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THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

No. 12.

Vol. XIV.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

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The Acadian Job Department is con-
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and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

New communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
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must invariably accompany the communi-
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in a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N.S.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade,
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Orders solicited and satisfaction
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For that Bad Cough of yours

Allen's Lung Balm

As a Preventive and Cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases.



A Racking Cough

Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genessee St.,
Lockport, N. Y., says:

"Over thirty years ago, I remember
hearing my father describe the wonder-
ful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral. During a recent attack of La
Grippe, which assumed the form of a
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panied by an aggravating cough, I
used various remedies and prescriptions.
While some of these medicines partially
alleviated the coughing during the day,
none of them afforded me any relief from
that spasmodic action of the lungs which
would seize me the moment I attempted
to lie down at night. After ten or twelve
such nights, I was

Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night
in my easy chair, and procure what
sleep I could in that way. It then oc-
curred to me that I had a bottle of
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a
spoonful of this preparation in a little
water, and was able to lie down without
coughing. In a few moments, I fell
asleep, and awoke in the morning
greatly refreshed and feeling much
better. I took a teaspoonful of the
Pectoral every night for a week, then
gradually decreased the dose, and in two
weeks my cough was cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure.

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Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
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AND THE CURE IS MOST SUDDEN THAN THE CHILLS

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For that Bad Cough of yours

Allen's Lung Balm

As a Preventive and Cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases.

POETRY.

The Waiting Time.

There are days of deepest sorrow,
In the season of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife.

There are times of stony anguish;
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping
Ere it learns what life can teach.

For before the fruit is gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years
For the light whose fulfilment
Makes a rainbow of our tears.

It is sad to wait for morning,
All the hours to even fall,
For the waiting time my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low.

We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit,
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And hope's gorgeous garb grows thread-
bare.

Till its brightest tints are gone,
Then, amid youth's radiant tresses
Silent snows begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers--
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson
That God knows what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the Spirit calm and blest.

For we know a day is coming
For the change of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That He taught us how to wait.

The Poppy Land and Limited Express.

BY EDGAR WARD ABBOTT.

The first train leaves at six p. m.--
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The Palace car is the mother's arms;
And the whistle, a low sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods, and
blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight p. m. the next train starts
For the poppy-land afar,
The sunbeams clear fall on the car,
All aboard for the sleeping car!

But what is the fare to Poppy Land?
I hope it is not too dear.
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each
day,
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I
pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

SELECT STORY.

The Strike at Shane's.

CHAPTER VIII--Continued.

"There'll be nothin' in it this year,
If the worms 'eek it once--they'll take
it again, an' we'll get nothin' out of
the corn crop this year."

Tom left Shane more despondent
than ever, and he spent the remainder
of the day in a very bad mood. As
the shades of evening crept around him
he felt the burden of his misfortunes
more severely than ever. This, in
connection with his broken limb, was
more than he could bear, and caused
him to groan aloud. The sound reach-
ed Edith, who sat in the adjoining
room. She crept silently into his room
and approached his bed.

"Poor papa, are you suffering
much?" she asked.

"Oh! yes, my girl; it seems like
everything is goin' to ruin."

"Why, papa, how you talk," and she
kneelt down by his bedside. "Haven't
you a good home, and a loving family,
and kind neighbors?"

"Yes, yes, I know; but then there'll
be nothin' made on the farm this year."

"What if there isn't; we will be just
as happy."

"You don't understand, girl; you
are not old enough to understand these
things."

"Yes; but I do understand them,
papa. I'm seventeen, and I know that
you have been wearing out your life
trying to lay by money and buy more
land. It isn't making you any happier,
but instead it is making you and all of
us unhappy; and papa you are not so
kind as you used to be. You don't
love us like you did when I was a little
girl."

"Not love you, Edie? why, of course
I do. It is for you I am trying to

save up money. What better proof do
you want of my love?"

"Why, I want a little of this kind
of love," and she drew his arm around
her neck and kissed him for the first
time in years.

This was a new experience for John
Shane. The thought of such love had
not penetrated the dusty recesses of his
heart for years, and the dust would
have to be cleared away before its
general warmth could reach his soul.

"You are a good daughter, Edie;
but you do not understand how neces-
sary it is to have money to get along
in the world."

