you not sometimes wish I was back at X u to keep you company such days as these?"

Without thinking twice before she spoke once, Nattie answered candidly, as she placed a chair for her visitor, "Yes, I believe I do, often."

"I do not know whether to take that as a compliment or otherwise," Clem said, looking at her as if half vexed.

Nattie glanced up inquiringly. "It certainly is a compliment to my abilities for making myself agreeable at a distance. But—" said Clem, with a shrug of his shoulders, "a poor fellow does not like to feel as if the farther away he is, the better he is liked!"

"Oh! I did not mean it that way at all!" exclaimed Nattie, in hasty explanation. "Only, you know, I had more of your company on the wire!"

Clem looked pleased. "If that is the trouble—" he began, but Nattie interrupted, her face very red.

"I did not mean that, either; I meant it was in such a different way, you know—and I—I could talk more easily, and—I do not believe I know what I do mean!" stopping short in embarrassment.

Clem looked at her and smiled. "Let us see if it is any easier talking on the wire," he said; and taking the key, he wrote,

"Good P. M., will you please tell me truly, and relieve my mind, if you like like me as well as you thought you would?"

Taking the key he relinquished, and without looking at him, she replied, "Yes; and suppose I ask you the same question, what would you say, politeness aside?"

"I should answer," wrote Clem, his eyes on the sounder, "that I have found the very little girl I expected!"

And then their eyes met, and Nattie hastily rose and walked to the window, for no ostensible purpose, and Clem said, going after her,

"It is nicer talking on the wire, isn't it?"

Nattie was saved the necessity of replying by someone down the line who just then inquired,

"Who was that talking soft nonsense just now? We don't allow that sort of thing here!"

"How impertinent!" exclaimed Nattie.

"Possibly our red-headed friend is somewhere about," Clem said; then taking the key, responded to the unknown questioner,

"Don't trouble yourself; I shall not talk soft nonsense to you!"

"That sounds like 'C's' writing! Is it?" was asked quickly.

"My style must be very peculiar to be so readily detected," Clem said to Nattie, laughing; then replied on the wire, "If you will sign I will tell you."

Continued on fourth page.