

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1885.

Only 50 Cents per annum

## The Acadian.

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

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every Saturday evening in Music Hall at  
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## Select Poetry.

### THE LONGEST LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well:  
All other life is short and vain.  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well:  
All else is being flung away:  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

### THE HERO.

O you who linger in the night of toil  
And long for day,  
Take heart; the grandest hero is the man  
Of whom the world shall say,

That from the roadside of defeat he  
The flower of success, plucked  
Bravely and with a modesty sublime,  
Not with blind eagerness.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY  
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.  
"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly  
to be wise," quoted Nattie, with a  
shrug of her shoulders. "But—yes—  
I suppose I—ought to be glad I know  
the worst."

"I—I beg pardon, but I think I  
hinted it might be as it has proved,  
you know!" said Quimby, trying not  
to look triumphant, and failing sig-  
nally.

Not particularly pleased at having  
his superior discernment thus pointed  
out, Nattie replied rather shortly,

"It was luck and chance anyway,  
and it was my luck to stumble on the  
most disagreeable specimen in the busi-  
ness. That is all."

"Do you suppose he is aware of the  
impression he produced on you?" asked  
Cyn.

"No, indeed!" Nattie replied scorn-  
fully. "Is there anything so blind as  
vulgar, ignorant, self-conceit? I have  
no doubt he thinks I was charmed!"

"Then how will you manage when  
he wants to talk on the wire again?"  
asked Cyn.

"I shall have to make excuses until  
he takes the hint. Oh, dear!" said  
Nattie with a sigh, "I believe it is im-  
possible to get any comfort out of this  
world!"

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said Cyn in her  
bright cheery manner. "The way to  
do is not to allow ourselves to fret over  
what we cannot help. I am almost as  
disappointed as you, dear, over this  
total collapse of what opened so inter-  
estingly; but the curtain has fallen on  
the ignominious last act of our little  
drama, so farewell—a long farewell to  
our wired romance!"

As Cyn spoke, the somewhat unmu-  
sical voice of Jo Norton was heard in  
the hall, singing an air from a popular  
burlesque, followed by the appearance  
among them of Jo himself. Of course  
the whole story had to be related for  
his benefit, and very little sympathy  
did Nattie receive from him.

"Let this teach you a lesson, young  
lady!" he said with mocked solemnity  
"namely, Attend to your own business  
and let romance alone!"

"As you do!" said Cyn.

"As I do," he echoed, "and conse-  
quently be happy as I am! I tell you  
romance and sentiment and love, and  
all that hosh, are at the bottom of  
two-thirds of all the misery in the  
world!"

Notwithstanding which sage remark,  
and the fact of the curtain having  
fallen on the end, as Cyn said, for a  
moment yesterday was as if it had  
never been, when Nattie entered her  
office the next morning and was greet-  
ed with the familiar,

"B m—B m—B m—where is my lit-  
tle girl at B m, to say good-morning  
to me?" and she made an involuntary

movement towards the key to respond  
in the usual way.

The remembrance of the actual state  
of things checked her just in time—  
then, with a rather uncertain, or other-  
wise unconscious of the possible reason,  
she unlocked the key she answered,

"Good morning! wait—am busy!"

"One untruth!" she thought to her-  
self, as 'C' became mute, "not the only  
one I shall have to tell, I fear, before I  
succeed in conveying my exact mean-  
ing to the understanding of—the person.  
I will pick a quarrel, if possible, and  
he persists in talking! Oh, dear! I  
could have endured the red hair, even  
those dreadful teeth, had it not been  
for the bear's-grease and general vul-  
garity of the creature. Well, it's all  
over now!" and she sighed, from which  
it may be inferred that Jo's admonitions  
had not been of much consolation to  
her.

We do not take the lessons our ex-  
perience teaches us, to heart immedi-  
ately; first, their bitterness must be  
overcome.

To Nattie's great relief, the wire  
happened to be very busy that morn-  
ing, but whenever it was possible 'C'  
called her, and called in vain.

Immediately after her return from  
dinner, however, having just received  
and signed for a message, 'C', the mo-  
ment she closed her key, said,

"Where have you been to-day? are  
you not glad to have me back again?  
It cannot be I am so soon forgotten?"

Unable to avoid answering, Nattie  
responded on the wrong side of truth-  
again. "Have been busy; wait, please,  
a customer here."

"I cannot help saying, confound the  
luck!" 'C' responded, savagely. To  
whose anathema Nattie turned up her  
nose scornfully, and made no reply.

