

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

No. 10.

### THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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All the seats are free and strangers are  
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For the Fall and next Spring trade,  
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Orders solicited and satisfaction  
guaranteed.

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Telephone at residence, No. 28

**IF YOU**

Have a Very Bad Cough,  
Are Suffering from Lung Troubles,  
Have Lost Much from Lung  
Are Threatened with Consumption,  
Remember that the  
**DR. BARSS,**  
IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

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If you are losing flesh your  
system is drawing on your  
latent strength. Something  
is wrong. Take

### Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil,  
to give your system its need-  
ed strength and restore your  
healthy weight. Physicians,  
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men.

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nishings.

**PERFECTLY WELL.**

Was all run down, poor in flesh, could  
not sleep, his food distressed him, and he  
felt tired all the time. He took

**Skoda's Discovery,**

the great nerve and tissue builder, and  
SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that cure  
dyspepsia, indigestion and headache.  
He says: "I am perfectly well."

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SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**HELP WANTED!**

WANTED--ADVISOR, HONORARY, CITI-  
ZENMAN or LADY to travel representing  
established, reliable house. Salary \$65  
monthly and traveling expenses, with  
increase, if suited. Enclose reference  
and self-addressed stamped envelope.

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**DR. BARSS,**

Residence at Mr. Everett  
W. Sawyer's; Office oppo-  
site Royal Hotel, Wolf-  
ville.

Office hours: 10-11 a. m.; 2-  
3 p. m.

Telephone at residence, No. 28

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### POETRY.

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill  
Bearing a load beyond your strength  
to bear,

Straining every nerve untiringly, and  
still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here  
And there,  
And each one passing by would do so  
much  
As give one upward lift and go their  
way,

Would not the slight relettered touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the  
day?

If you were breathing a keen wind  
Which tossed  
And buffeted and chilled you as you  
strove,  
Till baffled and bewildered, quite, you  
lost  
The power to see the way, and aim  
and move,

And one, if only for one moment's space,  
Gave you a shelter from the bitter  
blast,

Would you not find it easier to face  
The storm again when the brief rest  
was past?

There is no little and there is no much;  
We weigh and measure and define in  
vain.

A look, a word, a light responsive touch  
Can be the ministers of joy or pain.  
A man can die in hunger walled in gold,  
A crumb may quicken boys to stronger  
breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some little thing which tells for life or  
death.

**SELECT STORY.**

**The Strike at Shane's.**

CHAPTER VI--Continued.

The sorrel said that playing sick  
was about as hard as working, for he  
had been going hungry all the week;  
a sick horse, of course, not being ex-  
pected to eat. He could get along all  
right as long as they would turn him  
out in the pasture, where he could crop  
the grass without being seen; but when  
they shut him up in the stable they  
could talk to him as they pleased.

"The gray mare had the same objec-  
tion, but they both promised to hold  
out to the end, if it took all summer,  
and they got so thin that they had to  
stand tight in the same place to make  
a shadow.

"I have had a pretty rough time of  
it," said the sorrel. "The only way I  
could get even was by not giving milk,  
and the only way I could keep from  
giving milk was not to eat. I have  
had to starve myself for a whole week,  
but I have the satisfaction of knowing  
that they have not had enough milk in  
the family; and that good-for-nothing  
Tom has not had any milk to drink for  
one week. No doubt I am looking  
pretty thin, but I am determined not  
to give any milk if I can help it. I  
have received several beatings from  
Tom, because he says I won't give  
down my milk, and I kicked him once."

"That is quite heroic on your part,"  
said Dobbin. "Who is the next?"

"There never was a dog had as hard  
a time as I do," said Towser. "I  
have tried not to do anything, but I  
get so many kicks and blows that I  
have to pretend to do something to  
keep them from beating me to death.  
By 'them' I mean Mr. Shane and Tom,  
for Mrs. Shane and Edith are as kind  
as they can be. I haven't killed a  
mole this week, and they ate up all  
of Mrs. Shane's flowers. I was awfully  
sorry about that for I haven't anything  
against Mrs. Shane. And then when  
Edith told me to drive the hogs out of  
the garden I wouldn't go, and she had  
to go and drive them out herself. I  
licked her hand afterwards and tried  
to make up with her, but she wouldn't,  
and said I was a lazy dog. I'll make  
it all up to her when this strike is  
over."

