

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 31.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 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.)

**CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00**

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## Select Poetry.

### TIM'S DAISIES.

He was only a little "street Arab!"  
Ragged and friendless! Ah yes!  
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,  
Unused to its love and caress;  
For she who had loved him—the mother  
Whose arms round him once, long ago,  
Had clasped themselves closely—all winter  
Had him 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the  
spring-time  
Came on with its bud and its bloom.  
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,  
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.  
And then came a day dawning brightly,  
When soldiers brought flowers to spread  
With love and with honor so loyal,  
O'er the graves of the heroes dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking  
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,  
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring  
sunshine,  
With tears in his eyes, all alone;  
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,  
For no other flower had he,  
And on the dear grave of his mother  
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!  
Only the tears falling fast!  
Only a boy's sad heart yearning  
For mother-caresses long past!  
Oh, fair were the buds and the blossoms  
Laid over the soldier dead!  
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies  
Over his mother's low bed.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOT AND DASHES.

BY  
ELLA CREEVER THAYER.

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

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRONG WOMAN.

Somewhat exultant over the new aspect of affairs, and unable longer to endure the strain of the load of love he was carrying about with him, Quimby came to a desperate determination.

This was no other, than to confide in his roommate, and once dreaded rival, and then, provided he was not thrown out of the window, or kicked down stairs, ask his advice about how to render himself clearly understood by her, at the same time relating his former unfortunate attempt.

This programme he carried into effect one morning, as Clem was blacking his boots. Perhaps he had made private calculations on a blacking-brush hitting a man with less damage than some larger article.

"I say, Clem! Quimby began, "I want to ask your advice, you know!"  
"I am at your service, my dear boy," replied the unsuspecting Clem, rubbing away at his boot.

"Well—I—I want to know—the fact is, I—I am boiling over with love!"

"What!" exclaimed Clem, looking up with an amused smile, "you are not in love with Cyn too, are you?"

"With Cyn, too?" These words were balm to the soul of Quimby, and gave him courage to answer eagerly,  
"Ah! no use in that for me, you know! It—it is she—Miss Rogers—Nattie—you know!"

The blacking-brush left Clem's hand, but not to fly at the expectant Quimby. It simply dropped onto the floor, while Clem gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle.

"Is it possible!" he said, having thus relieved himself of his first astonishment. "I might have suspected as much if I had stopped to think, though!"

"Yes, I—I think I showed it plain enough, you know!" said Quimby candidly. "You see, I—I tried to tell her of it once, before you came here, when you were invisible, you know, but some way she—she didn't just understand, and—botted, you know! So just tell me how to do it, that is a good fellow, for do it I must!"  
Clem picked up his blacking-brush, and very deliberately smoothed the boot

he had just polished, with a rather coat of blacking, before answering.

"How can I tell you?" he said at last. "You don't suppose proposing is an every-day habit of mine, do you? My dear boy, I never proposed in my life!"

"But you—you ought to—I mean you will sometime, you know! Just give me a—start, you know!" pleaded Quimby, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Shall I call her and propose for you?" inquired Clem, somewhat ironically, and glancing at the sounder.

"No—no—I—No!" cried Quimby in great alarm at this proposition.

"She might think you meant yourself, you know!"

"In which case the rejection would be sure!" said Clem. Then flinging his brush savagely into a corner, he added as he went out,

"You must settle it yourself, old fellow! No one can help us in those matters. There is no duplex!"

Quimby was therefore left to his own devices; and his own devices brought about a most extraordinary result.

That same evening, Nattie came over to Cyn's room, and finding her absent, sat down to await her return, which Mrs. Simonson assured her would be very soon. The gas was lighted, and in the dusk Nattie remained, feeling, perhaps, an affinity with the sombre shadows of the twilight. As she sat musing, now wishing 'C' had left her life forever when he left it with the odors of musk and bear-grease about him, and now despising herself for the weakness she found it so hard to overcome, she became conscious of a denser shadow in the shadows of the open door.

"I—I beg pardon. Is it Cyn?" asked this shadow, in the voice of Quimby.

"No," replied Nattie, "Cyn is out."

"I—I beg pardon. Is it you?" the shadow asked with accents of delight.

Nattie acknowledged the "you."

"And you—you are alone?"

Nattie glanced around the room hoping the Duchess had strayed in, so she might truthfully say no. But she was compelled to reply in the affirmative.

"Glorious opportunity—I—it must not be wasted! I—I will explain, you know!" he exclaimed excitedly and incoherently. But to Nattie's surprise, instead of entering, he darted away in such a tremendous hurry that he stumbled and fell, and she distinctly heard his skull bang against his own door.

But his last words were too ominous and she was too well acquainted with his peculiarities to flatter herself she was permanently relieved of his company. He had perhaps gone to brush his hair, or take some quieting drops, but she knew he had certainly not gone to stay, and not being exactly in the humor for his company, Nattie resolved to fly ignominiously. Afraid of returning to her own room, lest she might meet him and be taken captive, she quietly retired into Cyn's bed-room.

In a few moments she heard him stumbling over a stool in the parlor, and was just thinking that if he should take it into his head to remain any length of time, she would be in rather a predicament, when to her surprise she heard him say,

"I—I must speak! I—I hope this time I shall remember what I have so often—so often said in the privacy of my own apartment, to—if I may confess it—to a pillow—a pair of pants and a coat—placed in a chair as a poor effigy of—you, you know. Will you—will you—don't speak, but let me alone, hear me and let the—the flow of language come!"

He paused, and in the greatest bewilderment, Nattie stared at the opposite wall. Did he by some powerful intuition discern she was within hearing distance, or was he in his disappointment rehearsing to her empty chair? Before Nattie could decide between these two solutions of his conduct, another voice, the voice of Celeste, said faintly and affectedly,

"Oh, Quimby!"

