

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 19.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 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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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 AD. LAW must invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
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F. O. BOX 20. Sept. 19th 1884

LIGHT BRAMAS!
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Bird or sale. **A. deW. BARRS**
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J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
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Select Poetry.

Why is it so?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder what is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.
Some eyes sleep where some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go;
Some hearts beat where some hearts break
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so, through ages, and through lands,
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt while some feet tread
In tireless march, a thorny way,
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, where others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their names, above a grave.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"But—now really," said Quimby, who sat on the extreme edge of the chair, with his feet some two yards apart from each other; "really, you know, now suppose—just suppose, your mysterious invisible shouldn't be—just what you think, you know. You see, I remember one or two young men in telegraph offices, whose collars and cuffs are always soiled, you know!"

"I have great faith in my 'C,'" laughed Nattie.

"It would be dreadfully unromantic to fall in love with a soiled invisible, wouldn't it," said Miss Archer, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders.

Nattie colored a little, and answered hastily:

"Oh! it's only fun, you know;" at which Quimby brightened, and Miss Archer inquired gayly,

"*Pour passer le temps?*"

Nattie nodded in reply, as she took a message from a lady, who had only a few words to send, but found it necessary to ask about fifteen questions, and relate all her recent family history, concluding with the birth of twins, before being satisfied her message would go all right,—a proceeding that made Quimby stare, and afforded Miss Archer much amusement.

"Oh! that is nothing!" Nattie said, in answer to the latter's significant laugh, when the customer had retired.

"Some very ludicrous incidents occur almost daily, I assure you. Truly, the ignorance of people in regard to telegraphy is surprising; aggravating too, sometimes. Just imagine a person thinking a telegraph office is managed on the same principle as those stores where they at first charge double the value of the goods, for the sake of giving people the pleasure of beating them down! It was only yesterday that a woman tried to coax me to take off ten cents, and then snarled at me because I wouldn't, and declared she would patronise some other office next time, as if it mattered to me, except to wish she might! And there was some one calling on the wire with a rush message all the time she was detaining me!"

"They think you ought to be harassed with a punch, like a horse-car conductor," said Miss Archer, laughing, and added,

"I wish I knew how to telegraph. I would have a chat with your 'C.' I am getting very much interested in him!"

Quimby twisted his hat uneasily.

"But—I beg pardon, but he may be a soiled invisible, you know!" he

hinted, seemingly determined to keep this possibility uppermost.

Before Nattie could again defend her 'C' a woman, covered with cheap finery, thrust her head into the window.

"How much does it cost to telegraph?" she asked.

"To what place did you wish to send?" Nattie inquired.

With a look, as if she considered this a very impertinent question, the woman replied, with a slight toss of her head,

"It's no matter about the place, I only want to know what it costs to telegraph!"

"That depends entirely on where the message is going," answered Nattie, with a glance at Miss Archer.

"Oh, does it?" said the woman, looking surprised. "Well, to Chicago, then."

Nattie told her the tariff of that city.

"Is that the cheapest?" she then asked. "I only want to send a few words, about six."

"The price is the same for one or ten words," said Nattie rather impatiently.

The woman gave another surprised stare.

"That's strange!" she said incredulously. "Well"—moving away—"I'll write then; I am not going to pay for ten words when I want to send six."

"That is a specimen of the ignorance you were just speaking of, I presume," laughed Miss Archer, as soon as she would be sender was out of hearing.

"Yes," replied Nattie, "it's hard to make them believe sometimes that everything less than ten words is a stated price, and that we only charge per word after that number. And, speaking of ignorance, do you know I once actually had a letter brought me, all sealed, to be sent that way by telegraph."

Miss Archer laughed again, and Quimby inquired,

"I—beg pardon, but did I understand that the last came within your experience?"

"Yes," Nattie replied, "and I had a young woman come in here once, who asked me to write the message for her, and after I had done so, in a somewhat hasty scrawl, she took it, looked it all over critically, dotted some 'i's,' and crossed some 't's,' I all the time staring, and wondering if she supposed I could not read my own hand-writing, then scowled and threw it down disgustedly saying, 'John never can read that! I shall have to write it myself. He knows my writing!'"

"Can such things be!" cried Miss Archer.

"But," asked Quimby, from his uncomfortable perch on the edge of the chair, "Isn't there a—something—a *fac-simile* arrangement?"

"I believe there is, but it is not yet perfected," replied Nattie.

"Ah, well! then the young woman was only in advance of the age," said Miss Archer; "and what with that and the telephone, and that dreadful phonograph that bottles up all one says and discharges at inconvenient times, we will soon be able to do everything by electricity; who knows but some genius will invent something for the especial use of lovers? something, for instance, to carry in their pockets, so when they are far away from each other, and pine for a sound of 'that beloved voice,' they will have only to take up this electrical apparatus, put it to their ears, and be happy. Ah! blissful lovers of the future!"

"Yes!—yes, that would be a good idea!" cried Quimby eagerly; then instantly fearing he had betrayed himself, turned red, and clutched at the mustache that eluded his grasp. Miss Archer looked at him and smiled, and Nattie was about to expound further when she heard 'C' asking on the wire,

"N, haven't your visitors gone yet? Tell them to hurry!"

"You wouldn't say so," Nattie responded to him, "if you knew what a handsome young lady one of my two visitors is. We have been talking about you, too."

"Introduce me, please do," said 'C.'

"What are you doing, now?" asked Miss Archer, watchful of Nattie's smiling face.

