

# THE ACADIAN.

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## The Acadian,

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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.

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

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## Select Poetry,

### A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while—the dew is glistening still  
Upon the daisy's stem; yet one short  
hour,

The scornful rays the diamond worlds  
shall kill,  
And leave to thirsty grief each trem-  
bling flower.

A little while—this fair midspring shall  
swoon  
To summer, and the summer knowing  
not

The fullness of the glory of the boon,  
Shall pale to wintry arms and death's  
dark lot.

A little while—and yonder star that came  
A timid splendor to a widowed sky,  
Shall perish in the cruel morning's flame,  
Too fair to live, and yet too fair to die.

And ye who live, and love, and laugh  
to-day,  
Content 'neath tranquil skies, whose  
every smile

Bespeaks glad hearts as children at their  
play,  
Ye, too, must sorrow in a little while.

Ye, too, must grasp the secret of cold  
death;  
Ye, too, must see the forms beloved  
that smile

With love light on you, rigid, rest of  
breath—  
A little while, O God, a little while!

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE

OF

DOTS AND DASHES.

BY

ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"The salubrious air and the invigorating odor of the forest adds immeasurably to the natural capacity of the appetite!" commented Jo, gravely, as he passed his plate for the seventh fish.

"Ah!" sighed Celeste, who prided herself on her delicacy, "I never could eat more than would satisfy a mouse, and since my engagement," simpering, "I cannot swallow enough to scarce keep me alive!"

Quimby looked up eagerly.

"I—I beg pardon, but if the—if the engagement weighs upon you, I—I am willing to release you, you know!" he exclaimed, hopefully.

"You jealous creature!" replied Celeste, archly. "You know, Ralfy, that no consideration could make me release you!"

Quimby knew it only too well, and sighed as he picked a chicken bone.

"A great objection to dining in the woods is that one is apt to find his food unexpectedly seasoned!" said Clem, as he captured a six-legged bug of an adventurous spirit, that had sought to investigate the contents of his plate.

"Isn't it strange that bugs don't seem half so bad in our food here as they would at home!" said Mrs. Simonson.

"Oh! we can get used to anything, if we only think so!" said Cyn, bringing her cheery philosophy to the front.

"Yes!" assented Quimby, mournfully, "I—I am used to it, you know!"

Cyn laughed, and then proposed the health of the proposed pair, which was drunk in lager beer, and to which Quimby, bolstered up by Celeste, attempted to respond, but collapsed in the middle of the third sentence, and with the words,

"Thank you! and I—I am used to it, you know!" sat down, wiped his forehead on his napkin, and looked intensely miserable.

After that they toasted Cyn, and then "Dots and Dashes," and last, Jo with mock solemnity proposed "Fate."

And just then Quimby met with a fresh mishap, and came near ending his sufferings in a watery grave, only the water did not happen to be quite deep enough. Arising from the sharp-edged rock that had served him for a cushion when he sat at dinner, he stumbled, fell and rolled over and over down the bank, and into the river, with

a tremendous splash.  
Every one jumped up in consternation.

"Oh, Clem! Jo!" shrieked Celeste, wringing her hands, and rushing down to the water's edge. "Save him! Save my darling Ralfy!"

"Ralfy," however, was equal to saving his own life this time. The water was only up to his waist, and he had already picked himself up and was wading ashore.

"I—I am all right!" he said looking up at his anxious friends with a reassuring smile. "I—I am used to it, you know."

As Clem assisted him up the bank, the thought came into Cyn's head, why would it not be a good idea to push Nat—accidentally—into the river, so Clem might rescue her, and thus bring about that much to be desired crisis? But remembering that water would ruin the colors of her dress, and farther, how dreadfully unbecoming it was to be wet—a fact fully demonstrated by the present appearance of Quimby—Cyn rejected the idea as not exactly feasible.

They left Quimby drying on a sunny bank, with Celeste as guardian angel, love, and the remains of the repast to cheer her, and the consciousness that his clothes were shrinking on him as they dried, to divert him, and wandered off through the woods, and over the hills, gathering on the way so many flowers and green things, that Cyn declared they looked like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane.