The nervous dread of his "calling,"  
that was upon her all day, caused her  
to make more blunders than she had  
ever done in all her telegraphic career.

She gave wrong change continually,  
numbered her messages incorrectly, and  
"broke" so much that the operator who  
sent to her had a headache with ill-  
humor. Usually very quick at decipher-  
ing the illegible scrawls often handed  
her for transmission, she to-day was  
frowned at for her stupidity in making  
them out; and one lady to whom a  
message had been sent through poor  
Nattie's office, was much exercised on  
receiving, to learn of an unknown gen-  
tleman's signature, that he would be  
with her at midnight. He really was  
her husband, but Nattie had trans-  
mitted the name of the writing looked  
most like, which was one very remote  
from the real one.

All these mistakes she laid at 'C's'  
door, and grew more disgusted with  
him, accordingly, especially when she  
counted her cash, and found herself a  
dollar short. She managed, however,  
by frequent excuses, to get along with-  
out holding any conversation with him  
until the latter part of the afternoon,  
when, the wire not being in use, and  
business slackening up, he called persist-  
ently, savagely, and entreatingly—all  
of which phases can be expressed in  
dots and dashes—interspersing the call  
with such expressions as,

"Please answer, N! Where are you,  
N? Why will you treat thus a poor  
fellow who thinks so much of you!"

"I should think he might take a  
hint! Must I tell him in plain words  
that a personal inspection leads me to  
decline the honor of farther acquaint-  
ance? when, too, he particularly re-  
quested me not to mention his visit,  
over the wire?" thought Nattie; and  
then, as he continued to call, she arose  
impatiently, and answered shortly,

"B m!"

"You naughty little girl!" immedi-  
ately responded 'C', "where have you  
been all day? Is it thus you treat  
me on my return, when I expected you  
would be glad to see me again?"

"I have been busy," Nattie replied  
briefly, with a repetition of her plati-  
tude, and cringing at the same time

over the first of his remark, as she  
recalled his *tout ensemble*.

"So you have said every time I have  
called," 'C' answered, apparently entire-  
ly unconscious of the possible reason.

"What is the cause? You never used  
to be busy *always*, you know!"

"How different he is on the wire  
from what he is in reality!" thought  
Nattie, with a return of her first disap-  
pointment, and how hard it is to merge  
the two in one! But she answered,

"There is a first time for everything;  
besides, I have not felt like taking to-  
day."

"Not with me?" queried 'C.'

"No!" replied Nattie briefly, and to  
the point.

'C' held his key open for a moment.  
"I do not understand it," he said at  
last. "It isn't possible that I have  
done anything to offend you?"

"Only offended with the sight of  
you!" thought Nattie; but unwilling  
to be really impolite, replied, "Certain-  
ly not!"

"You are not angry about yesterday,  
are you?" pursued 'C.'

"Certainly not," repeated Nattie,  
adding to herself, "A faint idea that I  
did not exactly fall in love with you is  
creeping into your red head, is it?"

"If I have done anything, I beg you  
to tell me what, for I am ignorant of  
it, and I assure you I am penitent, and  
that I forgive you!" continued 'C.'

"Only please don't be cross to me!"  
Nattie saw her opportunity for pick-  
ing a quarrel, and seized it.

"I do not know what you mean by  
my being cross!" she said. "I am  
sure I was not aware that I was obliged  
to talk to any one unless I felt like it.  
I am not in the mood to-day, and I  
will not be forced. You have no right  
to call me cross, and when I am in the  
humor to talk with you again I will let  
you know!"

"Very well!" 'C' replied promptly,  
undoubtedly angry himself now; "I  
will wait your pleasure!" and then was  
mute.

"It has not been quite so gradual as  
I intended, but I think I have effectually  
settled the matter, and my mind is  
relieved," thought Nattie; yet she  
sighed, and her satisfaction was fol-  
lowed by depression, for with 'C' de-  
parted the pleasantest part of her office  
life, a fact she could not disguise. In  
the week that followed, when 'C' true  
to his word, waited, saying nothing,  
she missed continually the sympathy,  
the gay talk, the companionship that  
had made the constantly-occurring an-  
noyances endurable, and the days that  
dragged so now seemed short. The  
office business did not fill half her time  
and the constant confinement began to  
be irksome to her, whose nature de-  
manded activity; in consequence, she  
often grew impatient and answered  
unnecessary questions of customers with  
a shortness that gave considerable of-  
fence; and had it not been for Cyn,  
who brought her sunny presence quite  
often into the office, heedless of the  
"no admittance" on the door, the monotonous  
side of telegraphy would have plunged  
Nattie among the shadows almost con-  
stantly.

