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Mated for best results. Young
Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs
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Select Poetry.

The Dream of the Aimless.

I dreamt a dream in the morning,
When the shadows were dim and grey,
And oh, such a prospect golden
O'er my shining pathway lay,
The earth was filled with gladness,
The air was filled with song,
And I thought that but love and beauty
Could inspire me all day long.

I dreamt a dream at the noontide,
When half of the day was past;
The first half I knew was barren,
But glorious I'd make the last;
But the world lay part in the shadow,
The songs were not half so sweet,
And love and beauty were fleeting
Like shadows beneath my feet.

I dreamt a dream at the even,
When the day its course had run,
And my heart grew sad within me
To think how little I'd done.
But I said: "I shall work to-morrow,
And make my name be known,
Till the nations of earth shall wonder,
As my mighty power is known."

But alas! and alas! time passes,
The sun rises, shines and sets—
Each morning so full of promise,
Each evening so full of regrets,
And day follows day more fleetly,
While ambition and glory rave
Till, at last, outworn and aimless,
I shall sink in a nameless grave.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

The old, old story—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I wish to have some conversation with you, Miss Rogers," she said in a tone of severity.

"Some other time, if you please," Nattie replied, impatiently, for her talk with Cyn had unnerved her; "just now I am engaged."

Miss Kling drew herself up and said, with even more austerity,

"There is no time like the present, and since Miss Archer is here, it may not be amiss for her to hear what I have to say."

Nattie frowned, but Cyn, not unwilling to be diverted even by Miss Kling from the topic that was so annoying her, said,

"Very well. We are, listening Miss Kling."

"Miss Rogers," proceeded Miss Kling solemnly, after a preparatory sneeze, "I know all."

The emphasis on the last word was truly tremendous, and Nattie stared astonished, while Cyn looked up with awakened curiosity.

"May I enquire what you mean by all?" inquired Nattie stiffly.

"Yes," repeated Miss Kling, without heeding the question. "I know ALL. I have for some time suspected that something underhanded was going on. Now I know what it is that has been so carefully concealed from me! I have long objected to your associates, Miss Rogers, but—"

"Pardon me, but that certainly does not concern you!" interrupted Cyn disdainfully.

Miss Kling looked at her and sneezed a sinister sneeze.

"It concerns me to know what kind of people I have in my house!" she replied, "and since you force me to speak out, Miss Archer, I will say that in my opinion no truly modest and proper girl would become intimate with those who pad their legs and paint their faces, and show themselves to the public"—this insinuation struck Cyn so comically that she could hardly suppress a laugh. "My suspicions, to return to what I was about to say, Miss Rogers, were first awakened by hearing that—that instrument"—Cyn and Nattie exchanged looks of intelligence—"you have here, going, when I knew you were not in the room. And now, as I said, I know all! I pass over the audacity of such proceedings

in my premises, but their utter immorality is too much for me to bear! Yes! I found a wire, and know where it leads! Into the room of two young men! That any young woman should be so immodest as to establish telegraphic communication between her bedroom and the bedroom of two young men is beyond my comprehension!"

Cyn felt a mischievous desire to enquire how it would have struck her, had it been the bedroom of one young man? Nattie, who had flushed crimson at the first knowledge of Miss Kling's discovery, now drew herself up and replied with dignity,

"Really, Miss Kling, I think this extravagance of language utterly uncalled for! I admit it was not exactly correct for me to allow the wire to be run without consulting you, but beyond that, there was nothing reprehensible in my conduct."

Miss Kling held up her hands in horror.

"Nothing reprehensible in being connected by a telegraph wire with two young men!" she exclaimed. "Nothing—"

"Excuse my intrusion; but, Cyn, will you please inform me if I am to stand all night loaded with green stuff, like a farmer on a market day?" at this point the merry voice of Clem interrupted, as he came hastily in, still bearing the burden Cyn had piled upon him. Then becoming aware of Miss Kling's presence, he added to her,

"I beg pardon for my abrupt entrance, but the outer door being open, I made bold to enter;" then explanatory to Cyn, "Your door was locked, as also was mine, of which Quimby has been the key; and as Celeste has not yet been able to part with him, there I have been standing in the hall, like patience with a load of dandelions!"

