

# THE ACADIAN.

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## The Acadian,

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## Select Poetry.

### IT IS WELL.

Is it well with thee, and with thy husband, and with thy child? And she said, "It is well."—Second Kings, iv., 26.

Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen,  
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;  
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen  
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dark and weary  
The spirit fainted off beneath its load;  
No sunshine comes from skies all gray and dreary,  
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts will shiver  
Beneath old sorrows once so hard to bear;  
That not again beside Death's darksome river  
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more from tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish,  
Shall we bewail the dear hopes, crushed and gone;  
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish;  
So far the day is passed, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken;  
Come into port, beneath a calmer sky,  
So we still bearing on our brows the token,  
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweet air cometh from the shore immortal,  
Inviting homeward at the day's decline;  
Almost we see where from the open portal  
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth with all her myriad voices  
Has lost the power our senses to enthral;  
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,  
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We would not turn—retreating  
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;  
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,  
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

—Chambers Journal. J. H.

## Interesting Story.

### WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE  
OF  
DOTS AND DASHES.  
BY  
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Nattie shrugged her shoulders, as if tired of the subject, and after a spasm of sneezing, Miss Kling continued:

"As you intimate, he means all right, poor fellow! and that is more than I should be willing to acknowledge regarding Mrs. Simonson's other lodger, that Mr. Norton, who calls himself an artist. I am sure I never saw any one except a convict wear such short hair!" and Miss Kling shook her head insinuatingly.

From this beginning, to Nattie's dismay, Miss Kling proceeded to the dissection of their neighbors who lived in the suite above, Celeste Fishblate and her father. The former, Miss Kling declared, was sitting her cap for Quimby, Mr. Fishblate being an unquestionably disagreeable specimen of the genus homo, with a somewhat startling habit of exploding in short, but expressive sentences—never using more than three consecutive words—Nattie naturally expected to hear him even more severely anathematized than any one else. But to her surprise, the lady conducting the conversation declared him a "fine sensible man!" At which Nattie first stared, and then smiled, as it occurred to her that Mr. Fishblate was a widower, and might it not be that Miss Kling contemplated the possibility of his becoming that other self not yet attained.

Fortunately Miss Kling did not observe her lodger's looks, so intent was she in admiration of Mr. Fishblate's fine points, and soon took her leave.

After her departure, Nattie changed her inky dress, and put on her hat to go out for something forgotten—until now. As she stepped into the hall, a tall young man, with extremely long arms and legs, and mouth, that, although shaded by a faint outline of a mustache, invariably suggested an alligator, opened the door of Miss Simonson's rooms, opposite, and seeing Nattie, started back in a sort of nervous bashfulness. Recovering himself, he then darted out with such impetuosity that his foot caught in a rug, he fell, and went headlong down stairs, dragging with him a fire-bucket, at which he clutched in a vain effort to save himself, the two jointly making a noise that echoed through the silent halls, and brought out the inhabitants of the rooms in alarm.

"What is it? Is any one killed?" shrieked from above, a voice, recognizable as that of Celeste Fishblate—two names that could never by any possibility sound harmonious.

"What is the matter now?" screamed Miss Kling, appearing at her door with the query.

"Have you hurt yourself?" Nattie asked, as she went down to where the hero of the catastrophe sat on the bottom stair, ruefully rubbing his elbow, but who now picked up his hat and the fire-bucket, and rose to explain.

"It's nothing—nothing at all, you know!" he said, looking upward, and bowing to the voices; "I caught my foot in the rug, and—"

"Did you tear the rug?" here anxiously interrupted the listening Mrs. Simonson, suddenly appearing at the bannisters; not that she felt for her lodger less, but for the rug more, a distinction arising from that constant struggle with the "ways and means."

"Oh, no! I assure you, there was no damage done to the rug—or fire-bucket," the victim responded, reassuringly, and in perfect good faith. "Or myself," he added modestly, as if the latter was scarce worth speaking of. "I—I am used to it, you know," reverting to his usual expression in accidents of all descriptions.

"I declare I don't know what you will do next!" muttered Mrs. Simonson, retreating to examine the rug.

"I think you must be in love, Quimby!" giggled Celeste; an assertion that caused Miss Kling to give vent to a contemptuous "Humph," and awakened in its subject the most excruciating embarrassment. The poor fellow glanced at Nattie, blushed, perspired, and frantically clutching at the fire-bucket, stammered a protest.

"Now really—I—now!—you are mistaken, you know!"

"But people who are in love are always absent minded," persisted Celeste, with another giggle. "So it is useless to—"

But exactly what was useless did not appear, as at this point a stentorian voice, the voice of Miss Kling's "fine, sensible man," roared,

"Enough!"

At which, to Quimby's relief, Celeste, always in mortal fear of her father, hastily withdrew. Not so Miss Kling. She silently waited to see if Nattie and Quimby would go out together, and was rewarded by hearing the latter ask, as Nattie made a movement toward the door,—

"May I—might I be so bold as to—as to ask to be your escort?"

"I should be pleased," Nattie answered, adding with a mischievous glance, but in a low tone, aware of the listening ears above,—

"That is, if you will consent to dispense with the fire-bucket!"

Quimby started, and dropping the article in question, as if it had sudde-

ly turned red-hot, ejaculated,—

"Bless my soul! really I—I beg pardon, I am sure!" then bashfully offering his arm, they went out, while Miss Kling balefully shook her head.

"So, Celeste will insist upon it that you are in love, because you tripped and fell down stairs!" Nattie said, by way of opening a conversation as they walked along—a remark that did not tend to lesson his evident disquietude. And having now no fire-bucket, he clutched at his necktie, twirling it all awry, not at all to the improvement of his personal appearance, as he replied,—

"Oh! really, you know! it's no matter! I—I am used to it, you know!"

