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Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Bird or sale. A. DEW. BARSS
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Merchant Tailor,
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Select Poetry.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joining—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine;
You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE. A ROMANCE OF DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLIA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Do you see that twinkle, N?"

"What!" ejaculated Nattie—so forcibly that a passing countryman stopped with a peanut half cracked, to stare, and clutching at an umbrella hanging by her side, for support, she turned a horror-stricken face to the questioner, who looking as if he expected her to be enraptured, added,

"You know a fellow that signs 'C,' don't you?"

The bump of self-conceit must have largely overbalanced the perceptive faculties of this obnoxious young man, if he could possibly mistake the expression on Nattie's face for rapture, as frantically grasping the umbrella, she gasped,

"No—no—it can't be—you are not—not—"

"Not C? Ain't I, though!" laughed the proprietor of the ring, pin, bear's-grease, etc. cetera.

"But," said poor Nattie, clinging desperately to hope and the umbrella, "C said this morning he was going to B—a—"

"That was a trick to take you by surprise," he interrupted, with great enjoyment of his words. "I knew I was coming here, all the time, but I wanted to give you a nice little surprise. Think I have, eh?" and he laughed again, and winked with almost vulgar assurance.

Nattie let go of hope and the umbrella, and collapsed with her romance into a chair; and the thought of Quimby's warning about the "soiled invisible," and barely suppressed a groan.

Involuntarily she stole a glance at this too-visible person, and shuddered.

Could she reconcile 'C,' her visionary, interesting, witty and gentlemanly 'C' of the wire, with this musk-scented being of greasy red hair, cheap jewelry and vulgar manners? Impossible!

"It is the nightmare! It cannot be!" she thought with the despairing refuge in dreams we often take when suddenly overwhelmed with terrible realities.

As she made no reply to his last observation, her visitor, glancing at

her as if slightly puzzled by her behavior, went on—

"I did not think you would be so bashful, after all our talks. I am not,—a fact hardly necessary to mention. We ought to be pretty good friends by this time. Say, do I look as you expected I would?" and as if to give her a better view, he pushed his hat back on his head, a kindness wholly unappreciated, as Nattie had seen more than sufficient of him already.

"Not—not exactly!" she stammered, in a sort of dazed way!

"I believe you thought I was one of those slim fellows whose bones rattle when they walk, didn't you? I am no such fellow, you see. But you ain't a bit as I imagined. May I be a plug* forever if you are!"

Nattie was too wretched, too unable even yet to realize that her 'C' and this odious creature were one and the same, to ask, as he evidently expected natural curiosity would induce her to do, in what way, she so differed from the person of his imagination.

"You go beyond all my calculations," he continued, flatteringly, after waiting in vain for a question from her; "Only you are more bashful than I supposed you would be, after the dots and dashes we have slung. But then it's easier to buzz on the wire than it is to talk, isn't it? For all a fellow has to do is to take up a book or paper, pick things out to say, and go it without exercising his own brains!"

At these words, that explained the previous incomprehensible difference between the distant 'C' and present person, the realization of the companionship, the romance, the friendship gone to wreck on this reef of musk and bear's-grease came over Nattie with a rush, and for a moment so affected her that she could hardly restrain her tears. And yet, after all, was not 'C' her 'C,' the 'C' whom she knew by his conversation only—"picked out of books!"—an unreal, intangible being, and not 'this so different person who claimed his identity?

"I think we astonished some of them on the wire with all the stuff we had over!" went on with his monologue the knight of the collapsed romance, who, not being troubled with fine sensibilities, had no idea of the feelings under which she was laboring.

"Yes—I—doubtless!" stammered Nattie, and turned very red, as suddenly remembering the tenor of some of what he so elegantly termed "stuff," the appalling thought, what if he should say "my dear?" presented itself in all its horrors, and the idea punished her for that girlish imprudence in allowing the familiarity from afar.

Evidently he noticed the access of color, and attributed it to his own fascinations, for he smiled complacently as he said,

"I wish I had longer to stay with you, but my train goes in five minutes." Nattie breathed a sigh of relief. "Too bad, isn't it? But I will come again some time! By the way," a cunning expression that seemed uncalled-for crossing over his face, "don't say anything on the wire about my being here to-day, will you? I don't want any one to know. Let them think I was at B a."

"Certainly not!" replied Nattie, with an alacrity born of the knowledge that she should hold no further communication of any kind with him; then in order to give a hint of her intentions, she added, bracing herself up to mention what was so difficult to speak of to this vampire who mocked her with her vanished 'C.'

"Now that the—mystery is solved, and I—and we have met, I don't think there will be much amusement in talking over the wire."

Somewhat to her surprise, and not at all flattering to her vanity, he acquiesced.

"I never will be interested in people again, unless I know all about them. Imagination is too dangerous a guide for me!"

*"Plug" is the common telegraphic expression for an incompetent operator.

sworded, without a remonstrance,
"No! I don't know as there will!"

"Perhaps he doesn't like my looks any better than I do his!" was Nattie's natural and indignant thought at this quiet reception of her hint. And if anything had been necessary—which it certainly was not—to her utter repudiation of him, this would have sufficed for the purpose.

"You mentioned this morning you thought of leaving X. Do you expect to go soon?" she asked, catching at the idea that a few hours ago had caused so much alarm, with the hope that he might be about to vanish from her world finally and forever. But even as she spoke, the difference of the now and then smote her like a pain.

