

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 16.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1885.

Only 50 Cents per annum

## The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office,  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**50 CENTS Per Annum,**  
(IN ADVANCE.)  
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
**DAVISON BROS.,**  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
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CONVEYANCER,  
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P. O. BOX 32. Sept. 19th 1884

## LIGHT BRAMAS!

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

### AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;  
After the snow, the emerald leaves;  
Silver stars when the day is done;  
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;  
After the tempest, the lull of waves;  
Quiet woods when the winds go by;  
After the battle, quiet graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;  
After the bud, the radiant rose;  
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;  
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;  
After the flight, the downy nest;  
After the furrow, the waking seed;  
After the shadowy river—rest.

—Philadelphia Times.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY  
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"I regret to say no." Then looking around, and describing what she saw—"a long, dark little room, into which the sun never shines, a crazy and a wooden chair, a high stool, desk, instruments—that is all—Oh! and me!"

"Last but not least," said 'C'; "but what a contrast to my office! Mine is all windows, and in cold days like this the wind whistles in until my very bones rattle! The outward view is fine. As I sit I see a stable, a carpenter's shop, the roof of the new Town Hall that has ruined the town and—"

"Excuse me,"—some one at another office on the line here broke in—and with more politeness than is sometimes shown in interrupting conversations on the wire—"I have a message to send," and forthwith began calling.

At this Nattie resumed her interrupted occupation of bewailing her spoiled dress, but at the same time she had a feeling of pleased surprise at the affability of 'C' at 'X'.

"I wonder," she thought, as she took up her book again, and tried to bury the remembrance of her accident therein, "I do wonder if this 'C' is he or she!"

Soon, however, she heard 'X' call once more, and this time she laid her book aside very readily.

"You did not describe the principal part of your office—yourself!" 'C' said, when she answered the call.

"How can I describe myself?" replied Nattie. "How can anyone properly? One sees that same old face in the glass day after day, and becomes so used to it that it is almost impossible to notice even the changes in it; so I am sure I do not see how one can tell how it really does look—unless one's nose is broken—or one's eyes crossed—and mine are not—or one should not see a looking-glass for a year! I can only say I am very inky just now!"

"Oh! that is too bad!" 'C' said; then, with a laugh, "It has always been a source of great wonder to me how certain very plain people of my acquaintance could possibly think themselves handsome. But I see it all now! Can you not, however, leave the beauty out, and give me some sort of an idea about yourself for my imagination to work upon?"

"Certainly!" replied Nattie, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye that 'C' knew not of. "Imagine, if you please a tall young man, with—"

'C' broke quickly, saying, "Oh, no! You cannot deceive me in that way! Under protest I accept the height, but spurn the sex!"

"Why, you do not suppose I am a lady, do you?" queried Nattie.

"I am quite positive you are. There

is a certain difference in the 'sounding' of a lady and gentleman, that I have learned to distinguish. Can you truly say I am wrong?"

Nattie evaded a direct reply, by saying,

"People who think they know so much are often deceived; now I make no surmises about you, but ask, fairly and squarely, shall I call you Mr., Miss, or Mrs. 'C'?"

"Call me neither. Call me plain 'C'! Or picture, if you like, in place of your sounder, a blonde, fairy-like girl talking to you, with pensive cheeks and sunny—"

"Don't you believe a word of it!"—some one on the wire here broke in, wishing, probably, to have a finger in the pie; "picture a hippopotamus, an elephant, but picture no fairy!"

"Judge not others by yourself, and learn to speak when spoken to!" 'C' replied to the unknown; then "To N.—You know the more mystery there is about anything, the more interesting it becomes. Therefore, if I envelop myself in all the mystery possible, I will cherish hopes that you may dream of me!"

"But I am quite sure you can, with propriety be called Mr. 'C'—plain, as you say, I doubt not," replied Nattie.

"Now, as it is time for me to go home, I shall have to say good night."

"To be continued in our next?" queried 'C'.

"If you are not in a cross mood," replied Nattie.