Of course the sudden cessation of  
the intimacy between 'C' and 'N' was a  
theme of much surprise and bantering  
comments along the line, especially from  
"Em." But these facetious remarks  
gradually became fewer as the wonder  
subsided. One day, nearly two weeks  
after the "collapse," Nattie was sur-  
prised to hear the old familiar "B m—  
B m—B m—X n." Wondering if he  
had grown tired of waiting and was  
about to attempt a renewal of their  
former friendship, Nattie rather impa-  
tiently answered. But it proved he  
had a message, an occurrence quite  
infrequent with him. This he sent  
without unnecessary words. But after  
she had given "O. K." and closed her  
key, he opened his to say,

"Please, don't you want to make up,

N?"

"I have nothing to make up!" Nat-  
tie replied.

"O. K." was 'C's' response as he  
again subsided.

"He snubs easily!" thought Nattie,  
much relieved.

The following Saturday night, how-  
ever, as she was taking in from the  
shelf outside the blank ink, and bad  
pens that excited the ire of the irascible  
customers, preparatory to closing, 'C'  
once more called. With a devout hope  
that he was not going to be annoying,  
Nattie answered.

"Notwithstanding the late coolness  
between us, which was not my fault,  
and for which I cannot account—"  
he began, and then some one with a  
rush message broke in.

"What is he coming at now I won-  
der—he commenced with a great display  
of words," thought Nattie curiously,  
and then with a little curl of her lip,  
"a sentence out of some book, I sup-  
pose."

But as soon as the wire was quiet  
she said,

"To 'C.' Please get an account."

"I could not leave, as I am about to  
do to-night, without saying good-by, in  
remembrance of our former pleasant  
intercourse," concluded 'C.'

"You mean you are leaving perman-  
ently?" queried Nattie, surprised.

"Yes, this is my last day here. Mon-  
day I leave town; and so, with much  
regret that anything unpleasant should  
have interrupted our acquaintance—  
although what it was I assure you I  
do not know, since you deign me no  
explanation—I will say, not as I would  
once, *au revoir*, but good-by."

"Good-by," answered Nattie, forget-  
ting for the moment everything but 'C';  
the old 'C', the 'C' who had enlivened  
so many hours, and about whom had  
dwelt that romantic mystery. "Good-  
by. Believe me, I shall always re-  
member the many social talks we have  
enjoyed."

"Possibly we might enjoy them  
again, if you desired," 'C' said then,  
as if he gave her a chance for explana-  
tion or to express such a wish.

But Nattie, recalling now the bear's-  
grease, the must, the cheap jewelry and  
their obnoxious possessor, answered only,  
"Good-by."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FEAST.

Pondering disconsolately over the  
perplexities of life, a habit she had  
allowed herself to indulge in quite  
frequently of late, one day not long af-  
ter the final exit of the once interesting  
but now obnoxious 'C', Nattie suddenly  
became aware of a pair of merry brown  
eyes, belonging to a fine-looking young  
gentleman, observing her critically, and  
with apparently no-intention of discon-  
tinuing their scrutiny. At which, in  
her present state of temper, Nattie  
turned very red and very angry. "I  
am not on exhibition," she thought,  
indignantly, and rising majestically,  
went towards him with the curt in-  
quiry,

"Did you wish to send a message,  
sir?"

The young gentleman hesitated, and  
appeared slightly embarrassed, but did  
not take his eyes from her face, never-  
theless.

"I merely wished to ask the tariff to  
Washington," he replied, at length.

"Forty cents," Nattie answered,  
shortly.

"Thank you," he said, but without  
moving, and after a moment, as if de-  
siring of opening a conversation, he  
continued, smiling, "I hardly think I  
will send a message to-day; I presume  
you will not object to being spared the  
trouble?"

Nattie having been quarrelling all  
day with intangible somethings, was  
rather glad than otherwise to find a  
real object upon which she could vent  
the unmanifiability resulting from her  
surplus discontent. The young man's  
evident desire to talk more than cir-  
cumstances warranted, was displeasing  
to her, and she rejoined very stiffly,  
"It is a matter of perfect indifference  
to me," and turned away.

(To be continued.)