

Low PROFITS

CASE
Duplex
Cylinder and
Watches
REPAIRED.

AS!
PRESENTS,
Jewelry Store
LEOD,
FICIAL
MAKER
ELLER.

the public of
and, surrounding
bought for cash,
manufacturers, the
selected stock of
locks, Jew-
ilverware
etc.

which I can sell
25 to 50 percent
ery Fraternity of
the public will find
ior quality to what
r traveling mounte-
not legitimately
ewelry trade. It-
will find it to their
me a call before

ocks and
ecklaces, Earrings,
edding Rings and
in gold and silver,
and silver, Gents
ver, Scarf Pins,
ut Buttons gold and
any Dress Rings,
harnes, Pencil Cases

NOTICE!
the largest selection
y out of Halifax in
Ladies' Gem Rings
es, Brooches, Ear-
s' Gold Rings, etc.,
to mention.

STANDARD SILVER-
ckets, Card Receiv-
s, Cream Jugs, But-
s, Revolving Butter
Nakin Rings, Pickle
ut Crackers, But-
nives, Forks, Knives
Knives and Forks,
Spoon, Tea Spoons,
ur Spoons, etc.

CLOCKS!!
y French, Canadian,
kers, the best select-
y, French Gilt Clocks
y, full finished Cana-
dian walnut, Amer-
nored cases.

to sell the WAL-
H, which is a notori-
e of the county is
hich I can sell for
Ladies' Sew-machines
are generally sold
for \$12.00

Price List of
REPAIRS.
Watch 50c.
75c. to \$1.00.
Spring 50c.
75c. to \$1.00.
from 25c.—50c.
75c. to \$1.00.
ee Spring, com-
air Spring 50c.
75c. to \$1.00.
stals 10c.
price 20c.)
d 10 to 15c.
e 20 to 25c.)
er repairs at a reduced
aranteed 12 months.

JEWELRY
DER & REPAIRED.
bills and Cards will
in a few days.
h Nov. 1884.

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 22

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1885.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office,
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
80 CENTS Per Annum,
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of Five in advance \$2.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for advertising notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the of-
fice, and payment on transfer of advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

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 Ac, can
not invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Carriage House, S. E. C. to 8 P. M. Mails
are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a.
m.
Express west close at 10.30 a. m.
Express east close at 5.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Gen. V. RAIN, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on
Saturday at 12, noon.
A. B. W. BARR, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 10.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00
a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30
p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Bur-
ges, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School
at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7.30 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. H. Daly,
P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of
each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev.
J. O. Burgess, Rector—Services next Sun-
day at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 1.30 p. m.
Weekly Service on Thursday at 7 p. m.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets
in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each
week, eight o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 5 of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Wilder's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets
every Saturday evening in Music Hall at
7.00 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and
LIFE INSURANCE
WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Patent Stacks a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 18. Sept. 18th 1884

LIGHT BRAMAS!
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS
STOCK. Trice, Pairs, and Single Bird
or sale. **A. deW. BARNS**
Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Select Poetry.

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—these sweet
swift years—
Like the leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread
On an arrow's flying gleam,
As pure as the languorous breeze hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down;
As food as a lover's dream;
As pure as a Scotch in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wailing note,
So tender and sweet they stem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair,
We hear the creak of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No noxious taunt be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
wine,
But never an angry word!

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHERVET THAYER.

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

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

All this time he had been looking
around for his hat, and now Nattie
fished it out of the waste basket, into
which he had unwittingly dropped it.
Taking it with many apologies, he
bowed himself confusedly and ungrace-
fully out, and went away, wondering if
he would ever be able to get himself
up to such a pitch again, and resolving,
if it proved possible, that it should not
occur next time where there was one
of those aggravating "sounders."

"Now, I hope," thought Nattie, as
she watched his retreating form, "that
he is not going to make an idiot of
himself! Not only because he is as
good a fellow as he is a blundering one,
and I wouldn't for the world hurt his
feelings, but also because it would be
dreadfully uncomfortable to have a
rejected lover wandering round in the
same house with one!"

And Nattie judging from his late
conduct that the contingency referred
to was likely to occur, resolved to be
careful and not give him any opportu-
nity to express his feelings, and further-
more, to kindly and cautiously teach
him the meaning of the word Friend-
ship, and particularly to define the
broad distinction between that and
Love.

But circumstances are mischievous things,
and not to be governed at will, as Nat-
tie was soon to discover.

A few evenings after she called in
to see Cyn, who happened to be out.
But she was momentarily expected to
return, as Mrs. Simonson said, so Nat-
tie concluded to wait, and sat down at
the piano. Not noticing she had left
the door partly open, and never dream-
ing of approaching danger, she began
to play, when suddenly, the hesitating
voice of Quimby broke in upon the
strains of the "First Kiss" waltz.

"I—may I come in?" he asked. "I
—I beg your pardon, but I knocked
several times, you know, and you didn't
hear at all."