"Oh! yes I do, papa; but I know
that money alone will not bring happi-
ness. Let us be happy and not worry
about money."

"But how can we live without
money, child?"

"Why, you dear old papa, I know
you have money enough in the bank
to live on for a year if we didn't raise
any crops at all."

"And what would you do when that
was gone?"

"Why, then you will be well, and
the horses will be well, and we will all
go to work with willing hands and
happy hearts. We will be kind and
loving to everybody and everything,
and we won't think so much about
making money."

"It sounds good to hear you talk
that way, Edie, but I'm afraid it
won't work. A man must look out
an' provide for his own family, for if
he don't nobody will."

"Yes, but if he allows his love for
his family to be driven out by the love
of money it seems to me he has made
a bad bargain."

"Well, good night, daughter; you've
cheered me up for a while, anyhow.
My misfortunes worry me most on
account of those who are dependent on
me. I want to put them above want."

"There now, papa; no more about
that. Let us encourage love and
kindness toward one another and trust
in God. Good night, papa," and she
gave him another kiss and left him.

John Shane was restless; as the
hours dragged their weary length along
the loneliness of his situation pressed
itself on him. The conversation with
Edith had aroused the latent energies
of his soul, and his heart yearned for
human sympathy. He had lived a
lonely life; his whole soul had been
possessed by the one idea of making
money. He did not think that any-
one else was suffering while he was fol-
lowing this false light, but here was Edith,
who had been yearning for her father's
love and had been denied it. Her face
haunted him; his voice was ringing
in his ears. Her words were present
in his memory. Her face and voice
reminded him of one that he had known
long ago--one that he had loved in the
years gone by. Who could it be?

Why, Mary! his wife, of course, whom
he had almost forgotten that he ever
loved like Edith; why to be sure, and
as he had almost forgotten it. He felt
an indescribable desire to tell her that
he loved her yet, and called her to him
when she came and stood beside his
bed the vision created by a sick man's
fancy faded; for it was not Edith's
bright and sunny face that bent over
him, but his wife's, and the twenty
years that she had toiled by his side
had left their mark there. The youth
and beauty had gone, and her hair was
streaked with gray. It was Mary
Shane that stood beside him, and not
Shane that stood beside Edith's
face had recalled; and he was John
Shane again with wrinkled face and
stooping shoulders. The vision had
faded and the words of affection that
his lips should have uttered were left
unsaid.

"Did you want something, John?"

"Only a little assistance in changing
my position," he replied.

That done, she started away. His
commencee moote him and the vision
came back. He recalled her and she
returned to his bedside.

"What is it, John?" she inquired.

"I am lonely to-night," he replied;
"can't you sit with me a while?"

"Why, yes; all night if you need
me."

She sat down by him, and he told
her how he was beginning to see that
his life was not what it should be.

"That he had neglected his duty as a

husband and father, and had lived too
much alone, and that henceforth he
wanted to take his family more into
his confidence. He would have told
her that he loved her as of yore, but it
had been so long since he had spoken
such words of affection to her that the
words came but awkwardly to his lips
and he left them unspoken. She re-
plied, with tears in her eyes, that she
knew that their thoughts had been
drifting apart, and she hailed with joy
the dawn of a brighter day, when their
lives would flow in the same channel.

Soothed by these thoughts he soon
fell asleep, and his tired and worn out
wife retired to rest, hoping that the
future might not dispel the bright
hopes raised that night.

CHAPTER IX.

The thoughts of the night vanished
with the gleams of the rising sun, and
the good resolutions that John Shane
had made in his conversation with his
wife were soon forgotten. The coming
of day always meant more to him, and
of day always being up with the sun to
engage in his daily toil was of such a
fixed character that it angered him to
think that he was confined to his bed.

Edith's tenderness had led his fancy
back twenty years, and he felt again
the hopes that had inspired him in
former years when Mary Malott be-
came his wife; but the light of day
brought back the thoughts of his busi-
ness, and he was even a little ashamed
that he had allowed himself to indulge
in such thoughts and words as he did
the night before.

The breath of mammae had disap-
ated the perfume of holiness that had
penetrated his heart, and he was again
the man of business, blinded by the
glitter of gold, unable to see the
beauties of a trusting wife and a loving
daughter.

