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F. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

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

The Choice.

Which shall it be, dear mother?
To which home shall I go?
The grand old castle beside the sea,
Or the little brown cot below?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A plain white muslin gown,
Or the richest and rarest of lace and silk
To be found in Inseletown?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A tiny plain gold ring,
Or wealth of gems or diamonds rare
That would ransom a captive King?

My child your heart must answer
The question your lips have asked,
Lest bowing in pride you sorrow
When the harvest is overpast.

Choose with your heart, my darling;
Let pride be swept away;
Flowers are fairer than jewels,
Gather them while you may.

Often glittering diamonds,
Conceal but an aching brow,
And the child heart's bitter throbbings,
Bear record of falsehood's vow.

Truth is the brightest jewel
That womanhood can wear;
Never a silken robe can cure
A heart grown sick with care.

This world is not all sunshine,
There's many a stormy day,
And love is the sweetest shelter
When clouds obscure the way.

So choose from your heart my daughter
Remember this life of ours
Must have some thorns and briars
Among its fairest flowers.

But, thorns, tears, and darkest news
Matters not, so love is true;
While you climb keep step together,
With the higher life in view.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE

OF

DOTS AND DASHES.

BY

ELLIA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

With an amused smile, he looked at the back thus presented to his view, opened his lips to speak, hesitated, and finally walked away. Nattie, looking at him out of the corners of her eyes, saw him glance back as he opened the door, and had a remorseful feeling that perhaps she had been crosser to him than he really deserved, for he was certainly very fine-looking. But what was done could not be undone, and with no expectation of ever seeing him again, she dismissed the matter from her mind.

The best, perhaps the only really pleasant part of Nattie's life was her evenings, passed almost invariably with Cyn. Indeed, Cyn seemed to be a magnet, around which all gathered—Quimby, although, of course, Cyn herself was not his chief attraction—Celeste Fishplate, who determinedly pushed herself into an intimacy, and Jo Norton who, had it not been for the fact so loudly proclaimed by himself, of his having no sentiment in his soul, would have been suspected of being on the road to falling in love with Cyn, so strangely was he attracted to her company. But this, of course, was impossible for him!

"That will do, dear," Cyn remarked, when Nattie related her little adventure with the young gentleman. "Do you know you have been in a dreadful state of mind ever since 'C' intruded his personality?"

Nattie colored a little as she replied, discontentedly, "Oh, it isn't that, I assure you; the truth is, I am ambitious, Cyn. I suppose I forgot it, slightly while I was interested so in 'C'; but I cannot be content with a mere working on from day to day, in the some old routine, and nothing more."

Cyn looked at her scrutinizingly, as she asked, "But in what particular way are you ambitious? to be rich, or what?"

"Oh! not for money!" Nattie answered, with a slight contempt for the

necessary and convenient article. "I am ambitious for fame! I want to be a writer; but when I think of the obstacles in my way, to an opening, even, in that direction, I am daunted. I have attacks of energy, it is true, but I fear it is fitful; it comes and goes."

"I understand," Cyn replied, with more than wonted seriousness. "Your ambition is great enough to render you useless and discontented, but you need something to stimulate your energy, else it will waste itself in idle dreams. Perhaps love may come to be that motive power; perhaps—" and a shade crossed her sunny face—"some great disappointment."

There was a moment's silence, Nattie pondering thoughtfully on these words; and then Cyn continued,

"But in the meantime, since you can at present accomplish nothing, why not get all the enjoyment you can out of life, as it goes? So, when the opportunity comes, and you seize it, you will not have to look back on years wasted in vain longings for the then unattainable. That is my philosophy—and I, too, am ambitious."

"Your philosophy is cheery, at least," said Nattie, smiling. "But I am afraid it is very hard for ambitious people to take life easy: and that is not all of my troubles," she continued, gayly, "I can't get anything good to eat!"

"Poor child," said Cyn, with mock seriousness. "This is coming from the sublime to the ridiculous. What is the cause of the lamentable fact?"

Oh! I am so tired of both boarding-houses and restaurants. In the former they never have what one likes—and ah! such steak!—while in the latter you have to pick out all the cheap dishes, or ruin yourself at a meal."

Cyn laughed. "I assure you I can appreciate your feelings, from sad experience! I, myself, am positively longing for a nice sirloin steak." Then, a sudden thought striking her, "I will tell you what we will do, Nat, we will have a little feast!"

"A feast?" repeated Nattie, not exactly comprehending.