Nattie would gladly have refused
the invitation he asked, but could think
of no possible excuse for so doing, and
was therefore compelled to say,

"Yes—come in, I expect Cyn every
moment."

Availing himself of this permission,
Quimby entered, balanced his hat on
the edge of an album, and seating him-

self in a chair, seized a round on either
side as if he was in danger of blowing
away, and stared at her without a
word.

"It has been a lovely day, hasn't
it?" Nattie said at last, beginning to
find the silence embarrassing, and re-
verting to Mrs. Simonson's safe topic.

"Yes—exactly so!" Quimby answer-
ed, strengthening his grasp on the
chair in a vain endeavor to summon
the requisite courage to avail himself
of this rare opportunity of pouring out
his feelings.

Nattie tried him again on another
safe topic.

"Cyn and I dined together to-day."
"I—I can't eat!" burst forth Quim-
by in accents of despair.

"Can't you?" said Nattie, devoutly
wishing Cyn would come. "I am very
sorry, I hope you are not dyspeptic."
"No, no!" he answered, his eyes al-
most starting from his head between
his determination to wind himself up to
the point, and the tightness of his
grasp on the chair. "It's—it's my
heart, you know!"

"You don't mean to say you have
heart disease?" said Nattie, seeing
danger fast approaching, and taking
refuge in obtuseness.

"No, I—I beg pardon—not a—not a
bodily heart disease, you know, but a
mental one!" and he relaxed his
grasp on the chair with one hand to
tug at his necktie as if being hung, and
disliking the sensation.

"That is something I never heard
of," Nattie said dryly; then thinking,
"I'll drown him in music," she asked
hastily,

"Do you like the First Kiss?"
The bounce of an India rubber ball
is no comparison to the agility with
which Quimby jumped from his chair
at this question.

"Oh! Bless my soul! Wouldn't
I?" he gasped.

"I will play it to you," exclaimed
Nattie, instantly aware of the indiscre-
tion of her question, and she thunder-
ed as loud as she could on the piano,
while Quimby, with a very red face,
subsided into the chair again. But
not long did he remain subsided; wheth-
er it was the music that inspired him,
or a desperate determination that nerved
him, he suddenly sprang up, and with
one stride was beside her, exclaiming
excitedly,

"No! That is—I beg pardon—but
please do not play any more just now.
There is something I must say to you!
Oh! I can't express myself! It all
comes upon me with a rush when I am
alone, but now, at this supreme mo-
ment, I cannot tell you how I a—"

"Excuse me, but I am afraid I can-
not remain now," hastily interrupted
Nattie, feeling that something must be
done to stop him, and adopting the
first expedient that suggested itself.

"I just happened to recollect I left my
gas burning in close proximity to the
lace curtains, and I must go immedi-
ately and attend to it."

With these words, Nattie rushed
away, half amused and half annoyed,
leaving him to stare after her with a
blank and rueful face, to ask himself
how any fellow could get on amid such
drawbacks, to decide that proposing
was a dreadful strain on the nerves,
but to resolve his next attempt should
be a success, if he had to inaugurate
previously a series of private rehearsals.
For although abashed and discomfited
by his repeated failures to make his
feelings understood, he was more in
love than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

COLLAPSE OF THE ROMANCE.

"B m—B m—B m—N—N—N—
Oh! where are you, N? Where is the
little girl at B m—B m—B m?"

Such were the sounds that greeted
Nattie's ears, as she entered the office
the morning after her adventure with
the love-lorn Quimby; and immedi-

ately she ceased to speculate on the prob-
able embarrassment that must necessar-
ily attend their not-to-be-avoided next
meeting, and interrupted 'B's' solitary
conversation, by saying,

"What is the matter with you this
morning? Here I am, N."

"G. M., my dear. I'm off, and want-
ed to say good-by before I went,"
responded 'C.'

"Off?" questioned Nattie, with a
sudden fall in her mental temperature.

"Yes, I am going to a station five
miles below to substitute, to-day. The
operator there is obliged to go away,
and couldn't find anyone competent to
do his work, and as there was a fellow
that could do mine, he comes here and
I go there."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do all day?"
said Nattie, sinking into a chair, very
much aggravated.

"I am very sorry, but I couldn't
well avoid accommodating him. But
what will you do when I leave entirely,
if you can't get along without me one
day? happy I, to be so necessary to
your existence!"

"But there is no prospect of your
leaving at present, is there?" asked
Nattie, forgetting in her alarm at such
a possibility to challenge the last of his
remark.

"There is some probability of it
now," 'C' responded. "I will tell you
all about it to-morrow. I may come
nearer to you; near enough even for
you to see that twinkle."

"You don't mean you have a pros-
pect of an office here in the city?"
questioned Nattie, not knowing whether
she would be glad or sorry if such were
the case.

"Not exactly," replied 'C.' "I hav-
en't time to explain; train is coming,
so—"

"Where did you say you were going
to-day?" broke in Nattie quickly.

