

# THE ACADIAN.

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## The Acadian,

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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## Select Poetry.

### A Child Again.

Weary workmen, homeward thronging,  
Filled the car to overflow,  
Through the door an aged veteran  
Came with feeble steps and slow.

Down the aisle the brisk conductor  
Passed along, collecting fare.  
"How much?" asked the old man faintly,  
Brushing back his snow white hair.

"Six for adults, three for children."  
Slowly passed the trembling hands  
Through his pockets, searching vainly  
For the sum his ride demands.

Just three cents for all his searching,  
In his palm he spreads them out,  
"Can't I ride for these?" he falters,  
Half in hope, and half in doubt.

"Once a man and twice a child, sir,  
Life for me is on the wane,  
And I think 'twill be no harm, sir,  
For I am a child again."

Through each heart a generous impulse  
Swept away the worldly dross,  
Entertaining something better  
Than life's baser gain and loss.

Some one passed the hat in silence,  
Thinking of life's ebbing sands,  
Then with due respect and reverence  
Filled the old man's trembling hands.

—Ross Harwick Thorpe.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE

OF

DOTS AND DASES.

BY

ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

"It must be Miss Kling, overpow-  
ered by curiosity!" murmured Nattie.

"No!" answered Cyn in a stage  
whisper, "the knock is too timid!

Stand in front of the gas stove, Nat,  
lest it be Mrs. Simonson, while I go  
and invent some excuse for not letting  
in whoever it is."

And having given these hasty direc-  
tions, Cyn opened the door the smallest  
possible crack. As she did so, and be-  
fore she could speak, it was pushed  
back violently, almost knocking her  
over, and in burst Quimby. This,  
however, might not have much discon-  
certed them, as he could have been  
disposed of easily enough, had not at  
his heels came a tall, fine-looking young  
man, a perfect stranger to both Cyn  
and Nattie.

"You see I keep my word!" was the  
enigmatical remark the smiling Quim-  
by made as he entered. Then, catching  
sight of the festive board, he stopped  
short and stared, with an utterly pon-  
derous face, at that, at the embarrassed  
Nattie, at Cyn, behind the door, and  
at the saucy cover, which, embel-  
lished with potato parings, occupied a  
prominent position in the middle of the  
floor.

His companion also paused, a sur-  
prised and amused smile lurking in his  
merry brown eyes as he looked at  
Nattie, seemingly regardless of any-  
thing else in the room.

Cyn was the first to recover from the  
general petrification, and with the in-  
voluntary thought, "what an excellent  
stage situation!" came from behind the  
door, where Quimby's impetuous en-  
trance had thrust her, saying, with as  
much ease as she could possibly gather  
together,

"Don't be frightened at what you  
see, friend Quimby; we are only ex-  
temporizing a little feast, that is all.  
Will you join us?"

But Quimby only stared harder than  
ever; he was evidently struck speech-  
less.

His companion, thus placed in the  
awkward position of an uninvited  
intruder, withdrew his eyes from Nat-  
tie, took in the situation at a glance,  
and turning to Cyn, said, smiling,

"I think we owe you an apology for  
our intrusion; my friend Quimby, on

whom I called to-day, in pity for my  
being a stranger in the city, kindly of-  
fered to introduce me to some friends  
of his. He informed me we were ex-  
pected, but I fear we have made a  
mistake."

At this Quimby recovered his voice.  
"No!" he cried, in stentorian tones,  
"it was not—I cannot have made a  
mistake this time, you know! Cyn"—  
looking at her reproachfully—"you knew  
about it! I met you a short time ago,  
and asked you—and you said we might  
come, you know!"

Half amazed and half amused, Cyn  
shook her head in denial, at which  
action Quimby started and turned  
pale.

"Why I—I beg pardon—but in the  
hall! you said 'certainly,' you know!"

"Oh!" said Cyn, a light breaking in  
upon her, "I see, but I did not then  
understand you, I suppose," rallying  
from her embarrassment, "my mind was  
so occupied with our feast, I was in-  
capable of thinking of anything else;  
so please consider this an apology for  
the condition in which you find us, to  
yourself and your friend, whom you  
will pardon me for reminding you, you  
have not introduced," and Cyn looking  
laughingly at the stranger, who also  
laughed.

"Oh! I—I beg pardon, I am sure  
for—all my stupidities. I—I am  
always doing something wrong, but I  
—I am used to it, you know," said the  
disconcerted Quimby; then wiping the  
perspiration from his forehead, he ad-  
ded clumsily, "my friend, Mr. Stanwood  
—Cyn—and Miss—Miss Rogers."

Mr. Stanwood gayly shook hands  
with Cyn, whom Quimby had nervous-  
ly forgotten to honor with a Miss, and  
then advanced to Nattie, who had not  
stirred from her position as screen for  
the gas stove, saying,

"I am delighted to make your ac-  
quaintance, Miss Rogers."

