

THE ACADIAN.

WE WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Vol. IV. No. 15

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1895.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

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

TERMS:
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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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.

News communications from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the Acadian
must invariably accompany the communication,
although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails
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every Saturday evening in Music Hall at
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JOHN W. WALLACE,
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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS
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Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

J. WESTON

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Select Poetry.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life,
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute
will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows;
Over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once again will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storms and tempest, we need them
all
To render us meet for Heaven.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER I.

SOUNDS FROM A DISTANT "C."

Just a noise, that is all.
But a significant noise to Miss Nath-
alie Rogers, or Nattie, as she was usu-
ally abbreviated; a noise that caused
her to lay aside her book and jump up
hastily, exclaiming, with a gesture of
impatience—

"Somebody always 'calls' me in the
middle of a very interesting chapter."
For that noise, that little clatter,
like, yet too irregular to be the ticking
of a clock, expressed to Nattie these
four mystic letters:—

"Bm—Xn;"
which same four mystic letters, inter-
preted, meant that the name, or, to use
the technical word, "call," of the tele-
graph office over which she was at
present sole presiding genius, was "B
m," and that "B m" was wanted by
another office on the wire, designated
as "X n."

A little out-of-the-way, country office,
some fifty miles down the line, was
"X n," and, as Nattie signalled in
reply to the "call" her readiness to
receive any communications there from,
she was conscious of holding in some
slight contempt the possible abilities of
the human portion of its machinery.

For who but an operator very green
in the profession would stay there?

Consequently, she was quite unpre-
pared for the velocity with which the
telegraph alphabet of sounds in
dots and dashes rattled over the instru-
ment, appropriately termed a "sound-
er," upon which messages are received,
and found herself wholly unable to
write down the words as fast as they
came.

"Dear me!" she thought, rather ner-
vously, "the country is certainly ahead
of the city this time! I wonder if this
smart operator is a lady or gentle-
man!"

And, notwithstanding all her efforts,
she was compelled to "break"—that is,
open her "key," thereby breaking the
circuit, and interrupting "X n" with
the request,

"Please repeat."

"X n" took the interruption very
good-naturedly—it was after dinner—
and obeyed without expressing any im-
patience.

But, alas! Nattie was even now un-

able to keep up with this too expert
individual of uncertain sex, and was
obliged again to "break," with the hu-
miliating petition,

"Please send slower."

"Oh!" responded "X n"

For a small one, "Oh!" is a very ex-
pressive word. But whether this par-
ticular one signified impatience, or, as
Nattie sensitively feared, contempt for
her abilities, she could not tell. But
certain it was that "X n" sent along
the letters in such a slow, funeral pro-
cession that she was driven half frantic
with nervousness in the attempt to piece
them together into words. They had
not proceeded far, however, before a
small, thin voice fell upon the ears of
agitated Nattie.

"Are you taking a message now?"
it asked.

Nattie glanced over her shoulder, and
saw a sharp inquisitive nose, a green
veil, a pair of eye-glasses, and a strain-
ed smile, sticking through her little
window.

Nodding a hasty answer to the ques-
tion, she wrote down another word of
the message, that she had been able to
catch, notwithstanding the interruption.
As she did so the voice again quie-
ded,

"Do you take them entirely by
sound?"

With a determined endeavor not to
"break," Nattie replied only with a
frown. But fate was evidently against
her establishing a reputation for being
a good operator with "X n."

"Here, please attend to this quick!"
exclaimed a new voice, and a tall gen-
tleman pounded impatiently on the
shelf outside the little window with one
hand, and with the other held forth a
message.

With despair in her heart, once more
Nattie interrupted "X n," took the im-
patient gentleman's message, studied
out the illegible characters, and chang-
ed a bill, the owner of the nose looking
on attentively meanwhile; this done,
she bade the really much-abused "X n"
to proceed, or in telegraphic terms to,
"G. A.—the."

"G. A." being the telegraphic ab-
breviation for "go ahead," and "the" the
last word she had received of the mes-
sage.

And this time not even the fact of its
being after dinner restrained "X n's"
feelings, and "X n" made the sarcastic
enquiry,

"Had you not better go home and
send down some one who is capable of
receiving this message?"