"I just had to lay an egg every day,"  
said the hen, "but I made a neat way  
back under the barn where they  
couldn't find it, and then went up in  
the hay-mow and cackled. I know  
they haven't found any eggs for they  
are all there, except what I gave the  
crows, and I think he earned them, for  
I haven't seen a hawk for a week."

"The rats and mice are about to  
take the place, for I haven't bothered  
them this week," said puss. "When I  
get hungry for a mouse, I go over to  
the next farm to get it. Shane said I  
ought to be starved into eating mice. I  
humph! There are mice to catch in  
other places than here. I won't  
starve."

"I have done my part," said the  
crow. "The hen has been giving me  
eggs to eat, and I have spent my spare

time in carrying worms and dropping  
them on the fields, and I have had  
about a hundred of my friends at the  
same work. I wonder the hen has  
not seen a hawk this week, for no  
hawk will ever come around where a  
hundred crows are."

"You have no doubt seen the result  
of my work," said the blackbird. "I  
have had some hundreds of my friends  
at work carrying worms and insects on  
to the farm and dropping them. There  
will be enough worms on the farm  
within the next week to eat up all the  
crops this summer."

"I don't think that is right," said  
Dobbin. "For Shane may change his  
mind before the season is over, and  
then we would be sorry for what we  
have done."

"Oh! don't worry about that," said  
the blackbird. "I have explained the  
matter to them, and they have all  
agreed to assist in carrying all the  
worms and insects off again, if events  
should take a favorable turn for us.  
We'll make that all right."

"With that understanding, I consent  
that the work go on," said Dobbin.

"Tom has been chasing us all the  
week with his gun, but we keep out of  
his way. It's open war between us  
from now on, and we'll see which  
wins," said the blackbird.

The other birds said they had been  
engaged in similar work, and that  
there was not now a single bird of any  
kind on the farm.

While this meeting was going on  
Shane had gone over to the Tracy  
farm to see if he could not get Mr.  
Tracy to help him out with his work.

"It seems like fate is agin' me this  
year," said Shane. "What little crops  
I have got in are about to be taken by  
the birds. I keeps Tom all the time  
to keep 'em out of the corn."

"I never could see it in that light,"  
said Shane. "I know they pull up  
the corn and there's enough blackbirds  
on my farm to take all the corn I can  
plant."

"Why, there's just as many on my  
farm and they follow the plow and  
pick up every worm and bug they see  
and eat it. I'm satisfied that the work done  
for me this spring by blackbirds alone  
is worth fifty dollars to me, and they  
are not half done yet. I have a great  
deal more work for them to do for me  
before the season is over. Why, the  
birds are one of God's best gifts to us,  
and we ought to give Him thanks for  
sending them. They are not only a  
benefit to us in money, but their songs  
brighten our lives and make our homes  
more pleasant."

"I never have time to listen to their  
singin'," said Shane, "and as for their  
usefulness, I think they injure us more  
than they do us good."

"Well, I hope you will see things in  
a different light some time, and be able  
to understand what a good gift they  
are to us."

"I never can see things like you do,"  
said Shane; "and it's no use for us to  
argy for we can't agree. When luck  
begins to run agin' a man there's no  
stoppin' it. Now there's all them  
horses of mine disabled, and I don't  
know what to do."

"Now to be candid, friend Shane,  
don't you think you are in a measure  
responsible for the condition of your  
horses? Now there's old Dobbin  
would have been able to do light work  
all summer if he had not been over-  
worked, but he is not fit for any work  
now."

"Yes; and I'd get rid of him if it  
wasn't for Mary. I don't believe in  
keeping useless animals just out of  
sympathy."