"We were having such an interesting conversation," Cyn answered, with a scornful glance in Miss Kling's direction, "that I quite forgot you and the lapse of time."

Clem instantly became aware of something amiss in the atmosphere, and glanced inquiringly. Miss Kling immediately enlightened him.

"There are many things you make bold to do, young man!" she said.

"Putting telegraph apparatus in my house, for instance!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Clem, comprehensively.

"Yes;" went on the aggrieved Miss Kling, "you and that Quimby, I suppose, did it. The idea originated with you, of course. He hasn't brains enough; if he had he would not marry Celeste!" and Miss Kling sniffed in utter contempt of poor Quimby.

"Thanks for the compliment to my intellectual abilities!" said Clem with a mischievous look; then advancing towards her, he answered in his own frank, manly way, "And so you have found us out? But I trust you will not be offended with us? It is, after all, a trifle, and we said nothing about it merely because we wished to have a little mystery of our own! It was, as the newsboys would say, a lark of ours!"

"Lark!" repeated Miss Kling, drawing herself up stiffly, "young man, you will oblige me by not using slang in my presence!"

"Pardon me," said Clem, good humoredly; "and in regard to the wire, blame me, if you must blame any one. As you say, it was all my doing, and I induced Miss Rogers to allow the wire to come into her room."

"And I, too," added Cyn propitiously, for Nattie's sake, "I wished to learn the business, you know!"

But Miss Kling would not propitiate.

"Miss Rogers, I have no doubt, was very ready to be induced!" she said, with an effort of sarcasm. "I have heard of young females so much in love that they would run after and pursue young men, but never before of

one so carried away and so lost to every sense of decorum, as to be obliged to have a wire run from her room to his in order to communicate with him at improper times!"

This accusation, far-fetched and ridiculous as it was, yet being uttered in the presence of Clem, overwhelmed poor Nattie, and she sank on the lounge, burying her face in her hands, at which Clem made a hasty motion, and then, as if any interference of his would only make matters worse, checked himself. But Cyn came to the front with striking effect.

"You ought, certainly, to be well informed on the subject of old females who run after old men!" she said, witheringly. "If one may believe what the Torpedo—what Mr. Fishblate says!"

This shot told. Miss Kling turned livid with rage and mortification, and burst into a terrific spasm of sneezing.

"Miss Rogers," she said, wrathfully, as soon as she recovered sufficiently to speak, "your conduct and that of your associates is such, that I can no longer allow you to remain on my premises."

"Miss Kling, this is—this is very unjust," said the agitated Nattie.

"It is against the wishes of her friends that she has remained as long as she has," cried Cyn, hotly.

"Miss Kling, your proceedings are infamous!" exclaimed Clem, not able to contain himself longer.

Rather afraid to draw out Cyn any more, Miss Kling gladly seized this opportunity to attack Clem.

"Young man, what right have you to interfere?" she inquired, majestically.

Clem bit his lip. Save enough, what right had he?

He glanced at Nattie where she sat, pale and disturbed, at the scene that threatened to end seriously for her, and then, obeying a sudden impulse, seized the key at his side, and called, "N—N—N!"

Nattie looked up quickly, and which Miss Kling, who supposed he was was busy drumming on the obnoxious instrument to exasperate her, vented her indignation, and also the outraged feelings caused by the Torpedo-wound inflicted by Cyn, still rankling, in a wrathful homily to which no one listened, for Cyn was watching Clem curiously, he wrote rapidly, his eyes on the sounder,

"She says I have no right to interfere. If you had not so changed toward me—if I could hope you loved me as I have ever loved you, I would ask you to give me the right, and let me put this pernicious discredit to her sex on the other side of that door!"