Now it might seem as if two persons
sixty or seventy miles apart might sever-
ally fly into a rage and nurse their
wrath comfortably without particularly
annoying each other at the moment.
But not under present condition; and
Nattie turned red and bit her nails ex-
citedly under the displeasure of the
distant person of unknown sex, at "X
n." But no instrument had yet been
invented by which she could see the
expression on the face of this operator
at "X n," as she retorted, and her fin-
gers formed the letters very sharply;

"Do you think it will help the mat-
ter at all for you to make a display of
your charming disposition? G. A.—
the—"

"I am happy to be able to return
the compliment implied!" was "X n's"
preface to the continuation of the mes-
sage.

And now indeed Nattie might have
recovered some of her fallen glories,
being angry enough to be fiercely deter-
mined, had not the owner of the nose
again made her presence manifest by
the sudden question:

"Do you have a different sound for
every word, or syllable, or what?"

And, turning quickly around to
scowl this persevering questioner into
silence, Nattie's elbow hit and knocked
over the inkstand, its contents pouring
over her hands, dress, the desk and
floor, and proving beyond a doubt, as

it descended, the truth of its label—
"Superior Black Ink!"

And then, save for the clatter of the
'sounder,' there was silence.

For a moment Nattie gazed blankly
at her besmeared hands and ruined
dress, at the 'sounder,' and at the own-
er of the nose, who returned her look
with that expression of serene amuse-
ment often noticeable in those who con-
template from afar the mishaps of
their fellow beings; then with courage
of despair, she for the fourth time
'broke' 'X n,' saying, with inky im-
pression on the instrument,

"Excuse me, but you will have to
wait! I am all ink, and I am being
cross-examined!"

Having thus delivered herself, she
turned a deliberately deaf ear to "X n's"
response, which, judging from the way
the movable portion of the 'sounder'
danced, was emphatic.

"A little new milk will take that
out!" complacently said the owner of
the nose, watching Nattie's efforts to
remove the ink from her dress with
blotting-paper.

"Unfortunately I do not keep a cow
here!" Nattie replied, tartly.

Not quite polite in Nattie, this. But
do not the circumstances plead strongly
in her excuse? For, remember, she
was not of those impossible, angelic
young ladies of whom we read, but one
of the ordinary human beings we meet
every day. The owner of the nose,
however, was not charitable, and drew
herself up loftily as she said in imperi-
tive accents,

"You did not answer my question!
Do you have to learn the sound of
each letter so as to distinguish them
from each other?"

Nattie restrained herself to reply,
very shortly,

"Yes!"

"Can you take a message and talk
to me at the same time?" persisted
the investigator.

"No!" was Nattie's emphatic an-
swer, as she looked ruefully at her
dress.

"But your instrument there is going
it now. Ain't they sending you a
message?" went on the relentless owner
of the nose.

At this Nattie turned her attention
a moment to what was being done "on
the wire," and breathed a sigh of re-
lief. For "X n" had given place to
another office and she replied,

"No! Some office on the wire is
sending to some other office."

The nose elevated itself in surprise.

"Can you hear everything that is sent
from every other office?"

"Yes," was the weary reply, as Nat-
tie rubbed her dress.

"What!" exclaimed the owner of the
nose, in accents of incredulous wonder.
"All over the world?"

"Certainly not! only the offices on
this wire; there are about twenty,"
was the impatient reply.

"Ah!" evidently relieved. "But,"
considering, "supposing you do not
catch all the sounds, what do you do
then?"

"Break."

"Break! Break what? the instru-
ments?" queried the owner of the nose,
perplexedly, and looking as if that
must be a very expensive habit.

"Break the circuit—the connection,
—open the key and ask the sending
office to repeat from the last word I
have been able to catch!"

Then seeing unmistakable evidence
of more questions in the nose, Nattie
threw the ink-soaked blotting paper
and her last remnant of patience into
the waste basket and added,
"But you must excuse me, I am too
busy to be annoy—interrupted longer,
and there are books that will give you
all the information that you require!"

