

# 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.

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## Select Poetry.

Maximus.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet him who takes for love's sweet sake  
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind,  
That freely some great wrong forgives;  
Yet nobler is the one forgiven  
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;  
Yet he who loses has to fill  
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear a crown  
Of a deserved and pure success  
He who knows how to fail has won  
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command  
And rule with just and tender sway;  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God  
And earn the martyr's crown of light  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight.  
—Adelaide E. Proctor.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY  
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

#### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Do you begin to believe me?" said the gentleman who had caused all this disturbance, and looking at Nattie, who now becoming conscious that her hand was yet in his, withdrew it hastily, with a deep blush.

"I don't know what to think!" cried Cyn.

"Do explain something, quick, or I shall burst a blood-vessel with impatience; I know I shall!" exclaimed Jo.

Mr. Stanwood complied by saying, "The fact of the case is simply this. That red-haired young man, so graphically described by you girls, that odious creature, was the operator I went to substitute for that day!"

"Oh!" said Nattie, a light beginning to break upon her.

"But how—" commenced Cyn.

"I will tell you how, if you will be patient," Mr. Stanwood interrupted, smiling. "His office, as you, looking at Nattie, remember, had once been on our wire. He had heard 'N' and I talking, and in fact had often annoyed us by breakings. So, as he was at the city, he took the opportunity to pass himself off for me; perhaps for the sake of a joke, perhaps from more malicious motives. I recognized his description at once, from your story to-day, and I remember, too, his telling me on his return, that he knew the best joke of the season; a remark I did not notice, never supposing it concerned me."

"Yes!" said Nattie, eagerly, "and he was very particular to ask me not to mention his call on the wire."

"I do not suppose he imagined but we would eventually discover the fraud, however; and so we should, had not you," looking rather reproachfully at Nattie, "in your haste to drop so undesirable an acquaintance, avoided the least hint of the true cause. How the dickens was I to know what was the matter? I puzzled my brains enough over it, I assure you."

"And that red-headed impostor has been chuckling in his sleeve ever since, I suppose," said Cyn, indignantly; then seizing Mr. Stanwood by the arm, she cried in a transport of delight, "and it really is true! you are 'C'?"

"What! am I not yet believed?" she questioned, laughing; "what more shall I do to convince you of my identity? you accepted our red-haired friend readily enough!"

"Oh! I believe you!" cried Nattie, eagerly; then stopped, and colored,

abashed at her own so plainly shown delight.

But Mr. Stanwood looked at her with a gratified expression in his brown eyes.

"And you will not snub me any more, will you?" he said, pleadingly; "because I never use bear's grease or musk, and my hair isn't red a bit!"

"I will try and make amends," Nattie answered, shyly; adding, "I ought to have known there was some mistake. I never could realize that creature and—'C'!"

"Then I flatter myself that I am an improvement?" asked Mr. Stanwood, merrily, at which Nattie murmured something about fishing for compliments, and Cyn replied gaily,

"Yes; because you have curly hair! You remember what I said on the wire, via Nat?"

"Could I forget?" he replied, gallantly.

"And it isn't a dream! You are 'C,' the real 'C,'" replied Cyn, pinching herself, and then seizing Nattie, who, from the suddenness of it all was yet in a semi-bewildered state—there was not a bit of unhappiness in it, though—waltzed ecstatically around the room, crying, "O! I am so glad! I am so glad!"

At this point Quimby, who, during the preceding explanation had listened with a face illustrating every variety of consternation and dismay, attracted attention to himself by an audible groan, observing which, he murmured something about his "wound"—the word had a double meaning for him then, poor fellow!—and rising, came forward, took his friend by the shoulder, and asked, solemnly,

"Now, Clem—I beg pardon—but is it—is this all true, and—and not one of your jokes, you know? Honestly, are you that—that 'C'?"

"Here is a doubting Thomas for you!" cried Clem, gaily. "But, upon my word of honor, old boy, I truly and honestly am 'that C,' and I suppose you were the 'other visitor' of no consequence, who called with Miss Archer that day I was favored by an introduction to her. How little I thought it then!"

"How little I thought it!" groaned Quimby as his hand fell dejectedly from Clem's shoulder. "But I—I am used to it, you know!" So saying he sank into a chair. That he had brought about such a result as this—that he had resurrected the dreaded 'C' from the grave of musk and bear's grease was too much.

"But now that all is explained, I am really not sorry for the mistake," Clem said, utterly unconscious of his friend's state of mind. "For, had it not been for that I should never have learned, as I have to-day, from you two ladies, what a very interesting and agreeable fellow I am!" and he bowed profoundly, with a twinkle of merriment in his eyes.

"Over the wire," Nattie added, pointedly.

"Of course, over the wire!" he said, with another bow. "But it shall be my endeavor to make good my reputation, minus the wire!"

"You will have to work very hard to place Mr. Stanwood where 'C' was in our good graces!" said Cyn, archly.

"Then suppose we drop the Mr. Stanwood, and take up Clem, who already was somewhat advanced!" he said, adroitly.

"Ah! Clem sounds more natural, doesn't it, Nat?" questioned Cyn laughing; "we know Clem and 'C,' but Mr. Stanwood is a stranger!"

"Then let us drop him by all means! and now say you are glad to see your old friend!" said Clem, gaily.

"We are transported with delight at beholding our Clem, so lately given up as lost forever!" Cyn replied, with equal glee; and Clem, then looking at Nattie, as if he expected her to say something else, she murmured,

"I am very glad to meet 'C,'" a remark that sounded cold beside that of enthusiastic Cyn. But in fact Nattie was so confused, so happy, and so strangely timid, that she longed to get away by herself and think it all over and quietly realize it; and besides, in her secret heart, Nattie felt a growing conviction that Cyn used the plural pronoun no more than previous circumstances actually warranted.

