

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 29.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 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

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 of transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Standard Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The hands of the press writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the name 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.  
Express west close at 10.30 A. M.  
Express east close at 5.20 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7.30 P. M.  
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.  
A. B. W. BARR, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Burgess, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev. O. Higgins, Rector—Services next Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 1.30 P. M. Weekly Service on Thursday at 7 P. M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in C. O. G. T. Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 3 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

**CARDS.**

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
WOLFVILLE N. S.

**J. B. DAVISON, J. P.**  
CONVEYANCER,  
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE  
AGENT,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**B. C. BISHOP,**  
House, Sign and Decorative  
PAINTER.  
English Paint Stock & Specialty.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
P. O. BOX 22. Sept. 18th 1884

**LIGHT BRAMAS!**  
Method for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address  
**DR. BARSS.**  
Wolfville, 23th Feb. '85.

**J. WESTON**  
Merchant Tailor,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## Strict Duty.

### King Aillil's Death.

I know who won the peace of God—  
The old King Aillil of the Bann,  
Who fought beyond the Irish sea  
All day against a Connaught clan.

The king was routed. In the flight  
He muttered to his charioteer,  
"Look back: the slaughter, is it red?  
The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The man looked back. The west wind  
blew  
Dead champions' hair against his face,  
He heard the war shout of his foes,  
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height  
Like pine-trees down a swollen fall.  
Like heaps of hay in flood, his clan  
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake, "The slaughter is full red,  
But we may still be saved by flight."  
Then groaned the king, "No sin of theirs,  
Falls on my people here to-night."

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,  
For I was worst of evil kings,  
Ungrievous, wrathful, hurling down  
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round  
My face against the foemen bend,  
When I am seen and slain, mayhap  
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew and turned. Down came the  
foe.  
The king fell cloven on the sod,  
The slaughter then was stayed, and so  
King Aillil won the peace of God.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE

OF

DOTS AND DASHES.

BY

ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Unconsciously the dreaded individual favored them, shortly after, by going to spend the evening with friends after her own heart—very genteel, but in reduced circumstances—and as the instruments were all ready, and they had only been waiting for her absence, Clem went to work. He was assisted by the willing Joe, who argued that running a wire was solid work, and so romantic, and by Quimby, who viewed the arrangement as another formidable link in the chain of his rival, and clamored wildly for a "telephone," because "anybody could use a telephone." But that, as Clem said, was exactly what they did not want! Consequently, Quimby, as he lent his aid, felt himself a very martyr. However, he was, by this time, "used to it, you know,"—as he would have said—having viewed himself in that light since his unwitting resurrection of 'C.' Still, he sometimes fancied he saw a dim light shining ahead through the gloom—a hope that Clem might be fascinated by Cyn. Many were, Quimby argued, so why should not Clem be? and certainly he talked with her more than he did with Nattie!

In Nattie's room, they placed the instruments on a small shelf put up for the purpose, just outside her closet, and thence, so close to the wall that it was not noticeable, except to those who knew, and then into Mrs. Simonson's apartment. Here, no concealment was necessary, as Mrs. Simonson had been informed of the plan, and, although trembling lest the vials of Miss Kling's wrath would be poured on her head, should that lady discover the arrangement, had no objections to offer, if they were positive "the electricity on the wire would not wear out the carpet, or injure the table"—which was the terminus in Quimby and Clem's room.

Having satisfied her on this point, they deemed it expedient not to show her the battery in their closet, fearing alarm lest it might eat through the room and overpower her.

"And now," said Clem, gaily, when all was finished, and fortunately without attracting attention, not even Celeste being in the secret; "now, Quim-

by, we can dispense with that alarm clock we were intending to buy."

"I—I beg pardon, but I—I don't quite catch your meaning," the martyr replied, in evident surprise.

"Why, Nat is to be our alarm clock!" explained Clem, laughing. "She is, from necessity, an early riser, and I shall depend on her to call on our wire at precisely six-thirty every morning, and continue calling until I answer."

"I certainly will," Nattie replied. "But I will venture to predict that both you and Quimby will privately call me all sorts of names, for doing it. It makes people so very cross to be aroused from a morning nap, you know!"