Leaving the key open, Nattie explained, to Quimby's unconcealed dissatisfaction; but Miss Archer was delighted.

"Oh! do introduce me! Can you any way?" she said.

Nattie nodded affirmatively, and taking hold of the key, wrote, "She is as anxious as you are. So allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Archer, a young lady with the prettiest black eyes I ever saw!"

"Is she an operator?" asked 'C.'

"Doesn't know a dot from a dash," Nattie answered him.

"Then tell her in plain language, that this is the happiest moment of my life, and also that black eyes are my especial adoration!"

"What have you been telling him about me, you dreadful girl?" queried Miss Archer, shaking her head reproachfully when this was repeated to her. "But you may inform him I am delighted to make his acquaintance, and hope he has curly hair, because it's so nice to pull!"

"With the hope of such a happy occurrence, I will hereafter do up my hair in papers," 'C' replied when Nattie had repeated this to him. "But do not alight your other visitor."

"Shall I introduce you?" asked Nattie holding the key open, and turning to Quimby, who had betrayed various symptoms of uneasiness while this conversation was going on, and who now grasped his hat firmly, as if to throw it at the little sounder that represented the offending 'C,' and answered,

"Oh, no! I—really I—I beg pardon, but it's really no matter about me—you know!"

"He says he is of no consequence," Nattie said to 'C.'

"He!" repeated 'C,' "a he, is it? Ought I to be jealous? Is it you, or our black-eyed friend who is the attraction?"

Nattie replied only with a ha!

"Is he talking now?" asked Miss Archer, mindful of Nattie's smile, and nodding towards the clattering sounder, at which Quimby was scowling.

"No, some other office is sending business now, so our conversation is suspended," answered Nattie, as much to Quimby's relief as to Miss Archer's regret.

"I shall improve the acquaintance, however," the latter said. "I am very curious to know how he looks, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I do not suppose I ever shall," Nattie answered.

"Then you—I beg pardon, but you never expect to see him," queried Quimby, with great earnestness.

"In all probability we never shall meet. I think I should be dreadfully embarrassed if we should," Nattie replied, as she handed the day's cash to the boy who just then came after it.

"Pass to face we would really be strangers to each other."

Quimby evinced more satisfaction at this time than the occasion seemed to warrant, as Nattie noticed, with some surprise, but several customers claiming her attention, all at once, and all in a hurry, she was kept too busy for some time, to think upon the cause.

As soon as she was at leisure, Miss Archer, with the remark that they had made an unpardonably long call, arose to go.

"But you must certainly come again," Nattie said, cordially, already looking

her to be an old friend.

"Indeed I shall," she answered, in the genial way peculiar to her. "You have a double attraction here, you know. Can I say good-by to 'C'?"

"I fear not, as the wire is busy, replied Nattie. "But I will say it for you as soon as possible."

"Yes, tell him, please, that I will see him—I mean, hear the clatter he makes—again soon. You, I shall see at the hotel, I hope, now we have met."

"Oh, yes!" Nattie replied. "I am very much indebted to Quimby for making us acquainted."

"Oh! really now, do you mean it?" exclaimed Quimby, with sudden delight. "I am so glad I've done something right at last, you know! Always doing something wrong, you know!" then hugging his hat to his breast, and speaking in a confidential whisper, he added, to the great amusement of the two girls, "I have a presentiment—a horrible presentiment—I'm always making mistakes, you see. I'm used to it but I couldn't get used to that, you know—that some day I shall marry the wrong woman!"

So saying, and with a last glance of implacable dislike at the sounder, Quimby bowed awkwardly, and departed with the laughing Miss Archer.

Soon after their departure 'C' asked,

"Has Black-Eyed Susan gone?"

"Yes," responded Nattie. "She left a good-by for you, and means to improve your acquaintance."

"Thrice happy I! But about this he? Who is this he? I want to know all about him. Is he a hated rival?"

"Ha! I never heard him say so, but I will ask him if you wish. He lives in the same building with me, and brought Miss Archer, a fellow-lodger, down to introduce her."

"Do you ever go to balls, concerts, theatres, or to ride with him?" asked 'C,' who seemed determined to make a thorough investigation of matters.

"Dear me! No! He never asked me!"

"Do you wish he would?" persisted 'C.'

"Of course I do!" replied Nattie, somewhat regardless of truth.

"It is my opinion I shall be obliged to come and look after you," 'C' replied, at this admission.

"But you wouldn't know whether you were looking after the right person or not, when you were here!" Nattie said, with a smiling face and sparkling eyes turned in the direction of an urechin, flattening his nose against her window-glass, who immediately fled, overwhelmed with astonishment, at being, as he supposed, so smiled upon.

"And why wouldn't I?" questioned 'C.'

"Because I should recognize you immediately, and should pretend it was not I, but some substitute," replied Nattie.

"You seem to be very positive about recognizing me. Is your intuitive bump so well-developed as all that?" asked 'C.'

"Yes," Nattie responded. "And then you know there would be a twinkle in your eye that would betray you at once."

"Indeed! We will see about that, young lady. But now, as a customer has been drumming on my shelf the past five minutes, in a frantic endeavor to attract my attention, and has by this time worked himself into a fine irascible temper, because I will not even glance at him, I must bid you good night, with the advice, watch for that twinkle, and be sure you discover it!"

(To be continued.)

GRATITUDE.—Mr. C. A. Foster, of Liverpool, writes, "I have used Esqar's Phospholine for Chronic Bronchitis and find it superior to other remedies of similar character. You may publish this for the benefit of others."