"Oh! come now, you don't think  
God gave man dominion over the lower  
animals just that we might tyrannize  
over them, and abuse them? There  
is no record of any crime they ever  
committed against the laws of God, or  
any disobedience to His will that should  
lead Him to give man dominion over  
them as a means of punishment; but  
on the contrary, it seems as though He  
has given them to us to be useful to us,  
and make us happier. There is  
nothing in a pig, a chicken, and that  
limit on 'em, but by you, in the case

of old Dobbin, at least. You had long  
years of service from him, and he had  
grown too old for the work you put on  
him. The same reason would probably  
hold good with the other horses, for I  
think you have overworked them this  
spring. I say it in all kindness to you;  
but I think you have got into the  
habit of looking at things in the wrong  
light, and are measuring things by a  
false standard."

"You may be right about the  
matter," said Shane; "but I don't see  
how a man is to get along in the world  
if he don't push things."

"That depends on what you mean  
by pushing things, and getting along  
in the world. If the getting of money  
is the aim of life it might be to our  
interest to wring the last pound of  
strength out of our beasts that could  
be got out of them, but I believe it is a  
good policy not only to get happiness  
for ourselves, but to make them happy  
too; and I don't think I ever lost any-  
thing by that policy."

"Well, we can't agree on these ques-  
tions," said Shane, "and what I want  
to know is if you will help me out with  
a little with my work, when you get your  
crop in."

"Why, certainly, I am always will-  
ing to help a neighbor when he is in  
trouble. Let me see: the boys will  
have that lower field broke up by the  
middle of the week, and then I will  
send you one team on one condition,  
neighbor Shane."

"What is that?" asked Shane.

"That you will apply my principles  
in regard to the lower animals to your  
horses. That you will treat them as  
kindly as I would treat them, and be  
as merciful to them as you would be  
to me, if I went over to help you."

"I agree to that," said Shane, "and  
appreciate your kindness, I am sure."

Shane took the agreement over to  
Aberner Smith, who lived on the  
next farm. Aberner Smith was a bluff  
old fellow who always spoke his mind,  
and was always free to criticize any-  
thing that did not suit him, but his  
criticisms always had a ring of equity,  
as being the result of honest conviction.  
Justice to all things, both man and  
beast, was the ruling principle of his  
life. Shane's errand here was the  
same as at Tracy's, and he related his  
troubles and asked for the use of a  
team in getting his corn planted.

"Well, I'm always neighborly," said  
Smith, "and I think I can spare you a  
team by the middle of the week, and  
I'll send my boy John along to drive  
it for you."

"That is not necessary," said Shane;  
"I have plenty of hands. What I  
want is horses; Tom can drive the  
team, if you will let me have it."

"I'd rather my boy John would go  
along with the team," said Smith.  
"It shan't cost you nothin'. You see  
the team is used to John, and then  
they do say that you are a hard man  
on horses, neighbor Shane, and 'mine  
ain't used to bein' ill treated."

"Well, just yourself about that. By  
the way, I'll send Tom over to work  
in John's place, if you insist on sending  
John with the team."

"That's fair," said Smith. "If you  
don't need the boy, just send him over  
and I'll find work for him."

"Farmer Shane returned home feel-  
ing more cheerful than he had for some  
days; but he didn't feel right about  
the way Tracy and Smith had talked  
about his treatment of his horses and  
other animals.

"The idea," he soliloquized, "that I  
don't know as much about how to use  
a horse as Aberner Smith. Why, I've  
owned two horses to his one, and have  
owned out more horses than he ever  
owned. I'd get more work out of the  
horse if he'd let Tom drive 'em, but  
then I'll have to do the best I can--  
An' then there's Tracy's horses; I'll  
use them myself, and may be John will  
get ashamed of himself if I don't do  
as good as I do with Tracy's team;  
but then I promised Tracy that I  
wouldn't use his team hard, and if I  
would he would never forgive me. John  
would just be mean enough to go right  
away and tell Tracy if I did get a full  
day's work out of 'em. Well, I'll just  
have to do the best I can, but I do  
have to have to work with people who  
have such cranky notions. It's strange  
they can't see that it pays better to  
work a horse for all there is in him,  
and when he's wore out shoot him or

give him away. I tell you time is  
worth more than horse flesh."