"It doesn't make me cross, I—I assure you; it—it will be a pleasure!" quickly exclaimed Quimby, who was delighted with this idea of the alarm clock.

"I will report him if he shows the least symptom of growling, after that assertion!" Clem said to Nattie, somewhat to Quimby's internal agitation, for, to tell the truth, he was not really quite certain of being in a state of rapture at six-thirty every morning, even when awake by the clatter of a sander, of which the motive power was his inamorata.

"And now, to christen our wire!" Nattie, who was in high spirits, said gaily, and she ran over to her room, and a half hour's chat with 'C' followed before she went to bed. For a week after, however, she lived, as it were, on thorns, and came home every night half expecting an explosion.

None came, however. Miss Kling's eyes were not as good as they once had been, what with their long service watching for that other self, and overlooking her neighbors; the hall was dark; she had no duplicate key to Nattie's always-locked room; and the small wire, nesting close to the wall, was undiscovered; of course, she heard the clatter of the sander, but this Nattie explained on the score of "practice."

"Well, I am sure!" said Miss Kling, snappishly, "I should think you would get 'practice' enough at the office, without sitting up nights to do it!"

At which Nattie turned away to hide a blush, aware that 'C' and she sometimes talked even into the small hours, in their zeal, doubtless, that the new wire should not rust out for lack of using.

But this telegraphic arrangement came hardest on poor Quimby, who, between his jealousy when the two were communicating, his inability to understand what was being said, and the impossibility of sleeping with such a clatter in the room, lost his appetite, and invoked anything but blessings on the head of "that Morse man," who had made such things possible.

Cyn had no intention of being left out in the cold, and making Jo join her, began the study of telegraphy, and the two hammered away incessantly. It began to be serviceable, about this time, that Jo was very willing to be led about by the nose by Cyn. Why, was not so apparent; perhaps because there was no romance in it.

Cyn learned the quicker of the two, and she was soon able, slowly and certainly, to "call" Nattie, ask her to come over, or impart any little information, but was always driven frantic by the attempt to make out Nattie's reply however slowly written. Cyn tried to induce Quimby to overcome the horrors of those little black marks, the alphabet and their sounds, but he recoiled from the effort as hopeless.

However, when they made candy, as they often did, he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself, that he did not fail to improve. On the first occasion, so uneasy was he about a quiet conversation Clem and Nattie were having, that he absently put the mass of candy he had been pulling, into his

pocket to cool. It *did* cool, but he sold the coat afterwards, to a boy at the office.

Next time, he forgot to grease his hands, and stuck himself so together, that they had the utmost difficulty in getting him apart, but, as he said, "It's no matter, I—I am used to it, you know!"

He capped the climax, however, by accidentally dropping a large handful, warm, on top of Celeste's head, aggravating the offence by telling her to "go quick and soak her head!" which, although it was what she eventually did, was too much like a certain slang phrase much in vogue, for human nature to endure; and giving him an angry look, the only one on record ever given by her to a man, she rushed from the room, and was seen no more that evening.

After this exploit, whenever molasses candy was on the programme, they made a rule that Quimby should sit in the corner, on the old familiar stool, and not move until all was over—a rule to which he submitted meekly.

But he was not happy. In truth, all his joys in these days were mixed with alloy, between the pointed monopoly of Celeste—who, of late, and since she had given up every one else as hopeless, had devoted herself entirely to him—and his secret jealousy of Clem.

Strangely enough, with the exception of Cyn, no one was aware of the exact state of his mind. Clem was as unconscious of it as a child, for any peculiarity in his behaviour was laid to his well-known idiosyncrasies; Celeste suspected he was in love, but was blindly determined to believe she was the chief attraction in his eyes. Nattie, if she thought about it at all, imagined he was entirely cured of that former "foolishness," as she termed his one attempt to put his devotion into words. And as for Jo, being so opposed to anything of a sentimental nature himself, naturally he was unwilling to observe any indications, of the kind in another, and any glaring revelations that forced themselves on his notice, he, in common with Clem, decided was "only Quimby's way."