And then Nattie comprehended the situation. After her own retreat, Celeste had entered and taken the just vacated chair. It was twilight. Celeste wore a black dress like hers, her hair was dressed in the same style, and was the same color, and Quimby had mistaken her for Nattie! And in his excitement and struggle with that "flow of language," he did not notice even that it was not Nattie's voice saying "Oh, Quimby!" for he continued,

"I—I—you may reject me—I am afraid you will, but I must say it, you know. I must, or I shall—I shall explode and fly into atoms!"

Here Celeste gave a little scream, but he went on determinedly, making the most of his "glorious opportunity."

"I—I am not like other fellows, you know! that is, I mean I have not the—the brass, if I may so express myself, and I am always doing something wrong—but I am used to it, you know—the question is, could you get used to it? for I have a heart that is—that is honest, and that beats all full of love—of love for—you know who I mean!"

There was a murmured "oh!" from Celeste, as Quimby paused to wipe from his brow the perspiration called forth by his arduous undertaking.

"What shall I do?" frantically thought the perplexed listener, divided between the ludicrous part of the affair, and her desire to save him from the dilemma into which he was rushing; "what can I do? oh! if Cyn would only come!"

But Cyn came not, and while Nattie paused, irresolute, and not knowing what course to take, Quimby went on to his fate.

"I have thought, sometimes, that you liked some other fellow—Clem, I mean—" Nattie felt herself blush in the darkness—"but I do hope not! the thought has made me boil in secret often, and he loves Cyn, you know—" Nattie's color left her face as quickly as it had come—"but oh!" and he went down on to his knees with a whack that made the vases on the mantel jingle. "Let me tell you what I tried twice before to say, what is always in my thoughts! I—I adore you! the ground you walk on! and have, ever since I first saw your nose! I—I beg pardon, but I fell in love with your nose! and will you—can you tell me that you don't love any other fellow—Clem, I mean—and share my little property, and be—be Mrs. Quimby, you know!"

"Ah! really I—such a trying moment!—but dear, dear Quimby, I never cared for Clem, never only for you—and I am yours!"

With these words, Celeste precipitated herself into his arms, and the next moment Nattie heard a crash as they both fell on the floor. The sudden shock of recognition that then burst upon him, weakened him to such an extent that he could not support himself, much less her, so down they went!

"He must know who it is now!" thought Nattie, with a sigh of relief. And meanwhile Celeste had picked herself up, but Quimby still remained flat on the floor, bracing himself up by his hands on either side, and staring at her, motionless. Fortunately it was too dark for her to see the expression of his face.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked Celeste at length. "Let me help you up! We are to help each other now, you know."

Quimby groaned.

"Oh, misery!" he gasped. "This—"

my destiny is too much for me! Oh! the evil deeds of darkness! Listen to me, I implore you! It is all a mistake! I thought—"

"Of course it was a mistake! You did not suppose I thought you fell purposely, did you, dear?" quickly interrupted Celeste, blindly or wilfully misunderstanding—whoshall say which?

"But please get up, Cyn may come."

At this Quimby scrambled to his feet with startling suddenness, and exclaiming hastily,

"I will—I will write and tell you all—oh! I have an engagement now with a friend just around the corner!" he rushed from the room, and would have flown, but the pertinacious Celeste had followed, and just as he reached the outside hall, regardless of the publicity, flung herself around his neck, this time without bringing him to the ground.

"It is not necessary to write!" she cried. "Pray, do not take such a trifle so much to heart. Remember I am yours, and—"

Another voice from the stairs just above the pair, interrupted. It was the voice of Fishplate *per se*, and it said,

"Hugging! Marry her!"

"I—I—will!" wailed the now alarmed Quimby, as Celeste blushing withdrew from her embrace of him.

"I—I will see you to-morrow if I—I—I live!" and striking his forehead with his hand, burst away, bounded frantically down the stairs and fled, ejaculating,

"I knew it! I had a presentiment from my youth!"

"Excuse his eccentricity, Pa!" Celeste said. "He loves me so much, poor fellow!"

"Humph! Get enough of that!" he growled, with contempt.

"And he has a nice little property!" added Celeste as they went up stairs.

"Property is the thing!" Fishplate *per se* said, with undignified plainness.

Nattie emerged from her retreat on the hasty exit of Quimby and Celeste, so full of regret for the flight that had proved so disastrous to him, that the ludicrous part of the scene just enacted was forgotten.

"Poor Quimby!" she thought, remorsefully. "What a dreadful fix he is in! I hope he will get out of it; and I am so sorry for my share in it! How strange it would be if he should, as he once said, marry the wrong woman, after all!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### QUIMBY ACCEPTS THE SITUATION.

When Quimby rushed out into the street, it was with some wild and indefinite intention of flying to the ends of the earth, but recalled to his senses by the stares of the passers-by, he concluded he had better return and get his hat.

When he reached his own room, where Clem was thoughtfully pacing the floor, he flung himself face downward upon the bed, groaning and kicking his feet spasmodically.

"What is the matter?" Clem inquired.

"I've done it now! I've done it now!" was all the answer Quimby gave him.

"Has she rejected you?" asked Clem, his mind going back to their morning's conversation.

"No! no! she has accepted me!" wailed Quimby, with a prodigious kick.

"What!" shouted Clem, stopping short in his promenade.

"She has! oh, she has!" moaned the wretched victim of mistakes. "I am engaged! Oh, heavens! engaged!"

"Do you mean to tell me that Miss Rogers has accepted you?" inquired Clem harshly.

This name completely unmanned poor Quimby, and he began to cry like a school-boy.

"Miss Rogers!—No! never—never! but she—Celeste!"

Continued on fourth page.