And as Nattie accepted his proffered  
hand in an embarrassed way, not yet  
being able to rise to the situation, and  
observed the peculiarly roguish expres-  
sion with which he regarded her, she  
suddenly became aware that she had  
seen him on some previous occasion,  
but where she was utterly at loss to  
remember.

Cyn, too, was struck by something a  
little odd in his manner to Nattie, and  
glanced at him curiously, as she said  
in her most cordial tones,

"And now, gentlemen, as we have  
exchanged apologies all around, please  
be seated."

Quimby immediately bounced up  
from the music-stool, on which, in his  
agitation, he had involuntarily dropped.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed hastily.

"We—we did not come to dinner, you  
know!"

Cyn smiled at Quimby's anxiety to  
disclaim intentions no one thought of  
attributing to him, and turning to Mr.  
Stanwood, asked, thereby greatly scan-  
daling Nattie,

"But supposing you were invited to  
stay and share our banquet, would  
you?"

"Were I sure the invitation was  
heartfelt, I would be sorely tempted;  
wouldn't you, Quimby?" Mr. Stanwood  
replied, easily.

Poor Quimby twirled his thumbs  
confusedly, and murmured something  
about leaving the ladies to enjoy their  
"feast" alone.

"We have eatables enough for six,  
as Nat was just now intimating," went  
on Cyn, who certainly had a touch of  
true Bohemianism in her composition,  
as well as Jo Norton. "But our dish-  
es, 'ay, there's the rub,'" and she laugh-  
ingly held up the coffee-urn, while the  
less adaptable Nattie thought appre-  
hensively of the propensity of things to  
cool.

Undaunted by the urn, Mr. Stanwood  
said, with humorous wistfulness, but  
looking at Nattie,

"You won't force us to eat the dis-  
hes, will you? and that steak smells so

nice, and I haven't had any dinner!"

"Then away with ceremony and sit  
down to the banquet!" said the reck-  
less Cyn, regardless of the protest in  
Nattie's face; and truth to tell, the  
former young lady was not at all ad-  
verse to this addition to their number.

And to the consternation of Quimby,  
and dismay of Nattie, and possibly a  
little to the surprise of Cyn, Mr. Stan-  
wood replied by seating himself down  
in a rocking-chair, and saying gayly,

"I feel positive that I am about to  
enjoy myself as I have not since I was  
a boy, and stole eggs, and cooked them  
on a flat rock behind my uncle's barn,  
and had raw turnip for dessert. Sit  
down, Quimby!"

Upon this Quimby, with a blushing  
protest against an intrusion, that did  
not seem to trouble his merry friend in  
the least, also sat down.

As he did so, Nattie screamed; but  
too late. On the crowning glory of the  
feast, on those enticing Charlotte Rus-  
ses, crowded from the table on to a chair,  
there was Quimby!

"Bless my soul! what is the matter?"  
he asked, staring astounded at Nattie's  
scream, but still sitting there, entirely  
unconscious of the ruin he had wrought.

Cyn's anguish knew no bounds, as  
she saw what had happened.

"Get up!" she cried, wringing her  
hands, "can't you get up? good gra-  
cious! don't you know what you are  
sitting on?"

"Oh?" he queried, rising obediently,  
and looking at her with a blank expres-  
sion. "Sitting on?" then following her  
frantic gesture, he turned and looked  
at the chair behind him, and instantly  
horror overspread his countenance.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped, turning  
round and round, trying to get a  
glimpse at his own coat-tails. "How  
did it come there? what is it?"

"It is—was Charlotte Russe!" said  
Nattie, in gloomy despair.

"Charlotte Russe!" echoed Quimby,  
still turning himself around like a re-  
volving light. "It—it don't look much  
like it, you know!"

At this, Mr. Stanwood, who had  
with difficulty suppressed his laughter  
until now, burst into an uncontrollable  
roar, in which he was joined by Cyn,  
and then by Nattie. They laughed  
until utterly exhausted, Quimby all  
the time keeping up his rotary motion,  
with a face whose lugubriousness can-  
not be described.

"I—I—bless my soul! I will replace  
what I have destroyed! I—I assure  
you, I will!" the unfortunate Quimby  
groaned, as soon as he could be heard.

"I—what can I say, to express my  
sorrow—I—" and suddenly ceasing to  
revolve, he snatched Mr. Stanwood's  
hat, and started for the door.

"Where are you going!" his friend  
questioned as gravely as he could.

"More Charlotte Russes!" he re-  
sponded incoherently, and with an agon-  
ized face.

"If I may be permitted to make a  
suggestion," said Mr. Stanwood with  
labored gravity, "I should say, some  
little change in your toilet would be  
quite appropriate before going on the  
street, and moreover, that my hat will  
not fit your head!"

At this, Quimby dropped the hat he  
held as if it had been red-hot, glanced  
at the chair whereon he had so lately  
distinguished himself, took up the tails  
of his coat one in each hand, revolved  
again, and then without a word darted  
from the room.

As well as she could from laughing,  
Cyn called after him, telling him not  
to mind about getting the Charlotte  
Russes, and to hurry back, but he made  
no response.

