

# THE ACADIAN.

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## The Acadian,

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## Select Poetry.

### The Loss of Faith.

When the wing of the bird is broken  
The song of the bird is fled:  
In its heart is no note unspoken—  
The bird, alas! is dead!

For sympathy of the shadow,  
The bird the light will shun;  
And vainly will bud the meadow,  
And vainly will rise the sun.

The May and the flowers up springing  
To its heart no joy will bring:  
Ah! life is a bird and its singing,  
And faith in God is its wing.

When the wing of the bird is broken,  
In its heart is no note unspoken.  
The song of the bird is fled,  
And the bird, alas! is dead!

—Cottage Heart.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY  
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

## CHAPTER IV.

### NEIGHBORLY CALLS.

In the opinion of Miss Betsy Kling,  
a lone young woman, who possessed  
three large trunks, a more than aver-  
age share of good looks, and who went  
out and came in at irregular and un-  
heard-of hours, was a person to be  
looked after and enquired about; ac-  
cordingly, while Miss Archer was mak-  
ing the acquaintance of Nattie and of  
the invisible 'C,' Miss Kling descended  
upon Mrs. Simonson, with the object  
of dragging from that lady all possible  
information she might be possessed of,  
regarding her latest lodger. As a re-  
sult, Miss Kling learned that Miss  
Archer was studying to become an  
opera singer, that she occasionally now  
sang at concerts, meeting with encour-  
aging success, and further, that she  
possessed the best of references. But  
Miss Kling gave a sniff of distrust.

"Public characters are not to be  
trusted. Do you remember," she asked  
solemnly, "do you remember the young  
man you once had here, who ran away  
with your teaspoons and your tooth-  
brush?"

Ah, yes! Mrs. Simonson remem-  
bered him perfectly. Was she likely  
to forget him? But he, Mrs. Simonson  
respectfully submitted, was not a  
singer, but a commercial traveller.

Miss Kling shook her head.  
"That experience should be a warn-  
ing! You cannot deny that no young  
woman of a modest and retiring dispo-  
sition would seek to place herself in a  
public position. Can you imagine me  
upon the stage?" concluded Miss  
Kling with great dignity.

Mrs. Simonson was free to admit  
that her imagination could contemplate  
no such possibility, and then, neither  
desirous of criticizing a good paying  
lodger, or of offending Miss Kling—  
that struggle with the ways and means  
having taught her to offend no one if  
it could possibly be avoided—she changed  
the subject by expatiating at length  
upon a topic she always found safe—  
the weather. But Miss Celeste Fish-  
plate coming in, Miss Kling left the  
weather to take care of itself, and re-  
turned to the more interesting discus-  
sion, to her, of Miss Archer.

Celeste, a young lady favored with a  
countenance that impressed the behold-  
er as being principally nose and teeth,  
and possessing a large share of the  
commodity known as *gush*, was ready  
enough to be the recipient of her neigh-  
bor's collection of gossip. But, to Miss  
Kling's no small disgust, she was rather  
lukewarm in prejudging the new-  
comer. In truth, although somewhat  
alarmed at the "three trunks," lest she  
should be out-dressed, she was already  
debating within herself whether Miss  
Archer, as a medium by which more  
frequent access to Mrs. Simonson's  
gentlemen lodgers could be obtained,  
was not a person whose acquaintance

it was desirable to cultivate. More-  
over, the words opera singer raised ec-  
static visions of a possible future in-  
troduction to some "ravishing tenor,"  
the remote idea of which caused her to  
be so visibly preoccupied, that Miss  
Kling took her leave with angry sniffs,  
and returned home to ponder over what  
she had heard.

A few days after, Nattie, who had  
quite paralyzed Miss Kling by refusing  
to listen to what she boldly termed un-  
founded gossip about her new friend,  
went to spend an evening with her.

Miss Archer occupied a suite of  
rooms, consisting of a parlor and a very  
small bed-room that had been Mrs.  
Simonson's own, but which on account  
of the "ways and means" she had given  
up now, confining herself exclusively to  
the kitchen, fitted up to look as much  
like a parlor as a kitchen could.

"And how is 'C'?" asked Miss Archer  
as she warmly welcomed her visitor.  
"Still as agreeable as ever," Nattie  
replied. "I told him I was coming to  
see you this evening and he sent his  
regards, and wished he could be of the  
party."

"I wish he might. But that would  
spoil the mystery," rejoined Miss Archer.  
"Do you know what 'C' is for?"  
"Clem," he says. His other name I  
don't know. He would give me some  
outlandish cognomen if I should ask.  
But it isn't of much consequence."

"It might be if you should really fall  
in love with him," laughed Miss Archer.