At first they were all together, then straggled apart; Mrs. Simonson being the first direction, as she was not quite equal to climbing as fast as the young people. Thus it came about that Nattie found herself alone with Clem, and suddenly stopping, with some embarrassment, but steadily, said,

"There is something I wish to say to you. You have spoken several times of late about my 'snubbing' you. I want to say, I have not intentionally done so; that I have the same—the same friendship for you as always, and that I wish you every happiness. What may have appeared to you as strange or cold in my conduct of late, is due to secrets of my own."

Clem looked at her scrutinizingly, as she spoke, and the flowers he had gathered fell unheeded from his hands.

"It has never been my wish that any coldness should come between us; you know that, Nattie," he replied earnestly. "From our first acquaintance, the old acquaintance over the wire, you have held the same place in my heart!"

"The place next to Cyn!" was Nattie's involuntary bitter thought, but she instantly stifled the feeling, and answered,

"Thank you, Clem; and I hope we may always be the same friends."

At this Clem took an impetuous step towards her, and would have said—who can tell what?—had not at the same moment Mrs. Simonson, very much out of breath, come up with them. Nattie was not sorry. She had wished to say to him what she had, that he might not think her changed manner of late had been caused by any feeling of dislike, and might understand she wished him success with Cyn. But she had no desire to prolong the interview, and gladly walked on by the side of the puffing Mrs. Simonson.

Clem, however, looked displeased, and followed with a thoughtful face; so thoughtful that Mrs. Simonson noticed and wondered at his preoccupation.

Meanwhile, Cyn, with Jo, were far in advance, and had turned into a by-path that led toward a slight rising, sauntering on, Cyn talking merrily, Jo unusually quiet, until suddenly stopping, she exclaimed,

"Dear me! we have lost sight of every one! Had we not better return?"

"No! I do not want to!" answered Jo, bluntly.

"Do you not? As you say, only we must not lose them. Possibly they may stroll this way; shall we sit down?" and without waiting for a response Cyn seated herself on a big rock by the side of the pathway.

"Although Jo was not romantic, he had an artist's eye, and could not but note the beauty of the scene before him, a scene he did not need to reproduce on canvas to remember ever after;—the mountains in the background, the narrow path sloping down from the near hill to where, on the gray and moss covered rock, Cyn sat, her dark eyes mellow with the summer sunshine, and the cherry ribbons of her hat giving the requisite touch of color to make the picture perfect.

For a moment he stood in silent admiration, then, taking of his hat, and smoothing down his shaven locks, he said,

"To tell the truth, Cyn, I do hope they will not stroll this way. They are around altogether too much. I never can have a quiet talk with you!"

"I declare, I believe in addition to your being unsentimental, and all that, you are becoming a confirmed grumbler!" exclaimed Cyn, as she caught one of the boughs of the tree overhead and turned a nettily-protesting face towards him.

Jo looked at her, and a queer expression came over his face.

"Am I?" he said, slowly. "Well—would you like to see me sentimental? Would you like to see me make a fool of myself?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure!" cried Cyn.

"Then," exclaimed Jo, planting himself directly in front of her, "here goes! now I am going to astonish you very much, Cyn!"

"Very well! I am all impatience! Go on!"

"But it is no joke!" he replied, in protest to her laughing face. "If I am to make a fool of myself I am going to do it in dead earnest!"

"That is the way, of course," responded Cyn, but beginning to look a little surprised.

For Jo seemed very much excited, and his manner indicated anything but a jest. Extraordinary creature, that Jo! His next proceeding was even more strange; that was to ask the apparently irrelevant question,

"Do you remember what we are all saying a short time ago, about Fate?"

"Certainly; but are you going to favor me with a dissertation on Fate, instead of making a fool of yourself?"

"No!" was the solemn reply, "have a little patience, Cyn. The fact is, you are my Fate—there is no mistake about it!—and must be either cruel or kind, and there's no alternative!"