"Yes—I have a little gas stove—low be it said, lest Mrs. Simonson hear and bring in a terrific bill for extra gas—I use it sometimes to cook my dinner, when I do not feel like going out, and why should we not have a feast all to ourselves some day? and the sirloin steak shall be forthcoming! and what do you say to Charlotte Russe? In short, we will have everything we can think of, and you shall be assistant cook!"

"That would be splendid!" cried Nattie, delighted, "only it will have to be some Sunday, as that is my only leisure day, you know."

"All the better, for then we will be less liable to intrusion," responded Cyn, gayly. "So make a memorandum to that effect, for next week. We must not let Mrs. Simonson know, however, on account of the gas stove; I pay her too much rent now. I am afraid we shall have a little difficulty about dishes. The few I have are not exactly real Sevres china, or even decently conventional. But—"

"Oh! never mind the dishes!" interrupted Nattie. "Anything will do! I have myself a cracked tumbler, and a spoon, that will perhaps be useful for something."

Agreeing therefore to hold dishes in strict contempt, the following Sunday found the two girls with closed doors in the midst of great preparations for a truly Bohemian feast, as Cyn termed it; Nattie with her crimps tied down in a blue handkerchief, and Cyn with her sleeves rolled up, and an old skirt of a dress doing duty as an apron.

"Let me see," said Nattie merrily, taking account of stock. "Two pounds of steak—the first cut of the sirloin; I think you said?—waiting, expectant of making glad our hearts, on the rocking-

chair, potatoes in plebeian lowliness under the table, tomatoes and two pies on our trunk, Charlotte Russes—delicious Charlotte Russes—where? Ah!—on your bonnet-box, in a plate ordinarily used as a card receiver, and sugar, butter, et cetera, and et cetera lying around almost anywhere, and the figs, oranges and homely, but necessary bread, where are they? I see, on top of 'Domy & Son!'"

"And our dishes will not quarrel, because they are none of them any relation to each other!" laughed Cyn as she peeled the tomatoes. "I fear goblets will have to take upon themselves the duties of cups, and that cracked tumbler of yours must be used for something. I am sorry that saucepan is so dilapidated, but it is the best I own!"

"And in that saucepan we must both boil the potatoes and stew the tomatoes. Won't one cool while the other is doing?" queried Nattie, hovering lovingly over the steak.

"I think not," Cyn answered. "You won't mind the coffee being boiled in a tin can, once the repository of preserved peaches, will you?"

"Ah, no!" replied Nattie emphatically, and sawing at the steak with a very dull knife, without a handle. "It will be just as good when it's poured out."

"I had a coffee-pot once, but I melted the nose off and forgot to buy another yesterday," Cyn said, putting on the potatoes.

"We will call our convenience a coffee-urn; it sounds aristocratic," suggested Nattie, as she cleared the books from the least shaky table, and spread it with three towels, in lieu of a tablecloth. "But what shall we do for plates to put the pies on?"

"Take those two wooden box covers in the closet," promptly responded Cyn. "That it is right, and see, here is room also for the coffee—pardon me, I had almost said commonplace coffee-pot!"

"But the tomato! what can we pour that in?" suddenly exclaimed Nattie, with great concern.

Cyn scanned every object in the room with dismay.

"The—wash-bowl!" she insinuated at last, determined not to be daunted.

"Don't you think it rather large? to say nothing of its being too suggestive?" said Nattie, laughing.

Cyn did not press the point, but shook her head, dubiously.

"I have it!" cried Nattie, "there is a fruit-dish in my room."

"Just the thing!" interrupted Cyn ecstatically, "I will run and bring it, if you will attend to the cooking."

"Look out for Miss Kling," said Nattie, warningly; "if she catches a glimpse of you making off with my fruit-dish, she will never rest until she finds out everything."

"Rely on me for secrecy and dispatch," said Cyn, going. "If she sees me, I will mention nuts and raisins; merely mention them, you know."

But Miss Kling, for once, was napping; perhaps dreaming of him Cyn called the torpedo—Celeste's father—and she obtained the dish, reached her own door again without being seen by any one except the Duchess, and was congratulating herself on her good luck, when suddenly, like an apparition, Quimby stood before her.

Cyn started, murmured something about "oranges," slipped the soap-dish she had also confiscated into her pocket, and tried to make the big fruit-dish appear as small as possible.