Such were the thoughts of a man  
who was intent on money getting. He  
forgot that the same God who created  
him created the lower animals, and  
that the dominion God gave him over  
them was a trust to be executed mere-  
fully.

**CHAPTER VII.**

The days went by, and Tracy and  
Smith sent their teams, and the work  
went merrily on at the Shane farm,  
and it looked like the corn would be  
planted in pretty good time yet.  
Shane's horses were not improving in  
appearance any, and he had spent the  
price of a horse in fees to Hodges to  
cure them. He hoped to get them  
created by the time the corn was ready  
for the cultivator, but the first thing  
was to get the corn planted.

The work went steadily on, and by  
the middle of the next week the last  
hill was in the ground, and Shane was  
astounded at the amount of work that  
could be done by two teams, when they  
were worked according to Tracy's and  
Smith's plans; for he had kept his pro-  
mise to Tracy to treat the team well.  
He had given them proper rest during  
the day, proper care at night, and had  
worked them a reasonable number of  
hours. He remarked that "Smith and  
Tracy had two mighty good teams.  
They just go right along and do what  
they are told to do without any fuss or  
trouble." Yet he could not under-  
stand that it was the kind treatment  
that these horses received that made  
them work so cheerfully.

"There's an awful sight o' grub-  
worms in this soil," said John Smith,  
as he and Shane were breaking up the  
ground for corn. "If them blackbirds  
that's a hangin' around in the woods  
would come down and pick 'em up it  
would be many a dollar in your  
pocket."

"I ain't got any use for blackbirds,"  
said Shane. "The pesky things will  
be around when the corn's planted to  
pull it up. I'd rather take my chances  
agin the worms than the birds. If I  
had a gun, I'd start them black rascals  
out of there."

"They'll pick up a sight of worms  
if you'll let 'em," said John. "Father  
don't allow us to kill birds. He says  
they're more than pay their way."

"Maybe they do for some people,  
but they don't for me," said Shane.

The birds were confining their work  
to the fields, and were not seen about  
the house. This was observed soonest  
by Edith, who was very fond of birds.

"How strange it is, mamma, that  
there are no birds this summer," said  
Edith.

"I have noticed it," said Mrs. Shane.  
"Perhaps they have not come yet."

"Oh! yes they have," said Edith.  
"There's just lots of them over at  
Tracy's, and lots of nests. I don't see  
why they don't build any nests here.  
It seems so lonesome here without them.  
I think papa and Tom are cruel to  
shoot them and drive them away, and  
I told papa so."

"Don't worry your papa any more  
than you can help, Edie," said Mrs.  
Shane. "He has had a great deal of  
trouble this spring."

"Well, mamma, don't you think he  
has brought a great deal of this trouble  
on himself?"

"Perhaps so, Edie; but your papa  
has ideas about things that are differ-  
ent from ours. He looks at everything  
from a money point of view."

"I don't think that people who look  
at things only from a money point of  
view," said Edith, "get much happi-  
ness."

"Your papa is doing what he thinks  
is for the best, and is looking ahead to  
save up something for you and Tom."

"Well, I don't want him to make  
himself miserable all his life to save up  
money for me. I would rather be poor  
and be happy, and have people and  
animals and birds to love me. If papa  
would read the books I borrowed from  
Cora Tracy he would find out that birds  
are useful, and instead of trying to kill  
them and drive them away, he would be  
glad to have them come."

"Your papa has so many cares that  
he don't have time to read," said Mrs.  
Shane.

Edith sat for some time in silence,  
gazing over the fields, and up in the  
blue sky.

"It seems to me like something  
dreadful is going to happen," she said.  
"Everything seems so gloomy around  
here; it doesn't seem like the same  
place."

**CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.**

**Night to Death's Door.**