"Poor Quimby!" said Mr. Stanwood,  
wiping the tears of excessive mirth  
from his eyes. "He is such a good  
fellow, it is too bad he always is in hot  
water."

"Yes," assented Cyn, removing the  
chair with the remains of what had  
been clinging to it from sight, Nattie  
following it with a somewhat rueful  
glance. "Shall we wait for him? I  
fear our dinner is getting cold."

"I don't think we had better," Nattie,  
who had long been filled with a similar  
presentiment, responded. "There is no  
knowing whether he will return or not,  
and it's no use in having everything  
spoiled."

"I do not think he will expect us to  
wait," Mr. Stanwood said.

"Well then," said Cyn, "here is a chair  
for you, Stanwood. It's all right, so you  
need not look before sitting. Luckily  
you are taller than we, and need no books  
to raise you. Now the question is, what  
shall we give you to eat from? Ah! here  
is the bread plate! Nat, can't you  
find another wooden cover? No! Then  
spread a piece of brown paper over Scrib-  
ner's." How fortunate we have an extra  
knife and fork; you don't mind their  
being oyster forks? I thought not! Nat  
and I will use the same spoon, so you  
can have a whole one. Nat, you and I  
will have to drink from that cracked  
tumbler."

"Allow me," interrupted Mr. Stan-  
wood. "Do you know," solemnly, "a  
cracked tumbler is and always was the  
height of my ambition."

"Well then, we are all right!" said the  
jovial Cyn. "But I fear," she added,  
helping to steak, "if Quimby comes be-  
fore we finish, he will have to go foraging  
for his own dishes!"

Mr. Stanwood was praising the steak,  
which he certainly ate as if the admiration  
was genuine, when a timid rap announ-  
ced Quimby's reappearance on the scene.

In complete change of raiment, smelling  
like a field of new mown hay, and figu-  
ratively clothed in sackcloth and ashes,  
he entered.

"I—I beg pardon," he said, looking  
not at those he addressed, but humbly  
at the Duchess, who had been walking  
the floor impatiently and indignantly,  
but was now contentedly chewing. "I  
—I assure you I shall be delighted to go  
out and get Charlotte Russes to replace  
those I so wantonly destroyed. Will  
you—may I be allowed?"

"Not on any account," said Cyn, quick-  
ly. "Besides, the stores are closed to-  
day."

"So they are, so they are!" he ex-  
claimed, putting his hand to his head  
dejectedly.

"But we can exist without Charlotte  
Russes, I think," Nattie said. She had  
quite recovered her good humor, and  
was reconciled even to Mr. Stanwood's  
company; indeed, had secretly confessed  
he was really an acquisition. Such is  
the power of good beefsteak!

"Some other time we will talk about  
it," Cyn said. "And now, we must im-  
provised you a cup, plate, knife, fork, and  
spoon. I know you must be hungry  
after your exploit."

Quimby blushed.

"I—you shall have fifty Charlotte  
Russes to-morrow!" he ejaculated. "But  
the articles you mention—I have in  
my room, and will bring them. You  
see I—sometimes have a little private  
lunch myself, you know, and departing,  
he in a moment returned with his din-  
ner accoutrements, which Cyn comman-  
ded him to put down at once, lest he de-  
molish them.

"Let me see," she added, as he meek-  
ly deposited his burden on the nearest  
piece of furniture—which happened to  
be the piano. "I can make room for  
you here, next me, I think."

"No! no!" he exclaimed quickly;  
"if you will be so kind, I—would  
rather sit on that little stool in the corner,  
where I can do no damage, you know!"

"Oh! we must not make a martyr of  
you!" laughed Nattie, as she cut a pie  
with a very dull knife, which caused a  
very unsteady table to shake, so that  
every one's coffee slopped over.

"No, indeed; there is plenty of room  
here," added Mr. Stanwood, studying  
his cracked tumbler. But Quimby took  
his head.

"Now, really—I shall feel much  
more comfortable if I may—if you will  
allow me to sit on the stool. I—I am  
used to it, you know! 'Pon my word,  
I—I mean all right, but some way I al-  
ways make a mess of it!"

Cyn would have remonstrated further,  
but Mr. Stanwood said, "We had better  
let him be happy in his own way; I  
suppose he will not be happy unless we  
do!"

And so Quimby, much to his satisfac-  
tion, was allowed to eat his share of the  
feast on a low stool, in the corner, like a  
naughty school-boy.

Visitors were destined to be numerous  
to-day, for hardly had Quimby been  
served, when a knock at the door was  
followed by the appearance of Jo, who  
tip-toed into the room, and in a mysteri-  
ous whisper, said,

"I saw Quimby enter this room, bear-  
ing utensils that could only be used for  
one purpose! I smelt a savory odor! and  
here I am!"

"And welcome, too!" said Cyn, laugh-  
ing; "come, sit here by me. Are you  
and Mr. Stanwood acquainted?"

(To be continued.)