"But Nat," said Cyn, all unconscious of her friend's jealous criticism, "you have not yet told me how you found him out?"

"He telegraphed to me with a pencil on the table, and coolly informed me that he was 'C,'" Nattie explained.

"And then you jumped up and threw us uninitiated ones into a great state of alarm," said Cyn; "and instead of practicing for a drum corps, as I supposed, you were talking secretly, you sly creatures!" then turning to Clem, she asked, laughing, "what did you think when Nat dropped you so suddenly and completely?"

"What could I think, except that it was a caprice of hers," he answered, laughing. "At first I thought she was vexed at my having gone to B. A., but she denied that, and finally I believe I became angry myself, and concluded to let her have her own way. Nevertheless, I could not resist calling to see her, when I came to see her, and had I met with any encouragement, I should probably have declared myself, but I was annihilated without ceremony."

"You would not have been, perhaps, had you been honest in the first place, instead of asking unnecessary questions about tariffs," replied Nattie.

"Yes, but you were to recognize me by my intuition you know, and I wanted to give you a chance," responded Clem, quickly.

Nattie looked a trifle abashed.

"But I am quite sure I should have suspected it was you, had I not given you up as hopelessly red-headed," she persisted; "why, almost the very first question the creature asked was, 'do you see that twinkle?'"

"So he heard and treasured that remark to some purpose," he said; "well, I will not dispute your intuition theory, since your last words assure me that I do not fall so short of your imaginary 'C,' as did my personator. I imagine your expression of countenance, on learning the intelligence, was hardly flattering to his vanity."

Nattie, who had colored at the first of his remark, replied contemptuously,

"His self-conceit was too great to attribute my very uncordial reception anything except, as he said, 'my bashfulness.' I presume it has afforded him great enjoyment to think how successfully he stepped into your shoes, and what a joke he had played upon me."

"Upon us, you mean," corrected Clem.

"Certainly; upon us," Nattie replied, with another flush of color, "I remember how indifferent he seemed when I hinted that now we had met the chief pleasure of talking on the wire was gone. And I believe he didn't actually say in so many words that he was 'C,' but left me to understand it so."

"And I am indebted to him for being such a lonesome, miserable fellow the latter part of my telegraphic career," said Clem, rather savagely.

Nattie murmured something about the time passing pleasanter when there was someone to talk with, and Cyn asked, curiously,

"Then you have left the dot and dash business, have you?"

"Oh, yes. It was merely temporary with me," Clem replied; then seating himself on the sofa beside Nattie, and drawing a chair up for Cyn, between himself and Jo—Quimby being at the other end of the room, a prey to his emotions—Clem continued,

"The truth of the matter is simply

this, my father, with a pig-headedness worthy of Eugenius Wrayburn's M. R. F. in 'Our Mutual Friend,' determined to make a doctor of me, not on account of any qualifications of mine, but for the simple reason that a doctor is a good thing to have in a family. But I, having an intense dislike to the smell of drugs, a repugnance to knowing anything more than absolutely necessary about the pills that fish is heir to, and decided objections to having the sleep of my future life disturbed, declined, and at the same time expressed a desire to go into the store with him, and become a merchant.

Upon which my immediate ancestor waxed wrath, called me, in plain, unvarnished words, a fool; and a pretty one I was to set myself up against his will! I, who couldn't earn my salt without him to back me! Being of a contrary opinion myself, I determined to test my abilities in the salt line. I began, looking at Nattie, merrily, "by salting you!"—then explaining to Cyn, Jo, and the silent Quimby, "Salt is a term operators use, when one tries to send faster than the other can receive. I began my acquaintance with N by trying to 'salt' her. To go on with my narrative, I had learned to telegraph at college, where the boys had private wires from room to room, and being acquainted with one of the managers in our city, succeeded in obtaining that very undesirable office down there at X. u, where I remained until my stern parent relented, concluded to hire a doctor instead of making one, and offered me the control of a branch of the firm here in your city. And here I am!"

"And isn't it strange how you should have stumbled upon us, feast and all?" said Cyn, laughing.

Nattie was again disturbed by the plural pronoun, and also angry at herself for observing it.

"Isn't it?" Clem answered merrily; "what a lucky fellow I am! You see, not being at all acquainted in the city, I hunted up my old college friend Quimby, who asked me to call on some lady friends of his, mentioning no names, which of course I was only too glad to do! Imagine my surprise and delight when I discovered who those friends were! But I don't know as I should have dared to reveal myself, having been so often snubbed,—with a roughish glance at Nattie,—if that story had not been told and the mystery solved. Imagine my dismay, though, at being called an 'odious creature,' and the surprise with which I listened at my own description! So earnest were you, that I actually, for a moment, thought my hair must have turned red!" and he ran his fingers through his curly locks with a rueful face.

The girls laughed, and Cyn exclaimed,

"What a pity it is you tore up that picture, Nat!"

"Yes," acquiesced Nattie, adding, in explanation, to Clem—"You remember that pen and ink sketch? My first act of vengeance was to destroy it!"

"Never mind, Jo will do another, will you not?" asked Clem, turning to that gentleman, who, upon being thus appealed to, laid down the nut-cracker he held, and said with the utmost solemnity,

"Jo is ready to draw anything. But Jo is aghast and horrified at being mixed even in the slightest degree with anything so near approaching the romantic, as the affair in question. What is the use of a fellow shaving off his hair, I would like to know, if such things as this will happen?"

"It is no use fighting against Nature!" laughed Cyn. "Romance always has been since the world was, and always will be, I suppose. Your turn will come, Jo! I have no doubt we shall see you a long-haired, cadaverous, sentimental artist yet!"

(Continued.)