"Used to falling in love?" queried Nattie, with raised eyebrows.

"No—no—the other, you know, that is—"

"I mean, it's a mistake, you know," then with a desperate rush away from the embarrassing subject, "Did you know—that is, Mrs. Simonson, was going to—have a new lodger?"

"No, is she?" asked Nattie.

"Yes, a young lady coming to-morrow, a—a sort of an actress—no, a prima donna, you know. A Miss Archer. If you and she should happen to like each other, it would be pleasant for you, now wouldn't it?" asked Quimby eagerly, with a devout hope that such might be, for then should he not be a gainer by seeing more often the young lady by his side, whose gray eyes had already made havoc in his honest and susceptible heart.

"It would be pleasant," acquiesced Nattie, in utter unconsciousness of Quimby's selfish hidden thought; "for I am lonely sometimes. Miss Kling is not—not—"

"Oh, certainly! of course not!" Quimby responded sympathetically and understandingly, as Nattie hesitated for a word that would express her meaning. "They never are very adaptable—old maids, you know."

"But it isn't because they are unmarried," said Nattie, perhaps feeling called upon to defend her future self, "but because they were born so!"

"Exactly, you know, that's why no fellow ever marries them!" said Quimby, with a glance of bashful admiration at his companion.

Nattie laughed.

"And this Miss Archer. Did you say she was a prima donna?" she questioned.

"Yes—that is, a sort of a kind of a one, or going to be, or some way musical or theatrical, you know," was Quimby's lucid reply. "I'll make it a point to—introduce you if you will allow me that pleasure?"

"Certainly," responded Nattie, and added, "I shall be quite rich, for me, in acquaintances soon, if I continue as I have begun. I made a new one on the wire to-day."

"On the—I beg pardon—on the what?" asked Quimby, with visions of tight-ropes flashing through his mind.

"On the wire," repeated Nattie, to whom the phrase was so common, that it never occurred to her as needing an explanation.

"Oh!" said the puzzled Quimby, not at all comprehending, but unwilling to confess his ignorance.

"The worst of it is, I don't know the sex of my new friend, which makes it a little awkward," continued Nattie.

Quimby stared.

"Don't—I beg pardon—don't know her—his—sex?" he repeated, with wide-open eyes.

"No, it was on the wire, you know!" again explained Nattie, privately thinking him unusually stupid; about seventy miles away. We first quarrelled and then had a pleasant talk."

"Talk—seventy miles—?" faltered Quimby; then brightening, "Oh! I see! a telephone, you know!"

"No, indeed!" replied Nattie, laugh-

ing at his incomprehensibility. "We don't need telephones. We can talk without—did you not know that? And what is better, no one but those who understand our language can know what we say!"

"Exactly!" answered Quimby, relaxing again into wonder. "Exactly—on the wire!"

"Yes, we talk in a language of dots and dashes, that even Miss Kling might listen to in vain. And do you know," she went on confidentially, "somehow, I am very much interested in my new friend. I wish I knew—it's so awkward, as I said—but I really think it's a gentleman!"

"Exactly—exactly so!" responded Quimby, somewhat dejectedly. And during the remainder of their walk he was very much harassed in his mind over this interest Nattie confessed in her new friend—"on the wire,"—who would appear as a tight-rope performer to his perturbed imagination. And he felt in his inmost heart that it would be a great relief to his mind if this mysterious person should prove a lady, even though, if a gentleman, he was many miles away. For Quimby, with all his obtusity, had an inkling of the power of mystery, and was already far enough on the road to love to be jealous.

Of these thoughts Nattie was of course wholly unaware, and chatted gaily, now of the distant 'U' and now of the coming Miss Archer, to her somewhat abstracted, but always devoted companion.

## CHAPTER III.

### VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE FRIENDS.

With perhaps one or two less towns than usual at the destiny that compelled her to forego any morning naps, and be up and starting at the early hour of six o'clock, Nattie arose next morning, aware of a more than accustomed willingness to go to the office. And immediately on her arrival there, she opened the key, and said, without calling, just to ascertain if her far-away acquaintance would notice it,—

"G. M. (good morning)!"

Apparently 'U' had us or her ears on the alert, for immediately came the response,

"G. M., my dear!"

A form of expression rather familiar for so short an acquaintance, that is, supposing 'U' to be a gentleman. "But then, people talk for the sake of talking, and never say what they mean on the wire," thought Nattie. Besides, did not the distance in any case annul the familiarity? Therefore, without taking offense, even without comment, she asked:

"Are we to get along to-day without quarrelling?"

"Oh! it is you, is it 'N'?" responded 'C'. "I thought so but wasn't quite sure. Yes, you may 'break' at every word, and I will still be amiable."

"I should be afraid to put you to the test," replied Nattie, with a laugh.

"Do you then think me such a hopelessly unattracted fellow?" enquired 'C'.

"Fellow!" triumphantly repeated Nattie. "Be careful, or you will betray yourself!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed 'C'. "Stupid enough of me, wasn't it? But it only proves the old adage about giving a man rope enough to hang himself."

"Don't mention old adages, for I detest them!" said Nattie. "Especially that one about the early bird and the worm. But I fear, as a mystery, you are not a success, Mr. 'C'."

"A very bad attempt at a pun," said 'C'. "I trust, however, you will not desert me, now your curiosity is satisfied, Miss 'N'?"

"Don't be in such a hurry to miss me. I have said nothing yet to give you that right," Nattie replied.

"Nevertheless, it's utterly impossible not to miss you. I missed you last night after you had gone home, for instance. But you, a great, hunking fellow! No, indeed! in my mind a eye—"

(To be continued.)