"Fall in love! over the wire! That  
is absurd, especially as I am not sus-  
ceptible," Nattie answered, coloring a  
trifle, however, as she remembered how  
utterly disconsolate she had been all  
that morning, because a "cross" on the  
wire had for several hours cut off com-  
munication between her office and  
'X n'.

"You think it would be too roman-  
tic for real life? Doubtless you are  
right. And the funny incidents—have  
you anything new in your note book?"

"Only that a man to-day, who had  
perhaps just dined, wanted to know  
the tariff to the U-nited St—at—ates,"  
answered Nattie, glancing at some au-  
tumn leaves tastefully arranged on the  
walls and curtains. But 'C' was telling  
me about a mistake that was lately  
made—not by him, he vehemently as-  
serts, although I am inclined to think  
it was; the message as originally sent  
was, 'John is dead, be at home at  
three,' when it was delivered it read,  
'John is dead beat, home at three.'"

"How was that possible?" asked  
Miss Archer, laughing.  
"I suppose the sending operator did  
not leave space enough between the  
words; we leave a small space between  
letters, and a longer one between  
words," explained Nattie.

"The operator who received it must  
have been rather stupid not to have  
seen the mistake," Miss Archer said.  
"I have too good an opinion of your  
'C' to believe it was he. But every  
profession has its comic side as well as  
its tricks, I suppose; mine, I am sure,  
does. But I am learning something  
every day, and I am determined," en-  
ergetically, "to fight my way up!"

Stirred by Miss Archer's earnestness,  
there came to Nattie an uneasy con-  
sciousness that she herself was making  
no progress towards her only dreamed  
of ambition, and a shade crossed her  
face; but without observing it, Miss  
Archer continued.

"I always had a passion for the ly-  
ric stage, and now there is nothing to  
prevent—" did a slight shadow here  
darken also her sunny eyes, gone in-  
stantly—"I shall make music my life's  
aim. Fortunately I have money of  
my own to enable me to study, and—"

Miss Archer's speech was here in-  
terrupted in a somewhat startling man-  
ner, by the door suddenly flying open,  
banging against the piano with a pro-  
digious crash, and disclosing Quimby,

red and abashed, outside.

Nattie jumped, Miss Archer gave a  
little scream, and the Dutchess, Mrs.  
Simonson's handsome tortoiseshell cat  
so named from her extreme dignity,  
who lay at full length upon a rug,  
drew herself up in haughty displeas-  
ure.

"I—I beg pardon, I am sure!"  
stammered the more agitated intruder.  
Really, I—I am so ashamed I—I can  
hardly speak! I was unfortunate en-  
ough to stumble—I'm used to it, you  
know—and I give you my word of  
honor I never saw such a—such an ex-  
tremely lively door!"

"It is of no consequence," Miss  
Archer assured him. "Will you come  
in?"

"Thank you, I—I fear I intrude,"  
answered Quimby, clutching his watch-  
chain, and glancing at Nattie, guilty  
conscious of the strong desire to do so  
that had taken possession of him since  
the sound of her voice had penetrated  
to his apartment, and in perfect agony  
lest she should surmise it. However,  
upon Miss Archer's assuring him that  
they would be very glad of his com-  
pany, he ventured to enter. But the  
door still weighed upon his mind, for  
after carefully closing it, he stood and  
stared at it with a very perplexed face.

"Never saw such a lively door, you  
know!" he repeated, finally sitting  
down on the piano stool, and folding  
both arms across one knee, letting a  
hand drop dismally on either side,  
while he looked alternately at Miss  
Archer, Nattie, and the part of the  
room mentioned, at which the former  
laughed, and then, with the kind in-  
tention of drawing his mind from the  
subject of his forced appearance, sug-  
gested a game of cards.

"Then we shall have to have one  
more person, shall we not?" Nattie  
asked at his proposition.

"It would be better," replied Miss  
Archer, "let me see—Mrs. Simon-  
son does not play—"

"Mr. Norton does!" interrupted  
Quimby, forgetting the door, in his  
eagerness to be of service. "I—I  
would willingly ask him to join us, if  
you will allow me!"

"That queer young artist who lodges  
here, you mean?" inquired Miss Archer.

"Oh! But he is a dreadful Bohemian  
!" commented Nattie, distrustfully,  
before Quimby could reply.

"Is he?" laughed Miss Archer.  
"Then ask him in by all means! I  
am something of Bohemian myself, and  
shall be delighted to meet a kindred  
soul! I do not know as I have ever  
observed the gentleman particularly,  
but if I remember rightly, he wears  
his hair very closely cropped, and is  
not a model of beauty."

"But he is just as nice a fellow as if  
he was handsome outside!" said Quim-  
by earnestly, doubtless aware of his  
own shortcomings in the Adonis line.  
"He's a little queer to be sure, doesn't  
believe in love or sentiment or anything  
of that sort, you know, and he says he  
wears his hair cropped close because  
peopl' have a general idea that artists  
are long-haired, lackadaisical fellow,—  
not to say untidy, you know,—and he  
is determined that no one shall be able  
to say it of him!"