So saying, Nattie turned her back,
and the owner of the nose withdrew it,
its tip glistening with indignation as she
walked away. As it vanished, Nattie
gave a sigh of relief, and sat down to
mourn her ruined dress. Whatever

may have been her previous opinion,
she was positive now that this was the
prettiest, the most becoming dress she
had ever possessed, or might ever pos-
sess! Only the old, old story! We
prize most what is gone forever!

"And all that dreadful man's—or
woman's—fault at X n!" cried Nattie,
savagely. Unjustly too, for if any
one was responsible for the accident, it
was the owner of the nose.

But not long did Nattie dare give
way to her misery. That fatal mes-
sage was not yet received.

Glancing over the few words she had
of it, she read; "Send the hearse—,"
and then she began anxiously 'calling'
'X n.'

"Hearse" looked too serious for
trifling. But either "X n's" attention was
now occupied in some other direction,
or else he—or she—was too much out
of humor to reply, for it was full twenty
minutes before came the answering,
'X n.'

"At which Nattie said as fiercely as
an angry cat,
"I have been after you nearly half
hour!"

"Have you?" came coolly back from
'X n.' Well, you are not alone, many
are after me—my husband among others—not to mention a washerwoman or
two!

Then followed the figure '4,' which
means, 'when shall I go ahead?'
"Waxing jocular, are you?" Nattie
murmured to herself, as she replied:

"G. A.—hearse—"

"G. A.—what?"

"Hearse," repeated Nattie, in firm,
clear characters.

To her surprise and displeasure
'X n' laughed—the circumstance be-
ing conveyed to her understanding in
the usual way, by the two letters "Ha!"

"What are you laughing at?" she
asked.

"At your grave mistake!" was 'X
n's' answer, accompanied by another
'Ha!' To convert a horse into a hearse
is really an idea that merits a smile!"

As the consciousness of her blunder
dawned upon her, Nattie would gladly
have sank into oblivion. But as that
was impossible, she took a fresh blank,
and very meekly said,
"G. A.—horse—"

With another laugh, "X n" com-
plied, and Nattie now succeeded in re-
ceiving the message without further
mishap.

"What did you sign?" she asked as
she thankfully wrote the last word.

Every operator is obliged to sign
his own private 'call,' as well as the
office 'call,' and "O. K." at the close of
each message.

"C." was replied to Nattie's question.

"O. K. N. B. m.," she then said, and
added, perhaps trying to drown the
memory of her ludicrous error in poli-
tiness, "I hope another time I shall
not cause you so much trouble."

'C' at 'X n' was evidently not to be
exceeded in little speeches of this kind,
for he—or she—responded immedi-
ately,

"On the contrary it was I who gave
you the trouble. I know I must cer-
tainly have done so, or you never could
have affected such a transformation as
you did. Imagine the feelings of the
sender of that message, had he found a
hearse awaiting his arrival instead of a
horse!"

Biting her lip with secret mortifi-
cation, but determined to make the best
of the matter outwardly, Nattie replied,
"I suppose I never shall hear the
last of that hearse! But at all events
it took the surliness out of you."

"Yes, when people come to a hearse
they are not apt to have any more kind-
ness in their disposition! I confess, though,"
'C' went on frankly, "I was unpardon-
ably cross; not sorry, that is out of my
line, but cross. In truth, I was all out
of sorts. Will you forgive me if I will
never do so again?"

"Certainly," Nattie replied readily.
"I am sure we are far enough apart to
get on without quarrelling, if, as they
say, distance lends enchantment!"

"Particularly when I pride myself
upon my sweet disposition!" said 'C.'

At which Nattie smiled to herself,
to the surprise of a passing gentleman,
on whom her unconscious gaze rested, and
who thought, of course, that she was
smiling at him.
Appearances are deceitful!
"I fear you will have to prove your
sweetness before I shall believe in it,"
Nattie responded to 'C,' all unaware of
what she had done, or that the strange
young gentleman went on his way with
the firm resolve to pass by that office
again and obtain another smile!

"It shall be my sole aim hereafter,"
'C' replied; and then asked, "have you
a pleasant office there?"

To be continued.