As these words in dots and dashes came to her ears, Nattie, forgetting Miss Kling, forgetting everything, except that she loved Clem, and Clem declared—could it be possible—that he loved her, arose hastily, with a quick joy suffusing her face, and then their eyes met, and neither words or dots and dashes were needed. Love, more potent than electricity, required no interpreter, and that most powerful of all magnets drew them together. Before the face and eyes of the amazed Miss Kling, who had just delivered herself of a sentence intended to be crushing, and could not conceive why her victim should suddenly look so happy over it, he advanced to Nattie's side, clasped her hand eagerly and tenderly, then turning to Miss Kling, said, while Cyn, surmising the truth of the matter, embraced herself fervently,

"Miss Kling, any further observations you may have to make, you will be good enough to say to me, hereafter; and now, will you oblige me by leaving the room?" and he politely held open the door.

"What?" gasped Miss Kling, hardly believing her own ears.

"I cannot allow you to annoy Miss Rogers, the lady who is to be my wife!" Clem added; "and if she and

I choose to have twelve telegraph lines we will. Let me bid you good evening!" and he pointed significantly at the open door.

"Your wife! Miss Rogers!" echoed the discomfited Miss Kling, and glancing at the blushing Nattie, at Cyn, undisguisably exultant, and at Clem, determinedly waiting for her to go out. This was something she had not expected, and it took her aback. So, with a sneeze, she drew herself up, gave a spiteful parting shot,

"Well, she has worked hard enough to get you—had to bring the telegraph to her assistance!" and then retreated, before Cyn could retaliate with the Torpedo. Retreated to her own room, to nurse her wrath and envy, and to dream hopelessly, forever more, of that other self, never to come nearer than now!

The discreet Cyn, comprehending that Miss Kling had brought about that "crisis," and that something had been said on the wire to the right purpose, followed her out and left them alone. It is hardly necessary to mention, that as soon as the door closed behind Cyn, Clem took Nattie in his arms and kissed her. It was an inevitable consequence.

"And now explain why you have treated me so, you contrary little girl?" he queried, tenderly.

"I thought," Nattie replied, raising her gray eyes, from which the shadows were all gone now, to his, "that you loved Cyn."

"You did!" he said, surprised and reproachful; "and that is why you have been so cold and distant! How could you?"

"But Cyn is so handsome, and—I do not see how you could help it!" pleaded Nattie in self-justification.

"Of course she is handsome, talented, brilliant, fascinating, everything that is nice," Clem answered, "but," in a low voice, "Cyn was not my little girl at B m!"

Of course, after this there was another inevitable consequence, and then Clem asked,

"And did you care because you imagined—you naughty, jealous girl—that I loved Cyn?"

"Yes," Nattie answered, blushing, but honestly, "I was very unhappy, indeed I was, Clem! I think I loved you from the first—when you were invisible, you know!"

"And I," said Clem, "should have given myself up a victim to despair, like Quimby, if it had not been for one thing. Jo made me a duplicate of that picture you destroyed, and the fact that you never even mentioned the Cupid overhead gave me hope!" and his own roguish look was in his eyes as he saw Nattie's confusion, and laughing his merry laugh, he clasped her in his arms.

"I beg pardon," said Cyn, tapping, and entering after a cautious interval, "But I come to enquire if Nat—I mean Nathalie—still thinks, as she did an hour ago, that Clem and I are just suited to each other?"

Nattie laughed and blushed.

"You see I set my heart on this from the beginning," said Cyn to Clem, not thinking it necessary to define to what "this" referred. "It was such a perfect romance, you know! and she has been frightening me by declaring that you were in love with me, and was so positive that she almost made me believe it, notwithstanding my natural sagacity."

"As I certainly should have been," replied Clem gallantly, "only for a prior attachment. You see, I loved Nattie before ever I saw you! Why, I used to pass the most of my time when at X n in wondering what she was like, and wishing—I was as near her as I am now, for instance. And how miserable I was, when she dropped me so suddenly! and how happy I was when I came upon her at that blessed feast, and the red hair was all explained away. And then came

Continued on fourth page.