Miss Archer was much amused at  
his description.

"He certainly is an odd genius, and  
decidedly worth knowing. Bring him  
in, I beg of you," she said.

But Quimby hesitated and glanced  
at Nattie.

"He is not very unconventional, I—  
I do not think he will shock you very  
much if you do not get him at it, you  
know!" he said to her apologetically.

"Oh! I am not at all alarmed!"  
said Nattie, adding, as her thoughts  
reverted to Miss Kling, "I think after  
all, a Bohemian is better than a perfect  
model of conventionalism!"

Miss Archer heartily endorsed this  
sentiment, and Quimby went in qu

of Mr. Norton, with whom he soon re-  
turned.

Unlike enough to the melancholy ar-  
tist of romantic fame was Mr. Norton.  
Short, rather stout, inclined to be red  
in the face, large-nosed, scrupulously  
neat in dress, clean shaven, and closely-  
cropped hair—all this the observing  
Miss Archer saw at a glance as she  
bowed to him in response to Quimby's  
introduction. But the second glance  
showed her that the expression of his  
face was so jovial that its plainness  
vanished as if by magic on his first  
smile.

If Nattie, possibly a trifle prejudiced  
in his disfavour, expected him to out-  
rage common propriety in some way,  
such as keeping on his hat, smoking a  
black pipe, or turning up his pantaloons  
leg, she was utterly—shall we say  
disappointed? Truth to tell, be-  
fore ten minutes had elapsed from the  
time of his arrival, she was wishing  
she knew more "Bohemians," and even  
hoping 'C' was one!

At home as soon as he entered the  
room, in a very short time the stran-  
gers of a moment ago were his life-long  
friends. Full of anecdotes and quaint  
remarks, he was the life of the little  
party. Miss Archer, however, was a  
very able backer—Cyn, as they all  
found themselves calling her soon after  
Jo Norton's advent, and forevermore.  
"Cyn was," as its owner said, "short"  
for the somewhat lofty name of Cyn-  
thia.

Doubtless, the fact of these two, who  
were partners, beating nearly every  
game they played, was not without its  
effects in promoting their most genial  
feelings. A result brought about, not  
so much by their skill, as by Quimby's  
perpetually forgetting what was trumps,  
confounding the right and left bowers,  
and disregarding the power of the  
joker.

And in truth Quimby's mind was  
more on his partner than on the game,  
and he was becoming more and more  
aware to the fact that his heart was  
fast filling with admiration and adora-  
tion of which she was the object, and  
inevitably must soon overflow! For  
Nattie was really looking her very  
best this evening. It was excitement  
and animation that her face depended  
upon for its beauty. Miss Archer's  
companionship, too, was doing much  
towards promoting the cheerfulness  
that brought so clear a light to her  
eyes—the light that was now dazzling  
Quim. For Cyn was one of those peo-  
ple who live always in the sunshine,  
and seem to carry its own brightness  
around with them, while Nattie, on the  
contrary, oftentimes dwelt among the  
shadows, and a touch of their embrow-  
ness hung over her, and showed itself  
upon her face.

But none of these lurking shadows  
were there to-night, and as a conse-  
quence, Quimby was unable to keep  
his eyes off her, and sighed, and made  
misdeals, and became generally mixed.  
His embarrassment was not lessened  
when Cyn mischievously informed him  
he had certainly found favor in the  
eyes of Miss Fishplate—who had called  
upon her the day before. He dropped  
the pack of cards he happened to have  
in his hand at the moment, all over  
the floor, and then dived so hastily to  
pick them up that his head came in  
violent contact with the edge of the  
table, and for a moment he was almost  
stunned.

But in answer to Cyn's anxious in-  
quiry if he was hurt, he replied.

"It's nothing! I—I am used to it,  
you know!" Notwithstanding which  
assertion his forehead developed such a  
sudden and terrific bump of benevolence,  
that Cyn insisted upon bandaging her  
handkerchief over it. Then, with his  
head tied up, and secretly lamenting  
the unromantic figure he now present-  
ed to the eyes of his partner and  
charmer, Quimby resumed the game.  
But what with cause of uneasiness, and  
a latent fear that Cyn's jesting remark  
about Celeste might be true, a fear he  
had privately been conscious of pre-  
viously, although the least concerted  
of mortals, Quimby played so badly—and  
indeed would undoubtedly have uncer-  
elected "checkers," had he been asked sud-  
denly what game he was playing, on  
account of his meditations on a check-  
ered existence—that the cards were  
soon abandoned, and Cyn delighted  
them with sweet songs, and a recitation  
of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere."  
(To be continued.)