"Did I say that?" he said, with a look that she could not understand, as if for some secret reason, he was so well pleased with himself, he could hardly avoid laughing outright. "Oh! well! I was only fooling!"

Nattie's face fell, but catching at the opportunity to convey the impression that in her opinion they had not been very friendly, after all, she said,

"I suppose no one really means what they say on the wire. I am sure I do not!"

"But we mean what we say now," he replied, with an insinuating smile. "Next time I come we will be more sociable. But we have had a nice talk, ain't we?"

For a moment the repulsive person before her overcame the remembrance of the lost 'C,' and Nattie replied, sarcastically,

"I trust the talk has been too much of an exercise for your brain!"

He looked at her doubtfully, and then laughed. "You are sort of a queer girl, ain't you? I wish though, I could stay and buzz you longer, but I have only time to get my train, so good-by."

"Good-by," said Nattie, betraying all her relief at his departure in the sudden animation of her voice, something so different from her preceding manner that he could but notice it, and he turned, looked at her, as if a suspicion of its true cause penetrated his mind at last, frowned, and then with that former look she did not understand crossing his face, nodded and ran for the depot, coming into violent collision with a fat Dutchman, looking perplexedly for a barber's shop. And thus the red hair, the bear's grease, the sham jewelry, and the obtrusive, fighting teeth disappeared forever from Nattie's sight, leaving her with a bewildered look on her face, as if, indeed, just awakened from that imagined nightmare.

She looked around the office blankly. Everything was there just as usual, the little key and the sounder, over which had come all 'C's' pleasant talk. 'C!' That creature! The odor of his detestable musk hovered about her even now, but not yet could she realize that her 'C' was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

"GOOD-BY."

It was a very long face that Nattie carried to the Hotel Norman that night; so long that Miss Kling at once saw that something was amiss, and while curiously wondering as to the cause took a grim satisfaction in the fact. For Miss Kling liked not to see cheerful faces; why should others be happy when she had not found her other self?

Nattie's first act on gaining her own room was to drag forth that carefully-preserved pen and ink sketch, and tear it to atoms, annihilating the chubby Cupid with especial care.

"And now," she thought to herself savagely, as she burned up the pieces "I never will be interested in people again, unless I know all about them. Imagination is too dangerous a guide for me!"

Having thus exterminated the illustrious edition of her romance, Nattie felt the necessity of unburdening her mind, her sorrow not being too deep or words, and with that object sought Cyn; a proceeding much disapproved of by Miss Kling, who, knowing well that weakness of human nature that seeks a friendly bosom wherein to repose its sorrows, rightly surmised her lodger's destination and design, and decidedly objected to any one knowing more than she herself did.

Nattie found her friend at home, but, to her vexation, not alone. With her was Quimby, who had called in the untold hope of gloaming tidings of the young lady who had—as he said to himself—flooded him. His confusion at the sight of her, remembering as he did the somewhat unusual circumstances of their last meeting, was indescribable; indeed, his knees actually knocked together. Nattie, however, whose latest experience had effaced the effect, and almost the remembrance of that former one, bade him good-evening, without the least trace of consciousness or embarrassment, a composure of manner that astounded but at the same time filled him with admiration.

As he did not take his departure, being, in fact, unable to tear himself away, Nattie, in her anxiety to tell Cyn all that was in her mind, in reflecting that he really was of no consequence—an argument not flattering to its object, but one that he probably would have been first to indorse had he known it—and, moreover, that he already knew the prologue, disregarded his presence and said,

"The most incomprehensible thing has happened, Cyn! I cannot realize it even now!"

Quimby quaked in his boots, and grew hot all over with the fear that she was going to relate their last evening's adventure. Could it be possible?

"I knew that something was the matter the moment you entered the room," said Cyn. "I cannot imagine why you should look as if you were going into the grave-digging business!"

"Ah, Cyn!" exclaimed Nattie, as if the words hurt her, "He, 'C,' called on me to-day!"

Quimby gave a bounce, and then grew limp in all his joints.

"Is it possible? Personally questioned Cyn, with great interest and animation; then glancing at Nattie's face, her tone changed as she added, "He was not what you thought! I understand, poor Nat!"

Quimby straightened himself up. He fancied he saw a gleam of hope ahead.

"Far enough from what I thought!" replied Nattie, with a mixture of pathos and disgust. "Why did he not remain invisible?" then, in a burst of disappointment—"Cyn, he is simply awful! All red hair and grease, musk, cheap jewelry, and insolent assurance!"

Quimby glanced in the opposite glass, and his face brightened all over. He felt like a new man!

"Oh, dear! Is it as bad as that?" said Cyn, looking dismayed. "He was so entertaining on the wire, I can hardly believe it. Are you quite sure it was 'C'?"

"I could not realize it myself, but it is a fact nevertheless," Nattie answered sorrowfully, and then related what she termed the "disgusting details." Cyn listened, vexed and sorry, for she too had become interested in the invisible 'C,' but Quimby found it impossible to restrain his joy at this complete overthrow of one whom he had ever considered a formidable rival.

"It is no use to talk about romance in real life!" said the annoyed Cyn, yielding to the conviction that the obnoxious visitor really was 'C,' as Nattie concluded. "It is nice to read about, and to enact on the stage, but it's altogether too unreliable for our solid, every-day world. Well, dear! consolingly, 'it's better to know the truth than to have gone on blindly talking to so undesirable an acquaintance!"

(To be continued.)