"Now that is a very unkind suggestion, after my abject apology. But, although our acquaintance had a *grave re-hearse-al*, I trust it will have a happy ending!"

Nattie frowned.

"If you will promise never to say 'grave,' 'hearse,' or anything in the undertaking line, I will agree never to say 'cross!'" she said.

"The undertaking will not be difficult; with all my heart!" 'C' answered, and with this mutual understanding they bade each other "good night."

"There certainly is something romantic in talking to a mysterious person, unseen, and miles away!" thought Nattie, as she put on her hat. "But I would really like to know whether my new friend employs a tailor or a dress-maker!"

Was Nattie conscious of a feeling that it would to the rest of the romantic acquaintance should the distant 'C' be entitled to the use of the masculine pronoun?

Perhaps so! For Nattie was human, and she was only nineteen!

## CHAPTER II.

AT THE HOTEL NORMAN.

Miss Nattie Rogers, telegraph operator, lived, as it were, in two worlds. The one her office, dingy and curtailed as to proportions, but from whence she could wander away, through the medium of the telegraph wire, on a sort of electric wings, to distant cities and towns; where, although alone all day, she did not lack social intercourse, and where she could amuse herself if she chose, by listening to and speculating upon the many messages of joy or of sorrow, of business and of pleasure, constantly going over the wire. But the other world in which Miss Rogers lived was very different; the world bounded by the four walls of a back room at Miss Betsy Kling's. It must be confessed that there are more pleasing views than sheds in greater or less degrees of dilapidation, a sickly grape-vine, a line of flapping sheets, an overflowing ash-barrel; sweeter sounds than the dulcet notes of old rag-men, the serenades of musical cats, or the strains of a cornet placed upon at intervals from nine P. M. to twelve, with the evident purpose of exhausting superfluous air in the performer's lungs. Perhaps, too, there was more agreeable company possible than Miss Betsy Kling.

Therefore, in the evening, Sunday and holiday, if not in the telegraphic world of Miss Rogers, loneliness, and the unpleasant sensation known as "blues" were not uncommon.

Miss Betsy Kling, who, although in reduced circumstances, boasted of certain "blue blood," inherited from dead and gone ancestors—who perhaps would have been surprised could they have known at this late day how very genteel they were in life,—rented a flat in Hotel Norman, on the second floor, of which she let one room; not on account of the weekly emolument received therefrom, ah, no! but "for the sake of having some one for company." In this respect she was truly a contrast to Mrs. Simonson, a hundred and seventy-five pound widow, who lived in the remaining suite of that floor, and who let every room she possibly could, in order, as she frankly confessed, to "make both ends meet." For a constant struggle with the "ways and means" whereby to live had quite annihilated any superfluous gentility Mrs. Simonson might have had, excepting only one lingering remnant, that would never allow her to hang in the window one of those cheaply conspicuous placards, announcing:

"Rooms to Let."

Miss Betsy Kling was a spinster—not because she liked it, but on account of circumstances over which she had no control,—and her principal object in life, outside of the never-expressed, but much thought-off one of finding her other self, like her, astray, was to keep watch and ward over the affairs of the occupants of the neighboring flats, and see that they conducted themselves with the propriety becoming the neighbors, of so very genteel and unexceptionable a person as Miss Betsy Kling. In pursuit of this occupation she was addicted to sudden and silent appearances, much after the manner of materialized spirits, at windows opening into the hall, and doors carelessly left ajar. She was, however, afflicted with a chronic cold, that somewhat interfered with her ability to become a first-class listener, on account of its producing an incessant snuffle and spasms of violent sneezing.