Oh, Dear, no! Jo could see nothing but plain, unromantic facts. It was no sentiment, or anything of the sort on Jo's part, of course, that made him reproduce the handsome, brilliant face of Cyn, in so many of his recent pictures. Oh, no! she was a good "study," that was all! Nor that caused him to seek her company in preference to all others, to listen entranced when she sang, and to be exceedingly annoyed—a rare thing once for good-humored Jo—when Clem was giving more than his share of her attention.

Again oh, no! Cyn was a fellow Bohemian, a congenial, that was all. Neither in the least sentimental or jealous was Jo!

But for all that, and for some unexplained reason, he was not quite so even in his spirits as he was wont to be, sometimes being very happy, and then terribly depressed. Did he eat too much, or too little, which? For it was not the first commencement of a first love—and of course it was not—it must have been his digestion that ailed him!

Had Miss Betsey Kling known of these little uneasy undercurrents amidst the gaiety that so annoyed her, the knowledge would doubtless have given her much satisfaction, besides, possibly, the inkling she could not now obtain of what was "going on." It was a source of great distress to her that she could not ascertain whether it was Cyn or Nattie with whom Clem was "flirting." For she was positive he was trifling with the affections of one or the other, and that matters would end in some kind of a horrible scandal. But for all her listening and prying around, she could not seem to gain much information, except that everybody but herself and perhaps the old gentleman

Fishblate—was having a good time. Nor could she get hold of anything "dreadful" which was the greatest disappointment of all.

One night, however, listening at her own door as Nattie bade Cyn "good night," over the way, Miss Kling heard Clem call out from within, something that made her very hair stand on end. It was this:

"Please wake me up earlier than usual to-morrow morning, will you, Nattie?"

"Wake him up, indeed!" thought the outraged but happy Miss Kling, as she wended her way back to her own room. "Pretty goings on! and I know I heard that machine clatter when she was not in, one day! Machines do not clatter without a human agency somewhere! There is something wrong here! and I will find it out, or my name is not Betsey Kling. 'Wake him up,' indeed!"

## CHAPTER XII.

CROSSES ON THE LINE.

It happened that not long after Cyn sang at a concert given in one of the principal halls of the city. Of course, a party from the Hotel Norman attended. This party consisted not only of all the young people, but also included Mrs. Simonson.

Cyn made a great success, and was encored every time she sang. Never had Nattie so fully realized the beauty and brilliancy of her friend, as she did upon that evening. Nor could she fail to observe that Clem, too, was startled into a new admiration. Was it because of this that a seriousness, quite foreign to the gay scene, fell over Nattie's face?

As for Celeste, she was decidedly envious, and had there been no gentleman in the party, would have turned exceedingly glum. As it was, she, with some difficulty, called up her usual smiles, and contented herself with whispering spitefully to Quimby,

"How can she appear before the public so? it seems so unwomanly!"

"Charming, indeed!" replied Quimby, without the slightest idea of what she had said, as his attention was concentrated on Cyn, and his brain incapable of entertaining two ideas at once.

But while acknowledging her attractions, Quimby preserved his composure, arguing to himself in a common sense way,

"What is the use of a fellow falling in love with a girl that every other fellow is sure to fall in love with too, you know?"

Mrs. Simonson, good soul, quite swelled with pride in her lodger, and by her behaviour created the impression in the minds of people sitting near, that she was the singer's mother.

And Jo—unsentimental Jo—was entirely carried away. With the music of course, for music was art, and art, only in another branch, was his life and work; and was not Cyn a beautiful work of Nature, the mother of all art?

"He will be a very lucky man who shall call our Cyn his," whispered Clem to Jo, as she came out in answer to an encore.

"What!" ejaculated Jo, so savagely that every one turned to look at him, and Clem opened his eyes wide with surprise. "Bah! Nonsense!"

And some way or other, after this, the music sounded very dismal to Jo, and the close air in the room made his head ache; but he had been working very hard all day, and was tired so this was quite natural.

Was Clem presuming on his good looks, and thinking of making Cyn his he wondered? If he was, she certainly would not be fool enough to—Jo stopped here in his meditations, because he would like to have been a little surer that she would not. Very strongly he felt just then that "things of a doubtful nature" were sometimes very uncertain!

(To be continued.)