She might, however, have spared herself any uneasiness, for this always the most unobservant of mortals, was too much overburdened with some affair of his own, to notice even a two-quart dish.

"Oh! I—I beg pardon, I—I was coming with a—a request to your room," he said eagerly. "I—would it be too much to—bring a friend, he knows no one here, and I am sure he and you would fraternize at once, if I might bring him, you know."

"Certainly—yes!" replied Cyn, too anxious to get away to pay much attention to his words, particularly as an odor of steak reached her nostrils.

"Thank you! I—I never knew any one who understood me as well as you!" he said with a grateful bow, and without more words, Cyn left him.

"How long you have been gone!" Nattie remarked, looking up, her cheeks very red, and her nose embellished with a streak of smut, as Cyn entered. "Did you see any one?"

"No one except Quimby, who stopped me to ask about bringing a friend to call some evening," Cyn replied, displaying the fruit dish and producing the soap dish.

"Mercy on us!" Nattie said, looking rather aghast, "it is rather large, isn't it? and what did you bring that soap dish for?"

"I thought it might come handy," laughed Cyn. "We will make a potato holder of it for the time. To what base uses may we come at last!—Why—" in a tone of surprise, "here is the Duchess!"

"And sure enough, up by the window sat that sagacious animal, winking and blinking complacently, and evidently determined to be a third in the feast."

"She came in unnoticed under the shadow that fruit dish threw," said Nattie, teasingly.

Cyn shook an oyster fork at her threateningly.

"Say another such word and you shall have no steak!" she said tragically, "instead a dungeon shall be your doom. We will let the Duchess remain as a receiver of odds and ends. I suppose her suspicions were excited by the sight of these articles. A rare cat! a learned cat! now set the table, for our feast will soon be prepared!" and Cyn bent over the sizzling steak that emitted a most appetizing odor.

Setting that table was no such easy matter as might appear, for with the big fruit dish, wooden covers, different sizes of plates and other incongruous articles, considerable management was necessary.

"I shall have to put the sugar on in the bag," Nattie said, incautiously backing to view the general effect, and so stumbling over the saucepan of potatoes that sat on the floor, but luckily doing no damage.

"Ah, well! Eccentricity is quite the rage now, you know," responded the philosophical Cyn, "and certainly a sugar bowl so closely resembling a brown paper bag as not to be distinguishable from the real thing, is quite recherche. But my dear Nat, where am I to set the steak, if you have that big fruit dish in the centre of the table, taking up all the room?"

"I shall have to put it on the floor, then," Nattie answered, despairingly, "for I have tried it on all parts of the table! If you set it on the edge," she added hastily, seeing Cyn about to do so, "you will tip the whole thing over!"

"Then we must have a side-board," Cyn announced, with a plate of steak in one hand, and the big fruit-dish in the other. "Put my writing-desk on a chair please; spread a towel over it, and there you have it!"

"But what a quantity of entables we have! Two pounds of steak, ten big potatoes, a two-quart dish of tomatoes, two large pies, two Charlotte Russes, an urn of coffee, a dozen oranges and a box of figs—good gracious! Think of two people eating all that!" exclaimed Nattie, decidedly dismayed at the prospect.

"It is considerable," Cyn confessed, surveying the array with a slightly daunted expression. "You see I am not used to buying for a family, and I was afraid of getting too little. But," brightening, "there isn't more than one quart of the tomatoes, and there are three of us, you know—the Duchess!"

"To be sure; I had forgotten her!" Nattie said, recovering her equanimity, and glancing at the purring animal, who was looking on approvingly, and evidently appreciated the difference between sirloin and her usual rations of round.

"Then let the revels commence, at once!" cried Cyn, rolling down her sleeves, while Nattie wiped the smut from her face.

But now another difficulty presented itself; the chairs were all too low to admit of feasting with the anticipated posture; this was soon overcome, however, by piling a few books in the highest chair, and appropriating the music-stool.

"Now for a feast," exclaimed Nattie, exultantly, as they sat down triumphantly, and she brandished her big knife and extremely small fork, while Cyn poured the coffee from the urn: an undertaking attended with some difficulty, and requiring caution; and the Duchess looked on expectantly.

And then—the goal almost reached—upon their startled ears came a dreadful sound—the sound of a knock at the door! Down to the ground went Nattie's knife and fork, the coffee-urn narrowly escaped a similar fate, up went the back of the Duchess, and two dismayed Bohemians and one impatient cat gazed at each other.

(To be continued.)