"B a—five miles down the line
nearer you, but not on this wire.
Used to be, you know, but switched on
wire number twenty-seven last week,"
'C' responded so hurriedly, that Nattie
could hardly read it, although so ac-
customed to his style of making his
dots and dashes; for, with the key, as
with the pen, all operators have their
own peculiar manner of writing.

"Ah, yes! I remember," respond-
ed Nattie quickly. "That hateful
operator signing 'M' had it, that used
to be fighting for the circuit always,
and breaking in when we were talking.
I wouldn't have gone for him."

"Couldn't well avoid it. Here is
train. Good-by; shall miss you terri-
bly, but will be with you again to-mor-
row. Good-by."

"Good-by. I am lonesome already,"
Nattie answered.

As 'C' made no reply, it was suppos-
able he had gone, and probably had to
run for the train, thought Nattie, as
she took off her hat rather dejectedly.

A broken companionship of any kind
must ever leave a certain sense of loneli-
ness, and this was none to less true
now on account of the unique circum-
stances. Indeed, until to-day she had
not fully realized how necessary 'C'
had become to her telegraphic life.
Naturally, she had woven a sort of
romance about him who was a friend
"so near and yet so far." Perhaps too,
a certain yearning for tenderness in
her lonely heart, a feeling that every
woman knows, found something, very
pleasant in being always greeted with
'Good morning, my dear,' and hear-
ing the last thing at night, "Good
night, little girl at B m."

Miss King undoubtedly would have
been shocked at being thus addressed
even on the wire, by a strange person
—a person certainly, although unseen;
but Nattie, used to the license that
distance gave, whether wisely or un-
wisely, had never thought it necessary
to check the familiarity.

Pondering over what he had hinted
about leaving permanently, in the leis-
ure usually devoted to chatting with

him, but which that day she hardly
knew how to fill, Nattie wondered if
should they ever come face to face,
they would feel like the old friends
they were, or if the nearness would
bring a constraint now unknown? Yet
she was fain to confess she would like
to see him and ascertain the personal
appearance of one who occupied so
much of her thoughts. But how strange
it would be, if, after all their friendly
talk and gay confidences, he should
pass out of the way that was both their
ways now, and they never know any-
thing more about each other than that
one was 'C' and one was 'N'—something
not in possible either, or even improb-
able; for fate is a sort of switch-board,
and a slight move will switch two lives
onto wires far asunder, even as the
moving of a peg or two will alter every-
thing on the board that shows its power
so little.

With such thoughts in her mind,
Nattie was rather among the shadows
that day, and presented no laughing
face to the curious passers-by, much to
that opposite clerk's relief, who came
to the conclusion that she had once
more recovered her senses.

About an hour before the time for
closing the office, as she was counting
over her cash, and thinking how glad
she was that 'C' would be back to-
morrow, she became conscious of some
one waiting her attention outside, and
went forward, scarcely looking at him,
expecting, of course, a message. But
instead, the individual, who filled the
r with a suffocating odor of musk,
asked,

"You are the regular operator here,
I suppose?"

With a start Nattie looked up, ex-
pecting a complaint, an occurrence often
prefaced by some like question, rather
stout young man, possessing an air of
cheap assurance, hair that insisted on
being red, notwithstanding the bear's
grease that covered it, teeth all at
variance with each other, and seeming
to rejoice obtrusively in the fact, and
light blue eyes of a most insinuating
expression, trimmed around with red.

"Yes," Nattie replied as she took
this survey. "I am."

"You don't know me, I suppose?"
was the next question.

"No," Nattie replied with a glance
at the large mock diamond pin, and
immense imitation amethyst ring he
wore; "I certainly do not."

"I think you are mistaken about
that," he rejoined, smiling at her in a
most unpleasantly familiar manner.

Surprised and offended, Nattie drew
back haughtily. "I think, rather, you
are mistaken," she said, stiffly. "May
I enquire your business?"

With an air of easy confidence and
familiar remonstrance, he replied,

"Come, now, don't freeze a fellow;
why, I came to see you. That's my
business and no other!"

"He is drunk," thought Nattie, in-
dignantly, but before she could reply
he added,

"I am an operator, you see."
"Oh!" said Nattie, comprehensively,
but not all delightfully, for operator or
no operator, and notwithstanding the
sort of freemasonry between those of
the craft, she preferred his room to his
company. But constraining herself,
she added as civilly as possible, "Did
you wish to send a message, or speak
to any one on the wire?"

"No, thank you," he answered; then,
with an insinuating smile,

"Can't you guess who I am?"
"I really can't," coldly and indiffer-
ently; thinking, "some of the operators
down town, I suppose, and a delightful
set they are if he is a specimen! So
impertinent of him!"

"Can't you?" laughing and display-
ing his obtrusive teeth to their utmost
advantage. "Now just think of some
one you have been buzzing lately, and
then guess, won't you, N?"

Without the least suspicion Nattie
shoot her head impatiently, feeling
very much disgusted, and longing for
some interruption to occur. But his
next words were startling. Learning
forward very confidentially, he asked
with a smile of consciousness,

(To be continued.)