Miss Rogers going home to that back room of hers, found herself still pondering upon the probable sex of 'C'. Rather to her own chagrin, when she caught her thoughts thus straying, too; for she had a certain scorn of anything pertaining to trivial sentiment. A little scorn of herself she also had sometimes. In fact, her designs reached beyond the obtaining of the everyday commonplaces with which so many are content to fill their lives, and she possessed an ambition too dominant to allow her to be content with the dead level of life. Therefore it was that any happy hours of forgetfulness of all but the present, that sometimes came in her way, were often followed by others of unrest and dissatisfaction. There were certain dreams she indulged in of the future, now hopefully, now utterly disheartened, that she was so far away from the realization. These dreams were of fame, of fame as an authoress. Whether it was the true genius stirring within her, or that most unfortunate of all things, on unconquerable desire without the talent to rise above mediocrity, time alone could tell.

Compelled by the failure and subsequent death of her father to support herself, or become a burden upon her mother, whose now scanty means barely sufficed for herself and two younger children, Nattie chose the more independent, but harder course. For she was not the kind of girl so sit down and wait for some one to come along and marry her, and relieve her of the burden of self-support. So, from a telegraph office in the country, where she learned the profession, she drifted to her present one in the city.

To her, as yet, there was a certain fascination about telegraphy. But she had a presentiment that in time the charm would give place to monotony,

more especially as, beyond a certain point, there was positively no advancement in the profession. Although knowing she could not be content to always be merely a telegraph operator, she resolved to like it as well and as long as she could, since it was the best for the present.

As she lighted the gas in her room, she thought not of these things that were so often in her mind, but of 'C,' and then scolded herself for caring whether that distant individual was man or woman. What mattered it to a young lady who felt herself above flirtations?

So there was a little scowl on her face as she turned round, that did not lessen when she beheld Miss Kling standing in her door-way. For Miss Rogers did not, to speak candidly, find her landlady a congenial spirit and only remained upon her premises because being there was a lesser evil than living in that most unhomelike of all places, a boarding-house.

"I thought I would make you a call," the unwelcome visitor remarked, rubbing her nose, that from constant friction had become red and shining; "I have been lonesome to-day. I usually run into Mrs. Simonson's in the afternoon, but she has been out since twelve o'clock. I can't make out—"

meaningly, "where she can have gone! not that she is just the company I desire. She has never been used to anything above the common, poor soul, and will say them rooms," but she is better than no one, and at least can appreciate in others the culture and standing she has never attained," and Miss Kling sneezed, and glanced at Nattie with an expression that plainly said her lodger would do well to imitate, in this last respect, the lady in question.

"I am very little acquainted with Mrs. Simonson," Nattie replied, with a tinge of scorn curling her lip, for, in truth, she had little reverence for Miss Kling's blue blood. "Her lodgers like her very much, I believe; at least, Quimby speaks of her in the highest terms."

"Quimby!" repeated Miss Kling, with a snuffle of contempt. "A blundering, awkward creature, who is always doing or saying some shocking thing!"

"I know that he is neither elegant nor talented, and is often very awkward, but he is honest and kind-hearted, and one is willing to overlook other deficiencies for such rare qualities," Nattie replied, a little warmly, "and so Mrs. Simonson feels, I am confident."

Miss Kling eyed her sharply.

"Not at all! Allow me, Miss Rogers, to know! Mrs. Simonson endures his blunders, because, as she says, he can live on the interest of his money, 'on a pinch,' and she thinks such a lodger something on which to boast. On a pinch, indeed!" added Miss Kling, with a sneeze, and giving the principal feature in her face something very like the exclamation, "a very tight pinch it would be, I am thinking!" Then somewhat spitefully she continued, "But I was not aware, Miss Rogers, that you and this Quimby were so intimate! The admiration is mutual, I suppose?"

"There is no admiration," replied Nattie, with a flash of her gray eyes, inwardly indignant that any one should insinuate she admired Quimby—honest, blundering Quimby, whom no one ever allowed a handle to his name, and who was so clever, but like all clever people, such a dreadful bore. "I have only met him two or three times since that evening you introduced us in the hall, so there has hardly been an opportunity for anything of that kind."

"You spoke so warmly!" Miss Kling remarked. "However," conciliatingly, "I don't suppose by any means that you are in love with Quimby! You are much too sensible a young lady for such folly!"

To be continued.