Time passed on until two weeks had
elapsed since the accident, and the
strike was strictly maintained by the
animals. Their lot had been a
little easier since Shane had been con-
fined to the house and they had only
Tom to contend with, for Mike was
not a hard-hearted fellow, but had only
done the bidding of his employer. He
never abused the dumb animals on the
farm when he could avoid it.

"I'll tell ye, Tom," said Mike, one
day, "let's try a little different plan
wid this horses, an' see if we can't
build 'em up a bit."

"Bother the horses; they're goin' to
destruction like everything else on the
farm," said Tom.

"Be easy, now, 'til I tell ye how
we'll do it. Let's elane out the stables,
an' put clean straw in the stalls for
beddin'." This will make a nice warm
mash for 'em to ate, an' thrats 'em
like gintlemen, hegorra, an' see if we
can't put some life into 'em."

"You can try it if you want to, but
I shan't fool away my time that way,"
said Tom.

"By your lave I'll try that same
plan myself, this," said Mike.

Mike was as good as his word, and
brought the horses up at night, and
had bedding of nice clean straw for
them to sleep on. He carried, brush-
ed and rubbed them until their neglect-
ed coats began to shine again. He
saw that they were properly fed with
good wholesome food, and closed the
openings in the stable, that the night
winds might not blow on them.

"What's up now, do you suppose?"
said Dobbin, after Mike had gone away.
"This begins to look like things were
turning our way."

"I don't like favors coming from the
hand of the enemy," said Dick. "Let's
go slow until we find out if there isn't
some trick in it."

"Well, no matter what the cause of
the change is, I'm going to get all the
pleasure I can out of my improved
condition for one night, anyhow," said
the sorrel horse; and the gray mare
said: "Them's my sentiments."

Mike followed up his plan by giving
them the same attention the next day;
and the horses began to think that a
change had come for the better, but
Dick maintained that it was because
their old enemy Shane was laid up,
Mike never was a cruel master, and he
thought Mike was taking advantage of
his employer's sickness to give them a
little better treatment.

"Well, if Mike is going to be fair
with us, let's be fair with him," said

the sorrel. "I'm kind of tired of play-
ing sick, anyhow."

"I don't object to working for any-
body that will treat me fair," said Dick;
"and if Mike is going to treat us right
I am willing to work."

About this time Mike went up to
the house to see Mr. Shane.

"Mornin' to ye, Mister Shane; an'
how are ye this mornin'?" said Mike.

"Bad, Mike, still bad," said Shane;
"everything is goin' to ruin on the
place I suppose."

"Faith now an' they're not. I've
been tandin' to thin horses meil for a
few days; I'm tandin' to 'em regular,
and ye ought to see the improvement
in 'em. Why, they'll all be at work
again in a few days."

"Well, that's some encouragement
anyhow," said Shane. "What are you
doing for the horses?"

"I'm just trainin' 'em like gintlemen,
I'm doin' unto thin horses as I would
have thin do unto me. I ain't much
of a scholar, and maybe not so good a
Christian as I ought to be, but I be-
lieve that's a good rule to go by. Just
treat 'em kindly an' decently, an' that's
the whole secret of it all. Just lave
me alone wid 'em, an' I'll have 'em at
work again in a few days."

Edith came in shortly after Mike
took his leave.

"Good mornin', Edie; I believe I
feel a little better this mornin'," said
Shane.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Edith.
"I'll just open the window so that you
can see out. I'm afraid mamma is
going to be sick; she is careely able
to be up."

"Why, what is the matter with
her?" inquired Shane. He had been
so engrossed by his own selfish thoughts
that he had not noticed that his wife
was wearing out under the increased
duties put upon her since his sickness.

"Sure enough Mrs. Shane was taken
sick that day, and Tomer carried the
news to the baronyard."

"Well now, that's bad," said Dobbin.
"Some one of us will have to go for a
doctor."

"I'll go," said Dick.
"I hope they'll take me," said the
sorrel. "I am tired of staying at
home, anyhow."

Mike was called up to go for a
physician. "Time is money," he said;
"an' I'll just take one of these horses.
I wonder which one of the lazy rogues
I'd better take."

Dick whinnied, as much as to say,
"I