Cyn's surprise increased visibly.

"I am sure, I do not understand you at all! How queer you are to-day, Jo!"

"Of course I am queer! when a man throws his theories and hobbies to the winds, and confesses himself conquered, he is apt to be queer, is he not? Can you not understand that I, Jo Norton, who have always scoffed at sentiment, and proudly declared myself incapable of being the victim of love, am ready—yes, and longing!—to make as big a fool of myself as the veriest spooniest youth in existence, and all for love of you, Cyn?"

To this exceedingly novel declaration of love, Cyn responded by releasing the bough she held, and staring at him with distended eyes and a perfectly blank face; for once in her life, speechless.

"I told you I was going to astonish you," said Jo, quaintly, in answer to her prolonged stare, "and I do not wonder that you cannot believe I really love you! I did not myself, for a long time, and I would not after I knew it! But it is a fact. No joke—no mistake,

but a sober, serious fact! I love you, love you, love you!"

Jo's voice grew very fervent, as he uttered these last words, and was in such striking contrast to his ordinary manner, that Cyn could but see that this was indeed, "no joke."

"You—you love—and love me!" she gasped.

"Yes, I could not help it! I have only known it within a few days, but I think I have loved you ever since we first met, only those confounded theories of mine blinded me."

"Well—but what are you going to do about it?" questioned Cyn, unable yet to recover from her bewilderment.

Jo looked at her, wistfully.

"I know I am homely, Cyn, and I am poor; I have nothing to offer you but an honest, loving and true heart. I suppose a man who is in love is naturally unreasonable—I never was in love before, you know—but an extravagant hope will whisper to me, that even this little might not be unappreciated by you."

And as he spoke, Jo's face was so transfused that it could no longer be called plain. Cyn gazed at him in wonder, and recovering partly from her first surprise, an unusual seriousness came over her own handsome face, as she answered earnestly,

"It is not unappreciated! oh, no, Jo! Nothing to offer me but an honest, loving and true heart, you say? why, that is everything!"

"Then will you accept it? May I try and win your love?" he asked eagerly, advancing close to her. "I will work very hard to make myself worthy of it, and to win a name you need not be ashamed to bear. I lay myself, my life at your feet, Cyn."

"And this is unsentimental Jo!" Cyn exclaimed involuntarily.

"This is unsentimental Jo," he answered, in all humility. "Do with him what you will; he is all yours."

Into Cyn's expressive eyes came some deeply-stirred emotion.

"I am so sorry," she said, sadly, "so very, very sorry! what shall I say? what shall I do? I like you so much as a friend! But what you ask, Jo, could never be!"

The sun sank behind the distant hills, and a shadow, such as had fallen over the woods behind them, settled on Jo's face.

"The idea is new to you. At least, think it over. Do not leave me without a little hope," he entreated.

"Jo, I wish—yes! I do wish that that I could love you as you deserve to be loved," said Cyn, earnestly.

"But it cannot be! it never could be! Do not deceive yourself with false hopes. Friends always, Jo, but lovers never!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Jo, bitterly, unable to restrain his jealousy, "it is Clem who stands between us!"

"Clem who stands between us!" echoed Cyn, astounded for the second time that day.

"There—now I have lowered myself in your estimation; I am but a blundering fool, Cyn. You see I am selfish in my love; and I have not yet become sentimental enough to be willing to see another fellow win what is all the world to me!"

Cyn's face grew red as was the sky when the sun had gone down.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am in love with Clem?" she asked, angrily.

"I would not insinuate it for all the world, if you are not," was Jo's eager reply; "I am not experienced in love matters, but I am quite sure he loves you—and he is very handsome," he added ruefully.

"What a dreadful combination of circumstances!" cried Cyn, distractedly. "But, pshaw! It is impossible!"

"Impossible? No, indeed! Why, it was by being so jealous of him that I first awoke to the fact that I was in love with you myself. Besides, every one has noticed his fondness for you."

(To be continued.)